

Cervantes Sañtana (M)
1604 - 1617

THE
HISTORY

Of the most Renowned

Don Quixote

OF

MANCHA:

And his Trusty Squire

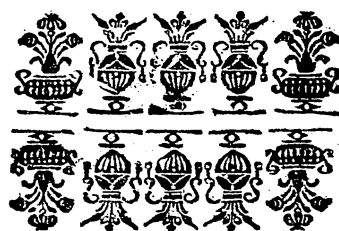
Sancho Pancha,

Now made ENGLISH according to the Humour of
our Modern Language.

AND

Adorned with several Copper Plates.

By J. P.



L O N D O N,

Printed by *Tho. Hodgkin*, and are to be sold by *John Newton*, at the
three Pigeons over against the *Inner-Temple Gate* in *Fleet-street*.

MDCLXXXVII.



To the Right Honourable

WILLIAM

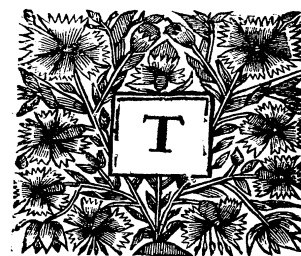
Earl of Yarmouth,

TREASURER

OF

His MAJESTIES HOUSHOLD.

My Lord,



THE Story of *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, no less pleasant than gravely Moral, has been always highly Favoured and Caress'd by Personages of most Illustrious note in all the Learned Parts of Europe; to which it has been made familiar by frequent Translations. And therefore it is, that your Lordship being equally Eminent, if not

not Superiour to any of them, for your Ancient Decent, and the Politeness of your Hereditary Learning and Judgment, I humbly presume to lay this Oblation at your Lordships Feet; not knowing where a Work so generally Applauded abroad, could find in *English* Dress a more generous and safe Protection, or my self a greater Honour then to be,

My Lord,

Your Lordships most Humble,

And most Obedient Servant.

J. PHILIPS.

SOME-

SOMETHING

instead of an

Epistle to the Reader,

By way of

DIALOGUE.



YOU are come out into the World, Sir, very unmannerly, methinks. Your meaning, Sir.

What! nere a Curteous, nor a Gentle Reader under your Girdle?

Oh, Sir, that were a Romance indeed, to call Readers Courteous and Gentle in this Age. Coffee has so inspir'd Men with Contradiction and ill Nature, that Readers are as hard to be pleas'd as Ladys in a Mercer's Shop. Here's nothing but Carping and Momussing now adays; this is not well, and that is amiss; this might ha' been better, and that's stark nought: All find fault, but none will mend. Ask your Acquaintance what he thinks of such a Book?—Idle, cryes one—Insipid, cries another—The thing's quite spoil'd, cries a third—And so the Book's presently condemn'd with a Pfu— and a Toss o' the Nose.

Why then, in my Opinion you venture very hard the running such a Terrible Tongue-Gauntlet.

A 2

Not

Not so neither—This Book has an Advantage above all others; 'tis a *Book-Errant*, it has *Don Quixote's* Lance and Buckler, his old Armour and the Barbers Bason, to boot, to defend it self. And therefore as it expects no other, then what befel all the *Knights-Errant* i' the world, Rubs and Snubs, and Buffets and Challenges. So where it cannot get the upper hand and kill the Dragon, there it is bound by the Constitutions of its Order to suffer all Misfortunes; which tho they may be terrible to others, to a *Book-Errant* can be no more then Unluckie Adventures—Come, come, Sir, the World's wide, and tho your *Knight-Errants* were many times rudely thwackt and thumpt by the ignorant Gyants, yet they were many times more kindly entertain'd by Kings and Princes.

But why *Don Quixote*? Had you nothing else to trouble your Brain with?

Distinguish, Sir, you take it for a bare Romance; and I look upon it as a pleasant Story, to shew how vainly Youth mispend their hours in heightning their Amorous Fancies, by reading those bewitching Legends of *Tom Thumb* and *Amadis de Gual*; and Thousands more of that Nature, not worth the naming. Now Instructions are like Pills; for they meet with many humours that keck at their bitterness, unless guilded over with Fable and Fancy. People are sooner ridicul'd; then rated out of an ill Habit; and the best way to represent the Deformity of any thing, is to expose it in a pleasing Mirror. But 'tis none of my Business to preach over *Don Quixote*—Have yee any more to say, Sir?

Not that I can think of at present.

Then God buy to yee.

Amadis

Amadis de Gaul to Don Quixote de la Mancha.

Beshrew thy Heart, Sir Knight, what hast thou done?
Thou hast alarm'd all Elysium.
What Upstart Champion's this? quo they, whose worth
Gives a new Lustre to the Fading Earth?
Like soaring Rockets, or Mayor's day Wild-fire,
That spit and crackle, and with a Bounce expire;
So have I seen in Vintners Chimney layd
A single Brush, that such a Blaze has made
More then five Faggots, Bands and all could do:
Hold, Valiant Knight, and leave an Ell or two }
Of the wide World for others to subdue.

By Styx, it cost me many a broken Crown,
Many years Toil, ere I could get renown:
But thou, great Quixote, just as Horses run,
Hast all our Wonders in a Heat out-done.
To Witty Benengeli thanks, who wrote
With the same Spirit, that his Champion fought;
While our damnd Hum-drum Dottrels, dull John Dory's,
But rather digg'd our Graves, then wrought our Story's;
Fuel for Satan—may they burn as long,
They and their Legends, as th' have done us wrong.

Don Belianis of Greece to Don Quixote de la mancha.

But for great Hector, Troy had nere been known; }
And when her Glory was decay'd and gone,
'Twas I to Greece restor'd her first Renown. }
And Mancha had been little Mancha still,
But for thy Fame, that all the World does fill.
And now I'me sorry, by my Troth I'me sorry.
That I shou'd Gyants, Knights and Dragons worry,
With so much deadly feud, to leave not one
For thee, old Bully Rock, to piss upon.
But pardon th' Errours of a Hair-braind Sword,
That nere fore-saw thy Birth upon my Word:
Else I had surely left a small Recruit
For thee to reap thy Valours noble Fruit.
Howere I Lyons left, and Past-board Kings,
And over them thy Tryumph loudly rings:
The Pastboard King had not a word to say;
For Why?—his Head was off, and there he lay.
The Lyon crouch'd and quak'd like any Wether;
And stunk too, for by Jove I smelt him hither.
Thus thou hast done enough, in doing well,
While thy great Fame has reach'd the depths of Hell:
Now then give ore, and ere thou Feeble prove,
Let Dulcinea tast the sweets of Love.

Orlando Furioso to Don Quixote de la Mancha.

K Night of the Lyons, from the Place call'd Hell,
Orlando Furioso greets thee well.
After such Feats perform'd by Sons of Thunder,
What dost thou muddling in the World, I wonder?

Thou

Thou sayst, Example set thee' at work—suppose so ;
 But not to match Orlando Furioso :
 Does thy Name sound like his, Nickapooposo ?
 Does Quixote rumble like Orlando Furioso ?
 Hadst thou intended that the World shou'd note thee,
 Thy Mistress shou'd ha' been the Fair Quibotee ;
 And Thou Don Flustro Blustro del Toboso,
 Then thou hadst nick'd Orlando Furioso.
 But as thou nere didst chine at one smart blow,
 A Gyant cas'd in Steel, from Top to Toe ;
 Nor carve an Armed Knight, as Carver slices
 A roasted Wild-duck till it drops in pieces ;
 Thou art no Peer of mine, and I desire
 Both thee and all thy Genealogie.
 Besides, I hear th' art one of Hamet's Fools,
 Set up to make Knights-Errant Knaves and Fools :
 If so, By Jove, and all this gloomy space,
 Go creep to Heaven, and come not neer this Place ;
 For if thou dost, by Proserpines fair Thighs,
 Death and the Cobler meet thy Villanies.
 A Thousand Torments are thy endless doom,
 And Ple my self supply the Devils Room.

The Knight of the Lyons to Don Quixote de la Mancha.

K Night of the Lyons, as but fitting,
 To thee, the Knight o' th' Sun sends greeting.
 Great is the Noise which in the World
 Thy Fame has made, while toss'd and hurt'd
 From Post to Pillar, thou hast done
 Such Deeds that Story scarce dares own.
 Then to my self I thus did cry,
 Nowns—what a Sheephead Knight was I
 To this same spark of Chivalry ?
 But growing cool, I caught thee tripping ;
 Poor Sancho from his Wife kidnapping,
 And shamelessly thy self belying,
 How Queens and Empresss lay dying,
 Neglecting People, Kingdoms, Laws,
 And all for love of thy lean Jaws ;
 A Tale to tell unfore-skind Jew,
 For Ple be hang'd if it were true.
 Then, wherefore such a hideous Racker
 'Bout Madam Dulcinea's Placket ?
 For after all, 'mong Poor and Rich,
 I nere could bear of any such.
 And therefore by this burning Hole,
 I take thee for some arrant Fool ;
 For surely no true Errant Knight
 Would shadows Love, and shadows fight.
 Only as Thou didst Lyon dare,
 That Style I give thee leave to wear ;
 So Knight o' th' Lyons. fare thee well,
 Wishing thee like my self in Hell.

The

The Unknown Knight to Don Quixote de la Mancha.

R Enowned Knight, thou mak'st me March-bare-mad,
 To hear thy Feats, and I among the dead ;
 They call thee Fool—but by my death, they lye—
 Fools Fortune favour, thee she nere came nigh ;
 But suffer'd Carrier-slaves to thrash thy Bones,
 While Hunting after her, 'mong Rocks and Stones.
 Little they think, that lye on Beds of Down,
 The pains Knights-Errant take to win Renown ;
 To Fortune, Slaves, and Vassals to their Misses ;
 Three Gyants Heads for half a dozen Kisses.
 Only thy Dulcinea she's a Pattern,
 Chast as the Moon, and modest as St. Kattern ;
 She claim'd no Arms of Knight, nor Gyants Face,
 Lest broad blew Spot should Baby's Cheek disgrace ;
 Yet thou didst both present, to roast and boyl,
 The welcom Fruits of thy Laborious Toil.
 Then, after all, if Fool thou art, farewell ;
 I'me glad on't, Fools fare best in Hell.

The Princess Oriano to Dulcinea del Toboso.

M Adm, the Reason why I write you this,
 Is to enquire your health, and hand to kiss ;
 I hear y' are one of us, Don Quixote's Lady,
 But scandalous Tongues approbriously upbraid yee.
 They say, your Mother had't O' cheeks, your Father
 Cry'd'em at Nine at Night, or sometimes rather :
 If this be true, as steering Rumours speak all,
 I would not make a Kitchin-Wench my equal ;
 For I'me a Princess born, I do assure yee,
 And shouldst thou be home-spun, should nere endure thee.
 Pray send me word how you your time do spend,
 When you sit down to Cards, when make an end,
 How coach'd abroad, how visited at home,
 How deep i' th' Mercers Books, what's Laceman's sum ;
 Do but unfold these Anxious doubts of mine,
 I'll then resolve to be, or not be thine.

*Gandalin, Squire to Amadis de Gaul to Sancho Pancha,
Squire to Don Quixote.*

A H ! Brother Sancho, what good luck hadst thou !
 Thou and thy Master lov'd like Calf and Cow ;
 He like the Cat, that hears her Kittens cry,
 Didst thou but bawle, to thy Relief would fly ;
 Hadst thou a mind to talk, talk on cry'd he,
 And so both talk'd by Turns most lovingly ;
 Thou hadst an Ass to ride on, at thy ease,
 And eke a Wallet for thy Bread and Cheese ;
 While we with Snapacks trudg'd a foot, God knows,
 With thousand Blisters on our founderd Toes,
 And speak a word, tho' nere so smooth and racy,
 'Twas, dam ye Dogbolt, who made you so sawcy ?

Al—

*Ab— Sancho— Sancho, hadst thou flourish'd then,
Or I liv'd now, we both had happy been;
With Proverbs then thou hadst inspir'd my Brest;
For I was not so wicked as the rest:
I could not play at Cards and swear i' th' Hall,
While Masters drank above, the Devil and all:
No, I had been another Governour
With ample Rule and Legislative Power,
Fam'd like thy self, in every Bodies Mouth
Extoll'd, proclaim'd and prais'd from North to South.
But missing thee, ill fortune turn'd up Trump,
I dy'd, and in oblivion lye upon my Rump.*

A Dialogue between Rosinante and Sancho's Ass.

Ass. **F**riend Rosinante, thou lookst wondrous lean.
Ros. How can I choose, that taste nor Oat nor Bean.
Ass. The Horse that eats no Oats, no Oats can sbite,
How couldst thou carry then both Arms and Knight?
Ros. My Heart was good altho' my Flesh were low.
Ass. 'Tis not the Fashion though, as times now go
To serve great Men without reward. Ros. 'Tis true,
But he would promise fair, tho' deeds were few.
Ass. Words feed not Horses, Asses oft they do.
Ros. Else thou hadst starv'd ere now. Ass. Good Rosinante why?
Ros. Because thy Master's poor. Ass. Then let me dye,
I'll rather serve him than some Lords. Ros. How so?
Ass. Because the Poor themselves are Asses too,
And love the Beasts that carry as they do.
Ros. How might I change? it is too late I fear:
Ass. Not so, if thou an Asses voice wilt hear.
To England go, where Fools are rich in Purse,
There give it out, thou art Don Quixote's Horse:
Thou shalt be sought and bought, and taught to vault;
Then shewn at Fairs, for every one a Groat;
Thus shalt thou live at ease, lamented dye;
And Smithfield Bards at last shall write thy Elegy.

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THE LIFE and ATCHIEVEMENTS

Of the most Renown'd

Don Quixote OF MANCHA.

PART I. BOOK I.

CHAP. I.

*The Condition and Quality of DON QUIXOTE;
with the Reasons and Manner of his first Engage-
ing Himself in Hazardous Enterprizes and Noble
Atchievements.*

IN some part of *Mancha*, of which the Name is at present slipp'd out of my Memory, not many years ago, there liv'd a certain Country Squire, of the Race of King *Arthur's* Tilters, that formerly wander'd from Town to Town, Cas'd up in Rusty old Iron, with Lance in Rest, and a Knight-Templers Target; bestriding a forlorn *Pegasus*, as Lean as a *Dover* Post-Horse, and a confounded Founder'd Jade to boot. Beef-steaks stew'd in a Nasty Pipkin, with a Red-Herring to taste his Liquor a Nights; Fasting and Prayer a Fridays, parch'd Pease a Saturdays, with a Lark now and then a Sundays to mend his Commons, consum'd three parts of his Estate. The rest he as prodigally waisted in an extravagant Wardrobe: In which was an ancient Plush-Jacker, purchas'd from a Mountebanks Widow; a Pair of Black Bays Breeches for Holidays, purchas'd of the Hangman; and a Pair of Boots, first Exchang'd for Heath-Brooms, and then new Vamp't by the Cobler; with one Spur and Spur-Leather; well knowing, that if one side of the Horse went forward, the other must follow. And you may add to these his Extravagances, one Sute more of Irish Frize for Work-days. He kept in his House a grave Matron of Fifty for Service, a Niece of Twenty for private Recreation, and a Skip-kennel to Saddle his Horse, and Rob Orchards for Second Course. The Master himself was in his Fortieth year; strong of Constitution, but the Skin of his Face wither'd

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like a Winter-Pippin; an Early Riser, and a great Night-Walker. Some there are who assert, that he bore the Sirname of *Quixada*, or *Quesada* (tho they who write his Life are at great variance one amongst another as to this particular), yet by most probable conjectures the Addition of *Quixada* may be well enough allow'd him. But let that pass, it not being a straw matter to our purpose what his Sirname was, or whether he had a Sirname or no; For it is our business to Write the Truth, the whole Truth, and nothing but the Truth.

Know then, That this same Worshipful Gentleman, whenever he had any leisure time to spare (which was for the most part all the Year long) dedicated his vacant Hours to the Reading Stories of Knight Errantry; which he did with such an eager Appetite and earnest Devotion, that he forgot all his other Exercises, and let his Estate go at six and sevens. Nay, such was the Folly of this Country Squire in the prosecution of his vain Studies, that he made his Lands *Errant* before himself, and sold a fair Estate to buy Books of Knight-Errantry to gratifie his Curiosity; insomuch, that he stuff'd his small Cottage with whole Wheel-barrow Loads of that sort of Waste Paper. Yet none of those famous Writers tickl'd his Fancy like the Works of the Renown'd *Feliciano de Sylva*: For he look'd upon the clearness of his Style, enterlac'd and embellish'd with certain quaint Gings and chiming Expressions, as so many Jewels of Eloquence; especially when he came to read the Love Letters and Amorous Billets of the Knights to their Ladies; and the haughty Challenges which the disgusted Champions sent one to another. As where he found these Charms of his Understanding:

The Reason of your Unreasonableness, which has affronted my Reason, has incens'd my Reason in such a manner, that I have just Reason to Complain of your Beauty.

And when in another place he met with the following Rapture:

The Sublime Heavens of your Divinity, that raise you to the Stars, and make you the Deserver of the Desert which your Grandeur Deserves.

Such Conceits and Whimsies as these, had so disturb'd the Thoughts of our distracted Knight, that he took no Repose Day or Night, but continually plagu'd and tormented his Brains, to unravel those profound Mysteries which *Aristotle* himself would ne're have been able to have done, could they rais'd him from the Dead to that intent.

He could by no means endure to hear of those unreasonable and inhuman Cuts and Gashes which *Don Belianis* both gave to others and receiv'd himself. For he consider'd, that such cur'd Slashes as those, let the Surgeon be never so skilful, could ne're be cur'd without the Face and Body being strangely disfigur'd with the Scars and Marks of Quarrellous Honour. Nevertheless, he highly applauded in that Author, the concluding his Book with a Promise of the Remaining part of those wondrous Adventures. And many times, not finding Him so good as his word, he had an itching desire to have turn'd Romancer, and to have supply'd the unfortunate neglect of that forgetful Gentlemen, by putting an end to the Story himself: Which others say he certainly had done, had not his Thoughts been wholly employ'd upon far more important and weighty Designs. Moreover, this Scorbutic Humour of his had like to have

have been prejudicial to his Soul's Health: For the Curate of the Parish and He could never meet over a Pot of Nappy Drink and a Game at Back-Gammon, but they were always at Daggers-drawing about who was the bravest Kill-Giant, *Palmerin of England* or *Amadis de Gaul*: But *Didymus*, a Barber of the same Village, affirm'd to his Teeth, that there was none to compare with the Knight of the Sun; yet if any one came near him, for fore-stroke and back-stroke, 'twas *Don Galaor* the Brother of *Amadis de Gaul*; for besides that he was better born by the Mothers side, and better bred, for a true Bear-Garden Cut and Slash there was no man living out-did him.

Fix'd in his Resolutions he betook himself so passionately and with so much eagerness to his Studies, that a Nights he por'd on from Sun-set to Sun-rise, and a Days from Sun-rise to Sun-set. And thus, by Sleeping so little and Reading so much, he exhausted the moisture of his Brain to that Degree, that the Vehicle of his Understanding being quite dry'd up, his Senses forsook their Quarters. In the mean time, his empty *Pericranium* was stuff'd with nothing but the Lumber of Enchantments, Quarrels, Encounters, Battels, Challenges, Wounds, Love-Letters, Amorous Addresses, Torments of Despair, Horrible Woes, Dire Distresses, Labyrinths, Intrigues, Possibilities, Impossibilities, and a World of other Trompery. And these charming Follies had taken so deep a root in his Fancy, that he believ'd for Gospel all the frivolous Fables and Chimera's that he read. He admir'd the *Cid Ruidiaz* for a most Valiant Knight; but not to be compar'd with the Knight of the *Burning Pestle*; for he with one back swinge of his Faulchion cut in two i'the middle two famous Gyants, both near as tall as two ordinary Steeples, and about ten Yards about i'the Waist. But he had an extraordinary opinion of *Bernardo del Carpio*, who sent the Enchanted *Roldan* to the Devil, lifting him up from the Ground by the Buttocks with one Hand, and griping his Wezant so hard with the other, that he Choak'd him in four Minutes, as *Hercules* did *Anteus*. He always spoke very Honourably of the Gyant *Morgante*; who tho he were descended from the most cruel and savage Race of all the Gyants, yet always carried himself like a person that had something of Breeding and Gentility in him. But above all the rest he Extoll'd to the Skies *Raynaldo de Montalbon*; among whose Atchievements, there was none pleas'd him so to the Life, as when he Sally'd out of his Castle and Rob'd all that he met upon the Road, Man, Woman, and Child: And then again, when he stole the Idol of *Mahomet*, which was all of Gold, and pawn'd it when he had done to new Rig his Harlot.

In short, having thus lost his Wits, the strangest Whimsie enter'd his Noddle, that ever pester'd a Distracted Skull. For now, such was the Result of all his Studies and Meditations, That as a thing that was not only convenient, but absolutely necessary, as well for the increase of his Honour as for the public Good, nothing else in the World would serve him, but he must needs Dub himself and turn *Knight Errant*; with a design to roam about the World in quest of Adventures, and to put in practice whatever he had Read, in imitation of those wand'ring Champions in former times, that trotted from Post to Pillar, Pot valiant and Fool-hardy, seeking all occasions to pick Quarrels for the Relief of injur'd Virgins, abus'd Marry'd Women, and oppress'd Widows, in defiance of all Danger; and after great Atchievements thus perform'd, to rest his weary Bones and Bruis'd Limbs in the Bed of immortal Honour. Poor in Purse, but Rich in Conceit, he had already in Imagination the Diadem of *Persia*. And therefore flat-

ter'd with these bewitching Dreams, and pufft up with a thousand soaring Thoughts, he prepares with expedition to take the Field. The first thing he did, was to scour an old Suit of Armour, that had been his Father's Grandfather's Great-Grandfather's Father's; as Rusty as the Key-hole of a Miser's Powdering Tub, which for many Ages had been laid up and forgotten in a mouldy Hamper among the Garret-Lumber. But when he had Rubb'd with a dry Brick (as bright as their Age would permit) the Cuirace, Vambraces, and Gauntlets, the Devil of any Helmet could be found, but only a single Head piece. However his Industry and Ingenuity supply'd that defect, by pasting together several pieces of Brown Paper; of which he made himself a most complete Vizor to defend his Nose and Eyes. This Invention pleas'd him wonderfully; nevertheless to make Tryal whether it were proof against a Giants strong Arm and keen Cutlance to boot, he presently drew forth his own Sword. But so it was, shame light on all ill luck, that with one puissant stroke he spoil'd the Toil and Labour of a whole Week. Scorning, however, to be daunted by his first Misfortune, he fell again to work with his brown Paper and Paste; and warn'd by his first Miscarriage, he bethought himself of putting a thin Plate of Iron between every piece of Paper; which he did so artificially, as if he had been *Tubal-Cain* himself, that now fully satisfi'd with the strength and sufficiency of his Workmanship, he resolv'd to confide in his Ingenuity, without any farther Trial.

In the next place, he went to visit his Warlike Steed; which tho a lean ill-favour'd Jade, whose Bones stuck out like the Corners of a Spanish *Reyal*, with more Defects than a Brewer's Mill-horse, yet he valu'd equal to *Alexander's Bucephalus*, or *Cesar's* cloven-footed Barb. Four Days together he spent in considering what Name to give him; for (as he argu'd very well with himself) there was no Reason that a Hobby, which carry'd so famous a Knight, should be without a remarkable Name, especially a Beast so serviceable as he was; and therefore he labour'd to give him such a Name, as should demonstrate as well what he had been before he had the Honour to bear the burthen of a Knight-Errant, as what he was afterwards. Besides, he thought it but fit, since the Master had chang'd his Condition, that the Horse also should change his Name, and get him a new one, a brave sonorous Word, to make a noise in the Air, as it parted from Tongue, befitting the Respect and Esteem that was due to the Quality and Profession of his Owner. And so at length, after several Names, which with long Study and Meditation, came into mind, rejecting some, blotting out others, chopping and changing, dashing out, putting in, scratching his Pate, rubbing his Forehead, twitching his Beard, at last he pitch'd upon the celebrated and altisonant Name of *Rozinante*. A Name to his heart's desire, a lofty, loud founding, Riddle-unfolding, Sense-explaining Name, pointing from his first Condition of a Pack-horse, to the high Degree of a *Hackney-Errant*.

Now having found out a Name, so much to his satisfaction for his Horse, his next care was to find out some signal *Appellative* for himself; to which purpose he sat in serious Council with his own Thoughts Eight Days more. At the end of which, he concluded upon the Worshipful, Right-Worshipful, Honourable, Right-Honourable Name of *Don Quixote*: From whence the most celebrated Authors of this unquestionable History infer, That his true Name was *Quixada*, and not *Quesada*, as others erroneously conjecture. And finding that the valiant *Amadis*, not content with the bare plain Name of *Amadis*, without the Addition of his Nation and Coun-

try, to lace it, and render it famous, gave himself the Title of *Amadis de Gaul*; he deem'd it most highly proper to embellish his own Name like a fring'd Pair of Gloves, with the Trimming of his Country's Denomination, and therefore call'd Himself *Don Quixote* of the *Mancha*, as well to honour the Hamlet of his Nativity, as to let the World know the place of his Birth.

And thus having scour'd his Arms, made himself a Beaver to his Iron Sculcap, and found out a Name both for his Beast and Himself; he consider'd, that there was nothing now wanting more, but to find out a *Gypsie-Mort* for the exercise of his Courtship, and to be the Lady of his Affections; for that a *Knight-Errant* without a Doxie, was like a Tree without Leaves, or a Body without a Soul. Said he to himself, should it happen, for the punishment of my Sins, or for some spite the Devil may owe me, that I should meet with some Giant, as it is usual for *Knight-Errants* to do, and I should lay him sprawling at the first Encounter, or sliver him into two equal parts, and so become the Lord and Master of his miraculous Carcase, would it not be proper for me to send these Trophies of my Valour to some Lady or other? And that the Giant, vanquish'd and mangl'd as he was, should, at his first entry into her presence, throw himself at her Feet, and with a low and trembling Voice, should cry, *Fairest of Ladies, I am the Giant Caraculiambro, Lord of the Island of Malindrama, vanquish'd in single Fight by the ever, as he ought to be, most renown'd and valiant Knight, Don Quixote of the Mancha, who has here sent me to present my self a prostrate Captive to your illustrious Sublimity, for your Highness to dispose of at your own most absolute Will and Pleasure.* You cannot imagine how the Knight was transported with Joy, after he had thus discours'd with himself; more especially, having withal bethought himself where to find a *Tringmallion* fit for his turn. For, as concurring Fates would have it, there liv'd, it seems, in a Village adjoining to his own Lordship, a young fresh-colour'd smerking Country-Wench that went for a Maid, but in truth, was a crackt piece of Ware, with whom the Knight had formerly been in Love; tho for her part, she knew nothing of it, nor took any Cognizance of his Kindness. Her Name was *Aldonza Lorenzo*; and this was she of whom he made choice to be the Idol of his amorous Devotions; and then pumping for a Name to call her by, that might be suitable to his own, and correspond with the Dignity of so great a Lady and Princess, as she was like to be; at length he pitch'd upon the Name of *Dulcinea del Toboso*, for that his Mistress was a Native of that Village. An Invention that wonderfully pleas'd him, to hear the smooth, musical, poetical Running of the Syllables, so proper for Sonnets, Madrigals, and Serenades; and the Majesty of *Toboso*, that brought up the Tail of the Name.

C H A P. II.

Of Don Quixote's first Frolick; or his solemn Departure from his Native Habitation.

HAVING made these Provisions, and secured himself against all Accidents, he resolv'd no longer to delay his entrance upon the Stage of the World, as now believing himself guilty of all the Mischiefs, all the Wrongs and Injustices committed among mortal men, which he had power both to redress and prevent. And so, one morning before day, in the Summer-heat of July, without imparting his Design so much as to his Shirt, or being perceiv'd by any Creature living, he cases himself in Iron from top to toe, laces on his Helmet, hangs his Target at his left shoulder, takes Lance in Hand, and then mounting *Rosinante*, away he sneak'd out at a private Gate of a Back-yard into the free and open Field, transported at the prosperous Success of such a noble Design. But hardly had he jogg'd on above a hundred slow Paces from his Habitation, when a most terrible scruple of Conscience had like to have ruin'd all, and put him upon the dismal Resolution of renouncing the whole Enterprize. For it came into his Mind, wretched Man as he was, that he had never yet been dubb'd, as the Laws of Knighthood requir'd; and therefore that he neither could, nor ought to Challenge, or Combat any profess'd Knight. And, which was more, that as a *Probationer* only, it became him to wear white Armour, and not to carry any *Device* or *Motto* in his Shield, till he had signaliz'd himself by some remarkable Encounter.

These weighty Considerations put him in a strange *Quandary*, till at length his Vanity having surmounted his Reason, he resolv'd to be dubb'd by the next Person he met, in imitation of several others, who had done the like, as he had observ'd in the continual Progress of his Studies. As for that Nicety concerning the Colour of his Arms, he was soon rid of it, when he bethought himself that he had both powder'd Brick, and leisure sufficient, to polish and burnish 'em, that they should look as white as the *driv'n Snow*. And thus having appeas'd these mutinous Qualms, on he troop'd the pace of a Butter-woman's old Mare, leaving it to the Discretion of his Horse to go which Way he pleas'd; believing assuredly, that it was only in that, wherein the very Essence and Being of all *Adventures* consisted. In this slow March, a thousand Dreams and Fancies rocking his delighted Soul; What a charming Pleasure will it questionless be, said he, for Ages to come, to read the *Story* of my famous Acts! When the grave and serious *Penman* of this my first Career in Search of Fame, shall thus begin.

"Scarce had the Bright-hair'd *Phæbus* began to dishevel his gold'n Tress o're the silent Earth; and scarce the little Birds had tun'd their Pipes to sing their early Welcomes to the beautiful *Aurora*, who having newly left her jealous *Paramour's* Bed, began to shew herself to drowsie Mortals, from the Balconies of *La Mancha's* Horizon, when the renowned Knight, *Don Quixote* disdaining effeminate Repose, and the soft Pleasures of voluptuous Dreams, mounting his fierce Courser, *Rosinante*, entred the ancient and delightful Plains of *Montiel*. For to tell ye truth, that was the very Road he took. And then proceeding; Oh happy Age, said he, and happy Sons of Men, which now the Gods have deem'd worthy to behold transcendent Acts of Valour, and be the Witnesses of my Achievements, more fit

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"to be engraven on Columns of Brass, and cut in Marble Pillars, as Monuments of my Glory, and Examples for future Ages. And thou, whose Fate forever it shall be to register th' Effects of my astonishing Prowess, Forget not, I beseech thee, to publish to the World the Vigour and Courage of my *Rosinante*, the faithful and constant Companion of my Adventures. Out of these he rambl'd into other Discourses; and, as if he had been really and truly up to the hard Ears in Love. "Oh, Princess *Dulcinea*, quo He, sole Mistress of this Captive Heart! Justly must I complain of your Injustice in thus condemning me to live an Exile from your Presence, and imposing on me your severe and rigorous Commands never to behold your Beauties more. Remember, most illustrious Lady, and th' only Empress of my Thoughts, remember, I say, the Pains I take, and the Hardship which I undergo, all for love of Thee.

With raving, such as these, he entertain'd his Thoughts, and such like Ejaculations, which he had cond' by Heart from Volumes of Romances; and these enchanting Dorages had so possess'd and stupify'd his Reason, that he never minded the parching Heat of the Sun, which now shot down his Beams so perpendicular upon his Coxcomb, enough to have broil'd his Brains, had he but had a Scull to have contain'd a Dram of *Intellect*.

He travel'd all that Day however, without meeting any Adventure worthy the Trouble of Relation, which put him into a kind of Despair; such was his Impatience to try the Strength of his Arm.

Now here it is that Authors disagree; for some aver, That the first Adventure which flesh'd our Knight-Errant, was that of the *Lapicean Gate*: Others, that of the *Wind-mills*: But all that I can discover in this matter, and what I meet with in the *Annals* of *La Mancha*, is only this; That all that Day, his Horse and He stept on, travelling fair and softly; and that toward the Evening they were both ready to perish for Hunger, and so tir'd, that *Rosinante* could hardly stand upon his Legs. At what time, *Don Quixote* looking wistfully about him, in hopes to discover either some Castle, or Shepherd's lowly Cottage, where to rest himself and his weary Steed, by and by espy'd an Inn; a Sight more welcome than a Land mark to a Tempest-driv'n Pilot. Thereupon, Necessity vanquishing Compassion, he quickn'd feeble *Rosinante* with a Spur, and arriv'd at the Inn upon the shutting in of Daylight. Now it happen'd, that at the same time two young Females, otherwise call'd Daughters of Joy, who were to go the next Day to *Seville* with the Carrier, stood cooling themselves at the Inn Door. This fell luckily out; for the Knight-Errant, whose Head was intoxicated with Romances, and made all his Conjectures by his Reading, no sooner saw the Inn, but he imagin'd it to be a Castle with four Towers, which his strong Fancy as soon had fortify'd with Motes and Draw-bridges, and all those other Securities of Fortification describ'd in the Stories of Knight-Errantry. Therefore he stopp'd a while at a distance from the Gate of this imaginary Fortress, expecting when some Dwarf would sound his Horn upon the Plat-form, to give Notice of the Arrival of a strange Knight. But finding that no Dwarf appear'd, and that *Rosinante* had more mind to be i'th the Scable, he advanc'd to the Inn Gate, where espying the two young Hackney-Sinners before mention'd, he took 'em for Ladies of great Quality standing for the benefit of the fresh Air, at the Gate of the Castle. It happen'd also at the instant Time, as Luck would have it, that a Swineherd hard by, sounded his Horn three times to call home his Hoggs; which was delicious Mufick in *Don Quixote's* Ear, who now believed, that the Dwarf had given notice of his Approach. Thereupon, with a Joy unspeakable, he rode gravely up

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up to the two Jilts; who beholding a Man so formidable cas'd in Iron up to his very Teeth, and loaden beside with his War-like Lumber of Lance and Buckler, as those that were more us'd to naked Conversation, and disarm'd Carnality, were about to run for't. But then, *Don Quixote* rightly conjecturing their Terror by their Flight, lifting up his Past-board Visor, and discovering his wither'd, dusty Countenance, with a comely Grace, and grave Delivery: Ladies, quo he, be not afraid; for be secure, your Flight is groundless: The Order of Knighthood, which I profess, permits me not to injure any Person, much less such fair and vertuous Ladies as your selves. Those soft Expressions stop't their Career, so that they turn'd back to, and viewed with Admiration the ridiculous Figure of the rusty Apparition, that spoke with so much Affability, and yet they could not see any Mouth he had. But that which made 'em most merry, was to hear themselves call'd *Ladies*, a Title they had never been accus'tom'd to; inso-much that it put 'em into a loud fit of Laughter, which so incens'd *Don Quixote*, who thought himself the Subject of their Mirth, that with a Countenance overcast of a sudden, like a serene Sky; Give me leave to tell ye, Ladies, quo he, That Modesty and Discretion would better become Damsels of Quality, which I take you to be; whereas Laughter without Ground, is an Imprudence next to Folly: "Nevertheless, bright Pair of matchless Beauties, quo he, I speak not this out of any ill Will, but by way of wholesome Advice to those whom I am bound to serve and honour. This high-flown Mixture of Reproof and Ceremony, set the two young Wenches a gigling ten times worse than before, and made the poor Knight as mad as a March Hare: so that 'tis hard to conjecture what would have been the Issue, had he not at the same time seen the Innkeeper appear: who observing such a strange Disguise of human Shape, so oddly accouter'd with an old Wardrobe of Marshal Furniture, could hardly refrain bearing a part with the two Harlots himself. But having more reason than they to fear such a World of Warlike Preparation, he resolv'd to use him with more Respect, and therefore submissively accosting *Don Quixote*; "Sir Knight, said he, if you seek for Accommodation in this Place, you will fail of nothing but a Bed; for all things else are here at your Service in abundance. *Don Quixote*, mov'd with the Humility of the Lord of the Castle (for such he had fancy'd the Innkeeper to be) and willing to return a becoming Answer; "Worthy *Paladine*, quo he, the meanest trifle in the World suffices me, I am not a Person that studies Delicacy of Diet, or gaudy Curtains and Valence, as you may well see; my Arms are all the Ornament and Equipage that I admire, and Combate is my Bed of Rest." pose.

The Inn-keeper could not well apprehend at first why *Don Quixote* gave him the Appellation of *Paladine*. But having been an *Andalusian* Bully, a *Jamaican* Buckaneer, as true a Thief as ever sung *Psalm* at *Tyburn*, and still as wicked as a Northern Ostler or a *French* Page, it was not long before he took the Elevation of the *Knight Errant's* Pole, and so having his Answer soon ready: "Why then, Sir Knight, said he, considering the course of Life which you profess, methinks a good clean Pavement of hard Stones should be the best Bed in the World for your purpose; for I dare say your Worship sleeps no more than a Sentinel. Therefore Sir, 'tis but alighting, and I'll secure ye a Lodging that shall not only keep ye awake for one Night, but all the Year long, if you please. And having so said, he went and held *Don Quixote's* Stirrup; who, what with his ponderous Load of old Iron, and with Fasting all day, dismounted with great trouble

trouble and difficulty: However, as soon as he found his Feet upon the firm ground, his first care was of his Steed, which he recommended to the more especial charge of the *Paladine*; assuring him, that of all the Beasts that ever tasted Hay, there was not a Better in the World. Upon which the Inn-keeper view'd him narrowly, with both his Eyes; but could not believe half so much as *Don Quixote* spoke in his Praise. Nevertheless, he led him to his Lodging in the Stable, rubb'd him down, litter'd him, fill'd his Rack; and so leaving the Horse, he came to see what the Knight his Master wanted; whom he found pulling off his Armour by the assistance of the two Female Traders, to whom he was by this time perfectly reconcil'd. They had got off his Corset and his Cuirace, but do what they could for their Lives they could not unclasp his Gorget; and which was worse, his Helmet was ty'd so fast under his Chin, with two Green Ribbands, that it was impossible to unloose the Knots without the help of a Knife, which the Knight would by no means permit to come so near his Throat. So that he was forc'd to keep on his Head-piece all Night; which was not a little pleasant to behold. However, that he might not appear ingrateful to the two Jilts that had tugg'd and pull'd him from his Load, whom he took for no less than persons of Honour, and Ladies that belong'd to the Castle, he made his Courtlike Addresses to their Ladyships in the following manner:

"Certainly, Ladies 'tis past Belief, that ever Knight was thus Honourably attended in a strange place, as *Don Quixote*. Noble Ladies, take care of Him, and of his Horse. O *Rosinante*! For that is my Horse's Name, and *Don Quixote* of the *Mancha* is mine, which I never thought to have discover'd, till I had render'd it famous by some Achievement, for your sakes. But Necessity constraining me to apply that ancient *Romance* of *Lancelot* to my present Occasion, has enforc'd me to reveal a Secret ere I thought it seasonable: Yet I hope the time will come, when you shall be pleas'd to honour me with your Commands; and then I doubt not but to give you full Assurances of my Obedience, and to let you see by the Terror of my Arm, both my Ability and Readiness to serve ye.

To this the two young *Wagtails*, altogether unaccus'tom'd to such kind of Romantick Rhetorick, and understanding as little the meaning of his Courtship, that signify'd nothing to their Employment, made no Reply; only they ask'd him, if he pleas'd to go to Supper; with all my Heart, quo *Don Quixote*; for I'll assure ye, I think it high time. But as ill luck would have it, it happen'd to be upon a *Friday* Night, when there was nothing in the Inn, but some few Remnants of a small *Trout*; tho others affirm, it was only a Piece of insipid *Poor John*. However, they gave it the Name of *little Trout*, and ask'd him, whether he thought he could fancy such a sort of Diet, especially when there was nothing else to be had. 'Tis the same thing to me, quo *Don Quixote*, provided there be more than one; for many little *Trouts* make a large *Salmon-Trout*. For what ist to me, whether I am paid five Shillings in ten several Six-pences, or a whole Crown-piece? And besides, 'tis probable a little *Trout* may prove the better Meat, as we find Lamb to be far more delicate than Mutton. In short, whatever it be, bring it in; for the Weight of Armour, and the Hardships of Travel, are neither to be supported without a full Belly. Thereupon they laid the Cloth at the Inn Gate, for the Benefit of the fresh Air; where the Knight was no sooner sat down, but the Host brought him a *small* Commons of his young *Trout*, as he call'd it, but so ill dress'd, as if it had been

Cook'd in *Ram-Alley*, or *White-Fryers*, with a slice or two of a Bran loaf, and that mouldy to boot. But you would have split your sides to have seen him eat: For by reason that his Helmet was ty'd so straight under his chin, his chaps had not liberty to play; and such was the position of his Beaver above, that it was impossible for him to feed himself without help. So that his condition had been very ill, had not the Damsels that fate by him been so kind as to mince his Meat fit for his swallow, and then put it into his Mouth. But then how to get the Glas to his Nose the Devil himself could not find a way, till the Inn-keeper, more suttler than he, supply'd that defect with another Invention, by setting one end of a hollow Cane to his Mouth, and pouring the Wine in at the other. All this while the poor Gentleman suffer'd with patience all these inconveniences, and would have endur'd a thousand more, rather than cut the Ribbands that occasion'd all his Misery.

Hardly was this Pastime over, when it happen'd that a *Sow-gelder* drawing near the Inn, blew his Horn some three or four times as he came along; and that pleasing Harmony put all things out of doubt: For that he took to be a Consort of Musick sent to play at his Table. And therefore now more than ever confirm'd that the *Poor John* was Trout, that the brown Loaf was *Kingston* white bread, that the two Strumpets were Ladies of Honour, and the Inn-keeper some Porent *Paladine*, to whom the Castle belong'd, he fell into an extasie of joy for the happy fortune of his first Carriere; the success of which flatter'd him with so fair a Prospect of future Prosperity. Nothing troubled him, but that he yet wanted the *Ceremony of Dubbing*, without which he could not lawfully undertake any meritorious Enterprize.

CHAP. III.

The Pleasant Relation of Don Quixote's being Dubb'd a Knight-Errant.

BUT that vexatious care tormenting his mind with restless Anguish, caus'd him to make all the quick dispatch imaginable of his short and homely Commons. So that after he had clean'd his Trencher and his Dish with the remainder of his Bread, up he rose in great haste, and carried the *Inn-keeper* along with him into the Stable, where after he had shut the Door, *Don Quixote* fell at his feet, and in an unwonted transport of Grief and Melancholy, 'This is the Place, cry'd he, most Noble *Paladine*, from whence I never mean to rise again, till your Lordship has vouchsaf'd to grant me one single Boon, which I have to request, and which will no less redound to your Honour, than the Benefit of the Universe. The *Inn-keeper* amaz'd to see the Knight prostrate at his feet, and talking at such a rate, was in a peck of troubles, either what to say, or what to do; finding all that he could possibly do or say was to importune him to rise; but all in vain, till he had assur'd him to fulfil his desires. 'Twas no more then what I always never question'd from your Magnanimity, reply'd *Don Quixote*. Then proceeding, The Boon, said he, which I crave, and which you so obligingly condescend to grant me, is no more then this, that to morrow by break of day, you will do me the favour to dubb me into the

the Order of Knight-hood; and that this Night you will permit me to keep my Vigils arm'd in the Chappel belonging to your Castle, and prepare myself for that illustrious Character which I so passionately thirst after; to the end I may be in a condition to seek Adventures in all Quarters of the World, and like another *Theseus*, to relieve the distressed, and rid the Earth of Violence and Injustice, according to the Laws of Knight-Errantry, which I profess.

The *Inn-keeper*, who was as arch as the Devil could make him, and now had made a full discovery of the soft place in *Don Quixote's* Head, which he suspected before, to make himself sport, and for a jolly Scene of Mirth to invite Customers to his House, resolv'd to gratifie his Humour. To that purpose, he applauded his judgment in the choice of such a Design, then which there could be nothing more Honourable, or more gloriously enterpris'd by a Brave and Valiant Knight, such he judg'd him to be, by his Graceful Aspect and Deportment. That he himself had pursu'd the same Chace of Honour in his Youth, travelling through all parts of the World in search of bold Adventures; to which purpose he had left no corner unvisited of the *Kings-Bench Rules*, the skulking holes of *Alsatia*, the Academy of the Fleet, the Colledge of *Newgate*, the Purlieus of *Turn-bull*, and *Pickt-Hatch*; the *Bordello's* of *St. Giles's*, *Banstead-Downs*, *New-market-Heath*: The Pits of Play-Houses, the Retirements of Ordinaries, the Booths of *Smithfield* and *Sturbridge*; not a Publick Bowling-Green where he had not exercis'd his heels; nor an Execution-crowd, nor a Hedge-Tavern, where he had not employ'd his pauming, topping, coggling Fingers; bubbling young Heirs, soliciting Widows, abusing Virgins; and in a word, that he had signaliz'd his Name in all the Sessions-Houses, Criminal Courts of Judicature, and Pillories of the Nation; till at length he came to retire to that Castle, where he liv'd upon his own Revenues, and the Spoils of others, Entertaining all Knights Errant, of what Quality or Condition soever, out of that respect which he bare to their Profession, and to partake of what they got in recompence of the good which they did in the World.

As for any Chappel, he confess'd he had none at that time, having pull'd it down, out of a design to build another much more beautiful; however he knew well that in a case of Necessity, a Probationer might keep his Vigils where he pleas'd; which he might therefore do in a Tower of the Castle, that seem'd to have been built for the same purpose; and that in the Morning he would not fail to compleat the Ceremony, so that he might assure himself of being as true a Knight as any in the World. Have you any Money? then added the *Inn-keeper*. Money! reply'd *Don Quixote*; not a Groat. Nor did I ever read in any Story, that ever any Knight-Errant but one ever carry'd Money about him. That's your mistake, cry'd the *Inn-keeper*: for tho you do not read of any such Custom in your Books, it was not because it was not so, but because the Writers could not imagine their Readers to be such fots, as to believe that Knights-Errant went unprovided of two such necessary Accommodations, as Money and change of fresh Linnen. Otherwise he might as well believe that all *Knights-Errant* were louse, and went a begging: And therefore he might well think, they carry'd both Money and clean Shirts along with 'em, besides a little Box of Oynment to dress their Wounds. For it so happens many times that your Knight-Errants may be Engag'd in a desperate Combat in the midst of a wild and spacious Desert, where they may ride a hundred Miles before the meet with they Sign of an Anatomy-Lecture, and so a Knight-

Errant might rot before he could find a Surgeon; unless, which rarely falls out, he has some kind Enchantress for his Friend, to send him some fair Damsel or Dwarf in a Cloud with a Box of Balm of Gilead; of which one single drop tented into the Wound upon the tip of the Dwarf or Damselfs Tongue, makes him as found in three Minutes as ere he was in this World. But because there is no depending upon such accidents as these, therefore in former days, your Knight-Errants had their Squires to carry their Money and other Necessaries; as their Dressing-Box, Lint, and Rags: Or else if they had no Squires, they carry'd those things themselves in a little Bag fitted so neatly to their Saddles, that it was hardly to be discern'd. So that it is not only my Advice, but a Charge which I lay upon you, as to my Son and Darling in Chivalry, never to ride without Money and other Necessaries, which you will find to stand you in stead, when your best Friends forsake ye.

Don Quixote having listen'd with great attention to the pretended *Paladine*, promis'd punctual Obedience to all his Commands, and then prepar'd himself for the watch of his Arms. To which purpose, he went and fetch'd all his rusty Furniture together, and plac'd it all in great Order in a Horse-Trough, close by a Well in the Yard, which he fancy'd to be the Tower; and then embracing his Target and his Lance, he took several turns before the Horse-Trough with an Aspect no less fierce and haughty than graceful and pleasant at the same time. In the mean while, the Inn-keeper, to make himself sport, discover'd to all that were in the Inn, the Extravagancies of *Don Quixote*, his watching his Arms, and his impatience to be dubb'd a Knight; who all admiring at the Folly of the Person, desir'd to be Spectators of the Scene; and so standing at a distance, they beheld *Don Quixote* with a grave and serious countenance, sometimes dancing step-stately before the Trough, sometimes leaning upon his Lance, with his Eyes all the while wistly fix'd upon his Arms; for the Moon, that by this time began to shine as clear as in a frosty Night, discover'd the whole Ceremony. But while the Knight was thus performing his *Vigils*, one of the Carriers that lodg'd in the Inn, came forth to Water his Mules, which he could not do without removing the Arms out of the Trough. *Don Quixote* no sooner espy'd him, but he knew his design, and therefore by way of prevention, cry'd out to him in a loud and furious tone, 'Fool-hardy Knight, who ere thou art, that daringly thus presum'st to approach the Arms of the most valiant Combatant that was ever girt with a Sword, take heed what thou do'st, and be not so adventurous to touch those Arms, unless weary of thy Life, thou hast a mind to forfeit it, for the punishment of thy head-long Temerity.'

A warning sufficient, one would have thought, but the indiscreet Carrier was so far from regarding *Don Quixote's* terrible Menaces, that as if he had rather scorn'd his Threats, he took the Arms and toss'd 'em from the Trough, as if he had been playing at Coits. But he had better have been asleep in his Bed. For then it was, that *Don Quixote* lifting up his Eyes to Heav'n, and elevating his thoughts to his fair Mistress, 'Assist me, Madam, cry'd he, in the Revenge of this Affront, the first ere offer'd to your Vassal; and while my injur'd Honour lies at stake, let not your Protection baulk the first Tryals of my Courage. Which short Ejaculation ended, he laid by his Target, took his Lance in both hands, and letting drive with all his force at the audacious Carrier, gave him such a blow upon his inconsiderate Pate, that he laid him sprawling at his feet; one more such, and the sawcy Rascal had ne're known who had hurt him. Which Exploit thus

valiantly

valiantly perform'd, *Don Quixote* gather'd up the scatter'd pieces of his Armour, put 'em into the Horse-trough again, and renew'd his Ceremonies as before, without the least Disturbance or Discomposure i' the World.

Soon after, another Carrier, not knowing what had happen'd, came with design to water his Mules. But, as he was going to clear the Trough of that which he only thought to be old Lumber; *Don Quixote*, without speaking a word, or imploring the assistance of Male or Female, a second time laid by his Shield, and taking his Lance a second time with both Hands, laid on so like a Kettle-Drummer, that he broke the Carrier's Pate in three or four places. Immediately the Fellow roar'd out Murder, and his Outcry summon'd forth all the rest of the Carriers and Passengers in the Inn, to know what was the matter. *Don Quixote* seeing them coming, brac'd on his Target, and with his Sword drawn in his Hand, "Goddeff of Beauty (cry'd he to his *Dulcinea*), Thou Strength and Vigor of my Heart, in season now enliven with the Beams of thy Grander, thy Captive Champion, ready to engage environing Dangers. And having thus invok'd his Female Deity, he found himself inspir'd with such a Reinforcement of Courage and Resolution, that all the Carriers in the world could ne're have made him budg'd an Inch. On the other side, the Carriers, tho they were wary how they came too near, yet willing to revenge the Sufferings of their Fellow-Travellers, gave the Knight such a Volley of Stones, that *Don Quixote* was forc'd to shelter himself under the covert of his Shield (that began to Ring as if the Women had been Charming down a Swarm of Bees) resolving not to stir a foot, for fear of abandoning his beloved Armour. The Inn-keeper, on the other side, bawl'd out to the Carriers to let him alone; crying out, that he had told them already what a Fool he was; adding farther, that the Law would acquit him for a Madman should he kill all the Carriers in the Kingdom. All this while the undaunted Hero made more noise than all the rest, reproaching the Carriers for Rogues and Cowards, and calling the *Paladine* of the Castle Villain and Traitor, for suffering a Knight Errant to be so abus'd: "But I would make thee know, said the Knight, what a perfidious Rascal thou art, had I but receiv'd the Order of Knight-hood. But for you Scoundrels, Fling on, said he, do your worst; come near and receive the wages of your Insolence, which I question not but to pay ye without abatement. And this he utter'd with so much fury and resolution, that he stroke a terror into all his Assailants: So that what with the dread that invaded the Carriers, and the loud persuasions of the Inn-keeper, the storm of Gravel and Stones ceas'd; and *Don Quixote* permitting the Enemy to carry off their wounded, return'd to watch his Armour with such calmness of Temper, and moderation of Mind, as if he had never been disturb'd.

But now the Inn-keeper having had pastime sufficient, and weary'd with the Follies of his Guest, resolv'd to dispatch him forthwith, and to gratifie the Squire with the Curse of unfortunate Knighthood, to prevent any mischief in his House. So that after he had excus'd the insolence of those sawcy Bumpkins, as being done without his privacy or consent; he gave him to understand, that he had no Chappel in his Castle, as he had told him before, and that it was indeed needless; for that the remaining part of the Ceremony which consisted only in the striking him upon the Neck and Shoulders with the Sword, might as well be perform'd in the Field as in any other place, as he had Read in the Register of the

Cere-

Ceremonies of the Order. Don Quixote, who was greedy of being Dubb'd, as a hungry Kite of a dead Horse, easily submitted to the Inn-keepers arguments, desiring the *Paladine* to make haste; for that if he were once Knighted, and should be once assail'd, as he had lately been, he did not believe he should leave a Man alive in his Castle, but such as the *Paladine* should request him to spare. Immediately the Inn-keeper, like a Person that would do nothing rashly, went and fetch'd his Book where he set down the Carrier's Accompts for Straw and Provender, and then returning with the two young Harlots already mention'd, and a Boy that carry'd before him a lighted Candle's End, he caus'd Don Quixote to kneel: Then reading in his *Manual*, as if he had been mumbling some sort of devout Prayer, he lifted up his Hand in the midst of his Devotions, and gave him such a Dabb i'th Neck, that he made him kiss the Buttons of his Doublet, and at the same time, with the flat of his Sword, such a slap upon the Blade-bone, as made him shrink up his Shoulders agen. Which done, he order'd one of the Truls to gird the Sword about the Knight's Waste; which she did with an extraordinary Grace and Dexterity, considering how hard a thing it was to forbear laughing at every particular of the Ceremony, had not her Experience admonish'd her, by what she had seen the Knight so lately perform, that he was not a Person to be droll'd with. So far from that, that when she had girded on the Sword, "Heaven, quo' she, with a low Curtsie, grant ye Success in all your Combates and Adventures. In return of which, the Knight desir'd to know her Name, that he might understand to whom he was oblig'd for so great a Favour, and make her a Sharer in all the Honour of his valorous Achievements. To which the Lady answer'd with all Humility, That her Name was *Betty*, the Daughter of a Cobbler in *Southwark*, that kept a Stall under a Chandler's Shop in *Kent-street*; and that she would be his humble Servant in all Places where she should have the Happiness to meet him. I beseech ye, reply'd Don Quixote, hereafter, for my sake, assume the Title of *Madam*, and call your self *Madam Betty*; which she gratefully promis'd to do.

The other *Nymph* put on his Spurs, which occasion'd a Dialogue of the same Nature between them two: For nothing would serve him, but he must know her Name likewise; who modestly answer'd him, That her Name was *Nancy-cock*, that her reputed Father liv'd in *Chick-lane*, and was call'd, *The End of the Law*, as being the Common Executioner of all Malefactors in the Palatinate of *Tyburn*. Thereupon the new Knight oblig'd, her also to call her self *Madam Nancy-cock*, returning her a thousand Thanks and making her large Proffers of his Service.

These wonderful Ceremonies, the like to which were never heard of before, being thus perform'd with a kind of Tantivy speed, Don Quixote, who was almost out of his Wits to be gadding after new Adventures, made haste to fiddle *Rosinante*; and being mounted, he embrac'd the Inn-keeper a Horse back, returning him a whole Ship's Lading of Thanks for Dubbing him, in a tedious Complement so full of Extravagances, as would argue a greater Folly to repeat 'em. To which the Innkeeper, over-joy'd to be rid of him, made short Replies, and glad he was gone, discharg'd him without stopping his Horse for the Reck'ning.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

What befel the new Knight after he had left the Inn.

As *Orora* now began to display her Vermillion Beauties, when Don Quixote quitted the Inn, so well pleas'd, so frolick, so jocond, to find himself Dubb'd a Knight, that he infus'd the same Satisfaction into his Horse, who was ready to burst his Girts for Joy. But calling to mind the Advice which the Inn-keeper had giv'n him, touching the Provision of necessary Accommodations for his Travels, he resolv'd to return home, to furnish himself with Money and Shirts, and to get him a Squire. For which Employment he had already design'd a Neighbour of his, a poor labouring Man, with a great Charge of Children, the fitter therefore to make a Shield-Porter. With this Resolution he took the Road back to his own Village; at what time, *Rosinante*, as if he had divin'd his Master's Design, carry'd him a round Trot so nimbiy, and so lightly, that you could hardly perceive his Heels to touch the Ground. But Don Quixote had scarce rid two hundred Paces, when he fancy'd that he heard a mournful Voice that pierc'd his Ears, from a Thicket upon the right Hand. Thereupon he listen'd with both Ears, and being confirm'd that he was under no mistake, he gave Thanks to Heaven, that had sent him an Opportunity to perform the Duty of his Profession, and reap the Fruit of his pious Designs. These Moans, said he, are questionless the Moans of some distressed Creature, that has need of my Assistance, which it behoves me to give; and so saying, he gave *Rosinante* a gentle Remembrance with his Spurr of Knighthood, and hasten'd to that side of the Wood. Whither he was no sooner come, but he beheld a most doleful Spectacle; a young Lad of about fifteen Years of Age, naked from the Waste upward, and ty'd to a Tree. This was he that sent forth those miserable Lamentations, and not without good Reason. For a lusty Raw-bon'd Country Fellow was there tawing the Hide of the poor Stripling with a Brawny Arm, and an unmerciful Twist of Leather Thongs, and between every Lash he tuter'd him with a Proverb; crying ever and anon, *A short Tongue, Sirrah, and watchful Eyes.* To which the young Varlet made no other Reply, but, *Good Master, I will never do so agen; for the Passion of God, good Master, I will never do so agen—Pray Master, Indeed Master, I will be more careful for the future.* Don Quixote beholding this barbarous Cruelty of the Country Fellow, mov'd with Indignation in the furlly Tone of Anger, "Discourteous Knight, cry'd he, 'tis a base and unworthy Act, to assail a naked Person that is not able to defend himself; but mount thy Steed, and handle thy Lance (for he took the Farmer's "Mole-sticker that lay by him upon the Ground, for a Lance) and then I'll make thee know thou hast done like a Coward, and the Son of a Whore.

The Country-fellow giving himself over for lost at the sight of such an Apparition in Armour, with a Lance fix'd to his Breast, quaking and shivering, made Answer; Sir Knight, this young *Hedge-bird*, whom I am chastizing, is my Servant, imploy'd by me to look after my Sheep, but such a careless Rascal, that he loses one or two every Day, and therefore I punish him for his Carelessness, or rather his Knavery: 'Tis true, he complains that I do not pay him his Wages, but upon my Life and Soul, he tells a most impudent Lye. "The Lye in my Presence, Dog, cry'd Don Quixote, "by

"by the Sun that shines, I could find in my Heart to run my Lance quite through thy Lungs. Unbind the Boy, and pay him without more words, or else by him that made me, I'll immediately annihilate thee. The Countryman not daring to speak a word more, made him a low Bow, and presently unbound the Boy; of whom *Don Quixote* demanded how much was owing him? Nine Months, said he, at four Shillings and eight Pence a Month; which *Don Quixote* having cast up, and finding to be two and forty Shillings, order'd the Farmer to pay the Fellow his Money down, unless he intended to be sent forthwith to the other World. The poor Countryman ready to sink into the Earth for fear, reply'd, That he would not forswear himself in that Condition he was in for all the World; yet by his Oath already sworn, he did not owe the Lad so much: besides that, he was to abate for three Pair of Shoes, and Six pence for his being let Blood when he was Sick. That may be, reply'd *Don Quixote*, but the Blood-letting and the Shoes must go in Satisfaction for the Stripes which you have giv'n him without a Cause; for if he have made use of your Leather in his Shoes, you have slash'd off as much of his Skin; and if the Surgeon let him Blood when he was ill, you have drawn Blood from him when he was in Health; so there's *Tit* for *Tot*, reck'n one for t'other. Alas, Sir! cry'd the Countryman, 'tis my Misfortune not to have so much Money about me; but let *Andrew* go home along with me, and I'll pay him to a Farthing. Go along with him! Cry'd the young Rogue, finding himself to be o'the better side the Hedge, God preserve me, Sir, should I go along with him, he would flea me like another St. *Bartholomew*. How! reply'd *Don Quixote*, never fear, young Man, he had better eat, than touch thy Skin. I shall forbid him to offer any such thing, and then I suppose he will not dare to incur my Displeasure; and therefore provided he will swear by the Order of Knighthood, of which he is a Companion, I will not only let him go, but secure thy Money. Take heed what you say, reply'd the young Rogue, for my Master is no Knight, nor ever was of any Order in his Life; he's no more then plain *Gaffer Haldudo*, the rich *Cuff*, that lives at *Quintanar*. That's nothing to the Purpose, reply'd *Don Quixote*, there may be Knights among the *Haldudo's*; besides that, he who bravely does, is a Herald to himself, since every man is the Son of his own Works. Oh but, Sir, of what Works is he the Son, cry'd the young *Crack-rope*, who denies to pay me what I have earn'd by the Sweat of my Brows. I do not refuse to pay thee, honest *Andrew*, God knows my Heart, for by all the Orders that ever were in the World, if thou wilt go home along with me, I'll pay thee to a Farthing, not only in hard Six-pences and Shillings, but Perfum'd to boot. Spare your Perfume, reply'd *Don Quixote*, only pay the Lad his Money, and I am satisfy'd; but be sure you be true to your Word and your Oath: For if thou failst, tho' but a Half-peny, by the same Oath I swear, to find thee out, tho' hid as deep within the Bowels of the Earth as a *Lizard*. And to the end thou mayst understand who it is thou art either to oblige with Safety, or offend at thy Peril; know I am the Valiant *Don Quixote* of the *Mancha*, the Flail of Oppression, and the Scourge of Injustice. So Peace be with ye, upon Condition of exact Performance, as you will answer the contrary at your Peril. And having so said, he put Spurs to his *Rosinante*, and rode away.

So soon as he was gone, the crafty old Hunks of a Farmer follow'd him with both his Eyes, as far as he could see him; and when he was quite out of sight, away goes he back to his young *Ne're-be-good*, and in a Tone of seeming Kindness; Come, honest *Andrew*, said he, 'tis now that

I intend to pay thee thy Arrears, according to my Obligation, and as the *Flail of Oppression*, and the *Scourge of Injustice* has commanded me to do. Assuredly, said *Andrew*, if you do not fulfil the Orders of this same Noble Knight, whose Valour and Justice God reward with a long and prosperous Life, I will go seek him out where ever he is, and bring him back to chastise your contempt, according to his Oath. Content, cry'd the Farmer; and to shew thee how I love thee, I am resolv'd to increase the Debt, that I may advance the Payment. And with that, binding *Andrew* again to the Tree, he fell anointing the poor Boy's back with such a detestation of Compassion, till he had almost kill'd the young Miscreant. Now call, said the Farmer, your *Scourge of Injustice*, thou shalt find, he'll ne'r be able to undo what I have done, tho' 'tis but the half of what I should do; for thou Rogue thou, I could find i' my heart to flea thee alive. However, he untied the Rascal at length, and gave him free liberty to go and seek out his Patron to revenge his Quarrel. But the Country Farmer having had his Plenary satisfaction, fell a laughing with his Rustick *Ho, Ho, Ho's*, till his sides were ready to crack, to see the Boy go limping away, shrugging his flea'd shoulders, in search of a Needle in a Bottle of Hay.

In the mean time the valiant *Don Quixote*, believing he had perform'd a most signal Act of Justice, was strangely transported in his thoughts, and ravish'd with this successful beginning, 'Most beautiful of Beauties, fair *Dulcinea del Toboso*, said he, well may'st thou account thy self the most Fortunate of all Women living, who hast for thy Vassal so Famous a Knight as *Don Quixote* of the *Mancha*, who, as all the World knows, was dubb'd a Knight but yesterday, and this very day prevented the most terrible Cruelty that ever Injustice invented, by wresting this young Lad out of the hand of his inhumane and merciless Executioner. And having so said, he perceiv'd himself to be in a place where four Roads met; at what time it came into his mind, that it was usual for Knights-Errant to stop at such places, there to consult with themselves which way to take; which that he might be punctual in every thing, he resolv'd to do. But not being able to determine with himself, he gave *Rosinante* his own Head, leaving it absolutely to his discretion to make his own choice; upon which, *Rosinante*, govern'd by natural instinct, took the way that led to his own Stable.

Don Quixote had not rode above two Miles, but he perceiv'd a great company of People that follow'd him upon the same Road, who afterwards prov'd to be Merchants of *Toledo*, that were going to buy Silks at *Murcia*; being six in number well mounted, with three Servants on Horse-back, and three on foot, that led their Mules. *Don Quixote* no sooner had 'em in view, but he imagin'd this to be some new Adventure; and therefore with a sowl and resolute courage fixing himself in his Stirrups, couching his Lance, and covering himself with his Target, he posted himself in the middle of the High-way, till the supposed Knights-Errants came up; and no sooner were they come, as he thought, within hearing, but in a haughty and imperious tone, That Man, said he, who adventures to stir an Inch farther, moves at his Peril, until he has acknowledg'd the Empress of the *Mancha*, the Incomparable *Dulcinea del Toboso*, to be the Peerless Beauty that surpasses all the Beauties of the Universe. At those words, the Merchants stopp'd, to consider the strange Disguise and Posture of their Opponent, and easily conjecturing as well by his Obsolete Figure, as by his words, what sort of Creature he was; yet no less willing to have a little sport, then to understand the meaning of that extravagant Confession, for which their very Bowels themselves were to be so rudely ransackt: One of

the Company in smooth and calm Language, Sir Knight, said he, we never saw this Lady you talk of in our lives, but let us have a sight of her, and then if she be such a *Phoenix* as you say she is, we shall readily comply with your desires. What Obligation will that be, reply'd *Don Quixote*, when you have seen her, to acknowledge a Truth so visible to your Eyes? 'Tis your Duty to believe, confess, avouch, to swear, and maintain this certain Truth, whether you see or no. And therefore make me this acknowledgment forthwith in due form, or else he challeng'd and defy'd 'em for Sons of Whores, and Lyars. For whether you come one by one, as the Laws of Chivalry require, or all at once, as it is the usual custom of Ragamuffins and Ruffins, know I am ready singly to abide the Encounter in confidence of the Justice on my side. Sir Knight, reply'd the Merchant, I beseech ye in the name of all the *Princes* here present, that for the discharge of our Consciences, which will not permit us to swear hand-over-head to a thing so prejudicial to all the Empreses, Queens, Dutcheses, and Countesses in *Europe*, you will do us the kindness to let us but see the Portraiture of your Lady, tho it were no bigger than a Cherry-stone; for by a single thread we may judge of the whole Scean, and so with peace and quiet of Conscience be able to give you satisfaction to your hearts content. For to tell you truth, we find our selves already so inclin'd to favour your Mistress, that tho your Picture should represent her blind with one Eye, and the other distilling Brimstone and Quick-silver, yet we should be apt to be as partial in her favour, as ever *Paris* was to *Venus*. Distill! ye damn'd Scoundrel, reply'd *Don Quixote*, in a hideous rage, there's nothing distills from her but Civit and Amber; she is neither bear-ey'd, nor cupboard-back'd, but as straight as a Bulrush; and therefore know, you shall severely pay for the Blasphemies you have utter'd against Beauty's matchless Paragon. And so saying, with his Lance couch'd he ran with so much fury at the spokes-man Merchant, that had not *Rosinante* chanc'd to have flounder'd and fallen down in the midst of his Career, the audacious Merchant had paid dear for his fleeing. But *Rosinante* fell, and so threw his Master, who lay rolling and tumbling in the dust, and using all his skill and strength to get upon his legs again, but could not for his Guts, so encumber'd was he with his Lance, his Spurs, his Target, and the weight of his rusty Harness. However, in this helpless condition, he play'd the Hero with his Tongue, crying out, Hold, Scoundrels, hold—abide my Fury, white-liver'd Fugitives; stay till I get up again, Dastards, Cowards, and suffer me to redeem my Honour lost, not by my own, but the misfortune of a damn'd stumbling Jade.

Upon this, one of the Mule-drivers, who no doubt was none of those that were endu'd with the most Saint-like Patience, not enduring the Reproaches and *Bravado's* of the wallowing Knight, adventur'd to wrest his Lance out of his hand, and having broke it in two pieces, with the butt-end did so be-labour *Don Quixote's* Ribs, that you would have thought he had been threshing a Wheat-sheaf. At length, the Merchants call'd to him, and bid him hold; but the fellow was so pleas'd with his Exercise, that he could not forbear rib-roasting the poor Knight, till he had almost pounded him into green-sauce: For after he had broken one end of the Lance, he took the other, laying on without ceasing, till he had splinter'd both ends upon the disgrac'd Cavalier's Iron enclosure; who notwithstanding all that storm of Bastinadoes, lay all the while banning the Villains that had tak'n him at that advantage, and threatening Heaven and Earth for the injury he had

had receiv'd. But at last the Mule-driver surceast, and the Merchants pursu'd their Journey, furnish'd with matter for Discourse and Mirth.

Don Quixote, finding himself alone, made a new attempt to get upon his feet; but if he could not before, you may be sure he was less able to rise of himself, when his Joints were almost dislocated, and his Flesh half bruis'd to a Gelly. Nevertheless this was his comfort, that his misfortune was a misery frequently incident to Knight-Errantry; and a farther consolation it was, that this mischance had befall'n him not through his own want of Courage, but through the fault of his Horse.

CHAP. V.

A farther continuation of the Knight's Misfortunes.

WHEN *Don Quixote* found that he had no way in the World to help himself up upon his Leggs, he had recourse to his usual Remedy, which was to bethink himself what Stratagem he had read among his Authors. Nor had he study'd long before his fruitful folly brought to his remembrance the stories of *Balduin* and the *Marquess* of *Mantua*, when *Charlot* left the former wounded in the Mountain. A story known both to old and young, and as true as the Miracles of *Mahomet*. This Romance seeming to him as if made on purpose for the condition he was in, he fell a rolling and wallowing in the dust like a man in despair, and with a languishing voice to breath out the same expressions, which the same Author puts into the *Knight of the Wood*. "Where art thou, fairest Lady, that thou art so little mov'd with my misfortunes? Either thou know'st nothing of my Sufferings, or else thou art become false and disloyal.

As he was thus going on, just as he came to these words, O Noble *Marquess* of *Mantua*, my Uncle, good luck so order'd it, that a poor Labouring-man, that liv'd in his own Village, and not far from his own House, happen'd to pass by with a Sack of Meal which he had fetch'd from the Mill, who seeing a thing in Humane shape lying all along upon the ground, ask'd him who he was, and wherefore he made such a doleful Complaint? *Don Quixote*, who fancy'd himself to be *Balduin*, and took the Labouring-man for the *Marquess* of *Mantua* his Uncle, made him no Answer, but continu'd repeating his Verses, and recounting all his Misfortunes, with the Amours of his Wife with the Emperor's Son, word for word as they are set down in the story. The Labouring-man astonish'd to hear such a world of Romantic *Gibberish*, lifted up the Visor of his Helmet, bruis'd and batter'd as it was by the Mule-driver's Mallets, and after he had wash'd the dust off his face, presently knowing who he was; Good God, Master *Quixada*, cry'd the Labourer, who was your Taylor, to make ye this Iron Suit? How came ye into this Condition? But do what he could for his life, the other would give him no other Answer but what he went on repeating out of his Romance. Which the poor man observing, took off his Breast plate and Corset, and fell a searching for his Wounds, but finding no sign of any Blood, or any gashes in his Skin, with a great deal of trouble he got him upon his Leggs, and then heav'd him upon his Ass, as being the more easie and gentle Carriage. And so careful he was of the Knight's Arms, that he pickt all the very splinters of his Lance, and having bound them up together, fasten'd 'em to *Rosinante's* Saddle; and so driving the Ass softly before him,

him, and leading *Rosinante* by the Bridle in his Hand, he made toward the Village with a slow Pace, musing with himself, yet not able to apprehend the Meaning of those Extravagancies which *Don Quixote* utter'd all the Way. On the other side *Don Quixote* was no less afflicted; for he felt himself so crush'd and mortify'd, that he could hardly sit the gentle Animal, that crept no faster hardly than a Snail; and all along he breath'd forth such loud Sighs and Lamentations, that pierc'd the very Skies; so that the compassionate Labourer could not forbear once more to demand the Cause of his Grief. But as if the Devil himself had still put him in mind of Stories accommodated to his Condition, he quitted that of *Balduin*, and call'd to mind the History of the Moor *Abyndaraxe*, when *Rodrigo de Narvaez*, Governour of *Antequera*, took him, and carry'd him away Prisoner. So that when the poor labouring Man ask'd him a third Time the cause of his Sorrows, he answer'd Word for Word what the Prisoner *Abencerrage* reply'd to *Don Rodrigo* in *Diana of Monte Mayor*, applying every Thing so oddly to himself, that the labouring Man curs'd him to the Pit of Hell for his Extravagancies; and thence at length concluding, that the poor Gentleman was become a meer Sot, he made all the haste he could to the Village to be rid of his Impertinences. For, *Don Quixote* still continuing the Series of the Story, you must know *Don Rodrigo de Narvaez*, said he to the Labourer, that this beautiful Princess, of whom I have given ye an account, is at present the Incomparable *Dulcinea del Toboso*, for whose sake I have done, still do, and will perform the most famous Exploits of Chivalry that ever were known before, ever seen in our Days, or that future Fame shall record. Alas! reply'd the poor labouring Man, as I am a Sinner to God, I am neither *Rodrigo de Narvaez*, nor the *Marquess of Mantua*, but only poor *Peter Alonso*, your honest Neighbour; nor are you either *Balduin* or *Abyndaraxe*, but a good honest Country-Gentleman of this Village, that ever since you came to your Means, have gone by the Name of Squire *Quixada*. I know who I am, reply'd *Don Quixote*, and I know, moreover, that I not only deserve to be the same that I have nam'd, but the *Twelve Peers of France* likewise, and the *Nine Worthies*, all in one, since all their famous Exploits being added together, cannot equal my Achievements.

In this, and such other Discourses they spent their Time, till they came to the Village, where they arriv'd toward the Evening. But the Labourer unwilling that the *Squire* should be seen so ill mounted, stay'd at a small distance under a Hedge till 'twas Dark, and then led him home to his own House, where there was nothing but Confusion, by reason of the Master's Absence, which made the labouring Man willing to tarry a while and listen. There at the same time were the Curate and the Barber, his usual Companions, with whom his Servant-maid, it seems, was just then discoursing the Point. Lord bless me! quo she, Mr. *Doctor*, what d' you think of this Misfortune that has befall'n my Master? 'Tis now six Days ago since we have seen either Him, or his Horse, and he must have carry'd away his Lance and his Arms too; for we can find 'em no where about the House: It makes me almost at my Wits end. But as I was born to die, I'll be hang'd if those cursed Books of Knight-Errantry have not been the Occasion of all this. I remember, I have often heard him say, He intended to turn Knight-Errant, and wander about the World in Search of Adventures; the Devil and his Friend *Barabbas* take all those confounded Volumes that have thus debauch'd the best Headpiece in *Mancha*.

His Neice made the same loud Complaint to Mr. *Nicholas* the Barber: My Unkle, quo she, was wont to read these devilish Books for two Days and

and two Nights together; at the end of which he would lay aside his Book, and fall a Fencing against the Walls like a meer Bedlamite; and when he had sufficiently hack'd and hew'd the Posts and Doors, he would cry, He had slain four Giants as big as Steeples; and then he fancy'd the Swear, occasion'd by the violent Motion of his Body, to be the Blood of his Wounds, which he had receiv'd in the Combate; then drinking a large Glas of cold Water, which he dream't to be a sort of precious Liquor sent him by the Sorcerer *Esquise*, he conceited himself whole and sound again. Now I durst not speak a Word of this, for fear the World should think my Uncle distracted; so that indeed I am the wretched Cause of all his Misfortunes, for not giving notice of his Follies in time, that so proper Remedies might have been apply'd, ere 'twas too late, and all these communicated Authors might have been burnt for *Hereticks*. May I be broil'd for a Martyr, reply'd the Curate, if they be not all condemn'd and executed before to morrow Night. They have lost me one of my best Friends, but beshrew my Heart, they shall never do any more Mischief. All which Discourse, when the listening Labouring Man had heard, no longer doubting the Truth of what he suspected before; House there, cry'd he, as loud as he could yaul, open the Gates there for the *Marquess of Mantua*, and the Lord *Balduin*, who is return'd home very dangerously wounded, as also for the valiant *Rodrigo de Narvaez*, Governour of *Antiquera*, who brings along with him the Moor *Abyndaraxe*, Prisoner. At which Words they open'd the Gate; at what time the Curate and the Barber knowing their Intimate Friend, the Neice her Uncle, the Servant her good Master; they all ran to embrace, and welcome him home. To whom *Don Quixote*, Forbear, said he, with a faint Voice, I am sore wounded by reason my Horse fail'd me, therefore let me be gently carry'd to Bed; and if it be possible let the Enchantress *Urganda* be sent for to cure my Wounds. Now, as I hope to be sav'd, cry'd the Servant-maid, did not I guess right, when I told ye my Master's Disease? But get him to Bed, and let that *Gypsey* go to the Devil, we'll cure him, my Life for yours, without Enchantments. Millions of Cankers consume those cursed Legends that brought him to this Condition. Thereupon they carry'd the crazie Gentleman up to his Bed, and search'd for his Wounds, but could find none. No, no, cry'd *Don Quixote*, I am not wounded, but only bruise'd by the Fall of my Horse, while I was fighting against ten Giants, the vastest in Bulk, and most courageous that ever were in the World. Hoy-da-- quo the Curate, What, Giants too i'the Conspiracy! By my Sanctity, there shall not one remain in Being by to morrow Night. This done, they put a thousand Questions to *Don Quixote*; but he was not to be catechiz'd, only he bid 'em let him have something to eat, and then leave him to his Rest, as being that of which he stood most in need.

Thus while the Knight was left to enjoy himself, and the Pleasure of his own *Chimera's*, the Curate inform'd his Curiosity at large, in what Condition the Labouring Man had found him; who fail'd not to give a punctual Account of the Particulars so far as he knew, as also of all the Fopperies which he utter'd upon the Way; which confirm'd the Curate to proceed in his Design the next Day; to which Purpose he appointed to meet the Barber at *Don Quixote's* House.

C H A P. VI.

Of the delightful and diligent Survey which the Curate and the Barber took of the Squire's Library.

THE Squire quite weary, sore, and tir'd, was now taking a sweet Nap, when the Curate and the Barber came to his Houſe, and deſir'd the Key of his Study-door, which was readily deliver'd. So ſoon as the Door was open, they all went in, Servant-maid and all; and there they found about a hundred large Folio's, together with ſeveral Quarto's and Octavo's very well bound, and exactly methodiz'd. Preſently the Maid ran out, and returning in Poſt-haſte again, brought a Baſon of Holy-water, deſiring the Curate to ſprinkle the Study, for fear leaſt ſome one of thoſe Sorcerers, of which the Books were full, ſhould come and enchant both him and the Barber, for going about to ſend 'em out of the World. But the Curate, not ſo ſuperſtitious, deſir'd the Barber to take down the Volumes one by one, to ſee what ſort of Punishment they deſerv'd, for that they might not all deſerve alike. No, no, cry'd the Neice, never ſpare any, for they are all alike guilty of my Uncle's Ruine; and therefore let us throw 'em all out at Window, and make a Bone-fire of 'em all together in the Court-yard: And this was the Opinion of the Maid alſo; ſo highly were they reſolv'd upon the Deſtruction of thoſe poor Innocent Volumes. But the Curate having more mind to read the ſeveral Titles, determin'd to proceed his own Way.

So then, the firſt Book that Mr. Nicholas pull'd down, was *Amadis de Gaule*, in four Volumes. Oh, ho! cry'd the Curate, there is ſome Myſtery in this, that this Book comes firſt of all: For I have heard, that this was the firſt Book of *Knight-Errantry* that ever was printed in *Spain*, and that it has ſerv'd as a Model for all the reſt. And therefore my Advice is, That it be condemn'd to the Fire, without Mercy, as the Author and Upholder of a moſt pernicious Sect. I beg his Reprieve, cry'd the Barber, for that I have heard ſeveral underſtanding People aver, That it is the beſt Story that we have, of its kind; and therefore as the only Thing that's good, belonging to the Profeſſion, it may deſerve a Pardon. Well then, ſaid the Curate, for this time we'll ſpare *Amadis*—Go to the next. Theſe are the Atchievements of *Eſplandian*, the lawful-begotten Son of *Amadis de Gaule*. What then, quo the Curate, he had never half the Wit or Courage of his Father—Here, Miſtreſs Governeſs, open the Window, and throw it into the Yard, 'twill ſerve as a good Foundation for the Pile we intend to rear. Nor was the Maid ſlack to obey his Order, and ſo *Don Eſplandian* was ſent headlong into the Court, till his Executioners were at leiſure.

What's the next, cry'd the Curate? This, reply'd the Barber, is *Amadis of Greece*; and I am apt to believe, that all that ſtand a'this ſide are of the ſame Family. Then let 'em all be ſent packing into the Court, cry'd the Curate: For rather than ſpare from the Fire Queen *Quintineſtra*, and the Shepherd *Darinell*, with his Eclogues, and the Diabolical Diſcourſes of the Author; I think I ſhould burn my own Father alive, if I met him in the Diſguiſe of a *Knight-Errant*. I am of the ſame Opinion, quo the Barber, and I by my Troth, quo the Neice. If it be ſo, quo the Maid, let 'em e'en go all together for Company; and ſo to ſave the Labour of travelling up and down Stairs, ſhe ſent 'em flying out at Window, to the clearing of a whole Shelf or two. What

What Bundle of Paper is that, quo the Curate? Tis is *Don Olivantes de Laura*, reply'd Mr. Nicholas. The ſame Author, quo the Curate, if I miſtake not, wrote the *Garden of Flowers*; and I know not which is the moſt raſcally lying Book of the two. But this I know for certain, that he ſhall march into the Court for a Nonſenſical arrogant Whelp as he is.

The next, cry'd the Barber, is *Florismart of Hyrcania*. How! Monſieur *Florismart*, is he there, reply'd the Curate? Nay then, ſince we have caught him, he ſhall down y' faith into the Court, maugre his wonderful Birth, and prodigious Adventure; for the Flatneſs and inſipidneſs of his Style deſerve no better Uſage.

Here's the *Cavaleir Platin* continu'd, cry'd the Barber. Hang him, quo the Curate, for a lecherous old Goat, there's nothing in him that deſerves a Grain of Pity. Out with him, Miſtreſs Governeſs, without any more ado.

The next that was open'd, was the *Knight of the Croſs*. Why truly, quo the Curate, one would think that he might deſerve ſome Favour, for the ſake of his *Holy Title*, ſufficient to cover many Imperfections. But what ſaies the Proverb; *The Devil lurks behind the Croſs*: let him go to Perdition.

Then the Barber fetching down the next Volume, Here, ſaid he, is the *Mirrouir of Knighthood*. Oh, I have the Honour to know him, cry'd the Curate; there you ſhall find the Lord *Rienald of Montauban*, with all his Crew, a Parcel of Rake Hell and Skim the Divel, the Twelve *Peers of France*, and that faithful Hiſtorian, *Arch-biſhop Turpin*. However, I think fit to condemn theſe Gentlemen only to Perpetual Exile, becauſe their Story contains ſome thing of the Famous *Boyardo's* Invention; from whence that Chriſtian Poet, *Ariosto* borrow'd ſeveral of his Fancies: whom indeed, I would uſe with as little Reſpect, if I ſhould meet him prating in any other Language than his own, as high a Value as I have for him in his Native Idiome. Why, I have him at home in *Italian*, quo the Barber, but I cannot underſtand him. So much the better, reply'd the Curate, 'tis not a Farthing matter; and we ſhould have been highly oblig'd to the Captain that tranſlated it into *Spaniſh*, had he ſpar'd himſelf that Trouble; for, to ſay Truth, he has done his Author a filthy deal of wrong; a Miſfortune that happens to all Tranſlators of Verſe, who can never retain the natural Graces of the Original Language, let their Wit and Induſtry be never ſo great. And therefore, as for him, and all others that undertake to write of the Affairs of *France*; 'tis my Opinion, that we ought to preſerve 'em in ſome ſecure and dry Place, till we can be at leiſure to conſider how to diſpoſe of 'em; except it be *Bernardo del Carpio*, and one more call'd *Roncivallès*, with whom if ever I meet, I will certainly deliver 'em up into the Hands of the Secular Power. To all which the Barber readily ſubmitted, as one that pinn'd his Faith upon the Curate's Sleeve, well knowing him to be a good *Chriſtian*, and a Friend of Truth.

Thereupon, opening the next Volume, they found it to be *Palmerin de Oliva*, and the next to that, *Palmerin of England*. Are ye there, quo the Curate, let that *Palmerin de Oliva* be firſt torn to flitters, then burnt, and laſtly let his Aſhes be ſtrew'd i'the Air, for the Wind to carry where they may be never ſeen more. But for *Palmerin of England*, let him be preſerv'd as a Relique of Antiquity; and let us put him in a Box as coſtly as that which *Alexander* found among the Spoils of *Darius*, which he conſecrated to *Ho-mer's* Works. That Book, Neighbour, is to be valu'd for two things. Firſt, for its own Excellency; and ſecondly, becauſe it is ſaid to have been written by a learned King of *Portugal*. All the Adventures of the Caſtle of *Miraguarda* are well and neatly fancy'd, the Style is eaſie and pure; beſide that, the Author has taken great care to obſerve a *Decorum* in all, and to be ex-

act in his Characters. And therefore Mr. *Nicholas*, with Submission to your better Advice, both he, and *Amadis de Gaul* shall be exempted from the Fire; but for all the rest, Long-tail and Bob-tail, without any farther search, let 'em all go to the Stake. Not so furious, good Neighbour, reply'd the Barber, for this Book here in my Hand, is the famous *Don Belianis*. He, quo the Curate with his two, three, and four Parts, had need of a good Dose of *Rheubarb* to purge off that dreadful Mafs of Choler that continually inflames his Blood; besides, his *Castle of Fame*, should be utterly demolish'd, and several other Impertinences par'd away; which done, we should be willing to shew him Mercy, or expose him to Justice, as we approv'd or disapprov'd the Emendations made. Till then, Neighbour, pray keep him at home in your own Closet, and be sure to let no body read him. I like your Admonitions very well, quo the Barber, and to save him the trouble of reading any more Titles, he bid the Maid take all the great Volumes and throw 'em into the Court. She that would have burnt all the *Romances* in the World for a new Smock, had no need of being twice spoken to, so that she sent eight large Folio's presently to their long Home. But the next Book, heaving more than she could well lift, she let fall at the Barber's Feet, who being curious to see what it was, found it to be the *History* of the famous *White Tyrant*. Cuds-niggers-daggers, quo the Curate, what ha' ye got Monsieur the *White Tyrant* too? Let me see him pray, Mr. *Nicholas*; this is a Treasure that you have found; this is an Antidote against Melancholy. Here we shall find the Valiant Knight, *Don Kyrie Elyson of Montalban*, and *Thomas of Montalban* his Brother, with the Knight *Fonseca*; the Combate of the valiant *Detriante* with the *Maftiff*; the Stratagems of the Lady *Pleasure-of-my-life*; the Amours and Wiles of the Lady *Tranquilla*, and the Empress in love with her Page. The Devil take me now, Neighbour, if I lye, this is one of the best Books in the World, for the Stile, and the most natural. Here the Knights eat, and sleep, and die in their Beds, and make their Wills before they expire; with several other things both profitable and necessary, of which other Books never speak a Word. Yet for all that, I have a good mind to send the Author to spend the rest of his days in the Gallies for poisoning the World with so many curs'd Absurdities, as it were, knowingly, and of his Malice fore-thought. Carry him home therefore, Neighbour, and read him, and then you will find, that all that I say is true. I make no question of it, cry'd the Barber; but what shall we do with all these lesser Books that remain behind? Certainly, reply'd the Curate, these can never be Books of Chivalry, they are too small. Here are none but Poets, and men of *Madrigals*, Ple warrant ye. And so it fell out; for the first they open'd, happen'd to be *Diana de Monte Mayor*. I thought so, quo the Curate; but for these, believing all the rest to be of the same Stamp, they cannot be thought to deserve the Punishment of a *Woman-Coiner*; for they cause not that Disorder in the World, which Books of *Knight Errantry* are guilty of; nor are the Maggots which they engender, half so corroding and prejudicial to the Brain. O good Mr. Curate, cry'd the Neice, let 'em 'e'en suffer with the rest; for should my Uncle be cur'd of his *Knight-Errant* Frenzy, and once betake himself to reading these Books, we should have him turn Shepherd, and then we should never keep him from roving and rambling over all the Groves, Meadows, and Plains o'the Kingdom with his Croud and his Flageolet, and which is worse, perhaps we should have him turn Poet too; for they say, that Poetry is one of the most infectious Diseases in the World, and the most incurable. The Lady speaks Reason,

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quo the Curate; 'twill do very well to remove this Stumbling-block out of our Friends way. And to that end let us begin with *Diana de Monte Mayor*; yet I do not think it fit to throw him into the Fire, but only to geld him; for indeed all that he talks about the Witch *Felicia*, and the enchanted Water, with the greatest part of his Verses, is too luxuriant and rampant; after which Castration, we may permit his *Eunuch-ship* the Honour of being the first that wrote in Prose of that nature.

Cuds-fish, quo the Barber, here is another *Diana* call'd the *second*, compil'd by one of *Salamanca*; Hey-day! and a third, written by one *Giles Pole*. Let that of *Salamanca*, quo the Curate, encrease the number of the Dead; but preserve that of *Giles Pole*, as charily as if *Apollo* himself had wrote it. Now go on, Neighbour, for it grows late. Nouns, quo the Barber, here are no less than *Ten Books* of the *Fortune of Love*, compos'd by *Anthony Leirafo*, a *Sardinian Poet*. By my Holy Orders, quo the Curate, since *Apollo* was *Apollo*, and the Muses were the Muses, or that ever Poets were in the World, there was never, in its kind, a more pleasant and witty Book written; he that never read this Book, never read any thing that was delightful. Give it me, Neighbour, I had rather have it than a *Gown* and *Cassock* of the best *Florence Silk* in *Tuscany*. These that follow are the Shepherd of *Iberia*, the *Nymphs of Enares*, the *Cure of Jealousie*. Take 'em Jaylor, quo the Curate, as they come together, let 'em go together—and never ask why, Neighbour, for then we shall ne're ha' done. Here's another Shepherd, quo the Barber, call'd the *Shepherd of Filida*. He was no Shepherd, cry'd the Curate, but a compleat Courtier, keep him as the Apple of thine Eye. Bless me, quo the Barber, we shall ne're be poor now, here's the Ware-house it self, or the *Treasury of Poetry*. Ay, quo the Curate, 'tis a Ware-house indeed, but like a *Coffermongers*, there are a World of rotten Pippins among the found; were they less, they would be of more value: Keep it however, because the Author is my Friend, and for the sake of some few soaring Fancies of his that are extant. Here's a *Book of Sonnets* and *Madrigals*, quo the Barber, by *Lopez Maldonado*. That's my particular Friend, reply'd the Curate. Men admire his Verses when he reads 'em himself, and such is the Sweetness of his Voice, that when he sings 'em, he makes all the World dance after his Pipe. He is a little too tedious in his Eclogues; preserve him however from Tribulation. But how d'ye call the next? This is *Michel Servantes's Galatea*, reply'd Mr. *Nicholas*. He is one of my old Acquaintance, quo the Curate; but a Person more remarkable for his Misfortunes, than his Poetry. Something there is of Conceit and Invention in his Book; a great Cry, and a little Wool; for he promises much, performs little. We must stay for his Second Part, of which he assure us; perhaps in that, he may make amends for his former Errors. Set him aside therefore, and let us see who are they that stand there all a-row? Why, here is th' *Araucana* of *Don Alonzo d' Hercilla*; th' *Austriada* of *John Russo*, one of the Common-Council-men of *Cordova*, and the *Monferrat* of *Christopher de Verves*, a Poet of *Valencia*. Those, quo the Curate, are the best Heroick Verses that ever were compos'd in *Spanish*, and may compare with the choicest of the *Italians*. Preserve 'em therefore charily, as precious Monuments of the Excellency of our Poets.

At length the Curate, weary of looking over so many Authors, concluded to throw all the rest into his Bone-fire, without farther Examination. But the Barber shewing him one more that was already open'd, and entitl'd, the *Tears of Angelica*: Truly, quo the Parson, I should have wept my self, had this Book miscarry'd, by my Order; for the Author was not only one

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of the best Poets of *Spain*, but in the whole World; and has been particularly successful in his Translation of several of *Ovid's* Fables.

C H A P. VII.

Of Don Quixote's second departure from his House.

While they were thus employ'd, they heard *Don Quixote* making a most horrid noise, and crying out in his Bed, 'Here, here, Valiant Knights; Here it is that you ought to shew the strength and vigour of your Arms, and not to let the Courtiers carry away the Honour of the Tournament. This hideous out-cry call'd away the Inquisitors from any farther examination of the Study; so 'tis very probable, that the rest of the Library being left to the mercy of the Maid and the Niece, they made havock of all, without minding due forms of Law. And thus 'tis thought that *La Carolea*, *Leo of Spain*, and the *Acts of the Emperor*, Compos'd by *Don Lewis D'Alvare*, which could not choose but be in the same Catalogue, were all Sacrific'd to the Flames of *Purgatory*. A Fate, perhaps, which they might have avoided, had the Curate been there to have heard their Justifications.

Don Quixote was just up, when his *Library-Condemners* came into the Chamber, where they found him making a heavy bustle, tearing his Throat, full of Anger, quarrelling with the Air, and laying on upon the Walls back-stroke and fore-stroke; thereupon they altogether lay'd hold of him, and having disarm'd him, put him to bed; where after he had repos'd a while, and recover'd his strength, turning to that side where the Curate sat, "My good Lord Arch-Bishop *Turpin*, said he, 'tis the greatest piece of shame in the World, that the twelve *Peers* should so basely let the Courtiers go away with the Honour of the *Tournament*, after we the Knights Adventurers had carry'd it for three days together before. Patience is a Vertue, an't like your Worship, reply'd the Curate: Fortune is fickle, and they that lose to day, may win to morrow. Therefore pray Sir, mind your Health at present; for of necessity you must be extremely ty'd, if not very much wounded. "As for my being wounded, answer'd *Don Quixote*, there's no such thing; but that I am bruise'd and mortify'd 'tis very true: For when I was down, *Rowland the Bastard* fell a thrashing my bones with a huge Ok'n Plant, out of meer spleen, because I pretended to be more Valiant than He. But I will renounce the Name of *Rinaldo of Montalban*, if, maugre all his Enchantments, I do not quit scores with Him, so soon as I get well. And therefore let 'em bring me my Supper, 'tis that which I have most need of at present, and then let me alone to my Revenge. Accordingly they brought him some Victuals, which when he had eat'n, he fell asleep again, at what time they left him to his slumbers, partly wondring, partly smiling at his Follies. The same Night the Female Executioner burnt all the Books she could find in the House; and 'tis a hundred to one but that several suffer'd in the General Calamity that deserv'd a better Fate, according to the Proverb, *That many times the Innocent perish with the Guilty*.

Among the rest of the Cures, which the Curate and Barber had found out, as most proper for their Friends Distemper, one was to stop up the Study-door, so that he might not be able to find it when he rose, hoping that the

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Effect would cease, when the Cause was taken away; and that if he enquir'd for the Key, they should tell him that a certain *Enchanter* had carry'd away Study, Books and all. Two days after, *Don Quixote* being got up, the first thing he did was to go visit his Books, but not finding the Study where he had left 'em, he sought about in every Room of the House for the door. At length, perceiving all his labour in vain, he ask'd the Maid-Servant where his Study of Books stood? What Study, Sir, reply'd the Maid, according to her Instructions? Here's neither Study nor Books, nor so much as a piece of Paper i' this House, for the Devil has carry'd all away. Not the Devil, cry'd the Niece, but something, or some body ten times worse, the Lord deliver me. For about a day or two after you were gone, in the Night time there came a Sorcerer as they call 'em, mounted upon a Dragon, and wrapt up in a Cloud instead of a Leaguer Cloak; who as soon as he came to the Door, alighting from the Dragon's back, enter'd the House, went up to the Study, and what he did there, the Lord of *Oxford* knows: But there he stay'd a while, and when he went away, he left such a smoak and stench behind him, that we were almost choak'd. At length, we went to see what he had done; but looking for the Study, we could neither find Books nor Study, nor any sign of a Study that had been there. Only the Maid and I remember (and 'twas as much as we could do, being half scar'd out of our Wits) that as he was going away, the cursed old Miscreant cry'd out with a loud voice, *I think I have plagu'd the owner of these Books for drubbing the Giant my Friend*. And then I think he call'd himself by the Name of *Munnaton*. *Whetton* you mean, answer'd *Don Quixote*. Ay, Ay, *Whetton*, or *Whiston*, cry'd the Maid, I am sure his Name ended in *Ton*. 'Tis very true, reply'd *Don Quixote*, he is a very famous Necromancer, and my Mortal Enemy; for he understands by his Art, that I am one day, in despite of all his Magick, to vanquish in single Combat, a young Knight, whom he loves and protects, and therefore he works me all the mischief he can. But let him know, he does but fool himself, and that there's no avoiding what the Fates have ordain'd. There's no question to be made on't, reply'd his Niece: But dear Uncle, said she, why do you thus engage your self in all these Quarrels and Combats? Would it not be much better for you to live quiet at home, enjoy your Estate, and take the pleasure of Hunting, then to perplex and weary your self with roving and rambling about the World like a Vagabond; and seeking for better Bread then is made of Wheat, not considering, that there's some People who gad a great way for Wool, that return home without Hair. Oh my dear Niece, answer'd *Don Quixote*, thou art much mistak'n; for before I'll be shorn by any Man, I'll tear his Beard from the Chin of the proudest *He* that dares but to look upon the Curls of one of my Locks. To which his Niece made no reply, perceiving the Knight begin to be in wrath.

Fifteen whole days did our Hero remain at home to repair his batter'd Carcass, without the least sign of any Reformation; during which time, the Curate and the Barber had the most pleasant disputes in the World with him, while he maintain'd that there was nothing so beneficial to Mankind as *Knight-Errantry*, to which end he was resolv'd to re-establish the Order. In which disputes the Curate sometimes contradicted him, sometimes submitted; for had he not us'd that Policy, he might have been thrash'd for a Necromancer.

In the mean time, *Don Quixote* very privately, but very earnestly made it his business every day to solicit one of his Neighbours, a Labouring-man, and a good honest Fellow, if we may be permitted to call a poor man honest:

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nest: for he was poor indeed; poor in Purse, and poor in Brains: Which *Don Quixote* considering, bestow'd all his Rhetoric upon him, told him out so many thousands of Promises, and gave him so many fair Arguments, that at length he prevail'd with him to become his Squire. Among other motives this was one, that his prospect of Gain was great, but his Loss could be nothing: For that in Knight-Errantry there were oft-times those lucky hits, that in the time that a man may be taking up two straws, the Knight might take an Island; and it might be his luck to make him Governour of a whole Country. Thus *Sancha Pancho* (for that was the Name of the Labouring-man) vanquish'd by these invincible Reasons, forsook his Wife and Children to follow his Neighbour in the quality of a Squire, or *Shield-Porter*.

And now *Don Quixote* assur'd of such a necessary Appurtenance, made it his business to furnish himself with Money: To which purpose, putting here to Sale, Mortgaging there, and all the while selling *Robin Hood's* Pennoth's, he got a good round Sum together. After that, he borrow'd another Target of one of his Neighbours, and having repair'd his Head-piece and Visor the best he could, he gave notice to his Squire of the day and hour that he intended to depart, to the end he might furnish himself with all things necessary; more especially he bid him be careful not to forget a Wallet. *Sancha* promis'd all Obedience, and moreover signify'd his desire to take his As along with him, which was strong and in good case. The mentioning of the As put *Don Quixote* into a brown study for a time, being in a great Quandary whether it were lawful for him to permit his Squire that Privilege; not being able to call to mind that of all the Knights which he had read, ever any one carry'd along with him a Squire mounted upon an As. However at last he resolv'd to give *Pancho* his liberty, hoping in time to mount him more honourably, the first unmannerly Knight that he should happ'n to unhorse. He also furnish'd himself with Shirts, and other Necessaries, according to the Inn-keepers Instructions. Which being done with all the secrecy imaginable, *Sancha*, without so much as kissing his Wife, or bidding his Children *God-bye*; and *Don Quixote*, leaving both his Maid and his Niece fast asleep, stole out of the House one Night, and having got the Village upon their backs, they made such hast, that by break of day they were quite out of the danger of being pursu'd. As for *Sancha Pancho*, he rode like a Patriarch, with his Wallet and his Bottle, and with a strange impatience to see himself Governour of the Island which his Master had promis'd him.

They took the same Road which *Don Quixote* had done the time before, that is to say, over the Plains of *Montiel*, through which they travell'd with less annoyance, then when *Don Quixote* rode alone, by reason it was very early in the Morning, at what time a brisk breeze of Wind cool'd the fresh Air. And all this while they had not spok'n a word one to another; but *Sancha Pancho*, whose Tongue was never wont to lie still so long, at length breaking silence, 'Sir Knight-Errant, quo he to his Master, pray do 'not you forget the Island which you have promis'd me. Hark ye me, 'Friend *Sancha*, reply'd *Don Quixote*, you must know that in all Ages, this 'has been the constant practice of Knight-Errants, to give their Squires the 'Government of those Islands and Kingdoms which they conquer; which 'laudable Custom I am resolv'd to keep up to that degree, that whereas 'other Knights never rewarded their Squires, till they were grown old, and 'incapable of starving by Day, and watching a Nights, and then gave 'em 'only some little Province or other, with the Title of Count or Marquess:

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'For my part, should it be my hap, before we have liv'd six days together, 'to gain an Empire, to which many other Kingdoms were subject, I would 'cause thee to be Crown'd King of one of those Kingdoms. Nor do thou 'think this to be a strange thing: For such good Fortune oft times befalls a 'Knight-Errant, and that by ways and means so un-foreseen and unexpected, 'that I may chance to give thee much more then I promis'd. If this should come to pass, reply'd *Sancha Pancho*, assuredly my Wife *Joan Guthridge* will be a Queen, and all my Children *Infants* and *Dolphins*. There's no doubt on't, reply'd *Don Quixote*. I do a little question it, answer'd *Sancha*; for I am perfwaded, if it should rain Crowns, we should hardly meet with one that would fit my Wives Head: For to tell ye truth, Sir, she's no more fit to make a Queen, then a pickl'd Herring; I believe she would prove a better Countess, and yet, so God help me, if she be able to manage that Place well, I believe 'tis as much as she can do. Leave that to *God a mighty*, reply'd *Don Quixote*, he will give thee what is most convenient for thee; and therefore pluck up a good Heart, and scorn to content thy self with less then a Vice-Roy-ship, or an Earldom at least. No more I will, reply'd *Don Sancha*; especially since I have so good and so discreet a Master, that knows what to give me, and what I am able to discharge.

CHAP. VIII.

Of *Don Quixote's* good Success in his dreadful and unheard-of Encounter with the Windmills.

WHILE they were thus familiarly talking together, *Don Quixote* and his Squire discover'd at a distance some thirty or forty Windmills; which so soon as the Knight espy'd, 'Fortune now conducts us better then 'we can guide our selves. See yonder (Friend *Sancha*) no less then thirty 'Giants of enormous stature; all which I am resolv'd not only to encounter, but to disembowel. 'Twill be a good beginning to enrich our selves 'with their Spoils; for the Quarrel is just, and the extirpation of this detested Race will be an acceptable piece of Service to God.

What Giants? reply'd *Sancha Pancho*. Why those Giants which thou seest yonder, quo *Don Quixote*, with their hugeous Arms, of which Race there are some whose Arms will reach two Leagues in length. Mind what you say, reply'd *Sancha*; for an't like your Worship, those things which you suppose to be Giants, are no Giants, but Windmills; and the Arms you fancy, are only the Sails that turn about the Wheels when they grind the Corn. 'I see, said *Don Quixote*, that thou art a Ninny in matters of 'Chivalry. They are Giants, Fool; and therefore if thou art afraid, go 'afide and say thy Prayers: for my part, I am resolv'd to encounter 'em, 'tho as many more. And so saying, he spur'd *Rosinante* forward, tho *Sancha* still swore himself to the Devil, that they were no Giants, but Windmills. But let him swear himself to his Damm to boot, he so strongly fancy'd 'em to be Giants, that he never regarded the Oaths of his Squire; and the nearer he rode, the more he was confirm'd in his imagination. So that as soon as he came within hearing, he tore his Throat, crying out, Stand, Caitiffs; stand your Ground, vile Miscreants as ye are, and flye not basely from a single Knight, that fears not to encounter ye all in a heap together.

together. By and by the Wind rising, made the *Sweeps* begin to move: But that made him ten times madder. Then he swore Nouns and Pronouns, what! defie him to his Teeth! But ye shall pay for your arrogance, quo he, tho ye had as many Arms as the Giant *Briareus*. After that, he most devoutly recommended himself to his Lady *Dulcinea*, imploring her aid in that extremity of danger; and so covering himself with his Buckler, and couching his Lance in his Rest, he ran with all *Rosinante's* might against the first Windmill, pushing his Lance through one of the *Window's*, which with the swiftness of its motion whirling away the Lance, shiver'd it into several pieces; and then throwing Horse and Man after it, lay'd the poor Knight sprawling i' the Field, at the distance of more Yards, then would have measur'd Long Megg of *Lincoln* a Gown and Petticoat. Which *Don Sancha* perceiving, hasten'd with his Ass a Dog-trot; and finding his Master almost doz'd with the fall, Mercy save me, quo he, did I not worry your Worship to take care what ye did? and told ye they were Windmills? Which no body but might have seen, that had not more Windmills in his Head. Peace, Friend *Sancha*, peace, reply'd *Don Quixote*, there is nothing so subject to Fortune as War, for it fluctuates in perpetual inconstancy. But let me tell thee what I think, and am certain 'tis true; that cursed Necromancer, *Whelston*, that carry'd away my Study and my Books, as sure as a Gun has chang'd the Giants into Windmills, on purpose to deprive me of the Honour which I intended, of grinding them to powder; such is his rage and malice against me: But all his Enchantments in the end must yield to the edge of my Sword. Pray God ye be *John*, reply'd *Sancha*; and so heaving him up again upon his Leggs, by the help of a *Shrieve's* Block, he mounted the unfortunate *Rosinante* once more, half Shoulder-sprain'd, poor Beast, with his fall.

This Achievement thus perform'd, they took the Road that leads to the Passage through the Mountains, and all the way the last Adventure was the subject of their Discourse; *Don Quixote* believing that he could not miss of Adventures in a Road so greatly frequented. However the loss of his Lance extremely tormented him, for which, after he had express'd his grief to *Sancha*, 'I remember, said the Knight, that I have read of a certain Cavalier, whose Name was *Don Pedro de Vargas*, who having brok'n his Lance, tore down a huge massie Arm of an Oak, and slew so many *Moors*, that he won to himself and his Posterity the Sirname of *Machuca*, or the *Oak-render*. I tell thee this, *Sancha*, because I intend to tear down from the next Oak I meet, an Arm as sturdy and as fit for the work as you can imagine that to be, with which I will perform such feats of Arms, that thou shalt bless thy self, that ever thou hadst the Honour to see me, and be the witness of Exploits almost surmounting belief. By the Ghost of St. *Jago*, reply'd *Don Sancha*, I believe 'tis true, because you say it. But pray, Sir, sit upright i' your Saddle, you ride upon one Buttock, as if you had a Bile upon t'other. No Bile, good *Sancha*, but a plaguy bruise upon the Crupper-bone: However, a Knight-Errant must never complain, tho his Guts were coming out of his Belly. Then I shall say no more, reply'd *Don Sancha*; and yet God knows my heart, I should be glad to hear you complain a little sometimes, when you have receiv'd a hurt. For my part, I am sure I shall cry like a sucking Calf if a Giant does but hold a Cudgel over my Pare, unless the Squires are under the same Law with their Masters. *Don Quixote* laugh'd at the simplicity of his Squire, and assur'd him he might cry as much as he would, and when he would, whether he had any cause or no; for that he had never found any thing to the contrary

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in all his reading. Pray, Sir, then, said *Sancha*, is it not high time to set our Teeth a going, for I find 'tis not Lawful for you to complain of Hunger? I do not find my Stomack yet up, reply'd *Don Quixote*; but for thy own part, do as thy Belly requires. *Sancha* having thus obtain'd leave, open'd his Wallet, as he sat upon his Ass, and having cut himself a good Lunchin of Bread and Cheese, fell a munching behind his Master, ever and anon lifting his Bottle to his Nose, as would have made a *Dutchman* a-dry to have seen him. And thus as he sat cramming his Guts at ease, and drinking at leisure, he went his Asses pace, minding neither Family at home, nor his Master's great Promises, but only to fortifie himself against Hunger and Drowth.

That Night they made their Beds under the Trees; from one of which *Don Quixote* pull'd down a lusty, thumping long Branch, to serve him instead of a Lance, and fix'd to it the head and steeling of his brok'n Weapon. After that, he compos'd himself to his Rest; but alas, he could not sleep a wink for thinking upon his dear *Dulcinea*, in imitation of what he had read in his Romances, where the Knights-Errant never shut their Eyes, but spend their Nights in Desarts and Forests, contemplating upon the Beauty of their absent Mistresses. But *Sancha*, who was of a coarser Mettle, and more earthy substance, could not hold up so briskly against the Charms of *Morpheus*. For he, having fill'd his Paunch with something more then Wind, fell fast asleep, without the help of Succory-water, and made but one napp of it, from the time that he lay'd himself forth upon the Grass, till Sun-rise. Nor would the heat of the scorching Planet, nor the melody of the Birds that warbl'd on every side, have made him stir, had not his Master wak'd him with five or six buzz's, as loud as St. *Pulcher's* Tenor. However, being thus rous'd, he forgot not to wash his Eyes with a dram of the Bottle, where he took two or three long winded swiggs, not a little pensive to find it then so light, and no possibility of a Recruit upon the Road they were to Travel. As for *Don Quixote*, who had been feasting all Night upon the more delicate and savoury thoughts of his Mistress, he car'd for no Breakfast; and therefore being mounted, they rode directly toward the passage of the Mountains, which they discover'd about Eight a Clock i' the Morning. Where being arriv'd, Here it is, cry'd *Don Quixote*, that we may have Opportunity to thrust our Arms up to the elbows in Adventures. But here by the way I must admonish thee never to draw thy Sword, tho thou seest me in the greatest danger i' the World, unless thou find'st me assaulted by the Rabble, or any mean Mechanick Fellows like thy self; for in such a case thou may'st assist me, otherwise the Laws of Chivalry will not permit thee to encounter a Knight, till thou art dubb'd thy self. Never doubt, Sir, quo *Don Sancha*, but I shall obey your Worship most punctually in this; and so much the rather, because I am naturally of a very peaceable temper, and a sworn Enemy to Quarrels. On the other side, if any Knight offer to drubb me first, I am afraid I shall hardly observe your Laws; for all Law, both Divine and Humane, permits a Man to defend his own Skin. I agree to that, reply'd *Don Quixote*; but as to thy assisting me against Knights-Errant, I tell thee again, thou hast no more to do, then only to say thy Prayers; but as to other things, thou art to bridle thy natural Courage. Don't I tell ye, Sir, that I'll be sure to do it: Ne'r trust me now, if I don't keep that Commandment more solemnly then any of the Ten.

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Concluding thus their Discourse, they espy'd coming toward 'em two Fryers, of the Order of St. *Benedict*, mounted upon *Dromedaries*, for they were a sort of strapping Mules, with their *Umbrells* and Glasses before their Eyes. Behind appear'd a Coach and five or six Gentlemen a Horseback, with two Men a foot that led the Mules. In the Coach was a Lady of *Biscay*, going to meet her Husband at *Sevil*, where he stay'd to take Shipping for the *Indies*, where he had obtain'd a considerable Employment. No sooner had *Don Quixote* descry'd the Fryers, who were not of the same Company, tho travelling the same Road, but he cry'd to his Squire, Either I am deceiv'd, Friend *Sancha*, or yonder is one of the most famous Adventures that ever were known. For without all question, those Sable Apparitions that yonder appear, must be some *Necromancers*, that are carrying away some Princess in that Coach; and it is my Duty to use the utmost of my power to prevent so great an Injury. Oh! quo *Don Sancha*, shaking his Noddle, I fear me this will be more idle then the Adventure of the Wind mills. 'Slife, Sir, y'are under another mistake; these are *Benedictine* Fryers; and I'll be hang'd if the Coach does not belong to the People that are travelling upon the Road: And therefore I say again, have a care of being deluded by the Temptations of the Devil. I have told thee already, *Sancha*, reply'd *Don Quixote*, that thou art a meer *Ninny-hammer* in Adventures. What I say, is true, and thou shalt find it so to be presently. And having so said, he advanc'd, and posted himself just in the middle of the High way where the *Monks* were to pass. And when they came within hearing, in a loud and haughty tone, 'Anathema's and Devils in Humane shape, cry'd he, release those High-born Princesses that you are conveying away in that Coach, or else expect a speedy Death, as the just Reward of your impious deeds. Thereupon the *Monks* immediately stopp'd their Mules, no less astonish'd at the strange disguise of the speaker, then at his thundering expressions. We are neither Persons Possess'd, quo they, nor Excommunicated, but Fryers of the Order of St. *Benedict*, travelling upon the Road. I am not to be cajol'd with fair words, reply'd *Don Quixote*; I know well enough what ye are, perfidious Infidels: And immediately, not admitting any reply, he ran so furiously with his Lance couch'd against the Fryers, that if one of 'em had not prudently thrown himself to the ground, his Soul must have been forc'd to seek another Habitation; while the other *Monk*, observing the discourteous usage of his Friend, clapt Spurs to his Mule, and flew fort with that speed, as if he had been running a Race with the Wind. *Sancha* no sooner perceiv'd the Fryer sprawling upon the ground, but he skipp'd off his Ass, and presently fell to rifling the *Religious Benedictine*; at what time the two Lackeys that attended the Fryers on foot, coming up to the Squire, ask'd him what he meant to strip the Gentleman? Because they are my due, reply'd *Sancha*, as being the spoils which my Lord and Master has won in the field of Battel. This was all *Heathen Greek* to the Lackeys; and therefore, to relieve their Master, seeing *Don Quixote* at a distance, who was then in a deep Discourse by the side of the Coach, they both fell upon *Sancha*, threw him down, and after they had tramp'd upon his Guts, as if they had been treading a *Hay-mow*, and torn above the best half of his Beard from his Chin, left him for dead. In the mean while the *Benedictine*, who was more fear'd then hurt, remounts his Mule, and all in a cold sweat, as pale as a Ghost, spurs after his Companion, who staid for him at a distance, expecting the issue of this unexpected Adventure; and then, both together, they pursu'd their Journey, making as many signs of the Cross, as if they had had the Devil at their backs.

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All this while *Don Quixote* was most busily employ'd at the Boot of the Coach, where after many Goodly Good Morrows to the *Biscayner* Lady, 'Madam, said he, your transcendent Beauty is now no longer under restraint; you are free and at liberty: This Arm of mine shall punish the bold attempters to enslave your Person. And that you may not be ignorant who was your Deliverer, know I am the valiant *Don Quixote* of the *Mancha*, Knight-Errant; the Slave and Captive that adores the fair and incomparable *Dulcinea del Toboso*. Nor do I demand any other recompence for the Service I have done you, but that you will be pleas'd to return to *Toboso*, there to visit this Lady in my Name, and let her know how far you are beholding to me for your Liberty, and what I have done to obtain it.

To all this riff-raff, a *Biscayner* Gentleman, who rode along with the Coach, listen'd most attentively; and observing that *Don Quixote* not only stopp'd the Coach, but would make the Coach-man also drive back to *Toboso*, he bore briskly up to him, and taking hold of his Lance, 'Sir *Cadwallader*, quo he, for 'Biscan Spanish is Welsh-English, i' the name of St. *Taffee*, what make her stand prating there? Her was as good get her gone, and that quickly too, else 'as Cort shall shudge her Soul, her will stick her to the Heart, Blood, and Cutts. To which *Don Quixote* reply'd very sowlrly, Wer't thou a Gentleman, as thou art not, but a Scoundrel, I had chastiz'd thy Insolence long ere this. Splutrenailles, no Shentleman, cry'd the *Biscayner*; by Cort 'and St. *Taffee*, thou ly'st i' thy Throat: Her be as coot a Shentleman as a Christian. Throw away her Pike-staffs, and draw her Swords, and her shall find her a Shentleman py Land, a Shentleman py Sea, a Shentleman 'in spite of the Tevil, and her lyes in her Liver, and Lights, and Lungs, if her 'tenies what her say. A match quo *Momfort*, reply'd *Don Quixote*; and with that, throwing down his Lance, drawing his Sword, and shouldring his Buckler, he made at the *Biscayner*, fully resolv'd upon nothing but Massacre. The *Biscayner* seeing him come on so furiously, would fain have alighred, confiding little in his Mule, that was but a hyrd Beast. But all he had time to do, was only to draw his Sword, and snatch a Cushion out of the Coach, to serve him instead of a Shield. Which done, the two Champions encounter'd each other with all the signs of Mortal Antipathy. The standers-by did all they could to pacifie their fury; but 'twas a thing impossible. For the *Biscayner's* Welsh Blood was in such a boyling condition, that he swore by the Peek of *Tenariff*, he would Murder his Mistress, and all that oppos'd him, if they would not let him alone to kill the Knight.

Upon this, the Lady, quaking and quivering, commanded the Coachman to drive out of harms way, while the *Biscayner* at the same time let fall a driving blow upon his Adversary's shoulder with such a Gigantrick force, that but for his trusty Target, he had split the Knight from the Collar to the Waist, like a Chequer Talley. Thereupon *Don Quixote* feeling the blow like the fall of a Mountain, with a loud voice, 'Bright Flower of Beauty, 'dearest *Dulcinea*, Mistress of my Soul, cry'd he, assist your Champion in 'this extremity of danger, fighting to support your Honour.

After which short Ejaculation, grasping his Sword, and shouldring his Target with a short-hand swiftness, and with a Tempestuous forehead, menacing nothing but Thunder and Destruction, he darted himself, Dragon-like upon his Enemy, as if he had resolv'd to venture the fortune of the Combat all upon one blow. On the other side, the *Biscayner*, guessing his design by his dreadful Countenance, guarded himself as well as he could with his Cushion, and breathing no less fury, with an undaunted bravery

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resolv'd to abide the shock of his merciless Foe, who with his Arm aloft came poudring on like a falling Meteor from the Skie. And all the while the Spectators, ready to bewray their Breeches, & crumpl'd up with panick fear, attended the fatal issue of the Combat; while the Lady and her waiting Gentlewomen put up their Prayers to Heaven for the *Bislayner*, and vow'd golden Mountains to all the Saints in *Spain*, upon condition of success.

The mischief on't is, that the Author of this History gives us no farther account of this Battel, but leaves it undecided, pretending that he finds nothing more mention'd concerning it in the Records of *D. Quixote's* Atchievements. However, the next Undertaker of this work, could not believe that so remarkable a story could be swallow'd up in the Jaws of Oblivion; or that the Wits of *Mancha* could be such Sots, as not to preserve in their Publick *Registers*, or Private *Scrutoirs* some odd Papers to eternize the Ornament of their Village; and therefore he made a diligent enquiry, and after long search found what he fought, by an Accident that shall be related in the next Book.

The End of the First Book.

T H E



Don Quixote and the Carrier fighting for the Innkeepers Maid. Pag. 35



Sancho Panza toß't in a Blanket.

THE
SECOND BOOK
OF THE
DELIGHTFUL HISTORY
OF
Don Quixote
DE LA
MANCHA.

PART I. BOOK II.

CHAP. I.

The Event of the dreadful Combat between the courageous Biscayner, and the valiant Don Quixote.

IN the first Part of this History we left the brave *Biscayner*, and the famous *Don Quixote* brandishing their Swords over their Heads, and preparing to give each other those damnable Chops, that had their Weapons fall'n perpendicular upon unarmed Sculls, they had chyn'd one another to the very Saddle-Bows. But, as I said before, the Story remain'd imperfect, because the Author gave us no light where we should find Matter to continue the Relation. This perplex'd me to the Soul; and the Pleasure which I took at the Beginning augmented my Grief, when I saw it so impossible to see the Conclusion. But Lord! thought I, how can it be? It is impossible, at least very unjust, that so famous a Champion should want some learned Person to complete the Story of his Achievements, such as were never heard of before; a Misfortune that never befel any of his Predecessors in *Knight-Errantry*. And therefore not being able to imagin, that a Knight, so renowned as he, should be less behold-ing to Fame, then *Platir* and others of the same Order, yet less worthy; I laid the Fault upon *Time*, who having a greedy Worm in his Maw, that devours all things, might have chopp'd up this History for a relishing Bit,

or else maliciously burid it, to prevent Mankind from waisting and consuming those precious Hours, which are but Members of himself. On the other side, I could not believe the History of our Champion to be so ancient, but that his Neighbours and Friends might well remember the most considerable Passages. And this it was that engag'd me to make a particular, and more exact Enquiry into the Life and Miracles of our renowned Spaniard, that blazing Star of *La Mancha*, and the first, who in this unfortunate Age renew'd the neglected Profession of *Knighi-Errantry*; devoting himself to relieve the Distressed, protect Widows and Orphans, and defend the Honour of young Damsels, such as gallop with their Whips and their Palfries from Mountain to Mountain, and Valley to Valley, with all their Virginity about 'em, as safe as if it were at home lock'd up i'their Trunks; and unless they happen to meet with some boisterous Clown, or lecherous Giant, at fourscore years of Age are laid i'their Graves as good Maids as their Mothers. But all my Labour and Industry had been fruitless, and the World had been depriv'd of this inestimable Treasure, had not kind Fortune been so propitious to throw it into my Hands by a lucky Accident, as you shall hear.

Standing one day in the *Mercers-Row* at *Toledo*, I saw a young Lad offering certain loose Quires of Paper to a Grocer to sell; being therefore, as I am, very curious, to scrape together all the printed or written old pieces of Paper I could meet with, I took an occasion to bid the Boy let me see one of his Quires, and finding it to be in *Arabick*, which I did not understand, I look'd about to see whether I could find e're a *Jew* of a *Moor*, to be my Interpreter, a Conveniency easie to be had in a place where so many several Languages are spok'n. So that having met with a Person fit for my purpose, I desir'd him to tell me the meaning of that same *Arabick*; who had not read many Lines before he began to laugh. I ask'd him what he laugh'd at? At a certain Remark here, said he, that I find in the Margin, in these Words. *This same Dulcinea del Toboso so often mention'd in this History, is said to have had the best hand in salting of Pork, of any Woman in Mancha.*

When I heard the Name of *Dulcinea del Toboso*, I was both surpriz'd and pleas'd. For, thought I to my self, those Papers must certainly contain the History of *Don Quixote*. Thereupon I desir'd the *Jew* to read me the Title of the Book, which he did in these Words: *The History of Don Quixote of the Mancha, written by Cades Hamech Benengeli, an Arabian Historiographer.* I was so over-joy'd when I heard the Title, that I could not dissemble my Passion, but snatching the Papers out of the Grocer's hands, I agreed with the Boy to sell me that for Three-pence, which he would not have fold me for twenty times as much, had he known my mind. This Purchase thus made, I presently withdrew into the Cloister of the great Church, with my *Moor*, and bargain'd with him for fifty Pound of Raisins, and two Bushels of Wheat, to translate the whole into *Spanish*, charging him not to add or diminish, but to keep close to the Original. And for the more quick dispatch, I carry'd him home to my own House, where in six Weeks he completed his Work.

Upon the first leaf of the Book was painted to the life the Combat between the *Biscayner* and *Don Quixote*, in the same Posture as we left 'em, with their Swords brandish'd over their Heads, the one guarding himself with his Target, and the other holding up his Cushion. The *Biscayner's* Mule was painted so exactly to the life, that you would have sworn it to have been a hir'd Mule, half a League off. Under the *Biscayner* was written, *Don Sancho de Aspecia*, and under *Rosinante*, *Don Quixote*. *Rosinante* was
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so admirably well done, so slim, so lean, so lank, so hide bound, with a rough Coat, a sharp Ridge-bone, and lolling Ears, that you would have sworn, at first sight, he had been tak'n out of a Dust-Cart. Not far off stood *Sancho Pancha* holding his Ass by the Halter. A pleasant Protraiture, run-belly'd like a *Switzer*, thick and short like a *Sussex* Dumplin, with a couple of gouty Legs, like two Collars of Brawn; and this is the reason why he is call'd in Story sometimes *Pansa*, or *Gorbelly*, sometimes *Cansa*, or *Bandy-legs*. Whoever objects against the Truth of what is here said, can give no solid Reason, I am sure, for his incredulity, but only that it was written by an *Arabian*, who are generally as great Lyers as ever the *Cretans* could be. However, as they are our Enemies, I am apt to believe, that the Author rather studi'd to suppress the Truth, then to add to our Champion's Fame, and the rather, because I find, where he ought to have enlarg'd upon his Praises, he passes many things over in silence. A great piece of Malice and Baseness in a Historian, whom it behoves to be punctual and faithful, free from Passion or Interest, detesting, either through Favour or Affection, to deviate from the Truth, which is the Mother of History, as History is the *Feoffee in Trust* for the Preservation of all great Actions; or rather, the Treasury of Fame, where all the renowned Exploits of worthy Champions are deposited, as in a sacred and inviolable Sanctuary, as being the profess'd Enemy of Oblivion. And therefore I cannot but persuade my self, That all which is here written, is certainly true, since the Author might have so easily enlarg'd himself upon a Subject so copious, had he so pleas'd himself. Which argues, that he could not help what he writes, since he goes about to nimm, and filch from our Champion's Atchievements; tho I must tell ye the Theft cannot be much miss'd, where there is such a plentiful Heap. And so let us proceed according to our Translation.

Such were the terrible Aspects, and incens'd Countenances of those enrag'd and fiery Combatants, that with up-lifted Hands, and with remorceles Glaves, they seem'd to threat'n the Heavens themselves, as well as the Earth, while the Spectators hung in an equal balance between Astonishment and Fear. The cholerick *Biscayner* gave the first Blow, and that with such a willing Heart, and such a prodigious force, that had not his Sword turn'd in his hand, that funeral Stroke had determin'd the Combat, and put an end to all the rest of this History. But Fate, that had reserv'd our Champion for a more durable Immortality, so order'd it, that the Sword falling with the flat of the Blade upon his left Shoulder, did no other harm, but only disarm that side of his Head, carrying away along with it all that side of his Helmet, and half his Ear. Words cannot expresse the more then Dragon-like Rage and Transport of *La Mancha's* Hero, to see himself so coarsely handl'd. Immediately therefore raising himself upon his Stirrups, and grasping his Sword fast in his Fist (tremble ye Heavens!) he discharg'd so dreadful and hideous a Thunder-clap so full upon his Adversary's Noddle, that maugre the defence of his Cushion, the poor *Biscayner* fell a bleeding at the Nose, Mouth, and Ears; and tottering in his Saddle, he had certainly fall'n to the Ground had he not caught hold of his Mule's Neck. At what time the dull Beast, scar'd with the Blow, and now Master of his Bridle, took a run as if the Devil had drove him; so that after two or three Frisks he shoke off his Rider, and threw him almost breathless to the Earth, where he lay gasping for Life, like a Game-cock, that has receiv'd a sparring Blow from his Enemy. *Don Quixote* beheld the Disafter of his Foe with great content and tranquillity of mind; and seeing him

him down, flipp'd from his Saddle, as nimbly as a Taylor from his Shop-board, ran to him, and setting the point of his Sword to the *Biscayner's* Throat, bid him ask his life, vowing else to cut off his Head. But he had spoil'd the *Biscayner* for a Speech-maker, who, insensible of the danger of his Neck, made no reply; so that *Don Quixote* had assuredly completed his Work, had not the Lady, trembling and screaming for the loss of her Squire, besought him to spare his life. But her Atonement having pacify'd the Hero's Fury; "Fair Lady, said he, with a grave and stately demeanour, "I grant your Request; but upon Condition, that this same Knight shall return to *Toboso*, and there present himself in my Name before the "incomparable *Dulcinea*, to be at her absolute Disposal. The dismay'd Lady, who at that time would have given him her Maiden-head, if she had had it, for half a words speaking, ne're stood to dispute his Commands, nor to enquire who *Dulcinea* was, but promis'd in her Squire's behalf, implicit Obedience to all his Injunctions. "Let him live then, reply'd the "Champion, upon your word, and in favour of your Beauty, let him enjoy "that Pardon, of which his Arrogance had render'd him unworthy.

CHAP. II.

Containing the pleasant Discourse between Don Quixote and Sancho Pancho.

Long before this, *Sancho Pancho* had recover'd himself, and was got again upon his Legs, after the rude Kicks and Buffets, which the Varlets belonging to the *Benedictines*, had so liberally bestow'd upon his Nose and Mouth; and then beholding the Combat wherein his Master was engag'd, he went to his Prayers, desiring of God to grant him Victory, and that he might win an Island, in order to his being made a Governour. At length perceiving the Combat to be at an end, and that *Don Quixote* was going to re-mount his Courser, he ran in all haste to help him; but before he put foot i'the Stirrup, *Sancho* first fell at his Knees, and kissing his hand; My dear Master, said he, if you think it convenient to bestow upon me the Island which you have won, I find my self as able to govern it, as the best He that ever govern'd Island in this World. Friend *Sancho*, reply'd *Don Quixote*, these are no Adventures of Islands, these are only *Preludium's* and Trials of Valour, Rancounters upon the High-way, where we win nothing but crackt Sculls, and brok'n Noses, or the loss of an Ear; have patience therefore, and thou shalt see we shall meet with Opportunities a-now to prefer thee to a Government, if not to be an absolute Monarch. *Sancho* fail'd not to melt into Tears of Joy and Thanks for his new promises; and after he had once more kiss'd his Hand, and the skirts of his Coat of Armour, setting his Shoulder to his Master's Buttocks, he heav'd him again into his Saddle; and then mounting his Ass, follow'd his Master, who put on a good round Trot, after he had tak'n his leave of the Lady i'the Coach, and rode into the next Wood which he met with upon the Road, there to retire and refresh himself for some time. But before they got thither, the Knight leading the way, and *Sancho* finding that *Rosinante* rid ground so fast, that he was like to be left behind, he cry'd out to his Master to stay for him. Whereupon the Knight put a stop to his Career, and changing his

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Gallop into a leisurely walking pace; so soon as *Sancho* overtook him, Master, said he, me-thinks we should do well to take Sanctuary. For we left the Person with whom you fought, but in a scurvy dangerous Condition; so that if we should be apprehended and carry'd before a Justice of the Peace, what then? I fear me, before we got rid of his clutches, we should fairly swing for't. Thou talk'st like a Coxcomb, reply'd *Don Quixote*, where didst thou ever read or find, that ever any *Knight-Errent* was Indicted at a Session's house for any Homicides that ever he committed? I know not what you mean by your Homicides, cry'd *Sancho*, nor have I ever heard of any such President 'tis true; but this I know, that many Men have been hang'd for fighting Duells; as for your Homicides, I know not what belongs to 'em. Never disquiet thy self, Boy, for that, reply'd *Don Quixote*, he that has rescu'd thee out of the hands of the *Tartars* and *Chaldeans*, can as easily protect thee from a Commission of Oyer and Terminer, maugre all the strength and fury of the Giant *Culprit* to boot. For tell me now truly; Dost thou believe there is, or ever was a more courageous Champion in any Part or Corner of the whole World, then my self? Hast thou at any time read in History of any one that ever had more Resolution to undertake, more Vigour to attack, better Lungs to hold out, more defensive nimbleness, more offensive Dexterity, or more Art to unhorse his Adversary? O my Conscience, quo *Don Sancho*, 'tis very true; I never read the like i' my life; for I never could Read or Write since I was born. But this I dare swear upon all the Bibles that ever were printed at *Oxford*, that I never serv'd a more daring and bolder Master then your self; pray God this Boldness of yours does not bring us both at length to the Gallows. But, Sir, what if we should dress your Ear? It drops like a Brest of Mutton; and I have by good chance both Lint and the *Apostle's Ointment* here in my Waller. All this trouble might have been sav'd, had I remember'd, like a Codfish as I was to forget it, to have made but one small Gally-pot full of the Balm of *Invulnerable*; one drop of which precious Ointment would have sav'd us the expence both of Time and Medicines. What Balm of *Invulnerable* d'ye mean, Sir, quo *Don Sancho*? A Balm, reply'd *Don Quixote*, which he that possesses may dally with all manner of Wounds, and fart at Death it self. I have the Receipt of it i' my head; so that when I have made it, I will give thee a Box full; and then if it be thy chance in any Combat to see me cleft in two i' the middle, do but thou take up the two halves, and joyn 'em exactly together again, before they be cold, and give me but a Spoonful of that Balm to drink, and thou shalt see me as sound again as ever I was i' my life. If this be true, quo *Sancho*, I desire all the Preferments and Governments you have promis'd me; I desire no more then this Receipt to recompence all my past and future Services. For I am sure there is no part of the World where this Balm will not be worth at least half a Crown an Ounce; so that a man may get an Alderman's Estate presently. But, Sir, how much will it cost to make this Balm, quo *Don Sancho*? Why, you may make every day i' the Week three Pints for Eighteen pence, reply'd *Don Quixote*. Heavens bless me, Sir! why then don't you teach me how to make it immediately? God's-my-life, I'd make three Hogheads a day, rather then fail. Soft and fair, *Sancho*, reply'd *Don Quixote*, I reserve thee for Secrets of far greater Importance, and more noble Rewards. In the mean time dress my Ear, for it pains me confoundedly, tho I am unwilling to shew it. Whereupon *Sancho* took his Ointment and his Lint out of his Waller. But when *Don Quixote* saw that the Vizor of his Helmet was brok'n, 'twas a thousand pound to a Nut-shell

shell, but that he had run stark staring mad. "By the Bowels of my Father; by my Allegiance to *Dulcinea*; by the whole frame of Nature, cry'd he, here do I swear to lead a life like the *Marquess* of *Mantua*, when he vow'd to revenge the Death of his *Cousin Balduin*, never to eat at Table, nor kiss my Mistress, till I have tak'n Vengeance upon him that did me this Injury. Sir, said *Sancho*, amaz'd to hear him swear so desperately, moderate your Passion; for if the Knight fulfill your Commands, and present himself at the Feet of the Lady *Dulcinea*, you have giv'n him an Act of Oblivion, unless he commit a second Offence. 'Tis well observ'd, reply'd the Hero, and therefore as to the point of Revenge, I revoke my Oath. But I confirm and renew it again, and solemnly vow to lead the same life as before, till I have pluck'd from the Head and Jaws of some other Knight, a Helmet as good as ever that was. Nor do thou think, *Sancho*, that I make this Protestation rashly; I know who it is that I imitate exactly: for it was the very case of *Mambrino's* Helmet, which cost *Sacripant* so dear. For Heaven's sake, Sir, cry'd *Sancho*, resign all your Oaths to the Devil. We are commanded not to swear, and you damn your self here for a trifle. For suppose we should not meet with an armed Knight this Fortnight, what must we do i' the mean time? Will you keep your Oath all the while? will you sleep i' your Clothes a Month together? Never eat or drink in a good Town, with a thousand other idle Penances, which that doating old Fool the *Marquess* of *Mantua* inflicted upon himself? Besides, Sir, we may ride these hundred years upon this Road, before we meet with an armed Knight to pick a quarrel withal; here are none but Carriers and Waggoners, fellows so far from carrying Vizors upon their Noses, that they never so much as heard what a Vizor was i' their lives. Go, go, thou art a Fool, reply'd *Don Quixote*, I'll warrant thee we shall meet in time with more Knights with Vizors and Head-pieces, then fought to rescue the fair *Angelica* at the Siege of *Albrasa*. A blind Man would be glad to see it, cry'd *Don Sancho*, I could find i' my heart to fetch a Nap, an' twere but to rise wi' my Bumm upward, for luck-sake; for I long to have this Island won, which has cost me so dear, that I might die a Governour. I have bid thee, *Sancho*, not trouble thy head about these things, reply'd *Don Quixote*, for if we miss of an Island, there is either the Kingdom of *Denmark*, or the Empire of *What d' ye call it*, both upon the Continent, as fit for thy purpose, as a Ring to thy Finger. But setting aside these soaring Imaginations awhile, prethee what hast got to eat i' thy Wallet? Let's fill our Stomachs a little, then travel on in search of some Castle where to rest our selves this Night, and make the Balm; for the Devil take me, if my Ear be'n't cur'd fore. I have here an *Onion*, a piece of old *Suffolk-Cheese*, and two or three mouldy Crusts of Bread, reply'd *Sancho*; but this is not a sort of Viands fit for such a valiant Champion as you are. Thou twattl'st like an *Ignoramus*, cry'd *Don Quixote*, for 'tis the custom of Knights-Errent not to eat sometimes in two or three Months together; and when they do, they fall upon what they meet with first, let it be never so homely; and this thy Blockhead-ship might have known, hadst thou but read half so many Stories as I ha' done. For to deal faithfully with thee, after all my poring and dozing upon Romances, I never could find, that ever *Knights-Errent* did eat, unless it were by accident, when they were invited to great Feasts and Royal Banquets; at other times they dieted only upon Whimms and *Chimeras*. However, because it cannot be imagin'd, but that they were subject to Human Exigency, as being no more then mortal Men; 'tis very probable, that as they spent their time for the most part

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in Forests and Desarts, where they had no *French* Cooks to make 'em Potages and *Fricasees*; no *Fish-street* Dinners to pamper their Appetites, that they were glad to leap at a Crust, and be content with such Country fare as they could get. Never then, *Sancho*, perplex thy little Brains about pleasing my Palate, nor think to make a new World, or to change the very Order and ancient Customs of *Knight-Erantry*. I beg your Worship's Pardon, reply'd *Don Sancho*, for I was never bred a Scholar, nor Book-learn'd, and therefore 'twas not to be expected I should so exactly understand the Laws of Chivalry. However, I shall take care for the future, that my Wallet shall not be so empty, but well furnish'd at one end with dry'd Sweetmeats, and *Naples* Biscuit, for you that are a Knight; and for my self that am none, I shall be no less careful to satisfy *Colon* with more solid and nourishing Food. I do not say, *Sancho*, reply'd *Don Quixote*, that a *Knight-Errent* is oblig'd to make a Comfit maker's Shop of his Belly; for many times he may be glad of a Sallad without Meat or hard Eggs, and a good shift too, to those that know how to make choice of their Herbs, as I do. Truly, answer'd *Don Sancho*, 'tis an excellent thing to be a good *Simpler*; and I am plaguily afraid we shall have Occasion for this sort of Knowledge ere it be long, when we may be forc'd, like Beasts of the Field, to eat our Herbs without Oyl and Vinegar, or the more delicious way of being jumb'd into a Tansey. In the mean time, quo he, here's what God hath sent us; and so emptying his Wallet, they fell on without Napkin or Table-cloth, Hail fellow well met. For the Master was in haste; and therefore as soon as they had snapp'd up their Philosophers Collation, the Champion and his Squire remounted, and away they put on, in search of a Castle. At length, just as the Sun was going down, they came to a place where certain Goat-herds had set up their Huts in the open field; so that *Don Quixote* perceiving no likelihood of finding a Castle, resolv'd to abide there that Night, not a little to *Sancho's* Grief, who was altogether for a good Town, where he might replenish his Wallet, tho his Master took it for a Blessing to sleep under the Canopy of Heaven, as believing it a thing that highly conduc'd to the Accomplishment of *Knight-Errent* Performances.

C H A P. III.

What happen'd to Don Quixote among the Goat-herds.

DON Quixote was most courteously receiv'd by the Goat-herds; and as for *Sancho*, after he had accommodated *Rosinante* and his Mule, in the best manner that the place could afford, he found his Nostrils full of a most attractive Scent, which drew him to follow his Nose where the Shepherds were roasting certain pieces of Kids flesh for Supper. The Squire was as hungry as a Kite, and would fain have been rearing the meat from the Spit; but good Manners enforc'd him to stay till the Shepherds had spread three or four Sheep and Goat-skins upon the Grass instead of a Table-cloth. Which done, and the Guests invited to take part, the Shepherds whelm'd an old half Tub with the bottom upward for the Knight to sit in more State, while they themselves sat round about upon their Heels, like *Turks* or Tailors. *Sancho* stood behind to attend his Master, and give him Drink in a plain *Cuckold's-point* Horn. At what time *Don Quixote* taking

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Compassion of his Squire; That thou mayst understand the true worth of *Knight-Errantry*, said he, and how the meanest Retainers to it, are in the ready Road to Honour and Esteem; 'tis my pleasure that thou sit thee down here by me in the Company of these persons of Quality, that thou be'st hail-fellow well met with thy Lord and Master; that thou eat upon the same Trencher, and drink in the same Cup. For, in short, we may say of *Knight-Errantry*, as they say of *Love*, That it renders all things equal. I humbly thank your Worship, reply'd *Don Sancho*, with an ugly Scrape; but if I had any Viſuals to eat, I should rather like to feed by my self, and standing upright, then sitting by an Emperor; and should be better contented with a piece of Rye-bread and an *Onion*, without Fiddle faddle and Ceremony, then to diet with your great Folks upon Partridges and Turkeys, where a man must sit chawing his meat, as if he were champing of Thistles, drink Thimble-fulls, be always wiping his Fingers, and not dare to sneeze or cough, tho his Lungs were ready to burst; and therefore, my dear Lord and Master, I beseech ye, change me these Favours for some others of less value, that may be more for Stomach-satisfaction; for as for these airy Grandeurs, I renounce 'em both now and for evermore. Talk no more, reply'd *Don Quixote*, but sit thee down, *Sancho*; for the humble must be exalted; and so pulling him by the Arm, he forc'd him to take his place, and to be Sidesman with his Master.

All this while the Shepherds, who understood not a Tittle of all this *Pedler's French*, of *Knight-Errants* and *Squires*, fed like West-country Barge-men, without speaking a word; and yet they could not but cast an Eye now and then upon their Guests, who shovell'd whole Luncheons down their Throats as big as their Filts. At length the Bones being tak'n away, they brought in the second Course, consisting of Acorns, Nuts, and Cheese, as hard as any Mortar made of Cement. Nor was the Horn idle all this while, for they tippl'd like Gossips at a Christning, filling and emptying, till one of two great Wine-bags was quite exhausted. And now *Don Quixote* having satisfy'd the loud Cries of his Stomach, and perhaps elevated withal to the pitch of a modern Hero, he took a handful of Nuts and Acorns, and looking wistfully upon 'em, with a grave and exalted Voice; "O happy Age! cry'd he, which our first Parents call'd the Age of Gold; not for that Gold, so highly ador'd in this Iron Age, was then more common, or that they ransackt then the Bowels of the Earth with less Labour; but because at that time they were ignorant of those two destructive Words *Mine* and *Thine*, which have put all the World into Confusion. For all things in that holy Age were common; the Trees for Food afforded frank and free their pleasing Fruits; and the delicious Brooks and Fountains quench'd their moderate Thirst; the painful Bees enriching the Clefts of Rocks and hollow Trees with their flow'ry Spoils, fearless erected their vigilant Common wealths, that men might reap the pleasant Harvest of their fertile Industry. Instead of lofty Palaces, they liv'd in mean and lowly Huts, which the Barks of Trees shelter'd from the Injuries of Weather; and nothing but Union, Peace, and Plenty among all Mankind. Beauty was then no Advantage, nor dangerous to young Damsels, who never needed to conceal the Perfections which Nature had bestow'd upon 'em, more than what the Modesty of all Ages requir'd. Garlands and Flowers were all their Ornaments, and more becoming than all the Pomp of Gold or *Tyrian Purple*, or a *Tire-woman's Shop*, which Luxury has taught succeeding Pride. Love explain'd it self in plain and cordial Language, speaking without Guile or Flattery; and a native Sincerity, free

from

"from Deceit or Diffimulation, govern all the Actions of Men. Justice always hood-wink'd, was unacquainted then with *Favour* or *Interest*. "Long after that those Monsters came into the World; at what time a secret Venome diffusing it self into the Hearts of Men, extinguish'd all that natural Equity that regulated the World: Then there were no longer Sanctuaries for Maiden-chastity, but foul Concupiscence rang'd every where, corrupting the strictest Watches, and detecting the most secret Labyrinths of Art. So that now that primitive Innocency being lost, and Oppression every Day increas'ing, there was a necessity to withstand the Torrent of Violence: For which Reason, the Order of *Knight-Errantry* was instituted, to defend the Honour of Virgins, protect Widows, succour Orphans, and relieve all the Distressed in general. Now, my most noble Friends, I my self am one of this Order, and it is to a *Knight-Errant* and his Squire that you have given this Liberal Entertainment. And tho all Persons whatever are oblig'd to be kind to Persons of our Profession, yet as you have done me this Kindness barely out of Civility, without understanding in the least who I was, it is but just, that I should acknowledge your Kindness; of which you may therefore assure your selves, that I shall never lose the Remembrance.

And thus you see the great Vertue of Acorns, and how much our Story is beholding to 'em, for recalling to our Knight's Remembrance the Age of Gold, and causing him to make this learned Oration, to which the Shepherds listen'd like so many Sows i' the Beans, tho they understood not a Word he said. *Sancho*, indeed, said as little as they, but he was more prudent to stop his Belly, then to fill his Ears with airy Notions; so that he labour'd at the Nuts and the Cheese, like a Slave at the Oar, not suffering his Grinders to work in vain, and withal, giving frequent Visits to the second Bottle.

Supper thus ended, one of the Shepherds addressing himself to *Don Quixote*, That you may be assur'd, said he, of our real Intentions to omit nothing for your Satisfaction and Divertisement, we will shew your *Worship*, Sir Knight, one of our Companions, who will be here presently, and who is a Person, whose Humour and Society will afford ye great Delight. He can read and write as well as the best Schoolmaster; and more than that, he will ravish your Ears with his Voice and his Bandore. No sooner were the words out of the Shepherd's Mouth, but he heard the sound of the Instrument he spoke of; and immediately appear'd a good comely young Lad of about two and twenty years of Age. The Shepherds ask'd him whether he had supp'd? to which, when answer'd, he said; Why then, dear *Anthony*, saies the first Speaker, prethee do us the Kindness to sing a Song for the Entertainment of our Guest; and so let him see that Foresters and Mountaineers are not altogether ignorant of Musick. We have made the Knight acquainted with thy Abilities, and therefore to confirm what we have said, good now sing the Madrigal which thy Uncle the *Curate* made upon thy Amours, so delightful to all the Neighbourhood. Most willingly, reply'd *Anthony*; and so sitting down at the foot of an Oak, after he had tun'd his Instrument, he sang the following Song.

The SONG.

THY Love, Olalia, does surprize,
Though not discerned from thine Eyes;
The truest Mirrors can dispence
Such hidden Myst'ries to my Sense:

For they the Language do impart,
Not of the Tongue, but of the Heart.
Though I know thee a crafty Jilt,
Mak'st me believe what e're thou wilt;

Yet still I'm happy in this Spell,
To think my Labours taken well.
To trace thee in thy Holbourn Tricks,
Requires an Art beyond Old-Nicks.

Since true I find it to my Woe,
Thy Bosome's Flint, though it seems Snow.
How am I banter'd by thy shifts?
Intreaties move thee not, nor Gifts.

My Summer's Hopes, I fear, betray'd;
Thy Winter nips them in the Blade.
Yet once my dearest sweetest Honey,
(Whom I love more than Miser's Money)

Let not thy Faith be at a stand,
And thus by Prejudice trapan'd.
Observe my Services, and see,
By Frowns they can't diminish'd be;

Or if they were ten thousand more,
Thy Favours add not to their Score.
Oft do I think, though oft in vain,
In spite the Fancy will remain.

If Love in't self has such a Scope,
Whereon to build a future Hope;
Then mine, though now in such distress,
Will be at last crown'd with Success.

What things I did for thee collect,
And but some Thoughts on them reflect;
I dare be hang'd up for a Sign,
If thou consent'st not to be mine.

What Eyes but thine, that e're had seen
My modish Garb, and graceful Meen,
But would, transported at the Sight,
Have cry'd, Come kiss me, my Delight.

Nor

Nor was I to set-days confin'd
To wear my Clothes, like lab'ring Hind;
But wast thou willing to appear,
'Twas Holy-day then all the year.

For Love and Bravery do combine,
And both have still the same Design:
How could I then to thee resort,
And not be Spruce, as if at Court.

Needless 'twill be for to repeat
(Though some with less have done the feat)
Those active Dances I have stept,
And such true time to Musick kept;

No Monsieur A-la-mode Paree,
Perform'd e're half so well as me.
Nor need I tell each Serenade,
Which I for thee at Midnight made.

An Irish Evidence might take
His Oath (if thou wert then awake)
And be believ'd, that in that Vein,
Thou'rt ready for another Strain.

What of thy Beauty I have said,
And many large Encomiums made,
I shall not at this time renew,
Thy Envious hate 'em, cause they'r true.

Such were the Taunts of that Gill-flurt
Teresa, Pox upon her for't:
Quo she, my Ears are even tir'd
To hear this Monky thus admir'd;

Thanks to her Patches, Paint and Shade,
And other Arts of the close Trade.
She learns her Face for to bespatter
With Piss, and still'd Puppy-dog Water;

Did she not wear Perfumes in Flank,
No stutful Goat would smell more rank:
Yet, Bigott, thou these Cheats can't see,
And still a Nickapoop wilt be.

Such Language needs no soft Reply,
'Twas Manners then to give the Lye.
Her Cousin heard, with Rage he burn'd,
The same I gave, the same return'd.

You know th' event well of our Swords,
I made that Rascal eat his Words.
I'm not so hasty to obtain,
But can my Passion so restrain,

T.R.

*Till nicest Honour thinks it just,
And then I'll venture a bold Thrust.
The sacred Hymeneal Bands,
Shall tie our Hearts as well as Hands:*

*And when we're yoked in Gordian Noose,
I'll be the Gander, thou the Goose.
But if thou wilt not grant my Suite,
And at Love's Bar dost still stand mute;*

*I'll seek me out some other Nurse,
Be to thy self thy Plague and Curse.
I'll beg no Favour, fear no Frown,
Turn Capuchin and shave my Crown:
Be free to range in every Ground,
The Town-Bull n'ere is put i'th' Pound.*

The Shepherd having thus concluded his Song, *Don Quixote* desir'd him to begin something else; but *Sancho Panza* forbid the Banes, having more desire to sleep, than to hear Ballads; telling his Master withal, that it was high time for him to betake himself to his Rest; besides, that he did ill to keep up the Shepherds all Night, with his fidling, who labour'd hard all the day long. I understand thee, *Sancho*, cry'd *Don Quixote*, and indeed I thought thy frequent visiting the Bottle would make thee drowzy. Bless me, dear Sir! cry'd *Sancho*, I hope you did not grudge me a draught of good Wine. By my Honour, not I, reply'd *Don Quixote*; therefore go sleep where thou wilt, and leave me to my self; for it better becomes men of my Profession to wake, than to lie sleeping like a Dog in a Chimney-corner. But stay a little before thou go'st, dress my Ear; for now I think on't 'tis very sore. Thereupon, while *Sancho* was looking for his Ointment, one of the Shepherds beholding the Wound, desir'd *Don Quixote* not to trouble himself, for that he would cure him; and then fetching a few Rosemary-leaves, after he had bruise'd 'em with a little Salt, he laid the Medicine to his Ear, assuring him, that he needed no other Remedy; which in a little time prov'd very true.

CHAP. IV.

Being the Relation of a Story which one of the Goat-herds told to those that were with Don Quixote.

THE next Morning a certain Countryman, that brought 'em Provision from the next Village, arriv'd, and addressing himself to the Shepherds; Hark ye Friends, said he, d'ye hear the News? How is't possible, reply'd another of the Company? Why then, said the Countryman, the courtly Shepherd, the Schollard ye call *Chrysoftome*, is dead this Morning, and they say he dy'd for love of that She-Devil, *Marcella*, the Daughter of *William* the rich Hunk, she that haunts these Hills and Dales in the Habit of a Shepherdess. For *Marcella*! cry'd one of the Shepherds, ye jest sure. I say, for *Her*; and more than that, 'tis reported, that he has order'd

order'd it in his Will to be bury'd in the middle of a Field, like a *Mahometan*, at the Foot of the Rock whence issues the Fountain of the *Cork-tree*, as being the place where he had the first sight of her Beauty. He has also appointed many other things of the same nature to be done, which the Church-wardens of the Parish refuse to perform, as being of ill example, and favouring of Paganism. But *Ambrose*, the t'other Scholar, and Friend of the deceas'd, will have the whole Will of the Testator fulfill'd to a Tittle. All the Village is in an Uproar, but I believe *Ambrose* and his Friends will carry the Day; and to-morrow he is to be bury'd in great State. For my part, I believe it will be a very fine Sight; however, I will not fail to be there. Well all go, cry'd the Shepherds, and draw Lots who shall stay to look after the Goats. 'Tis very well resolv'd, *Peter*, cry'd one of the Shepherds; nor shall you need to draw Lots, for I'll stay my self; not so much out of Kindness to you, or for want of Curiosity, but because of the Thorn i' my Toe, that will not permit me to put on my best Shoes. God-a-mercy, however, quo *Peter*, I'll run a Thorn i' my Foot for thee another time.

Upon those Words *Don Quixote* desir'd *Peter* to tell him who the Person was that was dead, with a short account of the Shepherdess. To which *Peter* made answer, That he knew nothing more of the matter, but only that a young Gentleman, Heir to a fair Estate, was deceas'd, whose Father liv'd not far off at the Foot of the Mountains; that he had been a Student at *Salamanca*, after which, he return'd home again greatly improv'd in his Learning; more especially, that he was very exact in Astronomy, and understood the private Amours and Courtships that pass'd between the Sun and the Moon; and would often tell 'em strange Stories of the Eclipses of those two Planets. He could also tell when the Year would prove barren, and when fruitful: So that his Parents and Friends following his Advice, in a short time became very rich. For he would tell 'em when to sow Barley, when Wheat, when to sow Vetches instead of Oats; and whatever he said came to pass. This Art, reply'd *Don Quixote* very gravely, is call'd *Astrology*. I know not how ye call it, reply'd *Peter*, but I know that he knew this, and much more. For he compos'd all the Carols that we sung upon *Christmas-day* morning, and made all the Plays that the Children in our Neighbourhood acted upon *Corpus Christi* day, and that so wittily, that no body could mend 'em. Some three or four Months after his return from *Salamanca*, we saw him in Shepherds Weeds, with his Scrip and Sheep-hook following his Flock, at what time his Friend *Ambrose* accompani'd him in the same Habit, which caus'd a great Astonishment among us. For his Father being dead but a little before, had left him a fair Estate in Cattel of all sorts, Household-goods, and ready Money; all which he very well deserv'd, for he was a sweet natur'd person, extremely lov'd, had a Face like an Angel, and was as charitable as Benediction it self. At length we found, that this unwonted Disguise was all for love of fair *Marcella* a ranging Damsel, that in the Dress of a Shepherdess, does nothing but ramble up and down these shady Mountains: And now I'll tell ye such a thing that you never heard i' your life, and never perhaps will hear the like, tho you were to live five hundred years.

Know then, there liv'd in our Village, an old *Cinque & Quater*, whose Name was *Gaffer Williams*, more wealthy than *Chrysoftome's* Father, and whom Heaven besides had blest with a lovely Daughter, whose Mother dy'd in Child-bed after she was born. However, that Mother of hers was as good

good a Woman as ever I knew i' this World. Me-thinks I see the good Woman yet with her demure Saint-like Face, and her two Eyes like two bright Suns; and then I must tell ye, she was an excellent Housewife beside, lov'd the Poor, and I dare say she is at this minute in *Paradise*. Her Death broke old *Williams's* Heart, who liv'd not long after her, leaving his Daughter a very young Heiress, to the care of her Uncle, who was Curate of our Parish. Nevertheless, her Infant-beauty increas'd to that degree, as she grew in years, that when she arriv'd at fourteen, all Men gave God Thanks for sending so beautiful a Creature into the World; and all Men became either enamour'd or distracted that beheld her. All this while her Uncle kept her as charily, and as close as a Usurer's Gold; but Fame had made such a hideous Noise i' the World of her Beauty, and Report so loudly spread her Estate, that she might have had more Husbands then there are Sands i' the Sea: All the young Gallants, Dukes, Marquesses, Counts, Squires far and near came in Shoals to demand her in Marriage; nothing but continual Rap, Rap, at her Uncle's Door, that he might as well have slept in *St. Sepulchre's Steeple* upon a *Coronation-day*. For this Reason her Uncle would have been glad to have been rid of her, but being an honest true *Trojan* as ever piss'd, he would not either advise or force her against her own Inclination. For I must tell ye, Sir *Knight*, busie Bodies may prate what they please. And some there are that have scandaliz'd her Uncle, as how he should endeavour to keep her from marrying, to have the Benefit of her Estate. But that's a false Lye, Sir *Errant*, as we that are his Parishioners well know, and are ready to testify by Certificate under our Hands, when Occasion shall require. Alas! our Curate's no such Person, he's an honest Man, and a good Bowler, plays at Cards a Sundays, drinks a chirping Cup with his Neighbours; and this he may do without being beholding to his Neece for her Means, I assure ye, Sir.

I believe all this, *honest Peter*, reply'd *Don Quixote*, and therefore go on; for the Story is pleasant, and thou tell'st it with a Grace. I wish it were the Grace of God, quo *Peter*, for I want it I'm sure. But for the *Curate*, as I told ye before, he made diligent Enquiry, and then told his Neece the Conditions and Qualities of her Suitors, with all the Fidelity imaginable, desiring her to make her own Choice. To which the Damsel made no other Reply, but that *Haste made Waste*; and that she was yet too young to have any Thoughts of Matrimony. By means of which rational Excuses, she freed her self from her Uncle's Importunities, who resolv'd from that time forth to stay till the thought her self of Age to chuse for her self. For, said he, (and he spoke like an honest Man) 'tis not for Parents to put a force upon their Children, where Election ought to be free. And thus the disdainful *Marcella*, finding her self at Liberty, and beguiling even Suspicion it self, put on her Shepherdesses Trinkets, and away she went with the rest of the Shepherds, keeping her Flock by her self.

But then, 'twas the *Devil* upon *Dun*, forty times worse; for no sooner did her dazling Beauties display themselves abroad, but all the spruce young Gallants, Gentlemen, and rich Farmers Sons, Elder Brothers, full of Confidence; Younger Brothers, full of Hopes, from *Dan* to *Beerseba*, bought 'em Pipes and Whistles, and follow'd her in green Sutes to the Plains and Forests, more Shepherds then Sheep, as if *Bedlam* had been broke loose, to discover their several Passions and languishing Amours. Among the rest this poor belottet *Chrysothome* was one, who, as they say, not only lov'd, but ador'd her. Nevertheless, you are not so much as to imagine, that

Marcella

Marcella, tho she gave her self this unwonted Liberty, ever practis'd the least Dishonesty, or ever committed any Act that could prejudice her Verue, so much as in Surmise; but rather she kept such a Guard upon her self, and govern'd all her Thoughts with such an exact Reserv'dness, that the most obsequious could never boast that she had giv'n 'em the least Hopes. Nay, if any were so advent'rous to tell her a Story of their Passions in her Ear, tho never so innocent, as tending only to holy Wedlock, she never would give those Persons the Opportunity to do it again. And thus is this Damsel a greater Plague to the Earth, then the Pestilence it self; murd'ring with her Rigour and Disdain those Thousands that she gains with her complaisant Humour and Beauty. And all the Remedy which they have, is only to exclaim against her, to call her Cruel and Ingrateful, with a Million of other Reproaches, which the proud *Flebergibis* well deserves. Were you but to stay here, Sir *Knight*, for some time, you should hear the Mountains and Valleys resound with the Groans and Lamentations of these inamour'd Milk-sops; and in a Grove, not far from this place, where there grow about a hundred Beeches, there is not one single Tree upon the Bark of which there is room left for one more *MARCELLA*, tho it were to be engrav'd with a Pin's Point, from the knitting of the Branches above, to the Root below. Here one Shepherd sighs, there another is making woful Complaints; here one is venting his Sorrows in a Sonnet, there another is tearing his Hair: Nor can they ever sleep, their Sorrows are so restless, their Pillows so hard, either the foot of an Oak, or the stump of a Rock, where they lie sighing, and sobbing, and howling, and groaning, without Intermission. And some there are that lie rowling and tumbling in the hot burning Sand, filling the Air with their loud Out-cries, and making most bitter Lamentations to Heaven. And all this while th' inexorable Marble-hearted *Marcella* laugh'd at their Miseries, and triumphs over the Misfortunes and Sufferings of these pitiful Wretches. Nor can we tell where her Cruelty will end, or who shall be the happy Man, that shall at length have the good Fortune to tame this savage Tiger. This is the Truth, the whole Truth, and nothing but the Truth, so help me God, Sir *Knight*; and therefore I would have you stay, and be at the Funeral, where you will be admitted, without a Ticket, to one of the most pleasant, lamentable, whimsical, delightful, mournful Sights that ever you saw in your Life. I do intend it, reply'd *Don Quixote*, and in the mean time I return thee a thousand Thanks for the Divertisement of a Story that pleases me above all that I ever heard in my Life. Alas! Sir *Knight*, reply'd the Shepherd, I have not told ye half the Adventures and Misfortunes of this curst *Marcella's* Lovers; but to morrow I make no Question, but we shall meet with some Shepherd or other that will supply the rest. In the meantime it will not be amiss for ye to take a Nap in one of the Huts; for the open Air is not good for your Wound, tho if the Flies get not to it, you need fear nothing so long as that Plaister is upon it. *Sancho*, who wish'd the Shepherd, and his Tale of a roasted Horse at the Devil, however, seconded the Goat-herd in his good Advice to his Master, whom he never left till he had got him into one of the Huts, where *Don Quixote* spent the remainder of the Night, not in sleeping, but in bewailing his dear *Dulcinea's* Disdain, in Imitation of *Marcella's* Lovers. While *Sancho*, ne're disturb'd with any such Heart-breaking Thoughts, laid himself down between *Rosinante* and his Ass, and there fell a snoring, as safe as a Thief in a Mill.

H

CHAP.

C H A P. V.

A Continuation of the Story of Marcella.

N O sooner did the bright *Aurora* appear in all her gaudy Pomp, upon the Balconies of the East, when the Shepherds arose, and coming to *Don Quixote*, ask'd him, If he intended to go to the Funeral, whither they were ready to bear him Company. Thereupon *Don Quixote*, who desir'd nothing more, presently got up, and rousing *Sancho*, gave him Order forthwith to saddle *Rosinante*, and get ready his As; which being done with all diligence, they set forward. But they had not rode above a quarter of a League, before they saw advancing towards 'em six other Shepherds clad in black Jippo's, their Heads crown'd with Garlands of *Cypress* and *Coastmary*, with long Holly-staves i' their Hands. After them follow'd two Gentlemen a' Horse-back, with three Lacquies running by their sides; drawing near, they saluted each other very civilly, and after the usual Question, Which way d' ye travel? they found they had all together the same Design of going to the Funeral, so that they all joyn'd Company. At what time, one of the Gentlemen address'd himself to the other, Master *Vivaldo*, said he, I do not believe we shall think our time mispent in going to see this Ceremony; which must of necessity be very remarkable, after so many strange Passages, which the Shepherds have recounted to us, concerning the Shepherd deceas'd, and the Shepherdess, that was the Cause of his Death. I am of the same Opinion, answer'd *Vivaldo*; and I am so far from grudging my self one, that I would rather spend four Days, then miss the Sight. Upon that, *Don Quixote* desirous to know what they had heard farther concerning *Chrysothome* and *Marcella*, one of the Gentlemen made him answer, That having met that Morning with the Shepherds who came in their Company, and seeing 'em in such deep Mourning, they ask'd 'em the Occasion of their Funeral-dress; the Reason of which the Shepherds soon unfolded, by relating the Story of a certain Shepherdess nam'd *Marcella*, no less fantastical, then beautiful; and no less beautiful, than fantastical; who with a remorseless Disdain trampil'd upon all her Lovers, and had been the Death of that same *Chrysothome*, to whose Funeral they were going. In a Word, they repeated to *Don Quixote* all that *Peter* had tol'd him before; and after the Rehearsal was over, *Vivaldo* ask'd the *Champion*, wherefore he rode so compleatly arm'd in a Country so quiet and peaceable as that was? 'Tis my Profession obliges me to it, reply'd *Don Quixote*: Fine Clothes and Ease were invented for Courtiers; but Labour, Vigilancy, and ponderous Sutes of Armour are the Portion of those that the World calls *Knight-Errants*; of which Number, I have the Honour to be one, tho the most unworthy, and the meanest in the Register. This was enough to satisfy the Gentleman, that our *Champion* was a Coxcomb; however, that they might the better understand under what *Genus* to reduce this particular *Species* of Folly, *Vivaldo* desir'd him to define what a *Knight-Errant* was. 'I perceive, reply'd *Don Quixote*, that you never have read the Annals of *Britain*, where such frequent mention is made of the famous King *Arthur*, who, as they say, never dy'd, but was turn'd into a Crow by Enchantment; and, as the same Story tells us, shall one day resume his former Shape, and recover his Kingdom again. In the time of this renowned King it was, that the Order of the Knights

of

' of the Round-Table was first instituted; and that we first hear of the Amours between Sir *Lancelot du Lake*, and Queen *Guinever*, carry'd on by that discreet and honourable Lady, Madam *Quintaniana*, which produc'd that Romance so celebrated among us *Castillians*; and thus beginning:

Never was Knight upon the Earth,
By Ladies so caress'd,
As was Sir Lancelot, when he first
Became a Spanish Guest.

' After that time the Order of *Knight-Errantry* extreamly multiply'd, and spread it self into all Parts of the World. Sir *Amadis* made himself famous by his wonderful Atchievements; and so did his Sons, and his Grand-children to the fifth Generation. The brave *Felixmart* of *Hircania* has highly signaliz'd himself in Feats of Arms; and that other *Champion*, *Tyrant the White*, can never be applauded to his worth. And not long before our time, the renowned *D. Belianis* of *Greece* got him a Name in History, besides several others, matchless for their Prowess. And this is that Order of *Chivalry-Errant*, into which, tho a great Sinner, I profess my self to be admitted, observing punctually the same Laws to which those valiant Knights were oblig'd; and for that Reason it is, that as they did, I make these Pilgrimages through Desarts and Forests, devoting my Person, and the Strength of my Arm, to the most hazardous Perils and dangers that Fortune can study to my Damage, for the Relief of the weak and distressed.

After this extravagant Bible-babble, you may be sure the Travellers needed no farther Arguments to convince 'em of *Don Quixote's* Frenzy; and yet they could not chuse but wonder, that so much insipid Folly should enter the Brains of a Rational Creature. However, *Vivaldo* being a Person of a frolick Humour, and lively Wit, had no sooner made the Discovery, but he resolv'd to make the best Advantage of it, that the shortness of the way would allow him, and to dispose *Don Quixote* for any Sport that should happen. Me-thinks, Sir *Knight-Errant*, said he, you have embrac'd one of the most happy Professions in the World; I would not change it for the Condition of a *Carthusian*. 'Tis true, reply'd *Don Quixote*, they may live a life more austere, but nothing so beneficial to the World, as we do. For those religious People have nothing to do but to say their Prayers in peace both of Body and Mind; but we *Knights* and Soldiers perform those Duties of Prayer in Action, and procure those Benefits to Mankind by our Valour, and the Edge of our Swords, for which they only intercede. We do what we do, expos'd to Summer's scorching Heat, and Winter's parching Cold, while they only mumble a few Prayers i' their Cells, and their Chappels, secure from all the Hardships of Weather. So that we may truly call our selves God's Ministers upon Earth, the Instruments of his Justice; and therefore as the Labours of War are always accompany'd with Toil and Sweat, so the religious Soldier must of necessity be prefer'd before the religious Monk, that only says a few *Litanies* under the Shelter and Accommodation of Ease and Plenty. However, after all this, God forbid that I should maintain, that the Profession of a *Knight-Errant* is so holy, nor so directly in the Road to Salvation, as that of a *Carthusian*; but I draw this Consequence from what I suffer, that without Question it is more laborious, more subject to Bastinado's, and the Martyrdom of Hunger and Thirst, and in a

'Word, more wretched and miserable. Or, if you find, that any of these *Knights-Errant* have advanc'd themselves to be *Emperors* by the force of their Arms, yet you may be sure it cost 'em dear, if Blood and Sweat be of any value; besides that, if they had not had the Assistance of Sorcerers, and *Necromancers*, they had fail'd in their Expectations.

For my part, reply'd *Vivaldo*, I am of the same Opinion; but there is one Omission in *Knight-Errantry* that I cannot forgive, which is this; that when they are just upon the point to encounter the greatest Dangers in the World, with apparent Hazard of their Persons, they never apply themselves to Heaven, nor call upon God, as every good Christian is oblig'd to do at such times, but only recommend themselves to their Mistresses, and implore their Female-assistance, as if they worshipp'd no other Deities; which, in my Judgment, smells strong of the Garlick of Paganism. 'Sir, reply'd *Don Quixote*, there's no altering that Method, in regard that if a *Knight-Errant* should do otherwise, he would be despis'd and laugh'd at. For 'tis an establish'd and most inviolable Custom among *Knights-Errant*, that when they are just entering the Lists of fatal Combat, they must of necessity, with their Eyes lifted up to Heav'n, invoke the favourable Assistance of their Ladies; or at least, if time will not otherwise permit, they are oblig'd to mutter between their Teeth certain Ejaculations to the Sovereignnesses of their Affection: Not but that a *Knight-Errant* has leisure enough to recommend himself o God, and may do it in time of Fight.

Why, that's a Scruple, reply'd *Vivaldo*, that very much troubles my Conscience; for I have observ'd in my frequent Readings, that your *Knights-Errant* only first discourse a little together, then that a few hot Words inflame their Choler, which is no sooner heated, but presently they turn their Horse-heads to gain room for the Career, and then flie one at another with that Fury, that immediately one of the two tumbles Topfyturvy to the Earth, spitted through the Heart with a curst Lance, while the t'other would shew the same *Christmas-gamble*, but for catching hold of his Horse's Main. Now I cannot apprehend for my life, how the Person slain, should have time to recommend himself to God, when his Business is done in a minute. And therefore it would have been much more Christian-like to have employ'd those Ejaculations in the midst of his Career rather to Heaven, then to his Mistress. Besides, I do not find, that all *Knights-Errants* had Mistresses, nor that they were all in Love. 'That's impossible, reply'd *Don Quixote*, the Heaven may as well be without Stars, as a *Knight-Errant* without a Mistress. 'Tis that which is the very *Being* of Chivalry, without which *Knight-Errantry* cannot subsist; and therefore shew me any History that dares affirm the Contrary. More then that, I tell ye, and positively maintain, That a Knight without a Mistress, is no lawful Knight, but a Bastard, and a Thief of Honour, that got in at the Window of *Knight-Errantry*, and not at the Fore-door. What think ye, reply'd *Vivaldo*, of *Don Galaor*, the Brother of *Amadis*? For 'tis well known he was as lecherous as a Mackerel, and would never be ty'd to any certain Mistress, yet was he no less admir'd for his Valour and Achievements then any of the rest. One *Swallow never makes a Summer*, reply'd *Don Quixote*. 'Tis true, I know very well he lov'd a pretty Girl in a Corner; but if he told the same Tale to all that he met, 'twas out of a natural proneness which he had to Swan hopping, which he cou'd not well govern; and without Prejudice to the Sovereign Empress of his Will, to whom he frequently recommended his Person in private; for he was a Man that always studied Prudence and Discretion.

I submit, reply'd *Vivaldo*, and must suppose, that since it is so much the *Being* of *Knight-Errantry* to be in Love, that your self, who are of the same Profession, cannot be without a Mistress. And therefore, not believing you to be so reserv'd as *Don Galaor*, I beseech ye, Sir, in the Name of all the Company, tell us the Name, the Quality, and Place of your Mistress's Birth. For doubtless all the World must needs acknowledge her to be the happiest Woman alive, as being the only Deity to whom a Knight, so accomplish'd as your self, pays all his Devotions.

With that *Don Quixote*, fetching a deep Sigh from the bottom of his Midriff, I know not, said he, whether this sweet Enemy of my Repose, take it well or ill at my Hands, that the World takes notice of my Familiarity with her; however, that shall never hinder me from giving you a civil Answer to your Question. Then list'n, and know, that her Name is *Dulcinea*, the Place of her Birth, *Toboso*, a Village of *La Mancha*; and that she is at least a Princess, as being the Sovereign Lady of my Thoughts. As for her Beauty, it is a Miracle, where all that the Poets have feign'd of *Chimeras* and Impossibilities, is to be found precisely writ'n in all the legible Characters of real Perfection. Her dishevel'd Tresses are pure Gold; her Forehead, the *Elysian Fields*; her Brows are two Celestial Rain-bows semi-circling her Eyes, that shine like two bright Suns in one Firmament: Her Cheeks, two Beds of Roses; her Lipps, two Coral Portals that guard her Teeth, which are so many Orient Pearls: Her Neck surpasses Alabaster, and her Hands transcend the polish'd Ivory; and the new-fall'n Snow is no more then Soot, compar'd with the Whiteness of her Bosome. Then for the Parts which Modesty conceals, you may guess at their Proportion, and their inestimable Value, by those recited Wonders already display'd to your Admiration.

Here *Vivaldo* making a reverend Bow, for Heaven's sake, said he, conceal not the Place of this Divine Lady's Nativity, nor her Parentage; for those two things made known compleat her Story.

Then *Don Quixote*: She is not descended from the ancient *Roman Curia's*, *Caius's*, nor *Scipio's*; nor from the more modern *Colonna's*, nor *Ursini's*; nor from the *Moncada's*, or *Requesenes* of *Catalonia*; or from the *Rebella's*, or *Villanovas* of *Valencia*; nor from the *Polasones*, *Neca's*, *Rocaberti's*, *Corella's*, *Luna's*, *Alagone's*, *Urea's*, *Foze's*, or *Gurrea's* of *Aragon*; nor from the *Cerdas*, *Montique's*, *Mendoza's*, or *Gusmans* of *Castile*; nor from the *Alencastro's*, *Palla's*, or *Meneses* of *Portugal*: But she is a Branch of the Family of *Toboso de la Mancha*. So that altho her Pedigree be modern, yet is it sufficient to give a most noble Beginning to one of the most illustrious Progenies that ever flourish'd in succeeding Ages. And let no Man presume to contradict me in this, unless it be upon those Conditions, which *Zerbin* fixt at the foot of the Trophy which he erected after he had won *Orlando's* Armour.

Let no man dare to be so rash,
These Arms from hence to pull,
Unless he mean to try a Crash
With him that crackt Orlando's Skull.

I confess, quo *Vivaldo*, I have heard of the *Trugg-mouldies* of *Wapping*, and the *Fussocks* of *Linne-house*, but dare not make any Comparisons with the *Toboso's de la Mancha*; tho, to say Truth, it is a Family that I never read of in any Book of Heraldry before. 'Tis sufficient that you have heard of it now, reply'd *Don Quixote*. All

All the rest of the Company listen'd attentively to this Discourse, and were fully convinc'd, that *Don Quixote* was either a Fool or a Madman. Even *Sancho* himself, who believ'd every Word that dropp'd from his Master's Mouth to be *Oracular Truth*, as having known him from his Cradle, to be a Man of Sincerity, had many Scruples and Doubts, as to this Story of *Dulcinea*, for that he had never heard of any such Name, or of any such Princess, tho' he had always liv'd in the Village; all which he could not chuse but signify to the Travellers.

But as they were arguing upon this Subject *pro* and *con*, upon the hollow Road between the two Mountains, they met some twenty more Shepherds accoutre'd in black Skins, with Garlands of *Cypress* and *Lime-Tree*. Of which number six carry'd a *Bier* cover'd over with several sorts of Boughs and Flowers. When they drew near, saies one of the Company, these are they that are carrying the Body of *Chrysothome* to his Grave; for it was at the foot of this Mountain, that he order'd his Corps to be interr'd. This caus'd 'em all to quick'n their pace, so that they arriv'd just as the Bearers were setting down the Coffin upon the Ground, and that four other men were beginning to op'n the Ground just by the side of the Rock. Where, after they had saluted each other, and in few words condol'd the loss of their Friend and Acquaintance, *Don Quixote* and his Company went to view the Corps, a mournful Spectacle; a young man of about thirty years of Age, in his Pastoral Weeds all strew'd over with Flowers. However, dead as he was, there appear'd the Ruines of a goodly Aspect and clever Proportion. Within the Coffin also lay some few Books, and several Papers, some open, others folded up. Which sad and mournful Spectacle caus'd a kind of general muteness among all the Company, till one of the Bearers breaking silence, Look, *Ambrose*, said he, whether that be the place which *Chrysothome* made choice of, since thou hast undertak'n to have his Will so exactly perform'd. 'Tis the very same, reply'd *Ambrose*, and where I have heard my unfortunate Friend a hundred times repeat the doleful Story of his hard Fate. There it was that he had the first sight of that Mortal Enemy of Mankind; there it was that he made the first Discovery of his Passion, no less innocent then violent; and there it was that the pitiless *Marcella*, inexorable in her Disdain, concluded the Tragedy of his Life; and there it was, that he desir'd to be bury'd, to preserve the Memory of his many Misfortunes.

Afterwards, addressing himself to *Don Quixote*, and the rest of the Travellers, This Body, said he, which here you now behold, doubtless not without Eyes of Sorrow and Compassion, was once enliven'd by a Soul, which Heaven had adorn'd with the chiefest part of all its wealthy Graces. For this is the Corps of that *Chrysothome*, who was lately endu'd with a Wit most incomparable, with a matchless Sincerity, and an unshak'n Friendship. Liberal and magnificent, without Ostentation; prudent and serious, without Pride; modest without Affectation; pleasing and complaisant, without Flattery or low Submission. In a word, the first for Goodness in all these Parts, and second to none in Misfortune. He lov'd beyond Measure, and was hated to excess. He was a Slave to a Tyranness, made his moans to deaf Marble, wept to the Winds, sigh'd to the Desarts; he was constant to Ingratitude, and for the Recompence of his Fidelity, became a Prey to Death in the Flower of his Age, through the Cruelty of a Shepherdess, that he would have render'd by his Verse, Immortal to Posterity. The Truth of which these Papers would assuredly testify, had he not commanded me to sacrifice 'em to consuming Flames at the same time that his Body was committed to the Earth. In

In so doing, you would appear more cruel then the remorseless Shepherdess her self, reply'd *Vivaldo*, since it is not always just, so religiously to observe the last Commands of the deceas'd, when their last Orders are repugnant to Reason. For how many noble Relicks had been lost, had the last Will of the Dead been always punctually observ'd? And therefore, Mr. *Ambrose*, I beseech ye, pay such a small, tho' the last Kindness to your Friend, as to preserve his Works from Oblivion; and what he ordain'd as a Person injur'd, forbear to accomplish for want of Consideration; rather suffer those Papers to live, as Testimonials of your Friend's Vertue, and *Marcella's* Ingratitude; if for no other Reason, yet to be a Warning to others, and to preserve 'em from falling from the same Precipice. And so saying, without expecting an Answer, he went to the Coffin, and took out a small parcel of Papers which were next to his Hand. Well, Sir, said *Ambrose*, to recompence your Kindness in attending my Friend's Herse, I shall not desire you to restore those Papers which you have already; and your Will so far shall be my Friend's, provided you will suffer me to burn the rest. *Vivaldo* said no more, but impatient to see what one of his rescu'd Papers contain'd, he open'd it immediately, and found it inscrib'd, *Chrysothom's Rant*, or, *The Desperate Lover*, which he spoke out aloud.

That, said *Ambrose*, was the last Piece that ever my Friend made; and therefore that all the Company may hear to what a Condition his Misfortunes had reduc'd him, read it, I beseech ye, Sir, while the Grave is making. Most willingly, reply'd *Vivaldo*. And so the Company being gather'd round about him, he read the following Lines.

Chrysothom's Rant, or, The Amorous Despair.

Cruel, and shameless too to boot!
Dost thou not care, tho' all the World should know't?
Lend me thy Rhetorick, Infernal Hell,
For only Tongues of Devils can express
Her curst Scorn, and damn'd Hard-heartedness.

Had she not been on Dung-hill born
Of the World's Riff-raff, sure her Scorn
Would n'ere ha' mounted her so high
To do amiss, and justifie.

But the Corruption of the best, is worst,
Woman corrupted is all over Devil;

For else what Virgin durst,
(That values Reputation civil)
When I shall threaten to disclose
A thousand things, would shame her quite,
Have been so bold to tell me to my Nose,
I care not what ye tell, go so——

Then Owls and Screech-owls hating Light,
And you Death-boding Ravens, Terrors of the Night,
Lend me your mournful dismal Throats;
I know ye n'ere could sing like Madam Knight,
Yet your Infernal Notes
Will serve to give a Serenade
To a far more Infernal Jade.

Ye Tigers and ye Lions eke,
I say with me come roar,
While wretched I deplore
The Rigours of a curst Whore,
That more deserves the Toe and Kick,
Then ever any curst Witch,
That gave her Paramour the Itch,
That set him deep upon the Surgeons Score.

How many thousand Sonnets have I writ,
At the expence of Brain and Wit?
How many Pail-fulls have I wept?
How many tedious Nights
Have I consum'd in bitter wo,
Tumbling and tossing to and fro,
With Eyes that never slept?
How many Stockings Silk and Woosted
Have I worn out at Knees, when kneeling I accosted
The Flipperous Mynx, that in my Sorrows boasted?
How have I throbb'd and sobb'd,
Lamented, sigh'd, and vow'd in vain,
And all to gain
A coy, disdainful, proud, dissembling Quean?

How many Tarts at Crowns a piece,
With Apricocks, and early Cherries fill'd,
And then perfum'd with Ambergreece,
At Cupid's and at dear Tart-hall,
Has she the one half eat, the other spoil'd,
While still my Money paid for all?
How many Bottles of Backragg
Has she piss'd out, that cost me dear?
Yet then with Reverence and with Fear,
If I but offer'd to come near
Her Cherry-Lips, she straightway stops
My daring Boldness with a Flap o' th' Chops?

Then home I went,
And pondering well her Sights, and Money spent;
Her Fell Ingratitude quite damp't my Heart.
But Oh! then to ha' seen
The Pickle I was in,
Now proud Marcella's Martyr,
Would ha' drawn Pity from the bloody Tartar.
In every Bowel Pain and Smart!
And all at once
The full Ten Persecutions in my Bones;
My Mind—plagu'd with a thousand Agonies,
Will let my fainting Body take no rest.
Impurities, Fears and Jealousies,
Distraction, Anger, Love, and Fury,
My Soul into a thousand Passions hurry;

Till

Till fainting, pining, languishing, at last
I fall into Despair, and with Despair
My Lungs, my Heart, my Spleen and Liver wast.
Thus feel I my lost Minutes drawing on,
O pity me, when I am dead and gone!
Let Guilt-spur Street and Smithfield all be fill'd
With Stories of my Death,
And her disdain that robb'd me of my Breath.

And thou, my Song, fly swiftly, and proclaim
To every Region proud Marcella's Name.
My Sighs to Tartary convey;
My Love to Swedleand, Poland, and to Persia.
Let Groynland, cover'd all with Snow,
Th' Unjustice of my Sufferings know:
And to the Sun-burnt Ethiop tell
The dire and mournful Cause by which I fell;
That all the World may find
What 'tis to be thus plagu'd by Love and Woman-kind.

CHAP. VI.

The Verses of the despairing Shepherd repeated, with other unexpected Accidents.

THESE Verses were well approv'd by all that heard 'em; only Virvaldo did not seem to like, that the despairing Shepherd should tax Marcella with Jealousies and Suspensions, which he said reflected upon her Honour, contrary to all the Reports he had heard of her untainted Modesty and Reserv'dness. But for his better Satisfaction, Ambrose, who had been always privy to the most secret Thoughts of his Friend, assur'd him, That the unfortunate Chrysofome, when he wrote those Verses, had absented himself from Marcella, in hopes that Absence might work its wonted Cure, by causing him to forget the Object of his Passion. But as there is nothing more frequent, then for absent Lovers still to torment themselves with a thousand Fancies and Chimera's of their own Brain; so was it Chrysofome's mishap to complain of Jealousies and Suspensions form'd in his own Imagination, as if they had been really true. And therefore whatever he said in that Condition, could never redound to the least Prejudice of Marcella's Vertue. Upon whom, Envy it self, setting aside her extream Cruelty, and unreasonable Dildain, could never fix the least Reproach.

Virvaldo being thus convinc'd by Ambrose, as they were going to read another Paper, they were of a sudden prevented by an unexpected Apparition; for so it might well be call'd, the Vision pop't so unexpectedly upon 'em. It was Marcella in person, who shew'd her self from the top of the Rock, at the foot of which they were digging the Grave; but so amiable, and so beautiful, that they who had never seen her, beheld her with Admiration; and they that saw her every Day, were no less surpriz'd then the others. But, notwithstanding all her fair Looks, no sooner did Ambrose spie her, but in Billings-gate Rhetorick, he cry'd out, What mak'st thou there, curst Monster of Cruelty, and Dragoness of these Mountains? Come'st thou

I

thou to see whether the Wounds of this unfortunate Swain will bleed afresh at the Appearance of his Murdrefs? Or com'st thou to triumph over his Ruines, like flaming *Rome*, or to glory in the Effects of thy Ingratitude? Speak, Tom-boy, Rigg, Vixen, Ramp; speak Mrs. Thirty-Ribs, if thou hast any thing to say. Fair and softly, good Mr. *Wine-porter*, cry'd the Shepherdess, I come here to prove my self an honest Maid, and to shew the Injustice of those *Cow-babies*, that lay their Heart breakings, and their Deaths to my Charge. 'Tis true, I have the good luck to be hand-some, as they say: Well! and what then? Am I therefore oblig'd to love every Finical Fop that admires me? For, tho I may please him, he may not please me so well; nay, he may seem deformed in my Eye. But suppose the Man were an *Adonis*, yet there is a great difference in the Inclinations both of Men and Women; neither do all sorts of Beauty enamour alike, while some affect the fair, some the brown, others the black, &c. for if all Men should dote upon one sort of Beauty, Heav'n's blest us! how should one poor Woman be able to serve so many Roysters. Besides, if Love be to be left at Liberty, and not to be restrain'd, as all agree, is it not a great piece of Injustice to force me to love whether I will or no, when I have no more Inclination to the Sport, then to run my Head against the Wall? Then again, this Beauty of mine, that so many admire, is the Gift of Heaven, and not a thing of my seeking; if it does any Mischief, 'tis none of my Fault, no more then it is the Viper's Fault to carry poison about her, or of the Fire, or a sharp Sword, to burn or wound, if you approach too near the one, or cut your self with the other. Chastity and Vertue are the Ornaments of the Mind, without which, the Beauties of the Body are but Deformities. If then Chastity be so great a Vertue, why should I part with the Beauty of my Soul, to gratifie the heat of one that loves me only for his Pleasure? I was born free, and because I will not lose that Freedom, I have chosen this solitary way of living, where Trees are my Companions, the Chrystal Fountains are my Looking-Glasses; and where I also to the Woods and purling Streams communicate my Thoughts. If you tell me that *Chrysoptom's* Intentions were honest, and that he courted me not for a Miss, but for a Wife; What's that to the purpose? For I told him a hundred times I had no mind to marry, and the Fool would n'ere be answer'd; so that 'twas his own obstinate Honing and Puling, not my Beauty that kill'd him; if he would fail against the Wind, and overturn his Vessel in the Waves of his own Despair, what was that to me? And therefore let them that call me *Murdress*, and *Dragonesse*, *Vixen*, and *Tigress*, *Disdainful*, *Ingrateful*, and I know not what my self, keep out of my sight, and come when I fend for 'em. In these Woods I intend to live, and in these Woods atlength to resign to Nature again those Beauties which she has lent me, without the Rumpling of Fornication, or Embezzlement of Wedlock. And therefore for God's sake, all of ye set your Minds at rest, and let me have my Humour; or if you will needs be woeing where y' are never like to speed, whine your Hearts-out for me; for I have told ye my Resolutions.

Having so said, she threw her self into the thickest of the adjoining Wood, without staying for an Answer, leaving all that heard her astonish'd at her Wit, as well as her Beauty.

However, there were some in the Company, who little regarding her *Nun-ship's* Vows and Protestations, had a great Desire to follow her. But *Don Quixote* perceiving their Design, and believing he had now a fit Opportunity offer'd him to shew his *Knight-Errantry*, let no man dare, cry'd he,

he, of what Quality or Condition soever he be, to follow the fair *Marcella*, under the Penalty of incurring my Indignation. She has made it appear by undeniable Reasons, That she was no way guilty of *Chrysoptom's* Death; and moreover, that 'tis her Desire not to be troubl'd with any more Suitors, nor to have a Gang at her Tail; for which Reason she is to be the more esteem'd and honour'd by all good Men, as being the only Woman, for ought I know i' the World, that ever liv'd with so much Reserv'dness. Now, whether it were that the People were terrify'd by the Champion's Friends, or whether that *Ambrose* hasten'd the Interment of his Friend, not a Man budg'd from the Place till the Body was laid in the Grave, and the Papers were committed to the Fire. After which, they roll'd a great Stone upon the Grave, till the Marble Monument was finish'd, which *Ambrose* had bespoke, and upon which he had order'd these Verses to be engrav'd.

Here lies the Man that dy'd a Maid,
And for a Maid beside;
He loved her, she lov'd not him,
And so the poor Man dy'd.
Oh! for this Maid how he did roar,
Lament, complain, and weep;
Which she no more regarded, then
The bleating of her Sheep.
His Sighs and Groans they pity'd All
That his loud Sorrows heard;
For with the Lather of his Eyes,
You might have shav'd his Beard.
Himself to Death thus having cry'd,
Entombed here he lies,
But she still lives, a Thousand more
Such Ninnies to despise.
Take warning hence, O Young Men all,
How you your selves to Love enthrall;
And have in Mouth this Proverb still,
That if one w'ont, another will.

The Ceremonies thus over, after mutual Condolements, the Shepherds departed to their several Stations: *Vivaldo* and his Friends took their leaves; and *Don Quixote*, who was not a Person to forget himself, was more prolix, in regard his Complements were of a higher Strain, and favour'd much of the Grandeur of his Profession. *Vivaldo* would fain have importun'd him to have gone to *Seville*, which he assur'd him was a place the most fertile in Adventures of any in the World; Where they grew in every Corner of the Streets. *Don Quixote* thank'd *Vivaldo* for his kind Information, but told him withal, That he neither could, nor durst go to *Seville*, till he had clear'd the Mountains of all the Thieves and Robbers that infested the Roads adjoining. Thereupon the Travellers, unwilling to divert him from so pious a Design, pursu'd their Journey, while *Don Quixote* was contriving which Way to follow *Marcella*, with a Resolution to offer her his Services; but he was cross'd in his Purposes, as you shall hear in the third Book.



Don Quixote's Encounter with the Flock of Sheep.



Don Quixote releases the Gally-Slaves.

THE
THIRD BOOK

Of the most Ingenious

Don Quixote
DE LA
MANCHA.

PART I. BOOK III.

CHAP. I.

Giving an Account of Don Quixote's unfortunate Rencontre with certain Yanguesean Carriers

THE Renowned *Cid Hamet Venegeli*, upon whose Authority depends the Truth of our History, relates, That so soon as *Don Quixote* had taken leave of the Shepherds, that had so kindly entertain'd him, and of the rest that he met at *Chrysothon's* Burial, made directly, both himself and his Squire, to the Wood, where he saw *Marcella* disappear; for the Champion was in Love; he had forgot his dear *Dulcinea*; and the Temptations of frail Mortality had almost thrown him out of the Saddle of his Constancy. But after he had fought her in vain for above two Hours together, the Heat of his Impatience cooling his Concupiscence, they came to a most delightful Meadow, fresh and green, as being water'd with a clear and pleasant Stream. So that the murmuring Noise of the Rivulet, the Verdure and Beauty of the Place, inviting *Don Quixote* to Repose and Meditation, during the heat of the Day, they both alighted, and leaving *Rosinante* and the *Ass* to take their full swinge, where they paid nothing for their Ordinary, untied the Wallet, and what they found they fed upon lovingly both together, for fear the one should beguile the other. All this while *Sancho* had forgot to put on *Rosinante's* Fetters, believing him to have been a Horse of that Modesty and Chastity, that all the Mares in the Pasture-grounds of *Hackney-marsh* could not have rais'd him to think an ill Thought. But either ill Luck, or the Devil who never sleeps, so order'd it, That at the same time a great number of

of Galician Mares, that belong'd to several *Tanguesian* Carriers, were feeding in the same Valley; it being the Custom of those Carriers to stop where they meet with Grass and Water to refresh their Cattel. *Rosinante* was chaste and Modest, as I said before, however he was Flesh and Blood; so that he no sooner smelt the Mares, but contrary to his natural Gravity and Reserv'dness, he felt an itching Desire to solace himself with a *Galician Phillie*; and therefore, without asking his Master's leave, away he trots, but very gently, to impart his Necessities to his new Kindred. But the hungry Spittles having more mind to their Food, than to Chamb'ring and Wantonness, receiv'd his Courtship very rudely, or rather kept him off as one that would have ravish'd Mares of Honour in the op'n Field, drubbing him so severely with their Heels, that they caus'd him to break his Girts; so that naked *Rosinante*, now disrob'd of all his Furniture, lay expos'd to unmerciful Thumps on every side. And for an Addition to his Misery, the Carriers beholding *Rosinante's* Horse-play among their Mares, flew to the Relief of their four-footed *Lucretia's*, and with unmerciful *Battoons* so be-labour'd Bob-tail *Tarquiu's* Chine, that for the Ease of his Back, now render'd unserviceable, he was forc'd to stretch himself forth upon the Ground, where he had leisure enough to reflect upon the Misfortunes of Whoring, ere he could rise again.

Don Quixote perceiving at a distance the ill Usage of *Rosinante*, ran in all haste to his Rescue, and approaching half breathless to the Place: Friend *Sancho*, cry'd *Don Quixote*, as far as I can guess, these are no Knights, but paltry, mean Fellows, and therefore it is lawful for thee to assist me to revenge the Injury they have done me in abusing my Horse. What a Devil, d'ye talk of Revenge, quo *Sancho*? We are like to revenge our selves, with a Pox, two against twenty; if, indeed, we may reckon our selves above one and a half. He deal with a hundred my self, quo *Don Quixote*; and without saying more, he flew with a surprizing Fury upon the Carriers; at what time *Sancho* encourag'd by his Master's Example, threw himself also into the thickest of his Enemies, with his Sword in his Hand. The first that *Don Quixote* met with, he cut through a thick leathern Doublet, and carry'd away a piece of his Shoulder, and was going to reek his Indignation upon the rest: when the Carriers, out of meer Shame to have their Hides so curry'd by two to a Score, recover'd Heart a-Grace, and betook themselves to their Leavers and Pike-staves, and then all at once surrounding the Knight and his Squire, they laid about him like Anchor-Smiths; and, as many Hands make quick Work, in a Trice there lay *Sancho* sprawling in one place, in another lay *Don Quixote* himself at the Feet of *Rosinante*. Neither his Courage, nor his Skill would avail against a Multitude. For if *Hercules* himself could not resist Two, how should our Champion withstand Twenty? So that the Carriers having got a complete Victory, or rather, fearing they had done more than they could answer, made all the haste they could to be gone, and were glad when they were got out of Harm's way.

The first that recover'd himself, after this dismal Tempest of Baffinado's, was *Sancho Pancha*, who rolling himself as near as he could to *Don Quixote*, Ah Master, Master! with a sad and languishing Voice, Master, dear Master! quo he; What dost want, Friend *Sancho*, reply'd the Knight, in the same effeminate and mournful Tone? I could wish, reply'd *Sancho*, that your Worship would give me some two or three good Draughts of your Balm of Invulnerable, if you have any to spare. For if it be good for Cuts i' the Flesh, I know not why it may not be as soverain for inward Bruises. Dear

Sancho,

Sancho, reply'd *Don Quixote*, I have not a Drop were it to save thy life, so precious to me; but by the Faith of a Knight-Errant, within these two Days I will make enough to save an Army, if no farther Disasters do not prevent me. Two Days! reply'd *Sancho*, we may be both rotten before that time; I do not expect to stir a Leg or an Arm this Fortnight. The Truth on't is, reply'd the pounded Knight, I know not what to think on't, as the Case stands; but 'tis no more than I deserve, and I may thank my self for having unheath'd my Sword against a Company of Scoundrels that were never dubb'd Knights; therefore has the God of Battel permitted this Punishment to befall me for transgressing the Laws of Chivalry. So then, *Sancho*, for the Future, upon the like Occasions, do thou draw thy Sword, and chastize such Riff-raff as this, thy self, after thy own Method; but if any true Knights come to take their parts, then thou shalt see how I will lay about me in thy Defence; and thou hast had sufficient Experience of my Courage, and the Strength of this invincible Arm; for the simple Knight was still intoxicated with his Victory over the poor *Biscayner*. But *Sancho*, by no means pleas'd with his Admonitions, Sir Knight, said he, I am a Man of Peace, a Coward, God knows, and one that never car'd for so many Quarrels i' my Life, as having a poor Wife to maintain, and Children to bring up; and therefore by way of Advice, I must tell your Worship (for I dare not presume to command your Worship) that from henceforth I will never draw my Sword against Knight or Peasant; for I forgive all Mankind, as my Prayers instruct me, of what Estate or Condition soever, High and Low, Rich and Poor, Lord and Beggar, all the Injuries they ever did, or ever shall do me, without Exception or mental Reservation. Which strange Resolution being heard by his Master, 'I wish, said he, 'I had Breath enough to answer thee; for if the Pain which I feel in one of my short Ribbs, would give me leave to speak, I would soon convince thee of thy Error; for thou talk'st no more Sense than a Jack-Daw. For, suppose now, silly Sinner as thou art, that Fortune, which has hitherto frown'd upon us, should so far favour us at length, as that I should conquer one of those Islands which I have promis'd thee, and were ready to make thee Governor of it; what will become of thee after thou hast abjur'd all Knight-hood, all Thoughts of Honour, and all Intention to revenge Injuries, and defend thy own Dominion? For perhaps thy People will not be so willing to obey thee at first, as being impatient of foreign Subjection; but when the Island is once thy own, he's a Fool that will not hold his own; which thou canst never do without Discretion and Valour; which two Vertues, when thy Subjects behold brightly shining in thee their Prince, they will be afraid of rebelling and caballing against thee. I confess, Sir, I wish I had had this Discretion and Valour you talk of, reply'd *Sancho*, to have helpt us in our last Encounter; but now, Sir, I must be free to tell ye, I have more need of a Surgeon, than a Preacher; and of Plaisters, then Remonstrances. In the mean time, Sir, see if you can rise to help me get up *Rosinante*, tho he little deserves it; for 'twas his confounded Lechery for which our Bones have suffer'd all this dismal Maceration. For my part, I never suspected such a Propensity in *Rosinante*; for I always took him for a sober and peaceable Horse, and durst have sworn for him, as well as for my self. Now who is there that a Man can trust? 'Tis true as the Proverb saies, A Man must eat a Peck of Salt with his Friend, before he knows him. For who that saw the Wonders which you wrought the other Day against the *Biscayner*, would have thought that such a Tempest of Baffinado's could ere have shov'r'd upon our Bones?

As

As for thy Shoulders, reply'd *Don Quixote*, they were made to endure such sorts of Tempests; but mine, that never were accusom'd to bear a heavier Weight, then a Holland-Shirt, or a Tiffany-Ruff, I fear me, they will be longer sensible of this Misfortune. And were it not, but that I believe; believe, do I say! nay, were I not certain, that such Misfortunes as these, are, as it were, grappl'd to *Knight-Errantry*, I would never out-live this Disgrace, but cut my Throat for Madnes upon this very Spot. But I beseech ye, Sir, cry'd *Sancho*, if these are the Blessings of a *Knight-Errant*, will they never have an End? Or, is there a prefix'd time when they will cease? For if we meet with two such Harvests more, we shall never be able to reap the third, unless Miracles assist us.

The Life of *Knight-Errants*, reply'd *Don Quixote*, is subject to a Thousand Inconstancies of Fortune; and sometimes they have good, sometimes bad Luck. *Amadis de Gaul* was bound to a Pillar by the Negromancer *Arcaus*, his mortal Enemy, and by him surcingl'd with the Girths of his own Saddle; and that so rudely, that the Sorcerer never left off, till he had given the miserable Knight a hundred cutting Strappado's at the same time.

The *Knight of the Sun* being tak'n in a Trap in a certain Castle, was presently forcibly hurri'd naked into a deep Dungeon, where they gave him a Glyster of Snow-water and Sand, which had like to have kill'd him, but for a special Friend of his, a Negromancer, that both rescu'd and cur'd him. And thus, *Sancho*, thou seest that Persons more famous then we, have suffer'd greater Affronts then we have done. Besides, *Sancho*, thou art to know, That those Wounds which are giv'n by the Weapons which a Man has by accident in his Hand, are neither Affronts nor Disgraces. For thus you may read expressly in the Laws of Duels; *That if a Shoe-maker strike another Man with the Last which he held in his Hand, tho it be of Wood like a Cudgel, yet the Shoe-maker shall not for that be said to have cudgell'd the Man.* I tell thee this, to shew thee, that tho we were so bum-basted and bang'd as we were, yet that it was no Affront or Dishonour to us; for that the Weapons which they made use of, were no true Cudgels, but Pack-staves, such as Carriers never go without; nor do I remember that there was so much as a Tuck, or a Sword, or a Dagger, among the whole Company. I confess, said *Sancho*, they did not give me so much leisure to take Cognizance of the particular Shape and Name of their Weapons; but no sooner had I drawn my trusty Steel, but they blest my Shoulders with such a wooden Benediction, that I lost both my Eyes and my Feet at the same time, and fell, without Sense or Motion, very near the place where you see me now. Nor do I perplex my Brains, whether it were an Affront to be cudgell'd with an Oak'n Plant, or a Pack-staff; but let 'em be Pack-staves, or Cudgels, I am sorry to feel 'em so heavy upon my Bones: I am sure I shall never forget 'em as long as I live. However, *Pansa*, reply'd *Don Quixote*, there is no Resentment which time will not deface, nor no Pain that Death will not put an End to. Thank ye for nothing, quo *Sancho*, this is heav'nly Comfort indeed: What can worse befall us? Were it such a Pain as a Plaster or two would cure, a man might have some Patience, but for ought I see, all the Plaster-boxes and Ointments of an Hospital w'ont suffice us.

Twittle-twattle, cry'd *Don Quixote*, what a Prating dost thou keep? Prethee try if thou canst get up, and see how *Rosinante* does; poor Beast, he has had his share of this Adventure. No wonder at that, reply'd *Sancho*, seeing that he's a *Knight-Errant* as well as the rest; I rather wonder how

how my As has escap'd so well, without the loss of one Hair. In our greatest Calamities, reply'd *Don Quixote*, Fortune always leaves us some Hole to creep out at; and thus it happ'ns, that this poor Beast at this time supplies the Want of *Rosinante*, to carry me to some Castle where I may be cur'd. Nor am I asham'd to ride upon an As; for I remember, that *Silenus* the Father of *Bacchus* rode upon an As, when he enter'd *Memphis* in Triumph. Ay, quo *Sancho*, t'would do well enough, could you sit upright upon your As, as he did; but alas! you must be laid cross the Pannel, like a Sack of Wheat. Wounds receiv'd in Combat are no Dishonour, and therefore good *Sancho*, trouble me with no more Replies, but try to get upon thy Legs, and help me up upon thy As, that we may get out of this place before Night surprize us. Lord, Sir! quo *Sancho*, have I not heard you say, 'twas the most Knight-Errant-like Fashion in the World to sleep in the Fields and Forests under a Canopy of green Boughs. That is to say, cry'd *Don Quixote*, when they can do no better; or else, when they are in Love. And thus *Amadis de Gaul* took up his Lodging under the poor Rock, all the while he went under the Name of the *Love-ly Obscure*, which was either eight Years, or eight Months, I cannot well remember which; and all this for only some little Unkindness that *Oriana* shew'd him.

But setting these Discourses aside, prethee let us make haste out of this unfortunate place, lest some Mischief befall thy As, as it has done *Rosinante*. That would be the Malice of the Devil indeed, reply'd *Sancho*: and so breathing out Thirty Lamentations, Sixty Sighs, and a Hundred and Twenty Plagues and Poxes upon those that betray'd him into that Condition, he made a shift to get up upon his Legs; yet not so, but that he went stooping all the way with his Body bent like a *Tartar's* Bow, not being able to stand upright. In which crooked Posture he crept along to catch his As, that having tak'n advantage of the Liberty which had been giv'n him, was solacing himself in fat Pastures, free Cost, at a distance. The As being caught, and got ready, *Sancho* return'd to help up *Rosinante*, which was not done without great Difficulty and Trouble, as well to the Master as the Squire. *Sancho* sweat till he dropt again; and could the poor Beast but ha' spoke, he wou'd ha' born a part in the sad Complaints of the Master and the Man. At length, after many bitter *Ob's*! and screw'd Faces, *Sancho* laid *Don Quixote* cross the As, ty'd *Rosinante* to the As's Tail, and then leading his As by the Halter, as if he had been going with his Grift to the Mill, he took the nearest Way that he could guess to the high Road. Which, at the end of three quarters of an Hour, they, by good Fortune, discover'd, together with an Inn, which *Don Quixote*, notwithstanding the lewd Appearance of the Place, would needs have to be a Castle. *Sancho* swore bloodily 'twas an Inn; and the *Knight* as obstinately maintain'd that it was a Castle; nor did the Dispute end till they came to the Inn Door, where *Sancho* enter'd with his Cargo, never troubling himself whether he were in the right or the wrong, as to his Argument with his Master.

C H A P II.

What befel Don Quixote in the Inn, which he took for a Castle.

THE Inn-keeper seeing *Don Quixote* lying like an *Essex-Calf* quite athwart the Pannel, ask'd *Sancho*, What was his Disease? To which *Sancho* answer'd, He had no Disease at all; but only that he had fall'n from the top of a Rock, and bruise'd his Ribs a little. The Vintner had a Wife, not like the common fort of Hostesses, as being naturally very charitable, and very compassionate of her Neighbours Afflictions: So that she no sooner beheld *Don Quixote* in that lamentable Condition, but she resolv'd to set her helping Hand to his Cure; and to that purpose call'd her Daughter, a good pretty Girl, to assist her.

There was also at the same time in the Inn, an *Asturian* Wench, broad-fac'd, flat-nodd'd, one Eye out, and rather a-squint. However, the Activity of her Body supply'd all Defects. For she was not above three Foot high, the weight of her Shoulders preventing her Growth. This gentile *Gypsie* likewise assisted the Inn-keeper's Wife and Daughter to dress *Don Quixote's* Bruises. To which purpose they made him a sorry Bed, God wot, in an old musty Cock loft; at another Corner of which, was also lodg'd a Carrier upon a Bed, which, tho made of Hurdles only, and old Horse-cloths, had much the Advantage however of *Don Quixote's*, which consisted of no more than two or three Planks laid upon two Tressels, one higher then 'other; and over them a Flock-bed, more like a Quilt, full of Knobs and Bunches, which had they not shewn themselves to be of Wool, through the Holes that the Rats had eat'n, might well have been tak'n for Stones. The Sheets also were of Leather, made of the Coverings of old Targets; and the Coverlet such, that you might have number'd the Threads, and not have miss'd one in the Tale. In this same curst Bed *Don Quixote* was laid to rest his Bones, where the Hostess and her Daughter hogg's greas'd and plaister'd him from Head to Foot, by the light of a Candle, which the beautiful *Asturian*, whose Name was *Maritornes*, held. The Hostess seeing him so batter'd; Truly, said she, these Bumps in this Man's Flesh look much more like a dry Basting, then a Fall. No, I'll assure ye, Mistress, reply'd *Sancho*, 'twas no dry Basting, but only the Rock was full of several pointed Stones, and craggy Stumps, which did mischief every one i' their turns. By the way, Mistress, if you please, pray save a little of the Tow and the Ointment for me too; for I know not what's the matter, but I feel my Back-bone in a dismal Disorder. Why, didst thou fall too, reply'd the Hostess? I did not fall, answer'd *Sancho*; but the very Fright that I took to see my Master cap'ring the Gallop Galliard down the Rock, has loosen'd my Bones in such a manner, as if I had undergon a *Mahometan* Drubbing. That's no wonder, said the Inn-keeper's Daughter; for I have dream'd many times, that I have been falling from a steep Rock, and when I wak'd, my Bones have been as sore, as if I had fall'n in earnest. 'Tis my very Case, reply'd *Sancho*, only with this Difference, that I was not in a Dream, but as broad awake as I am at this Instant.

Then *Maritornes* ask'd him his Master's Name: *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, reply'd *Sancho*, by Profession, a *Knight-Errant*, and one of the bravest and stoutest that ever the Sun shin'd on. A *Knight-Errant*! What's that, for the Lord's sake, cry'd the *Asturian*? Art thou such a Novice i' the World,

World, reply'd *Sancho*? Why, a *Knight-Errant* is one that's every Minute as near to an Empire, as Four-pence to a Groat, one that you shall see well cudgell'd this moment, the next a *Soldan*. To day the most miserable Creature upon Earth, to morrow the Master of three or four Kingdoms to bestow upon his Squire. How comes it then to pass, quo the Hostess, that thou, being Squire to so great a Personage, art not an Earl at least? Oh! said *Sancho*, the Business is not so soon accomplish'd neither. We have been but two Months in our Gears, so that we have not met with any Adventures as yet: besides that, many times we seek for Kingdoms and find a Flap with a Fox tail. But if ever my Lord *Don Quixote* gets cur'd of his Bruises, and I scape knocking o' the Head, I will not exchange my Hopes for the best Conde-skip in Spain.

Don Quixote having listen'd all the while to these Discourses with great Attention, could no longer hold; and therefore raising himself up in his Bed, and taking the Hostess in a most obliging manner by the Hand; Believe me, said he, fair Lady, 'tis not a Happiness to be despis'd, that you have here the Opportunity to entertain such a Guest as I am, in your Castle. I shall say no more, because it ill becomes a Man to be the Praiser of himself; but my Squire will tell you who I am. Only thus much let me say more, That I shall never blot out of my Remembrance the Kindnesses you have done me, but study all Occasions to testify my Gratitude. And I wish to Heaven, added he, casting a Sheep's-eye upon the Hostess's Daughter, That the God of Love had not already enslav'd me to his Laws, and that the Eyes of that charming, tho disdainful *She*, that possesses all my Thoughts, had not already triumph'd o're my Liberty, which otherwise I would have sacrific'd at the Feet of that Illustrious Damsel.

The Hostess, her Daughter, and the virtuous *Maritornes*, were astonish'd to hear such high-flown Language as this, which they understood no more then if he had spok'n *Arabick*; yet conceiving they were Words of Courtship and Complement, they look'd upon him, and admir'd him, as a Man of another World; and after they had made him such Returns as Inn keepers Breeding would afford, they left him to his Rest. Only *Maritornes* stay'd to rub down *Sancho*, who had no less need of a good Dressing and a warm Mesh, then *Rosinante*.

Now you must know, that the Carrier and the *Asturian* had agreed to have a Love-skirmish together that Night, and she had pawn'd him her Honour, that as soon as her Master and Mistress were a-bed, she would not fail to come to him, and be at his Service. And it is reported of that modest Damsel, That whenever she had pass'd her Word in such Cases, she would have observ'd her Promise no less punctually, then if she had confirm'd it by the Attestation of a Publick Notary; nay, tho she had made it in the midst of a Wood without any Witness at all.

And here, for your better understanding, you must know, that the wretched, unfortunate, beggarly, scanty Bed whereon *Don Quixote* lay, was the first in that needy Apartment. Next to that *Sancho* had made up his Kennel, containing a Mat of Bulrushes, with a piece of an old Sprit-sail for a Coverlet; and at a little distance lay the Carrier in his Furniture, such as has been already describ'd: Thither the Carrier after he had fed his Cattel, repair'd, in Expectation of the punctual *Maritornes*. In the mean time *Sancho* did all he could to sleep, while his macerated Ribs did all they could to prevent him; and *Don Quixote* lay ruminating on his Mistress with his Eyes op'n, like a Hare. And now was every Soul in the Inn gone to bed, not so much as a Mouse stirring in the House, nor any Candle to be seen.

Which general Silence, and silent Darkneſs, the Friend of Meditation, ſetting *Don Quixote's* Thoughts at work, recall'd to his Remembrance one of the moſt ridiculous Follies that he had read in all the Romantick Authors of his Ruine. For he fancy'd himſelf to be in a famous Caſtle, and that the Inn-keeper's Daughter, by Conſequence, Daughter to the Lord of the Caſtle, inamour'd of his goodly Preference and Deportment, had promis'd him the Pleaſure of her Embraces, ſo ſoon as her Father and Mother were gone to reſt. This *Chimera* diſturb'd him, as if it had been a real Truth; ſo that he was ſtrangely diſturb'd to find his Loyalty expos'd to the Hazard of ſuch a Temptation. But at length he reſolv'd an immoveable Conſtancy to his dear *Dulcinea*, tho Queen *Guinever*, and the Lady *Quintaniona*, ſhould ſollicit him themſelves.

In the miſt of theſe wild Imaginations, the exact *Aſturian*, bare-foot, and in her Smock, ſteals into the Chamber, and feels about for the Carrier's Bed. On the other ſide *Don Quixote*, whoſe Ears lay perdue, perceiving ſomething to enter the Chamber, rais'd himſelf in his Bed, norwithſtanding his Plaſters, and the foreneſs of his Chine, and ſtretching out his Arm to receive his fancy'd Damſel, caught hold of *Maritornes* Wriſt, as ſhe was feeling about for the Wall, pull'd her to him, not daring to ſpeak a Word, and made her fit down by his Bed-side. Neither could her Smock that was made of *Sacking*, prevail to undeceive the beſotted *Knight*. Her Glaſs-Beads about her Wriſt, he took for Oriental Pearl; her Hair as courſe as a Mare's Tail, he liken'd to the Gold'n Trefles of *Junio*; and her Breath that ſmelt like ſtale Salt-fiſh, he compar'd to the Odors of *Arabia*. In ſhort, he fancy'd this beautiful Nymph to be like thoſe lovely Dames, which, as he had read in his Hiſtories, were wont to viſit *incognito* their inamour'd Champions, when either ſick or wounded. For the poor Gentleman was ſo obſtinately infatuated with his Romantick Gim-cracks, that he was not ſenſible of the naſty Stinks of a filthy, dirty Puſ, that would have made any but a Carrier, to have ſpew'd up his Entrails. So that at length the courtly Champion, enamour'd of ſo many nauſeous Charms, and hugging his incomparable *Maritornes*, as the Devil hug'd the Witch; 'What would I give, quo he, with a ſoft and amorous Whiſper, What would I give, moſt lovely Lady, that I were in a Condition to acknowledge the Favours you have done me, and that I could acquit my ſelf of thoſe Reproaches of lewd Ingratitude, which you may juſtly throw upon me? It kills me when I think on't; but I have plighted my Faith to the matchleſs *Dulcinea del Toboſo*; ſhe is the ſole Sovereignneſs of my Heart, and the ſole Miſtreſs of my Thoughts, and I dare not purchaſe my Happineſs with the Price of Perjury.

All this while *Maritornes* ſweat *Aſſa ſætida*, to find her ſelf lock'd up in the *Knight's* Embraces, and did her utmoſt Endeavour to free her ſelf from her irkſom Fetters. On the other ſide, the Carrier, whoſe Impatience prevented him from ſleeping a Wink, having perceiv'd his *Landacrides*, when ſhe firſt enter'd the Room, and with a liſtning Ear, wond'ring at her Stay, at length over-heard a kind of whiſpering Noiſe where the Champion lay, and then ſuſpecting that *Maritornes* deſign'd to be ſerv'd round, his Noſe began to ſwell moſt prodigiouſly. Nor was that all, for ſuch were the Tranſports of his Jealouſie, that he could not forbear creeping ſoftly to *Don Quixote's* Bed, where, after he had liſtn'd a while, like a Sow i' the Beans, perceiving of the ſtruggling of his Loyal *Maritornes*, that it was none of her Fault, as being kept in Durance by the ſalacious *Knight*, whether ſhe would or no; he up with his brawny Arm, and meaſuring the Countenance of

of the diſaſtrous *Knight*, gave him ſuch a mauling *Sifarara* upon the Chaps, that the Blood ran from his Mouth like a little Stream; and *Benengeli* affures us, That at the ſame time he leap'd upon his Body, and with his ſplay Feet and Sparables ſo be tramp'd him, as if he had been treading a Hay-mow. So that the Bed, the Foundations of which were none of the beſt, fell down to the Ground, with ſuch a rattling Noiſe, that the Inn-keeper wak'd, and ſuſpecting it to be one of *Maritornes* who-ring Pranks, ſtruck a Light, and made to the Place where he heard the Combution. The Gyplie *Aſturian*, ſeeing him coming in Cholerick haſte, fled for ſhelter into *Sancho's* Kennel, who lay ſnoring like a Tapſter, and there hid her ſelf under his Coverlet, truſt'd up as round as an Egg. Preſently the Maſter entering, and ſwearing like a *Tinker*, Where's this damn'd Whore, cry'd he? for I'm ſure 'tis her doing. At the ſame time *Sancho* awaking, and feeling an unuſual weight that almoſt over-laid him, which he believ'd to be the *Night-Mare*, laid about him with his Fiſts, and pummell'd *Maritornes* ſo ſeverely, that at laſt having loſt all her Patience, and forgetting the Danger ſhe was in, ſhe return'd him his Thumps with ſuch a plentiful Intereſt, that *Sancho's* Welch Blood being mov'd, he buſi'd up in his Bed, and catching hold of *Maritornes*, began the moſt pleaſant Skirmiſh in the VWorld: For the Carrier ſeeing his Miſtreſs ſo abus'd, cuff'd *Sancho*; *Sancho* maul'd the Maid; the Maid be-labour'd the Squire, in return of his Kindneſſes; and the Inn-keeper paid off his Servant; following their Blows ſo faſt, as if they had been afraid of loſing time. And the beſt Jeſt was, that in the heat of this Hurly-burly, the Candle went out; ſo that now being all i' the Dark, they lay'd on at a Venture, without any Compaſſion; ſo that of all the Combatants, not one that was there carry'd off ſo much as half a Shirt or a Smock; for Nails and Fiſts were all employ'd, and they took care neither to tear, nor ſtrike in vain.

There was at the ſame time a Conſtable lodg'd in the Inn, who being wak'd with the diſmal Confuſion, in a great Rage came poking out his way with his Staff; and being enter'd the Room, cry'd out, *I charge ye i' the King's Name, to keep the Peace here*, vowing elſe to ſend 'em all to the Counter. The firſt he met with, was the mortify'd *Knight*, who lay upon his Back, ſtretch'd out at his full length, without any feeling, upon the Ruines of his Bed. Him the Conſtable having caught i' the Dark by the Beard, cry'd out, *Come away before the Juſtice*. But perceiving no ſign of Life, and therefore believing him dead, and murder'd by the reſt in the Room, he commanded the Gates of the Inn to be ſhut; *Here's a Man murder'd*, quo he, *and therefore let no body make their Eſcape*. Which alarm'd the Combatants in ſuch a manner, that notwithstanding their good Intentions, they were forc'd to leave the Argument undecided. The Inn-keeper ſtole away into his Chamber; *Maritornes* to her Straw; the Carrier ſlunk under his Horſe-cloaths; only the diſconſolate *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* remain'd in their places, not able to ſtir a Limb; while the Conſtable let go the Champion's Beard, and went for a Candle to ſearch for the Rioters. But the Inn-keeper having prudently put out the Lamp that hung over the Gate, the Conſtable was above an Hour puffing among the Embers i' the Kitchen-chimney, before he could light another.

C H A P. III.

A Continuation of the innumerable Hardships, that Don Quixote and his Squire sustain'd in the Inn.

BY this time *Don Quixote* being recover'd from his *Paroxysm*, with the same weak and languishing Voice, as after he had been *Carrier-drubb'd* in the Meadow, call'd out, Friend *Sancho*, art a sleep? art asleep Friend *Sancho*? How the Devil should I sleep, reply'd *Sancho*, foaming with Rage and Passion, when all the Infernal Furies have been haunting me this Night? Thou hast Reason to say so, answer'd *Don Quixote*, for either I know nothing, or this Castle is enchanted. Hear what I say to thee, but first swear to me, that thou wilt not speak a Word of it, till after my Death. By my Wife and Children that now are a starving, I w'ont, quo *Sancho*. I desire thee to swear, quo *Don Quixote*, because I scorn to injure the Reputation of any Person. Why, I have sworn, and I do swear never to speak a Tittle of it, so long as your Worship lives; and I wish I might be at liberty to discover it to morrow. Have I done thee so much Harm, answer'd *Don Quixote*, that thou wishest my Death so soon? 'Tis not for that, reply'd *Sancho*, but because I hate to keep a Secret so long, for fear it should grow mouldy i' my Body. Think what thou wilt, answer'd *Don Quixote*, however I confide in thy Prudence and Affection. Know then, that above two Hours since, the Daughter 'of the Lord of this Castle, vouchsaf'd to come to my Bed-side; one of 'the most lovely and beautiful Ladies that were ever beheld i' the World. I cannot express the Charms of her Person, nor the Vivacity of her Wit; nor will I think more of 'em, that I may not revolt from my Allegiance to 'the fair *Dulcinea of Toboso*. I will only say this, That the Heav'ns envying the Happiness, which my fortunate Stars had thrown into my Lap; or rather, because this Castle is enchanted, it happen'd, That in the midst 'of the most tender, affectionate, and passionate Discourses that pass'd between us, a certain Hand that I could not see, or devise from whence it came, at the end of a most enormous Giant's Arm, gave me such a downright Blow upon the Jaws, that my Chaps gush'd out a Bleeding like a Spout: After which, the Traytor taking Advantage of my Feebleness, laid on so like a Thresher, that I feel my self worse now, then when we suffer'd for *Rosinante's* Incontinency. And therefore I believe some damn'd *Negromancer* of a *Moor* defends this Treasure, allotted for some other, and not for me.

Nor for me neither, quo *Don Sancho*, interrupting him, for above four hundred *Moors* have been exercising their Talents upon my Bones, that I may safely say, the *Carriers* Bastinado's were but Flea-bites and Ticklings of the Skin to this. But pray Sir, tell me, d' ye call this such a pleasing Adventure, for which you pay'd above fourteen i' the hundred in dry Blows? Tho indeed the Possession of such a rare Beauty all the while, might be a kind of Consolation to you; But for my part, that had no such Creature-Comfort, how d' ye think I was able to bear so many Wherrets and Thumps, and Buffetings, as fell to my share? Curse upon me, and my Mother that bore me; for I am no *Knight-Errant*, nor ever intend to be, and yet the Elder Brother's Portion of Plagues and Mischiefs falls still to my Lot. How! and hast thou been under the Paper-mills too, cry'd *Don Quixote*? Belly o' me, quo *Sancho*, What have I been telling ye all this while?

while? Never let it trouble thee, quo *Don Quixote*, for I'll instantly go and make the Balsom of *Invulnerable*, which will cure thee i' the Twinkling of an Eye.

By this time the Constable having lighted his Candle, was coming to see who it was that was murder'd. At what time *Sancho* spying him at a Distance in his Shirt with his Candle in his Hand, and a nasty Clout about his Head; Sir, quo he to his Master, I am afraid the enchanted *Moor* is coming again to see if there be any part of our Skins that remains unbruised, for another Exercise of his Arm. It cannot be the *Moor*, reply'd *Don Quixote*, for *Negromancers* never suffer themselves to be seen. I know not whether they may be seen, or no, quo *Sancho*, but I'm sure they may be felt: and tho you tell me a thousand times the contrary, I'll believe my Shoulders before my Eyes in this particular. That my Shoulders can testify as well as thine, answer'd *Don Quixote*: However, 'tis no sign that thou feest the enchanted *Moor*.

While they were thus confabulating, the Constable enter'd, astonish'd to hear men talking so friendly together in a place where he thought Murder had been committed. But seeing the miserable Posture wherein the Champion lay, stretch'd out like a Corps, and bruised into *Mummie*; How fares it, honest Fellow, quo he, how d' ye feel your self? I would answer ye in another sort of Language, reply'd *Don Quixote*, were I in your Skin. Ye Blockhead you, is that your rude way of approaching *Knight-Errants* in this Country? Upon which, the Constable, of a waspish and cholerick Temper, not enduring such a Reprimand from a person that he hardly thought to be his Equal, threw the Candle-stick, Candle and all, as hard as he could ding it, at the Champion's Head; and believing that he had not only brok'n the Peace, but the *Knight's* Scull, he presently stole out of the Room, under the Protection of the Night. What think ye now, quo *Sancho*? d' ye think this was not the enchanted *Moor*, that guards the Treasure you talk of, for others, but reserves nothing for us, beside Kicks and Cuffs, and Candle stick Batteries? Suppose I allow thee thy Saying for once, reply'd *Don Quixote*, yet considering that *Negromancers* can make themselves invisible when they please, we are not to be offended with Enchantments, since it is impossible we should revenge our selves upon Persons we can never find, while they lie sculking in the Air, quite out of our Reach. And therefore, *Sancho*, rise, if thou canst, and desire the Governour of the Castle to send me some Oil, Salt, Wine, and Rosemary, that I may make my Balsom, which, in truth, I want very much, in regard of the great Flux of Blood, that I have lost, from the Wound which the Apparition gave me.

Thereupon *Sancho* got up, variously expressing his Grief, as he apparell'd himself; sometimes with a devout *Lord ha' mercy upon me!* sometimes with a prophane and full-mouth'd *Zouns*; by and by Curling the enchanted *Moor*, and his Master to boot; and at length creeping along like an Old Alms-man, with an old *Pox* upon him, he went to seek for the Inn-keeper; and meeting with the Constable at the Inn-Gate, in a brown Study, whether he should go or tarry, considering the passionate Fact he had so lately committed: Sir, said *Sancho*, pray be so charitable, as to furnish me with a Measure of Oil, a Quart of Wine, a Handful of Salt, and two Handfuls of Rosemary, to make a Med'cine to cure one of the most renowned *Knight-Errants* that ever were i' the World, who lies here in the Inn, desperately wounded by the enchanted *Moor*. The Constable, tho he took him for a mad Man, was so kind however, as to call for the Inn-keeper, who furnish'd

nish'd him with all his Ingredients in a short time. All which *Sancho* carry'd forthwith to his Master, whom he found holding his Head, and miserably complaining of the Hurt he had receiv'd by the Candlestick, tho by good luck it had done him no more harm, then only the raising of two Bunches about the bigness of two Turkey Eggs; for that which he fancy'd to be Blood, was only the Oil of the Lamp, that had bedew'd his Hair and his Beard. So that after he had mixt all the Ingredients together, he set 'em o're a gentle Fire, and let 'em simmer for about a full Hour, till he thought they were enough, and then put the whole into a Tin-pot, which the Inn-keeper out of his Liberality freely presented him. Then he mutter'd over the Pot a hundred *Ave Marias*, as many *Pater Nosters*, *Salves*, and *Creeds*, and ever and anon making the Sign of the Cross, by way of Benediction; at which Ceremony the Inn-keeper, the Constable and *Sancho*, were present.

When the Med'cine was cold, *Don Quixote* resolv'd to make an immediate Tryal of it; and to that purpose, gulp'd down the Quantity of a good Beer-glass brim-full. But no sooner had he tak'n his Dose, but he fell a vomiting, as if he would ha' spew'd up his Lungs; and his violent straining put him into such a Sweat, that he desir'd to be cover'd up warm, and left to his Repose. In which Condition he slept three whole Hours, and then waking, found himself in an excellent Temper, and so well at ease, that he made no Question, but he had found out the true Balsom of *Invulnerable*; and that having such a Med'cine, he might undertake all the most perillous Adventures i'the World, without Fear or Wit. *Sancho* observing such a strange and sudden Operation of the Balsom, besought his Master, that he might drink up the Remainder in the Pot; to which, when *Don Quixote* had consented, *Pancha* quaff'd off the rest, with such a *Gusto*, as if it had been a Nuptial Restorative of Tent and Eggs. But it seems that *Pancha's* Stomach was not so nice as his Master's; for before he could vomit, he was afflicted with such terrible Reaching, such faint and painful Sweats and Swoonings, that he verily thought his last Hour had been come; and instead of repenting for his Sins, fell a cursing the Balsom, and the Traitor that had recommended it to him. Friend *Sancho*, cry'd *Don Quixote*, I am the most mistak'n Man i'the World, if this Misery does not befall thee, because thou art no Dubb'd Knight; for I fear me, this Balsom will not work kindly upon any but such as they are. The Devil take you and all your Generation, quo *Sancho*, why did ye let me take it, if you knew that before? Is this a Time to tell me of *Dubb'd Knights*, when my Guts are ready to burst? But at length, Nature being kind, and the Physick strong and searching, forc'd its way upward and downward, insomuch that he fell a Squitt'ring and Spewing, as if the Devil had been turn'd *Tom-turd-man* to empty the Jakes of his Carkass; and all the while he strain'd so hard before and behind, that the Standers by still expected when his *Soul-Errant* would take a Career out of his Body; till at last, after the end of two Hours, that this *Hurricane* in his Guts lasted, instead of finding himself at ease, as his Master had done, he felt himself so feeble, and so far spent, that he was hardly able to breath. But for all that, *D. Quixote* was in haste, he felt himself as sound as a Roach, and therefore would needs be jogging after new Adventures. All the while that he lay idle, he thought himself lost to the World; and all tho' that needed his Favour and Assistance, defying Wounds and Danger now, in Confidence of his Balsom.

In the midst of these impatient Thoughts, he told *Sancho* he must be gone; and with those Resolutions he saddl'd *Rosinante* himself, putting the Pannel upon

upon the Ass, and his Squire upon the Pannel, after he had help'd him to get on his Clothes: Then spying a strong Javelin that hung up in the Hall of the Inn, he seiz'd it for the use of the Lord of the Mannor, to serve him instead of a Lance; and so mounting his Courser, in the sight of above twenty People that were in the Inn, prepar'd to set forward.

Among the rest of the Gazers, the Inn-keeper's Daughter observ'd him with a more curious Eye, as having never seen such a sight in her Life before: Which *Don Quixote* perceiving, and making a more favourable Interpretation of her Glances, beheld her with no less Admiration, tho of another sort, every foot fetching a deep Sigh from the very Foundations of his Heart, which they who saw him so mortify'd the Night before, ascrib'd to the Pain of his Wounds.

But now being ready to depart, he stopp'd at the Inn-Door, and call'd for the Master of the House, in a grave and majestic Tone; Sir Constable, said he, I should be the most ingrateful Mongrel in the World, should I forget the Kindnesses I have receiv'd in your Castle. However, in return of your Favours, if there be a Caitiff under the Sun, on whom you desire to be reveng'd for any Injuries or Contumelies committed, know, it is my Profession to relieve the Oppressed, and punish Traitors. Rub up your Memory therefore, and if you can call any such to mind, by my Holy Order of Knighthood, I'll drag 'em with a Horse-pox to your Castle, to make you Satisfaction on their bended Knees. To which the Inn-keeper answering with the same Gravity, Sir Knight, said he, I have no need of your Revenge, for when any body does me an Injury, I can revenge myself. All the Satisfaction therefore that I desire, is, That you would pay your Reck'ning for Horse-meat and Man's-meat: For that is the Custom in all Inns. How! cry'd *Don Quixote*, is this an Inn? Yes, and one of the best upon the Road too, quo the Master. Then I beg your Pardon, quo *Don Quixote*, for I took it for a Castle, and that none of the meanest neither. However, 'tis all one; for tho it be an Inn, you must excuse me, Sir, from paying a Farthing; 'tis contrary to the Laws of *Chivalry-Errant*, which I am bound to observe, there being no *Knight-Errant* that ever paid in an Inn, that ever I read of. It being the only Recompence that Custom has allow'd 'em for their incessant Labour and Travel Day and Night, Winter and Summer, for the General good of Mankind. This is nothing to my Business, pay me what ye owe me, and keep your Flim flams and Stories to your self; I must not give away my Goods. Thou art both a Fool and a Knave of an Inn-keeper, reply'd *Don Quixote*, and so couching his Javelin, and putting Spurs to his Horse, he rode out of the Inn before any body could stop him, neverminding whether his Squire follow'd him or no.

The Inn-keeper having thus lost the *Knight*, demanded his Reck'ning of the Squire. But *Sancho* pleaded his Master's Privilege, alledging, That the same Custom which exempted the Master, exempted the Squire. Upon this, the Inn-keeper growing into Passion, call'd *Sancho* a thousand Pimps and Rascals, threatening him withal, That if he did not pay him, to have his Reck'ning out of his Bones. On the other side, *Sancho* swore by his Master's Knighthood, That he would not pay a Farthing, tho they flea'd him alive; protesting withal, that he would never give the least Occasion for the Squires succeeding Ages, to upbraid him with the Infringement of their ancient Rights. But whether the Devil, or ill Luck ow'd *Sancho* a Spite, so it happen'd, that there were at the same time in the Inn, certain Clothiers of *Segovia*; and Embroiderers of *Cordova*, all jolly Fellows, and Men

of good Substance, who agreeing all in one Design, pull'd *Sancho* off his As, and sent for a Blanker; into which, after they had put the poor condemn'd *Sancho*, four of the stoutest, taking every one his Corner, they made him dance the *Carp-Galliard* i' the Air for several times together, as your Bulls toss the Dogs at the *Bear-garden*. All the while *Sancho* roar'd, *Sancho* bellow'd, *Sancho* bleated, *Sancho* howl'd, and made such a doleful Noise, that at length his Lamentations reach'd his *Knight's* Ear; who hearing the Out-cries of his beloved *Pansa*, gallop'd back to the Inn to relieve the Distress'd; but finding the Gates shut, all that he could do, was to look over the Wall, where he saw *Sancho* frolicking and frisking in the Air, as if he had been rather a *Squire-volant*, then a *Squire-Errant*; sometimes with his Heels, sometimes with his Head uppermost, with so much Nimbleness and Agility, as if the Air had been his tumbling Element; inasmuch that 'tis thought that the *Knight* could have laugh'd himself, if his Indignation would have suffer'd him. But in the scurvy Humour he was in, he did not like the Sport. He fum'd, he foam'd, he chaf'd, he lookt over the Wall as he stood upon his Stirrups, and with a grim and menacing Countenance, call'd 'em a thousand Sons of Whores and Birches, Villains, Caitiffs, Rogues, Traitors, Murderers, &c. swore *Walsingham*, bann'd like a Jailor, and threaten'd all the Torments of the Ten Persecutions. But the more he storm'd, the more they toss'd; nor did they leave off, till meer Weariness, nothing at all of Mercy, put an end to *Sancho's* Tribulation: and then it was, that like Men of Charity, they set him upon his As again, wrapt up in his Coat, as they found him. And the compassionate *Maritornes*, forgetting all Injury, was yet more kind; for she brought him a Jugg of cold Water, which as he was going to put to his Mouth, his Master cry'd out to him, Hold—hold—drink no Water, Son *Sancho*, drink no Water—'twill kill thee—Son *Sancho*—Have not I here the precious Liquor of Life, that will cure thee with only smelling to it?—To whom *Sancho* reply'd, I fear me, Sir, you forget your self, I am not yet a *Dubb'd Knight*, and so 'twill do me no good. Keep your Brewage for the Devil, and let me alone. And so saying, he set the Jugg to his Lips again; but finding it to be Water, he left off, and desir'd *Maritornes* to change it for Wine, which she did with a willing Heart, and paid for it out of her own Pocket. For 'twas said of her, That tho she were a Whore, yet she had something of Christianity in her.

Sancho having thus refresh'd himself, was honourably conducted out of the Inn, and departed very well satisfy'd, that he had bubbld the Inn-keeper, tho at the Expence of his Kidneys and Shoulders, that were his usual Sureties. 'Tis true, that the Inn-keeper kept his Wallet for the Reckning; but he was so transported with Joy, that he never miss'd it. And now *Sancho* being thus gone, the Inn-keeper would have lock'd up the Gates again, but the *Tossers* that car'd not a rush for the *Knight*, had he been of the *Round-Table*, would not permit him; perhaps because they long'd to have had the same Sport with the Master, as they had had with the Man.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

Of the Discourse between Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, with several other remarkable Passages.

Sancho had now over-tak'n his Master, who perceiving him in such a batter'd and languishing Condition, that he was hardly able to sit his As; My dear *Sancho*, said he, now I am fully convinc'd, that this Castle or Inn is enchanted; for what could they be that made themselves such cruel Sport with thy Carkass, but Apparitions, and wicked Ghosts of the other World? And farther to confirm it, I must tell thee, that when I beheld thy fatal Tragedy, and would have got o're the Wall to thy Relief, I found my self, as it were, nail'd to my Saddle by Enchantment, so that I could not stir: and 'twas well I took that Course. For by my Honour, could I but have come at those Caitiffs, and Vagabonds, I would ha' swing'd 'em off so Inhumanly, that they should have remember'd their playing at Shuttle-cock with Man's Flesh, not only in this, but in the World to come, tho for once I had brok'n the Laws of Chivalry. I would have claw'd 'em off my self, you may be sure, quo *Sancho*, had I been able, whether Knight or no Knight. Tho I must tell ye, Sir, you talk like a Widgeon, to say, the Varlets that Tennis-ball'd my Bones, were Spirits and Apparitions; for they were Flesh and Blood, as we are, and had their Christian Names and Surnames; but you never heard that Spirits and Hobgoblins were baptiz'd i' this World. And therefore, I beseech ye, never let such a simple Conceit harbour i' your Brains, that any Enchantment hinder'd your getting over the Wall, or alighting from your Horse. In short, Sir, I see it as plain as the Nose i' your Face, that while we run scaper-loitering after I know not what fortunate Adventures, we are like to meet with nothing but Sorrow and Disaster. And therefore may I be pos'd, if I don't take it to be our wisest Course to return home again, and look after your Harvest, for here has been nothing hitherto, but *leaping out of the Frying-pan into the Fire*. Why, what a Devil d' ye think, that we are bound to find Bones for all the Cudgels i' the Kingdom?

Poor *Sancho*, I pity thy vulgar Ignorance in the grand Mysteries of Chivalry. Be patient a while, and thou shalt see what an honourable thing it is to follow this Employment. For can there be any thing more glorious, then for a Man to vanquish and triumph o're his Enemy? Questionless, not any thing. It may be so, for ought I know, quo *Sancho*; but I understand nothing of the matter. However, this I am sure of, That ever since we have been a *Knight-Erranting* (for I enclude my self only as an Attendant upon your Worship) you have had but one single Victory over the *Biscayner*, and that dearly purchas'd too, with the loss of one Ear, and the Vizzor of your Helmet; but the Fifty-cuffs, the Thumps, the Wherrets, the disgraceful Kicks o' the Arse, that we have receiv'd, have been numberless, like the Sands of the Sea, besides an additional Over-plus, curse upon me, that fell to my share of being toss'd in a Blanket, and by *Hobgoblins* too, upon whom it is impossible for me to revenge my self, and so I must be depriv'd of those Victories and Pleasures you talk of. I find, *Sancho*, quo *Don Quixote*, that we are both sick of the same Disease; but within this little while, I will get me a Sword made with so much Art and Magick-skill, that whosoever shall wear it, no sort of Enchantment shall hurt him.

And it may be, good Fortune may put into my hands that of *Amadis de Gaul*, when he call'd himself *Knight of the burning Sword*; which was one of the best Weapons that ever Knight-Errant wore i' this World; for it would cut like a Razor, and enter the strongest Armour that ever was temper'd, like Venison Cruft. Ple be hang'd, quo *Sancho*, when y' have found this Sword, if it will be serviceable to any but your *Dubb'd Knights*, like your Balsom; and so all the mischief shall fall upon the poor Squire. That can never be, *Sancho*, reply'd *Don Quixote*, when I ha' got a Sword that will kill the Devil himself.

This was the Discourse of the two Adventurers, when *Don Quixote* beheld a thick Cloud of Wind-driven Dust upon his Right Hand; at what time turning to his Squire, *Sancho*, cry'd he, the Day is come, that thou shalt see the favours Fortune has reserv'd for her beloved Darling. This day such matchless Performances shall signalize the strength of my Arm, that shall deserve an eternal Register in the Book of Fame, for the imitation of succeeding Ages. Seest thou that Cloud of Dust, *Sancho*? It only hides an innumerable Army, marching this way, and consisting of several Nations, that has rais'd it. Why then, quo *Sancho*, there must be two Armies, for yonder's as great a dust o' the other side; which *Don Quixote* perceiving, you cannot imagine the transports of his Joy, out of a firm belief, that two vast Armies were going to joyn Battel in that Plain. Whereas the dust was only rais'd by two numerous Flocks of Sheep, in continual motion; some a' one side, some a' other side the Downs. However, *Don Quixote* was so positive that they were two Armies, that *Sancho* believing his Master, I pray, Sir, then, quo he, what are we two to do? What dost think, good-man Block-head, reply'd *Don Quixote*, but assist the weaker side? For know, *Sancho*, continu'd he, that the Army which marches towards us, 'is Commanded by the Great *Alifanfaron*, Emperour of the Isle of *Aprubana*: The other that advances behind us, is his Enemy, the King of the *Garamants*, *Pentapolin with the naked Arm*; so call'd, because he always fights with his Arm bare. And what's the Quarrel between these two Potent Princes, quo *Sancho*? Why, quo *Don Quixote*, the reason is plain: For *Alifanfaron* is in Love with *Pentapolin's* Daughter, who, in my Opinion, is one of the most lovely Women i' the World, and a Christian. But *Alifanfaron* being a Pagan, her Father will not consent to the Marriage, unless her Sweet-heart will renounce *Mahomet*, and embrace the Christian Religion. May I never see *Toboso* again, quo *Sancho*, if I don't believe this *Pentapolin* to be a Man of Piety and Vertue; and I'll assist him to the utmost of my Power. That thou may'st Lawfully do, reply'd *Don Quixote*; for upon such occasions as these there is no such necessity to be a *Dubb'd Knight*. 'Slife, and is it so, quo *Sancho*? Then let me alone for one. But where shall I secure my Ais, that I may find him again when the Battel's over? For I ne'r heard of any Man that ever charg'd upon such a Beast as this. Let him e'ne go where he pleases, quo *Don Quixote*; for after the Victory's won, we shall have such choice of Horses, that even *Rosinante* himself is in great danger of being exchang'd for another.

Then mounting to the top of a Hillock, 'Look thee, *Sancho*, quo *Don Quixote*, from hence will I shew thee all the Chief Knights that Command these two vast Armies, that thou may'st be able to know 'em again, when thou seest 'em. He yonder i' the Gilded Arms, bearing in his Shield a Crown'd Lion Couchant at the feet of a young Lady, is the Valiant *Laurcalin*, the Knight of the Silver Bridge. He in the Armour tinsell'd with Flowers of Gold, bearing three Silver Crowns in a Field Azure, is the Fa-

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'mous *Micocolemo*, Grand Duke of *Quirocia*. That other, that marches upon his Right Hand, as big and as tall as a Giant, is the undaunted *Bran-dabarbaran*, of *Bolliche*, Lord of the three *Arabia's*; Arm'd with a Serpents Skin, and instead of a Shield, carrying a huge Gate, which is said to be one of those that belong'd to the Temple that *Sampson* pull'd down, when he reveng'd himself upon the *Philistines*, at the expence of his own Life.

'Now turn about, and at the Head of t'other Army see yonder the Invincible *Timonel* of *Carcaffon*, Prince of *New Biscay*, whose Armour is of several colours, as Azure, Vert, Or, and Argent; bearing in his Shield a Puss-Cat Or, in a Field Gules; with these four Letters *M. i. e. u.* which compose the first Sillable of his Mistress's Name, which Report avers to be the matchless *Miculina*, Daughter to Duke *Alpheniqueu*, of *Algarva*. That other Monstrous Load upon the back of yonder wild Horse, in white Armour, with a white Shield, without any Impress, is a French Knight, call'd *Peter Papin*, Lord of the Barony of *Utrich*. He that sits gal-ling his Courser's flanks with his heels like a Sea-man, is the Potent Duke of *Nervia*, otherwise call'd the Pinner of *Wakefield*; bearing in his Shield a Field sow'd with Asparagus, with this Motto, *Fortune rakes me*. And thus he went on, naming a hundred more in the same manner, in both Armies; And then proceeding; That vast Multitude which thou seest yonder, 'is compos'd of several Nations. There march they that drink the pleasant Streams of the Famous *Xanthus*. There the Mountaineers, that Till the fertile Fields of *Massilia*. Yonder, they that sift the fine Gold of the *Hap-py Arabia*. Yonder, they that inhabit the Renowned Banks of *Thermodon*. They that fish in the Golden streams of *Pactolus*; The Perfidious *Numidians*; The *Persians*, Famous Archers. The *Medes* and *Parthians*, most dangerous when they flye. The wandring *Arabs*, the Savage and Cruel *Scythians*, the *Ethiopians*, that bore their Lips and Nostrils; with a thousand other Nations, which I see, and of which I know the Countenances, tho I have forgot their Names. All these Nations, I say, compose that Army, rang'd under their peculiar Ensigns.

'On the other side are they that drink the Crystal streams of *Betis*, shaded with Olive-Trees. They that cleanse the wealthy Oar of *Tagus*. They that enjoy the enriching Current of the Divine *Genile*. They that mow the *Tartesian* Meadows. They that live so happily among the delightful Pastures of *Xeres*; the wealthy *Mancheguesians*, crown'd with Wheat-sheaves. The Ancient Off spring of the *Goths*, that delve for Iron. And they that quiver with *Appennine* Cold, and *Pyrenean* Snow. In a word, all that *Europe* contains within its vast extent.

Sancho was so astonish'd to hear such an Inundation of words, that he had not a word to say. All that he could do, was to stare with his Goggles, and to turn his Jobber-nose as his Master pointed with his finger, to see if he could discover the Knights and Giants which his Master shew'd him. But at length, not being able to discern the least sign, or so much as the Tail of a Horse, of all the long Muster-Roll that the Champion had fancy'd in his Imagination. Nouns, quo he, either I am blind, or the Devil has carry'd away all your Knights and Giants; for as I'm a sinner to Heav'n, the Devil a bit of Mortal Man can I see. I think the fellow's turn'd Fool, cry'd *Don Quixote*; why, dost not hear their Horses Neighie, the Trumpets found, and the Drums rattle? May I perish, quo *Sancho*, if I hear any thing but the bleating of a few Sheep. Then I ha' found it out, quo *Don Quixote*, for thy fears disturb thy Senses; thou neither seest with thy

thy Eyes, nor hear't with thy Ears. But 'tis no matter, I need not the Assistance of a Coward, I'll have the Honour of the Victory my self. And so saying, he couch'd his Lance, and putting Spurs to *Rosinante*, flew like Lightning into the Plain. *Sancho* bawl'd after him as loud as he could yaul; call'd Heav'n to witness, that they were only Sheep; then bann'd him to the bottomless Pit; Curs'd o' my Father that begat me, quo *Sancho*, that I should be so unfortunate to serve such a Mad-man as this! Sir,— Sir,— Master *Don Quixote*,— Be't out o' your Wits, Sir,— There are no *Giants*, no *Knights*, no *Asparagus* Gardens, no Shields either broke or whole; but only a few Sheep, which you are going to kill before you have Money to pay for them.— But *Don Quixote*, deaf to all his Squire's Imprecations, with a Voice louder then his Dwarf, crying out to himself, *Courage, courage*, brave *Knights*, that fight under the Standard of valiant *Pentapolin*, with the naked Arm; Follow but me, and we will soon be aveng'd of that Traitor *Alifanfaron* of *Taprobana*, and presently flung himself and his Horse among the poor Sheep with that Gallantry and Resolution, that he soon laid some of his mortal Enemies wallowing in their Blood.

The Shepherds seeing their Sheep go to rack in such a manner, at first call'd out to him, to know what he meant, and what harm the poor Sheep had done him; but finding fair means so little avail'd, they ply'd him with Stones as big as their Fists, out of their Slings; and that so nimbly, that one Stone never staid for another. But the Champion disdain'd that sort of Skirmishing at a Distance, n're minded the Stones, being altogether for meeting with *Alifanfaron*, crying out, Where art a', Traitor, *Alifanfaron*? Appear to him that here expects thee hand to hand, to try the mettle of thy keen *Kilzadog*, and to chastize thee for making War unjustly upon the valiant *Pentapolin*. At length among such a Showre of Stones as flew about the Champion's Ears, there was one that lit upon his Ribs, and forc'd its way through two of the shortest. *Don Quixote* thought himself slain, or at least, dangerously wounded; but then calling to mind his Balsom, and pulling out his Tin-pot, he began to set the precious Liquor to his Mouth. At what time, before he could finish his Draught, another Stone, of a sudden, struck the Pot out of his Hand, carry'd away three or four of his Teeth, and maim'd almost all his Fingers. These two Blows were so violent, that the poor *Knight* falling from his Horse, lay stretch'd out upon the Ground as quiet as a Lamb. So that the Shepherds believing him slain, took up their dead Sheep, to the number of six or seven, besides what were wounded; and rallying their disorder'd Flocks, made what haste they could out of the way.

Whilst the Combat lasted, *Sancho* stood upon the Hill, Cursing and Swearing and tearing his Beard for Madness; but when the Shepherds were gone, down he came to behold the Ruines of his Lord; for only such he thought 'em to be, when he saw in what a Posture he lay. However, finding that he had some Sense remaining; Ah, Master, Master! quo he, did I not beg you to return? Did I not tell ye, 'twas only a Flock of Sheep, and no Army? *Sancho*, reply'd *Don Quixote*, th'art a Cuckow-brains; *Negromancers* can change the Shapes of Men and Beasts as they please themselves: and thus that Thief of a *Negromancer*, who is my mortal Enemy, to deprive me of the Honour of that Victory which I had i' my Hands, immediately turn'd the whole Squadron of the Enemy into Sheep. And now to convince thee, that this is a Truth, do but take thy As, at my Request, and follow those pretended Shepherds at a Distance; I'll pawn my Knighthood, that before thou hast rid a Mile, thou shalt see 'em all chang'd

chang'd into Men again, such as I describ'd 'em to be. But before thou go'st, come hither and see how many Teeth I want; for I feel my Gums, as if I had not one left i' my Mouth. Ill luck again for poor *Sancho*; for as he was gaping to tell his Master's Grinders, with his Nose almost in his Chaps, the Balsom began to work; so that with the same Swiftness that the Powder flies out of a Pistol, the Physick discharg'd it self all upon the Beard, Face, and Eyes of the charitable Squire. By the Bowels of St. *Francis*, quo *Sancho*, my Master is a dead Man, for he vomits nothing but clear Blood, tho the Colour, Smell, and Taste, soon undeceiv'd him; for the two latter turning the Squires queasie Stomach, caus'd such a sudden Rumbling in his Guizard, that before he could turn his Head, he unladed the whole Cargo of his Entrails upon his Master's Nose, so that you would have sworn there was not a Secret in both their Hearts, which they had not open'd one to another. In this nasty Pickle *Sancho* ran for a Towel to wipe himself, and his Master; but missing his Wallet, he was ready to run quite out of his Wits. He bestow'd a thousand Maledictions more upon himself, and was sometimes resolving with himself to let his Master go to the Devil, and return home, tho he lost all the Recompence of his Service, and the Government of twenty Islands.

It was high time then for *Don Quixote* to get up, which with much ado he did; and then clapping his left Hand before his Mouth, to keep the rest of his loose Teeth from dropping out, with his right he led *Rosinante* by the Bridle (the faithful and good-natur'd *Rosinante*, that had not stirr'd an Inch from the Place where his Master fell) and in that Posture he crept along to his Friend *Sancho*, whom he found lolling upon his As, with his Face in the hollow of both Hands, like a Man bury'd in profound Sorrow. *Don Quixote* perceiving him in that Condition; Friend *Sancho*, said he, 'one man is no more then another, if he do no more then what another does. These Disasters are but Arguments of our better Success. Calms always follow Storms, and fair Weather, foul. Good and bad Fortune have their Vicissitudes. Besides, 'tis a Maxim, That nothing violent can last long. And therefore never grieve at these Misfortunes, of which I have still the greatest Share. How can that be, quo *Sancho*? Was not he that was to's'd in a Blanket yesterday, the Son of my Father? And was not the Wallet which I have lost, with all that was in it, his Loss? How! quo *Don Quixote*, Hast lost the Wallet? I know not whether it be lost, reply'd *Sancho*, but I cannot find it, where I us'd to hang it. Why, then I find we must fast to day, quo *Don Quixote*. 'Tis surely so, reply'd *Sancho*, unless you can meet with such Herbs, as are wont to supply the Necessities of such unfortunate *Knights*, as your self. For all that, quo *Don Quixote*, at this time, I had rather have a good Luncheon of Bread and two Pilchards Heads, then all the Sallads in *Gerrhard's* Herbal. And therefore bespide thy As, and follow me once more. God's Providence, that provides for the Flies i' the Air, and the Worms i' the Earth, will also provide for us; especially if we continue to serve him, as we do in this laborious Profession. Sir, quo *Sancho*, interrupting him, I believe you would make a better Preacher, then a *Knight-Errant*, God pardon me for saying so. *Knight-Errants*, reply'd *Don Quixote*, ought to know all things; and there have been such in former Ages, that were wont to preach at the Head of an Army, as if they had tak'n their Degrees at *Salamanca*, according to the Proverb, *Tam Marti, quam Mercurio*. In good Faith, Sir, quo *Sancho*, it shall be even as you please, for me: In the meantime, good now, let us remove from hence, and seek out a Lodging; but let it be such a one, for the

the Lord's-fake, where there are no Blankets, nor Blanket-heavers; no Apparitions, nor enchanted *Moors*. For if I meet with any more of your *Hob-thrashes*, old *Satan* himself be your Squire, for *Sancho*. Rather pray to God to direct us, *Sancho*, cry'd *Don Quixote*, and so for once go thine own way; for I leave it wholly to thy Discretion to provide us a Lodging. But first feel here how many Teeth I have i' my upper Jaw, o' the right side; for there I find my Pain lies most. Thereupon *Sancho* feeling with his Finger both above and below; Pray, Sir, quo he, how many Teeth should ye have i' this place? Four found entire Teeth, quo *Don Quixote*, besides the Eye-tooth. Take heed what you say, quo *Sancho*. I say four, reply'd *Don Quixote*, if there be't five. How strangely you mistake, now, reply'd *Sancho*; you have just two and a Stump i' the neither Jaw; but for your upper Jaw, 'tis all as smooth as a Child's Coral. How! said *Don Quixote*, I had rather ha' lost an Arm, provided it were not my Sword-arm; for a Mouth without Teeth, is like a Mill without a Mill-stone; every Tooth in a Man's Head, is worth a Diamond. But we that profess the strict Laws of Chivalry, are subject to these Disasters; and therefore since it can't be help'd, go thine own pace, and I'll follow thee. Thereupon *Sancho* led the way, still keeping the High-road, as most like to bring him soonest to a Lodging. Now you must know, they rode very softly, for *Don Quixote's* Gums would not suffer him to trot; and therefore *Sancho*, compassionating his Master's Condition, resolv'd to divertise him with some of the merriest Conceits he had in his Budget, as you shall hear i' the next Chapter.

CHAP. V.

Of the pleasant Discourse between Don Quixote and his Squire; and of the Adventure of the dead Corps.

GOD forgive me for thinking so, said *Sancho*, but it will not out of my Head, but that all our late Disasters are the just Judgments of Heav'n upon us, for your transgressing the known Laws of your Order, and violating the Oath which you made, not to eat at a Table, nor lie in an Inn, till you had won *What-d'-ye-call-him's* Armour, for I have forgot the Name of the *Moor*. Very well remember'd, quo *Don Quixote*, 'twas quite and clean slid out of my Memory; and I believe too, that thou wert tofs'd in a Blanket, because thou didst not put me in mind of it. But I can soon make amends for my Omission; for *Knight-Errantry* is a Profession very ready to smother Iniquity. Why, did I ever swear to mind you of your Vow, reply'd *Sancho*—? Whether thou swor'st, or no, answer'd *Don Quixote*, that's not the Business, thou art accessary however, both before and after. Then take notice, that I now fore-warn ye, said *Sancho*, not to forget your Amendment, as you did your Oath, lest *Robin Good-fellow* plague us again, for being incorrigible.

In the midst of this Discourse, Night surpriz'd 'em, not knowing where to shelter themselves. And, which was worse, they were ready to eat one another for Hunger, having lost the Wallet, where was all their Provant. But to relieve 'em in this Extremity, there happen'd an Adventure, which I shall faithfully relate, without Addition or Diminution of the Matter of Fact; which was thus.

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'Twas now pitch-dark Night; however, they travell'd on, *Sancho* believing that since they were in such a beaten Road, it could not be long before they met with an Inn, or a Farrier's Hovel where they sold Drink. With these Hopes jogging on, the Squire half starv'd, the *Knight* no less desirous to eat, they saw at a distance a great number of Lights, that appear'd like so many *Wisp-Williams*. At which sudden Apparition *Sancho* was ready to swoon; and they say, the *Knight* himself began to smell very strong. Thereupon they made a stop, and observ'd that the Lights advanc'd toward 'em, and the nearer they came, the bigger they seem'd: Which redoubl'd their Fears; *Sancho* let fly, and *Don Quixote's* Hair stood an end: but at last recovering his wonted Courage; 'Friend *Sancho*, said he, this 'certainly must be some prodigious Adventure, that will require the whole 'stock of my Strength and Courage. Grant, kind Heav'n, quo *Sancho*, that it be not another Adventure of *Goblins*; for if it be, where the Devil shall we find Ribs to endure it? Come all the *Goblins* in Hell, quo *Don Quixote*, they shall not touch a Hair o' thy Head. For tho I could not get over the Wall; we are now i' the op'n Field, where I shall have liberty to make use of my Sword. Alas! quo *Sancho*, what signifies the op'n Field, should they inchant ye as they did before? Puh!—quo *Don Quixote*, do but look on, and thou shalt see what I'll do. So I intend, God willing, quo *Sancho*, for if I stir a foot, I'll gi'e my Ears. By and by they discover'd a great number of Men all in White. Nay then, quo *Sancho*, quiv'ring and quaking, mercy o' my Soul; What-a-Devil! quo he, no less than twenty Giants in their Shirts, with every one a Torch in his Hand, and murmuring from their Lips the sorrowful Complaints of Grief and Discontent. After them follow'd a Litter, attended by six Horse-men in Mourning down to their Horses Heels. Which doleful Spectacle at such a time of Night, and in the midst of a Desert, as they thought themselves, was enough to have shipwreckt the Courage of a stouter Squire than *Sancho*. But fearless *Don Quixote*, full of his Fegaries, fancy'd there must be in the Litter the Body of some Knight either slain or wounded, the Revenge of whose Misfortunes was only reserv'd for him. And so couching his Lance, he posted himself just in the middle of the Road, where the Company were to pass. So soon as they drew near, 'Stand, quo he, whoever ye be, and 'tell me in short, who ye are, whence ye came, whither ye go, and what 'ye carry i' that Litter? For you seem to be such as either have done, or 'receiv'd a great deal of Mischief; and I must have an Account either to 'punish the Offenders, or relieve the Distressed. Sir, reply'd one of the Horse men, we are in haste, the Inn is a great way off, and we cannot stay to tell ye the Particulars; and so spurring his Mule, he press'd forward. But *Don Quixote*, dissatisfy'd with the Answer, laid hold of the Reins of his Bridle, and with a stern Voice, Sir, said he, are you weary of your Life? either give me a better Account, or I defy thee to mortal Combat. But so it happen'd, that the Mule being skittish and frightful, fell a cap'ring and rearing at such a rate, that she threw her Rider to the Ground. Upon which, one of the Foot-boys calling him a thousand Rogues and Sons o' Whores, put him into such a Chafe, that he flew like a Dragon upon another of the Persons in Mourning, and threw him to the Ground with a Prowess altogether extraordinary; then spurr'd away to a second, and so to a Third, with that Vigour and Activity, that you would have sworn *Rosinante* had been *Pegasus* himself at that time.

It was not for Men of Peace, that were never accusom'd to bear Arms, to withstand such a rapid Fury as this; so that the People in White, fled

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immediately some one way, some another, crossing the Fields with their lighted Torches, that you would have tak'n 'em for Masqueraders upon a Bone-fire Night. As for the Mourners, they were so muffled up i' their sable Weeds, that not being able to defend themselves, they were forc'd to receive his Bastinado's, without being able to repay him for his Kindness: So that the Renowned Champion in a short time got a complete, easie, and cheap Victory; the Mourners and Assistants believing the Devil was come to fetch away the dead Body, before they could bury it.

All this while *Sancho* admir'd the daring Valour of his Heroick Master, and now concluded him what he had always boasted himself to be.

And now the Combat being over, *Don Quixote* perceiving by the Light of a Torch, that lay burning in the High-way, the poor Man who was thrown by his Mule, he rode up to him, and setting his Lance to his Throat, commanded him to yield, and beg his Life. For yielding, quo the other, I think I'm safe enough already; for I think I have brok'n one of my Legs. And I beseech ye, Sir, if y' are a Christian, not to kill me, for you know 'tis a piece of Sacrilege to kill a Person in Holy Orders. If y' are in Orders, quo *Don Quixote*, What a-pox brought ye hither? Bad Fortune, Sir, quo the Curate, as you may plainly see. And worse it may be yet, quo *Don Quixote*, unless you answer me directly to my Questions. In short, Sir, then quo the Curate, we were all a Company of Priests, and some few Gentlemen, and some few Friends of the deceas'd Gentleman that lies in that Litter, going to lay his Bones in *Segovia*, the Place of his Nativity. Well,—but who kill'd him, quo *Don Quixote*? Death, Sir, quo the Curate, by the means of a pestilential Feaver. If it be so, reply'd *Don Quixote*, I am discharg'd of revenging his Death, if any other Person had slain him; but if God-a-mighty has done it, there's no more to be said; for had he done as much to me, I could not have help'd it. And now know, Mr. Curate, that I am that Renowned Knight, *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, whose Profession it is to visit all Parts of the World, for the Relief of the Afflicted, and Punishment of Oppressors. I wish, Sir, quo the Curate, I could have had the Honour to have confirm'd your Titles, which now I cannot well do with a safe Conscience, as being beholding to your Charity for nothing but a brok'n Leg: So that I may say, The *Prowler* about for Adventures to do others good, has done me the greatest Injury i' the World. Why truly, Mr. Curate, quo *Don Quixote*, this World is full of Crosses, and Mischances, and therefore all that I can say to ye, is this; That you must have a care next time how ye play the Fool i' the Night-time with your Torches, and your white Surplices, like Mummings, or rather Hobgoblins, that went about to fright People out o' their Wits. For I am not to endure such Fooleries as these, to the scaring of Nurses and Children, and creating of Stories and Fables, of which there are too many i' the World already.

The Curate durst not contradict him, only desir'd his Assistance, as a Knight Errant, and a Reliever of the Oppressed; for that his Mule lay so heavy upon him, that he could not get his Foot out of the Stirrup. Why did ye not tell me your Grievance sooner, quo *Don Quixote*? Did ye take me for a Conjurer? With that, he call'd *Sancho*, who made no great haste, for he was as busie as one of *St. Nicholas's Clarks*, rifling a Wallet, and would not stir till he had fill'd one of the Priests *Cassocks*, which he ty'd up like a Sack, and laid upon his Ass. And that being secur'd, away he ran to his Master; to whom, 'Fore George, Sir, quo he, *I can't be at the Oven and the Mill too, both at the same time.* But *Don Quixote* taking no notice of his Drollery, bid him go help the Curate, which he did; and after he had set

set him upon his Mule, and given him his Taper again, *Don Sancho* bid him follow his Company; and to excuse him for his Mistake, tho as they appear'd, it was not in his power to do otherwise. And, Sir, quo *Sancho*, if the Gentlemen ask who 'twas that so well thrum'd their Jackets, tell 'em, 'twas the famous *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, otherwise the Knight of the Ill-favour'd Face.

When the Curate was gone, *Don Quixote* ask'd *Sancho* wherefore he call'd him the Knight of the Ill-favour'd Face? Because, said *Sancho*, I ha' been staring upon it this good while, by the Light of the Priest's Torch, and i' my Conscience I never beheld such a Swine's Countenance i' my life. The Cause of which, I take to be either your extream Weariness, or the Loss of your Teeth. No, *Sancho*, reply'd *Don Quixote*, thou art quite beside the Cushion; 'tis because my Historiographer thinks it convenient that I should have a Sir-name, as well as other ancient Knights. For one was call'd *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, another of the *Unicorn*, a third of the *Phoenix*; whose Employment it was to combat the whole Element of Fire. Another, of the *Danzels*; another, of the *Gryphon*; and another, the *Knight of Death*. By which Additions they were known all over the World. 'Twas this same learned Scholar therefore that inspir'd thy Noddle with this witty Conceit; for I'm sure thou hadst not Brains enough of thy self to find it out. And therefore I intend to be call'd by this Name, and to have some strange Device painted i' my Shield, answerable to it. In good faith, reply'd *Sancho*, you may spare that Expence; 'tis but only shewing your own *Death's Head*. For the Grave's i' your Cheeks, your hollow Eyes, and your *Winter John-apple* Skin, have so strangely transfigur'd your Countenance, that I'll forfeit my Stomack, if any Painter of *Saracens Heads* i' the Kingdom can draw a Face so ugly as yours. This made his Worship smile; for the Knight was such a *Nick-a-poop*, that he could not chuse but to laugh, to hear himself so wittily abus'd by his Squire. However, a new Qualm coming over his Conscience, *Sancho*, said he, what shall I do? I have laid violent Hands upon a *Cherry-man*, and I am afraid of being Excommunicated; according to that same Decree i' the Spiritual Court, *If any one, through the Temptation of the Devil, &c.* Yet now I think on't, I never touch'd him with my Hands, but only with my Lance. Besides, I do not believe they were Priests, or Men that any way belong'd to the Church, but meer Hobgoblins and Ghosts. That's no Bread and Butter o' mine, reply'd *Sancho*, I'm sure I struck no body, nor no body struck me, which makes me believe they were Priests, and not Ghosts nor Apparitions. Well—quo *Don Quixote*, let the worst come to the worst, I remember what befell the valiant *Cid-Ruy-Dias*, who hackt in pieces the Embassador's Chaire, in the Presence of the Pope; for which he was Excommunicated; and thrust into *Hell-Counter*; but upon the paying of fourteen Shillings and a Groat, he was presently releas'd again. For in the Spiritual Court there is Law against Spirits as well as other People.

This said, *Don Quixote* would have examin'd the Bier, to have seen whether the Corps in the Litter were only dead Bones, or dead pieces of Eight. But *Sancho* would not suffer him; for, said he, Sir, you have accomplish'd this Adventure without so much as a cut Finger; but should these Fellows consider how they had been baffl'd by one single Person, and return in a rally'd Body to revenge themselves, who knows but that you may lose a whole Hand; and therefore our safest way will be to get out of this place, as fast as we can: and so saying, he put on a Dog-trot with his Ass; nor

was it long before *Don Quixote*, finding, after a short Meditation, that *Sancho* spake Reason, gallop'd after him.

Now, after they had rid some three or four Miles, 'twas broad day; and the light of the Sun directing 'em to a Valley, that lay skulking between two Hills, fit for their purpose; there they alighted: There *Sancho*, opening his Cassock, found that your Men in Orders were not the worst Stewards for their bellies. And therefore spreading the Cassock upon the green Grass, they fell on, and eat their Break-fast, Dinner, Afternoon's Luncheon, and Supper, all at one time. *Sancho* took the Crust, and his Master took the Crum: *Sancho* dispatch'd what was hard and tough, and his Master what was delicate and tender: And, as stollen Goods, no doubt but they would have gone down much the sweeter, had they not wanted Drink; but Drink they wanted to that degree, that ne'r was *Barnaby* ever dryer in a Morning. For *Sancho* had forgot to plunder the Bottles as well as the Victuals; nor would the Valley afford a drop of Water that they could find. However, considering they were in a place where the Grass was fresh and green, *Sancho* gave his Master that Advice, which seem'd Rational, tho it did not answer their Expectations, as we shall find i' the next Chapter.

CHAP. VI.

Of the most wonderful Adventure that ever happen'd to Knight-Errant, which Don Quixote accomplish'd without any danger.

Sancho, ready to choak for Thirst, as we said before, and summoning his Wits together for relief; quo he to his Master, This Grass looks so fresh and green, that of necessity there must be some Spring or Rivulet that waters these Grounds: And therefore my Opinion is, that if we do but make diligent search, we shall find some Liquor or other to appease this intolerable Drowth, which Plagues us more than our Hunger did before. Thereupon *Don Quixote*, leading *Rosinante* by the Bridle, and *Sancho* his Ass by the Halter, they went feeling about for a Well, or a Fountain, or any thing that had Water in it (for tho I said before 'twas broad day, I must eat my words, it being as yet so dark, they could not see their Hands;) and therefore I say they felt their way, because they could not see it. Now, they had not gone above two hundred Paces before they heard a noise that rejoyc'd the Cockles of their Hearts, as being the noise of a great fall of Waters. But going a little farther, they heard another noise no less terrible, of redoubl'd Blows and Bastinado's, with the rattling of Chains and Fetters, which together with the roaring of the Waters made such a dismal Din i' the dark, that had *Sancho's* Break-fast been Concocted, he had not kept it long in his Belly. Neither could *Don Quixote* himself tell what to think on't: He had not one Maggot in all his Readings that could compare with it. Besides that, Fortune at the same time brought 'em under a great Tuft of Trees, where the rustling of the Leaves, and the whistling of the Wind augmented their Dismay; especially not knowing where they were.

But then it was that the undaunted *Don Quixote*, mounting his *Rosinante*, and shouldering his Target, 'Know, *Sancho*, said he, that I was born in this Iron Age, to restore the Age of Gold. 'Tis for me that Heaven has re-

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'serv'd the most Famous Achievements, and the accomplishment of these 'Tragical Adventures. 'Tis I that must deface the Remembrance of the 'Knights of the Round Table, the Twelve Peers of France, the Nine Worthies, of the Olivants, Belianis's, and Knights of the Sun, and of all the Knight-Errants of former Ages, by eclipsing the Renown of all their most Glorious Actions. What an assemblage of Terrors is here? Darkness, rattling of Chains, redoubl'd Stripes, rustling of Leaves, and the noise of Cataracts, that seem to fall from the Mountains of the Moon, of which the least were enough to make *Mars* himself creep into an Auger-hole. Nevertheless these are but Incentives of my Courage, and I feel my Heart leap i' my Belly, when I go to encounter the most dreadful dangers i' the World; like a Spaniel when he sees his Master take down his Fowling-Piece. And therefore take up my Girts three holes higher, and tarry here under Heav'n's Protection; and if I do not return in four days, get thee home, and tell the Matchless *Dulcinea*, that her *Champion*, and the Slave of her Beauty, fell a Sacrifice to Renown and endless Immortality for her sake. When *Sancho* heard these words, he fell a weeping like a Woman at her Husband's Funeral; and whining out his Grief, Sir, said he, I do not understand why you should undertake this desperate Adventure. 'Tis dark, and no body sees us; we may very well sneak away, and avoid the danger, tho we should not drink these three days. I have often heard our Curate repeat an Old Proverb, *Harm watch, Harm catch*. And therefore forbear, Sir, to tempt God, by undertaking an Adventure which you cannot accomplish without a Miracle. Is it not sufficient that Heaven preserv'd ye from being tosd in a Blanket, and gave you such a Remarkable Victory over the Goblins that attended the dead Corps? But if this will not prevail, consider when you have left me, in what a condition I shall be; ready to surrender my Soul to the first that asks me. I have forsak'n Home, Wife, and Children, to follow you, in hopes to get, and not to lose; but, as *Covetousness is the Root of all Evil*, so all my Expectations vanish, while I lye gaping after Islands and Castles i' the Air. Dear Master, for the love of God, be not so Cruel. Or if you are resolv'd to undertake this damn'd Adventure, stay till you can see: 'Tis but three hours to Morning; for according to my little Skill, the Muzzle of the Lesser Bear is just over our Heads. Yee silly Hog, quo *Don Quixote*, how canst thou see the Muzzle of the Bear, when there is not a Star to be seen in the Sky? That's very true, reply'd *Sancho*; but Fear is sharp-sighted, and sees farther into a Mill stone than other People.

Let Day come, or never come, 'tis all one to me, cry'd *Don Quixote*; t' shall never be said, that the tears of a sniveling Cow-baby kept me from doing the Duty of a Knight. And therefore thy business is only to Girt *Rosinante*, and tarry here for me; no question, but in a short time I shall return either dead or alive.

Sancho finding his Master so positively bent; and that neither Tears, nor good Advice could divert him from his determinations, resolv'd to try a trick of Policy, tho it were but to keep him till Morning in spite of his teeth; and to that purpose, instead of girting *Rosinante*, he ty'd the Horses two hinder Leggs to his Asses Halter; so that when *Don Quixote* spur'd him forward, the Spittle did nothing but fall a rearing before. Which *Sancho* observing, Look ye, Sir, said he, the Heavens are o' my side, and will not suffer *Rosinante* to move; and therefore all your spurring the poor Creature is but like striving against the stream, and for ought I know, may put Fortune out of Humour. *Don Quixote* rag'd like a Mad-man at first; but find-

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ing that the more he gall'd his sides, the more *Rosinante* bound'd and caper'd, he resolv'd to tarry till 'twas light. Well—quo he, since it so pleases *Rosinante*, I must tarry till Morning, tho it were upon Life and Death. What matter is it, reply'd *Sancho*? He undertake to find ye Stories anow, if your Worship will but be pleas'd to alight, and take a Napp upon the green-Grass, after the Custom of Knight-Errants. Alight and sleep! quo *Don Quixote*: Am I one of those that want to sleep, when they are to fight? Sleep thou, that wert born to sleep, or do what thou wilt; I know what I have to do my self.

Be not so hasty, Sir, reply'd *Sancho*. I spoke it only in jest: And having so said, laying one hand upon the Pommel, and the other upon the Crupper of the Saddle, he stood embracing his Master's knees, not daring to budge an inch for fear of the stripes that sounded continually in his Ears.

And now his Master's Passion being allay'd; Come, said he, *Sancho*, tell us a Tale to pass away the time till Morning. Troth, Sir, quo *Sancho*, and may I perish if I lye, I am afraid at my very Heart; and I ha' no more mind to tell Tales, then to hang my self. But I'll try what I can do to please your Worship, and thus I begin.

There was—hold—I am sure 'tis one of the best Stories in the World, if my Fears will let me tell it—In former times, when it was as it was—*Good betide us all, and Harm be to them that seek it*—And here, Sir, you must take notice by the by, that the Ancients did not begin their Stories, as we do now, but with a Proverb of a certain wise Man, whom they call'd *Caro*; who said, That *Evil was for him, that Evil thought*; which is as pat to your purpose, as a Pudding for a Friar's Mouth; by which you are advis'd not to wake a sleeping Lion, and that we ought to take another Road, since no body forces us to keep this, where all the Devils in Hell seem to tarry for us. Prethee go on with thy Story, cry'd *Don Quixote*, and for the Road, leave that to my Discretion.

I say then, quo *Sancho*, that in a certain part of *Estremadura*, there liv'd a certain Shepherd, or rather, *Goat-herd*, in regard he kept Goats: Which Shepherd, or rather *Goat-herd*, as the Story goes, was call'd *Lopez Ruyz*; and this Shepherd *Lopez Ruyz* was in love with a fair Shepherdess, whose Name was *La Toralva*; which Shepherdess, whose Name was *La Toralva*, was the Daughter of a certain wealthy Shepherd; which wealthy Shepherd had a great number of Sheep—It thou tell'st thy Tale, quo *Don Quixote*, interrupting him, and mak'st so many Repetitions of the same thing, thou' not ha' done this Fortnight: Prethee tell thy Story like a Man o' Sense, or let it alone. Why, reply'd *Sancho*, they always tell their Stories o' this Fashion in our Countrey; nor do I know how to tell it otherwise, neither am I willing to introduce new Customs. Prethee then tell it how thou wilt, reply'd *Don Quixote*. Know then, my dear Master, continu'd *Sancho*, that this Shepherd was inamour'd of the Shepherdess *Toralva*, who was a young Girl, well truss'd, wild and froppish, and partaking somewhat of the Masculine Gender, having a kind of a Beard upon her upper Lip; for me thinks I see her now as perfectly, as if she were here before me. Why then it seems thou knew'st her, quo *Don Quixote*. Not so neither, but he that told me the Story, affirm'd it for so great a Truth, that he assur'd me, when I told it again, I might safely swear I had seen her—Well—Sir, but you know Days go and come; and so it happen'd, that after several Days coming and going, the Devil, who never sleeps, but will have a Finger in every Pie, so brought it about, that the

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Shepherd fell out with his Sweet-heart, insomuch that he chang'd his Love into mortal Hatred: And the Reason of it was, by the Relation of certain scandalous Tale-bearers, that bare no good Will to either Party, because the Shepherd thought the Shepherdess no better then she should be; or as we say, that is, he was one, that if ye give her an Inch, would take an Ell. Thereupon the Shepherd being immeasurably griev'd and discontented, resolv'd to abandon his Shepherdess for ever; and that he might by his Absence quite extirpate her out of his Memory, he farther determin'd to go into another Countrey, where his Eyes might never see her more. On the other side, *Toralva* finding her self forsak'n by the Shepherd, began to love the Person, which before she had with so much Cruelty despis'd, and that with a more then ordinary Passion.

That's the Nature of Women, quo *Don Quixote*, interrupting him, to scorn those that love 'em, and to love those that contemn 'em. Proceed, *Sancho*—With these Resolutions then, quo *Sancho*, the Shepherd driving his Goats before him, directed his Course toward the Kingdom of *Portugal*. *Toralva* having a long Nose, smelt his Design, and follow'd him bare-foot and bare-legg'd, with her Shoes in one Hand, a Pilgrim's Staff in the other, and a little Waller at her Back, wherein she carry'd a piece of a Looking glass, half a Comb, a Box of Paint, and some other Bawbles to prank up her self. But let her carry what she pleas'd, that's nothing to me. This is certain, that at length the Shepherd *Lopez Ruyz* arriv'd at the Banks of the River *Guadiana*, when the Waters were up so high that there was no passing: which was so much the greater Vexation to him, because he perceiv'd *Toralva* at his Heels, and fear'd to be plagu'd with her Tears and Lamentations. At length he descri'd a Fisher-man in a little Boat, but so little, that it would carry no more then one Man, and one Goat at a time. But Necessity has no Law, and therefore he was forc'd to give the Fisher-man his own Rates to carry him, and his three hundred Goats over the River. The Bargain being struck, the Fisher-man came with his Boat, and carry'd over one Goat, there was one; then he came again, and fetch'd another, there was two; then he return'd and fetch'd another, there was three. And now, Sir, quo *Sancho* to his Master, be sure you keep a just Accompt how many Goats the Fisher-man carrys over; for unless you are very exact in your Tale, my Tale will be at an end, and the Devil a word can I say more. Now the landing place on the other side of the River was very slippery and muddy, which was the Reason that the Fisher-man was a long time before he could go and come. But for all that, he first carry'd over one Goat, then another, and then another.

Prethee, *Sancho*, cry'd *Don Quixote*, why canst thou not say in few words, the Fisher-man carry'd 'em all over, and so go on with thy Story?

Pray Sir, let me alone, quo *Sancho*, how many has the Fisher-man carry'd over already? Nay, who the Devil knows, quo *Don Quixote*, dost think I took an Accompt? Why there's the Mischief on't, your Negligence has put an end to my Story, and now you may go hang your self for the rest. Hey-day, quo *Don Quixote*, is it so essential to the Story, that you can't go on, if one of the Goats be missing? 'Tis very true, reply'd *Sancho*, for between my Answer and your Question, the Story slipt quite and clean out of my Memory; and by my Faith 'twas a thousand Pities, for 'twas an incomparable one, if I have any Skill. Why, and must the Story end here then, quo *Don Quixote*? No more to be fetch'd to life again, then my Mother, quo *Sancho*. By my troth, quo *Don Quixote*, a most learned Story, and as learnedly told. However, 'twas no more then I expected from such a

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Block-head as thou art. But why do I fret my self about thy Follies? Let's see whether *Rosinante* be in humour, or no; that's more to our purpose. With that he gave *Rosinante* two Spurs, and the high mett'd Jade answer'd with one Bound, and no more, having his Hind-legs still shack'd to *Sancho's* As.

At the same time, whether it were the Coolness of the Night, or that *Sancho* had eat'n any laxative Food at Supper, or whether it were the Indulgence of Nature, always kind to *Sancho*; a Necessity encroach'd upon him of doing that which no body could do for him; but such were his Fears, that he durst not stir a Straw's breadth from his Master. In this miserable Exigency he took his right Hand from the Crupper of the Saddle, and untying his Codpiece-point, let fall his Breeches, and expos'd his broad Buttocks to the Air; but the main business was how to do his Business gently without making a Noise; to which purpose he try'd the various Ways of clutching his Teeth close, shrinking up his Shoulders, and holding his Breath. But alas! the Air that could not find passage one way, finding the other op'n, burst forth with a Thunder-clap, quire different from all the Noises they had yet heard. Hark, quo *Don Quixote*, what more Noises yet? Some new Adventure Ile warrant ye, cry'd *Don Quixote*, for the Devil has always five Acts to his Play. With that, *Sancho* try'd t'other Strain, which succeeded so well, that without the least rumbling or grumbling at all, he discharg'd his whole Cargo, to the Ease both of Mind and Body.

'Tis true, *Don Quixote's* Hearing was better then his Smelling; beside that, *Sancho* stood between him and Danger. Nevertheless, certain Fumes that ascended perpendicularly, fail'd not to inform him of *Sancho's* Unmannerlinefs. No sooner were his Nostrils fill'd, but holding his Nose with his Finger, as his Parents had taught him before; *Sancho*, said he, most assuredly thou art in great bodily Fears. 'Tis very true, reply'd *Sancho*; but pray, Sir, whence is this Discovery more now, then all this while? Because, quo *Don Quixote*, thou didst not smell so strong, as now thou dost. You may thank your self for it, quo *Sancho*, for 'tis my Attendance upon your Worship that disorders my Body, and causes me to catch Cold. Prethee, *Sancho*, quo *Don Quixote*, keep a little farther off, three or four Yards at least; and for the future take more care, and know your distance; for I find my too much Liberty has bred Contempt. I warrant, quo *Sancho*, your Worship believes I ha' done something, which I ought not to ha' done. I care not what y' have done, reply'd *Don Quixote*, but I bid thee once more keep at a distance.

This Discourse was none of the cleanliest, you'll say, however it serv'd i' the Dark, nor did it longer continue; for *Sancho* perceiving the approach of Dawn, presently unt'y'd *Rosinante*, who finding himself at liberty, paw'd the Ground with his fore Feet, which *Don Quixote* took for a good Omen.

And now the bright *Aurora* displaying her purple Mantle o're the Face of the Sky, *Don Quixote* found himself in a Chest-nut Grove, not able as yet however, to guess the meaning of that wicked Noise that still perplex'd his Ears. And therefore being fully determin'd to find it out, he took a second last leave of his dear *Sancho*, with the same Orders as before, as well in Reference to himself, as the matchless *Dulcinea*; adding withal, that he should not trouble himself about the Recompence of his Services, for that, before he left home, he had made his Will, where he should find himself proportionably consider'd with the rest of his Relations; but if he succeed-

ed in his Adventure, that then he should not need to take any farther care for Happiness i' this World.

Sancho could not refrain blubbering to hear the tender Expressions of his Master, and at length melting into a shower of Tears, he swore to accompany him in the Enterprize, tho he were sure never to return. From which laudable Resolution of his the *Historian* gathers, That the Squire was something of a Gentleman born, or at least an old Christian: And he wrought wonderfully upon *Don Quixote's* good Nature, tho he durst not shew it at a time, when it behov'd him to banish all Thoughts of Tenderness and Effeminacy. For now he rode directly where the Noise of the terrible Thumps and Blows led him, while *Sancho* follow'd close at his Heels, leading by the Halter the faithful Companion of his bad and good Fortune.

In this posture they kept on for some time, under a delightful Coverture of Chest-nut Trees; till at length they came into a Meadow joining to certain Rocks, from the top of which there was a great fall of Waters, that made out one part of the Discovery. At the foot of those Rocks they discover'd certain old Cottages, or rather, the Ruines of Cottages; and thence it was, that those frightful Sounds of *Thump, Thump, Thump, Thump*, were first observ'd to break the Air. A Noise so terrible, that it frighted both Man and Beast. For *Rosinante*, patient *Rosinante* himself, could not bear it, but began to snort and prick up his Ears, till *Don Quixote* hearten'd him on by clapping him o' the Neck, and giving him good Words; So, so—So, so—*Rosinante*—So, so—; and having by that means pacify'd the best natur'd Horse i' the World, by degrees he drew nearer and nearer to the Cause of their Terror, recommending himself all the way to his matchless *Dulcinea*; and imploring her Protection in this perillous Adventure, with now and then a short *Lord ha' mercy upon me*, by the bye. When of a sudden coming to double the Point of a Rock, he discover'd the fatal Original of all his own Anxieties, and *Sancho's* Tribulation that Night; for behold, six huge Fulling-mill Hammers, interchangeably thumping the poor Cloth, that it was a lamentable Sight to see.

Don Quixote at the first sight of such an unexpected Spectacle, sat like a meer Statue, ready to drop from his Horse. *Sancho* likewise beheld him hanging his Head lik a Daffa-down-dilly, and drooping like a Man o'rewhelm'd with Grief and Despair. On the other side *Don Quixote* lookt upon *Sancho*, and observing in his Blubber Cheeks, a vehement Inclination to laughter, he could not forbear smiling himself, notwithstanding the Extremity of his Vexation. So that *Sancho*, over-joy'd to find himself at Liberty, let loose the Reins of his Mirth, and exercis'd his Spleen with so much Violence, that he was forc'd to hold his aking Sides, for fear his Kidneys should drop out.

But nothing made *Don Quixote* so mad, as *Sancho's* Audaciousness, who staring him i' the Face, began to repeat with great Formality, the Beginning of his Master's Speech, preparative to this Adventure; *Know, Friend Sancho, that I was born to restore the Golden Age, &c.* But *Don Quixote* in a damn'd dogged Humour already, not brooking the Sauciness of his Squire, resolv'd to correct him, and with his Lance gave him two such Remembrances upon the Shoulders, that had they litt upon his Pate, they had discharg'd his Master of all his island-promises, unless oblig'd to his Heirs, and Executors. Thereupon *Sancho*, finding his Drollery would not take, beg'd his Master's Pardon, with all Submission; adding farther, That what he did, was only to make his Worship merry. I like no such Jestings, reply'd

Don Quixote— And now pray come hither, good Mr. *Jack-pudding*, I would fain know, whether I did not shew as much Courage upon this false Alarm, as if it had been a real Adventure? Am I bound to understand all the Sounds I hear, or to distinguish between the Thumps of a Fulling-mill, and the Justing of two Knights in Combat? But suppose the Fulling-mills had been as many Giants, and that they had set upon me either single or altogether, I had not much valu'd it; if I had not deliver'd 'em all headless into thy Hands, then I would have given thee leave to have flouted me into a Needle-case?

Sir, quo *Sancho*, I confess I have been too gamefome, and I acknowledge my Offence. But I beseech ye, Sir, since we are reconcil'd, tell me in sober Sadness, as you hope that Heav'n shall preserve you in other Adventures, as in this; Do you not believe but that the Fright that we were in, I mean that I was in, would be a pleasant Subject for a merry Ballad, or so; or for half a dozen *Knight-Errants* to sport with over their Cups? I grant, reply'd *Don Quixote*, that the Accident would make a good Scene of Mirth, but I do not think it fit to be made too publick in Farces and Rhyme-Doggerels; for all People are not so discreet as to make a right use of things. Fore-George, Sir, that cannot be said of you, for you understand how to make use of your *Lance* the best of any Man i' the World, only that when you aim at the Head, you hit the Shoulders; but that was none of your Fault: for had I not duck'd a little o' one side, I know what had become of me. But let that pass: A good Master may be cholerick sometimes, but the next Day after a Basting, he always gives his Man an old Pair of cast Breeches; and I cannot imagine, that a *Knight-Errant*, after the chastizing of a Squire, can give him less than a Cast Island, or an Old-fashion'd Kingdom upon the Continent.

Hark thee, quo *Don Quixote*, Fortune may so bring it to pass that thou mayst have thy Desire. In the mean time, pardon my Severity; for thou knowst that a Man is not always Master of his own Passions. On the other side, I advise thee for the future, not to be faucy, and to allow thy self that Freedom, which I must not, nor cannot endure. I never read in any Romance of any Squire that ever talk'd so impudently to his Master, as thou dost. So that *Gandalin*, who was *Amadis de Gaul's* Squire, tho Earl of the *Firm-Island*, never spoke to his Master, but with his Hat in his Hand, his Chin in his Breast, and his Body half bent, after the *Turkish* Fashion. But what shall we say of *Gabalal*, *Don Galaor's* Squire, who was a Man of that Silence, that he gives the Author Occasion to name him but once in all that long Story. And this I speak, *Sancho*, to let thee know, that there ought to be a Difference between the Master and the Man. As for the Rewards I promis'd thee, they will come in due time; or if they never come, thou hast no reason to question thy Salary.

'Tis very true what you say, reply'd *Don Sancho*, and I thank your Worship. But now, Sir, suppose no Rewards should come, and that a Squire should be forc'd to stick to his Salary, pray, Sir, be so kind as to tell me, how much a *Knight-Errant's* Squire did get in former times? And whether they agreed by the Month or the Day? I do not believe, quo *Don Quixote*, that ever they came to any Agreement, but that they stood to their Masters Courtesy. And if I have allow'd thee Wages in my Will, 'twas only because I knew not what Success *Chivalry* might have in these Times; and I would not have my Soul suffer in Purgatory for such a small Trifle as thy Wages. For the Life of a *Knight-Errant* is such as subjects him to continual Terrors and Dangers. So it seems, quo *Don Sancho*, when the Ham-

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mers of a Fulling mill are sufficient to disturb and dismay the Heart of such a valiant Champion as your self. But be assur'd, Sir, for the future, I shall never open my Lips to droll upon your Actions, but always speak honourably and respectfully of your Person, as being my Lord and Master. That's the way to live long and happily upon the Earth, reply'd the Champion, for next our Parents, we ought to respect and obey our Masters.

C H A P. VII.

Of the winning of Mambrino's Helmet.

WHILE they were thus confabulating, there fell a smart Shower of Rain; upon which *Sancho* would fain have retir'd under one of the Fulling-houses. But *Don Quixote* had conceiv'd such a mortal Antipathy against Fulling-mills, for the Shame they had put upon him, that you might as well persuade some Men to eat Cheese, or handle a Cat, as reconcile *Don Quixote* to a Fulling-mill. And therefore turning into a High-way upon the Right-hand, he had not ridd'n far, before he descri'd a Horse-man that wore upon his Head something that glister'd like Gold. Immediately *Don Quixote*, turning to his Squire, Friend *Sancho*, said he, dost thou not know, that there is nothing so true, as the Truth of Proverbs; for instance, that of, *One Door shuts, and another opens*. And thus, if we were last Night deceiv'd by the Noise of that confounded Fulling mill, here is now a more certain Adventure offers it self, the Gaining of which, will be double the Profit, and double the Honour. In a word, in all probability, yonder comes the present Possessor of *Mambrino's* Helmet; and thou know'st the Vow which I have made. Sir, answer'd *Sancho*, mind what ye say, and take heed what ye do: For I would willingly preserve my Ribs, and the Seat of my Under-stand from Fulling-hammers. The Devil take thee with thy Fulling-mills, quo *D. Quixote*, as if there were no difference between a Fulling-mill and a Helmet. I don't deny it, quo *Sancho*, and yet if I durst speak as freely as I was wont to do, I would undertake to prove your Worship under a great Mistake. Scrupulous Traitor, as thou art, How can I be deceiv'd in what I say? Why, prethee look with thine own Eyes— Can there be any thing more plain then yonder Knight that comes riding up directly toward us upon a dapple grey Steed, with a glistering Helmet of Gold upon his Head? I see him over and over, reply'd *Sancho*; and I see him to be a kind of plain Fellow upon a grey Ass, such another as mine; and it is as true that he carries something upon his Head that shines, but no more like a Helmet, then a Shoeing-horn. I tell thee, that's *Mambrino's* Helmet, reply'd *Don Quixote*; and therefore stand thou at a distance, thou shalt see, that without trifling away time in vain Discourse, I'll finish this Adventure, and win this famous Helmet, ere a Cat can lick her Ear. I am easily persuaded to stand at a distance, reply'd *Sancho*, but I wish to Heaven, you may not meet with another sort of Fulling-mills. I have warn'd ye already, Mr. Sauce-box, reply'd *Don Quixote*, in a confounded Rage, let me hear no more of the Fulling-mills; for if I do, may I never prosper, if I do not break thy Pate, and trample thy very Soul out of thy Body. Thereupon, *Sancho*, unwilling his Master should fulfil his Vows upon his Carkass, put a Padlock upon his Lips.

Now the Truth of the Story was this: There were two little Villages in that Corner of the Province, of which the one had neither Barber nor Cobbler in it: So that the Barber of the larger Village, who was also a Blood-letter, and a Tooth-drawer, supply'd all those Parts. Now it happen'd, that in the lesser Village there were two Persons, the one that wanted the breathing of a Vein, and another that had Occasion to be trimm'd. Thither therefore the Barber was going, and being overtak'n by the Rain, clapp'd his new-scur'd *Bafon* upon his new Hat to preserve it from the wet; and for haste also he rode upon a grey Mule. All which prov'd fatal for the Barber, as having heighten'd *Don Quixote's* Fancy to take him for a Knight upon a dapple-grey Horse, with a Helmet of Gold. So soon therefore as the suppos'd Knight drew near, away he flew like a Bird, with his Lance couch'd upon his Thigh, resolving to spit the poor Barber through the Heart, Lungs and all; crying out in the midst of his Career, Caitiff, Wretch, defend thy self, or yield me that which is so justly my Due. The Barber, who saw him come thund'ring upon him at such a rate, like an Apparition, not knowing why, nor wherefore, had no other way to avoid the fatal Stroke, but by throwing himself off from his Ass to the Ground; and being as soon up as down, away he run o're the Fields as swift as a new-started Hare, leaving his Ass and his *Bafon* behind. *Don Quixote* being thus Lord of the *Bafon*, had his Heart's Desire, and turning about to his Squire, The *Pagan*, quo he, has shew'd himself to be very discreet, following the Example of the *Beaver*, who finding himself horily pursu'd by the Hunters, nips off his Civet-Box, which they seek for, to save his Life. Alight therefore, and fetch me the Helmet. By my Soul, quo *Sancho* viewing the suppos'd Helmet, this is no inconsiderable *Bafon*, being as well worth a Crown, as four Farthings. And so saying, he gave it to his Master, who immediately put it upon his Head, and turning it round and round to find out the Vizor; By the Mafs, quo he, the *Pagan* that wore this Helmet had a plaguy Jolt-head of his own; and which is worse, there is one half of it wanting. *Sancho* could not forbear smiling to hear his Master call the Barber's *Bafon* a Helmet, and had laugh'd out-right, but that he was afraid of his Shoulders. What does the Fool twitter at, quo *Don Quixote*? I cannot but smile, reply'd *Sancho*, to see what a *Saracen's-Head* without *Newgate*, the Owner of that Helmet had, which is as like a Barber's *Bafon*, as ever I saw two Drops of Water one like another. My Thoughts are, reply'd *Don Quixote*, that this enchanted Helmet has fall'n into the Hands of some ignorant Sots, that did not know the value of it; but finding it to be of pure Gold, they melted the one half and sold it, and of the other half they made this Scull-piece to go a Training upon Artillery-daies. But however it were, to me that know the worth of it, the Alteration of it signifies little; I'll have a Vizor fix'd to it, and then I will not leave it for the Head-piece which *Vulcan* forg'd for the God of War. In the mean time I'll wear it as it is, 'tis better then nothing, tho it be only to keep off a shower of Stones. That 'twill certainly, quo *Sancho*, if they be not hurl'd out of a Sling, as when your Worship lost your Cheek-teeth, and had your Balfom-pot struck out of your Fift. That signifies nothing, quo *Don Quixote*, so long as I have the Receipt: So have I too, quo *Sancho*, but if ever I make it, much less take it again, may my Guts burst like the Idols of *Bell*, and the *Dragon*. In good troth, I intend henceforward to employ all my five Senses to prevent my being wounded. As for my being toss'd in a Blanket, 'twas an Accident I could not help; and if it befall me again, I know how to shrink up my Shoulders, hold my Breath, and shut my

my Eyes, and then Happy-be lucky, let the Blanket and Fortune deal by me as they see good. Certainly, *Sancho*, quo *Don Quixote*, thou art no good *Christian*, thou art so apt to remember Injuries. 'Tis below a generous Soul to mind such Trifles. Prethee, where art lame? Which of thy Ribs is brok'n, or where is thy Scull bruise'd, that thou canst never think upon that same Jest, without Malice? For to say Truth, 'twas no more then a piece of Pastime; for had I look'd upon it otherwise, I had return'd and made more bloody Work in revenge of thy Abuse, then ever the *Grecians* made before *Troy* for *Helena's* sake. But alas! quo he, fetching a deep Sigh, she had never had that Reputation for Beauty, had she been alive in this Age, or if my *Dulcinea* had liv'd in hers. Well then, said *Sancho*, let it pass for a Jest, since no body will revenge it in earnest. And now, Sir, alittle of your Directions to know what we shall do with this Dapple-grey Nag, so like an Ass, which the dismounted Fugitive has here left behind him, with as little Right, for ought I know, to the Horse, as he had to the Helmet; and by my Beard, the Grey Horse is the better Ass.

'Tis not my Custom, reply'd *Don Quixote*, to plunder those that I vanquish; nor do the Laws of *Chivalry* permit it, unless the Victor hath lost his own Horse in the Combat. And therefore, *Sancho*, leave the Horse, or the Ass, which thou wilt; he that has lost it, will be sure to look after it, when he finds the Coast clear. But should I only exchange it for my own, which is not so good, what then, quo *Sancho*? What-a-pox! are the Laws of *Chivalry* so severe, that a Man must not exchange one Ass for another? or at least, let me exchange the Furniture? In that Case I will not be so confident, answer'd *Don Quixote*; and therefore (till I am better inform'd) I give thee leave to change the Furniture, especially if thy Wants be very urgent. So urgent, reply'd *Sancho*, that as it is for my own proper Person, they cannot be greater. Thus *Sancho*, doubly authoriz'd by his Master's leave, and the Proverb of *Exchange is no Robbery*, took all the *Bonamobilia* of the Prize-Ass (*præter ipsum corpus*) and trimm'd up his own Beast, that was now grown so fine, that she hardly knew her self, nor her Master, so disdainfully she carry'd her self.

This done, they breakfasted upon what they left at Supper; and having made quick dispatch, up they got again, and like true *Knights-Errant*, never minding their way, left it to *Rosinante's* Discretion to make choice of his own way; who in a short time brought 'em into the High-road again, where they kept on a slow pace at a venture, as having no farther Design in their Pates at present.

Being thus at leisure, quo *Sancho*, to his Master, may not you and I have a little Discourse together? for since you laid upon me that severe Injunction of Silence, I have had three or four excellent Conceits, that have putrify'd in my Stomach, and now I have one at my Tongue's end, that I would fain preserve from such an untimely Disaster. Out with it, *Sancho*, quo *Don Quixote*, but in few words, for tedious Hum-drum cloy's the Ear.

Why then, Sir, quo *Sancho*, I have been considering how vainly we spend our time, while we search up and down through Forests and Desarts for Adventures, which if it be your fortune successfully to accomplish, you gain neither Honour nor Profit by all your good Designs or valiant Exploits, as being unseen and unknown to the World. And therefore I should think it much better (with Submission to your better Judgment) that we should put our selves into the Service of some Emperor, or other potent Prince, in War with their Neighbours, where you might meet with publick Op-

portunities to signalize your Valour, and your Conduct. So shall we both be rewarded in time according to our Merit, and you shall have a shoal of Historians that will kiss your back-side for leave to transmit your Renowned Achievements to Posterity. I speak not of my own Acts; for I know they are not to be measur'd with the same Yard as yours; nor is it for the Snail to creep out of its shell: Tho I make no question, but that my Name will now and then be inserted by the bye, as the Names of other Squires have been.

'This is not ill offer'd of thee, quo *Don Quixote*: But first of all, it behoves us to spend some time in compassing the World, as Probationers, in search of Adventures, thereby to spread abroad the Renown of our Invincible Achievements. For then those Harbingers of Fame will gain us such Reputation and Reception in the Courts of Great Princes, that we shall hardly be able to pass the Streets for the Crouds of Boys and Children, pointing and crying out, There Rides the *Knight of the Sun*, or the *Serpent*, or the *Ill-favour'd Countenance*; or what ever other Title it be that the Knight takes upon him. This is he, they'll cry, that vanquish'd in single Combat the Giant *Brocambruno*, Sirnam'd the *Invincible*. This is he that freed the great *Mammaluke* of *Perfia* from the Enchantment, which had kept him in durance for Nine hundred Years together. So that upon this Noise and Tumult in the Street, the King will be sure to look out of his Window, and knowing the Knight by the Colour of his Armour, or the Device upon his Shield, he'll presently send the chiefest of his Nobles to receive the Flower of Chivalry, that is come to wait upon him. Away they go and bring him in, and the King meets him half way the Stairs, where he embraces his valiant Guest, and kisses his Cheek. Then taking him by the Hand, he leads him directly to the Queens Chamber, where at the same time he sees the *Infanta* her Daughter; who ought to be the fairest and most perfect Creature in the World. At the same time it will fall out (by the inevitable Appointment of Fate, that never loves to spoil a good Story) that the Knight and the Princess shall cast an Eye one upon the other, admire one another as Persons rather Divine than Humane; and all of a sudden, not knowing any Reason why or wherefore, shall fall most desperately in Love one with another, and be both almost out of their wits for want of an Opportunity to discover their Passions one to another.

Then they shall attend the Knight to his Chamber, one of the fairest Apartments in all the Palace, and furnish'd with the richest Furniture the King has: Where after they have help'd him off with his Armour, they will bring him a costly Vestment of Scarlet, Embroider'd by the *Infanta's* own Hands; and if he look'd so Majestick in his Armour, how lovely will he appear in the Habit of a Courtier?

Night being come, he shall Sup with the Family-Royal, and shall always have his Eyes fix'd upon the *Infanta*; yet so, as no body shall take notice of it.

After Supper another strange Spectacle shall surprize him. Enter first, a little Dwarf, and after him a Lady of matchless Beauty, between two Giants, with a certain Adventure so contriv'd by an old Sorcerer, and so difficult to be perform'd, that he who carries away the Bell, shall be accounted the best Knight in the World. Then it is the King's pleasure that all his Courtiers shall try their Prowess: But they had as good throw their Caps against the Wind; for the Honour is reserv'd for the Valiant Stranger, who does the business with a jerk. And then the *Infanta* shall be over-

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'joy'd, and deem her self the most happy Creature upon Earth, for having so discreetly plac'd her Affections. Then comes the Cream o' the Jest; for this King, or this Emperor is in War with one of his Neighbours, as Powerful as himself: Which the Knight understanding, offers to serve him in his Wars; to which the King condescends with Heart and Good will; and the Knight bows, and kisses his Hand, in acknowledgment of so great a Favour.

That Night the Champion takes leave of the *Infanta* at the Iron Gate before her Chamber Window looking into the Garden, by means of a Confident of the *Infanta's*, that carries on the Intrigue between 'em. The Knight weeps, the Lady swoons, the Confident runs for cold Water to dash in her Face. Then she comes to Life again, and gives out her Lilly white Hand for the Knight to kiss, which he does a thousand and a thousand times over, bathing it all the while in his Tears. Then exchanging Hearts, the Knight shall take hers, and the *Infanta* shall take his; for her Heart shall do well enough in his breast: But the *Infanta* will want his, considering the Sorrows and Afflictions which she is to endure for his sake.

Then they shall part in time; for if the meeting should be known, 'tis as much as the Lady Confident's place is worth, and the forfeiture beside of the *Infanta* and the Knight's Lives. Then the *Infanta* shall desire the Knight not to miss a Post, but to write to her as often as he can; which the Knight shall swear to perform.

Then the Knight shall retire to his Chamber, and throw himself upon his Bed, where it shall be impossible for him to close his Eyes. So soon as it is day, he goes to take his leave of the Queen, and desires to kiss the *Infanta's* Hands too; but she sends him word that she is indispos'd: However, the Knight and she understand one another, and so that passes for nothing.

And now the Knight being absent for some time, Challenges the Kings Enemies; fights, vanquishes, subdues, takes I know not how many Cities, wins I know not how many Battels, returns to Court, and appears before his Mistress laden with Honour. He visits her at the window-Grate, as before; and there they agree together that the Knight shall demand her in Marriage, as the Recompence of his Service. The King will by no means hear with that Ear, not knowing but that the Knight may be the Son of a Coftermonger, for ought he knows. However, whether the Knight steal her, or how he comes by her, I know not, the *Infanta* and he go to *Dukes Place*, and are there privately marry'd. The King fumes; the King is pleas'd; for by and by he discovers him to be the Son of as great a Prince, no Disparagement to him, as himself. Then Feastings and Triumphs, Tournaments and Tiltings, and the new-marry'd Knight carries the day from all the rest. Sometime after, the King dies, the *Infanta* is Heiress; and thus the Knight comes to be a King. Then the Knight begins to think of rewarding his *Squire*, by Marrying him to the *Infanta's* Confident, who had been privy to his Amours, and proves the Daughter of one of the most considerable Dukes in the Kingdom.

Godsniggers, quo *Sancho*, that's the thing I ha' been looking for all this while — Give me but the *Infanta's* Gentlewoman, and let the World go which way it will. O my Soul, Sir, you have read your own Destiny; every thing will happen to ye step by step, as you have stated the matter, would you but take upon ye the Name of the *Knight of the Ill-favour'd Countenance*.

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No question of it, Boy, reply'd *Don Quixote*; for this is the direct Road of Knight-Errantry, as straight as ye can lay a line, to Empires and Kingdoms. And therefore we have nothing more to do, but to find out some Potent Prince, that is at War with his Neighbours, and has a fair Daughter. But there is one thing that troubles me more than that, which is a Secret between thee and me; that is to say, when I have found out a Prince and an *Infanta*, how the Devil I shall make my self out to be of an Illustrious Descent, if it were but the *Natural* Son of some Emperor. For unless I make out one of these two things, the King will as soon give me a Halter, as his Daughter, tho I should out-do *Hercules* himself; and is it not great pity a man should lose such vast Advantages for such a Trifle as this? That I am a Gentleman, and of an Ancient Pedigree, is well known; and there are Heralds, if a Man could meet with 'em, that for a small Sum of Money would soon make me the fifth or sixth at least in Descent from a King. For, *Sancho*, there are two sorts of Originals. Some there are who Descended at first from the Loyns of Princes, whose Families by Conquest, loss of their Territories, and other Malignities of Fortune, became obscure, till at last they end in a point like a Pyramid. Others there are, who from mean and low Descents, still mount and mount, till at length they come to sit upon the highest Pinacles of Grandeur. That is to say, some were what they are not; and others are not what they were. And thus, tho I am not what I was, yet if I am what I was not, it might be sufficient to content any Father-in-law i' the World. And what if I were the Son of a *Tankard-Bearer*, if the *Infanta* be so desperately in Love with me, that she Marries me in spite of her Fathers teeth? Or if she stand upon her PunStilio's, 'tis but hurrying away in a Coach and Six, and carrying her out of reach, till Time or Death shall put an end to the Persecutions of my Father-in-law.

In good sooth, Sir, reply'd *Sancho*, you speak like a Man of Sense; Profession is nine Points o' the Law: And it is a Proverb among your Bully-Rocks, *Newer seek that by fair means, which thou canst get by foul*. Nor is it Prudence for a Man to stay, till his Breech lies upon the ground between two *Stools*. So that if the King your Father-in-law refuse to let ye have his Daughter with free consent, as your Lordship observes very well, you ought in plain *English* to run away with her. All the mischief that I fear is only this, that while you are making your Peace with your Father-in-law, or expecting his death, the poor Squire shall be at a loss how to set his *Grinders* at work; and perhaps shall be forc'd to starve in the midst of his vast Expectations. And yet, if the Lady-Confident will but be so kind as to run away with the *Infanta*, I know no reason but the Knight may make up the Match without any more ado. There's no doubt on't, reply'd *Don Quixote*. Why then let the Bowl run, who knows but that it may hit the Jack, quo *Sancho*. Why then, quo *Don Quixote*, let me ha' my wishes, and thou thy desires, and hang up all tender Consciences. Why truly, quo *Sancho*, I am a wet Christian, and is not that enough for a Lord? And more then enough too, quo *Don Quixote*; for suppose thou wert no Christian at all, being a King, I could make thee a Lord when I please; and then Men must call thee *Right Honourable* with their Lips, what ere they think i' their Hearts. Well, Sir, quo *Sancho*, then I beseech ye get you to be a King, and make me a Lord, and you shall see I'll shave my Beard, and become my Place as well as the proudest Upstart of 'em all.

At

At the end of this Discourse, *Don Quixote* casting up his Eyes, beheld a fight, which produced the following Adventure.

C H A P. VIII.

How Don Quixote releas'd a great number of miserable Wretches which their Masters were driving to a place against their wills.

THE Great *Cid Hamet Benengeli*, the Famous *Arabian* and *Manchegan* Author, reports in his grave, lofty, pleasant, merry-conceited Story, that after the long and learned Discourse between *Sancho* and his Master, *Don Quixote* lifting up his Eyes, saw to the number of about twenty Persons, all in a row one behind another, like Beads upon a string, who being link'd together, with every one a Sausage of Iron about his Neck, and manac'd to boot, came saunter, saunter along, till they met each other full butt. They were also guarded by two Harquebusiers a Horse-back, and two Men armed with Swords and Javelins. So soon as *Sancho* spy'd 'em, What have we got here, quo he? o' my Life, a company of Rogues condemn'd and forc'd to the Gallies. How, forc'd, quo *Don Quixote*? Can the King offer violence to any Man? I mean, Sir, quo *Sancho*, Fellows Condemn'd for their Crimes to serve the King in his Gallies. However, quo *Don Quixote*, in that sence they are forc'd, because they do not go of their own free-Will. That, I dare swear they don't, quo *Sancho*. If it be so, quo *Don Quixote*, then they come within the Verge of my Profession, which is, to prevent Violence, and succour the Miserable. What then, Sir, quo *Sancho*, you cannot reckon these Fellows to be Oppress'd, that are Condemn'd by the Law and Justice.

By that time the Chain drew near, and then *Don Quixote* in very civil Language desir'd the Guards to inform him, why the poor People were so severely Chain'd and Fetter'd? Sir, answer'd one of the Horse-men, these are Criminals going to serve the King in his Gallies; which is all I know, nor do I think it proper for you to know any more. However, reply'd *Don Quixote*, I think you will highly oblige me, to let me inform my self from every particular Person, of the cause of his Misfortune. Why, Sir, quo r' other Horse-man, if you think fit to Examine 'em your self, you'll find they'll give ye Satisfaction; for they are such honest People, they are not ashamed to boast of their Rogueries.

With this good leave, which *Don Quixote* would have taken of himself, had they deny'd him, he rode up to the Chain, and ask'd the first, Wherefore he was so severely loaded? To whom the Fellow made answer, 'twas for being in Love. In Love! quo *Don Quixote* — and is that all? Bodikins! if all that were in Love, were to be thus punish'd, I had row'd i' the Gallies long before this. I do not mean, quo the Prisoner, as you mean. 'Twas for being in love with a Hamper of Linnen; with which I was so in love, that had not the Judges of the Sessions tak'n it from me, I had hugg'd it i' my Embraces to this hour. In short, I was tak'n in the Fact; there was no need of Proofs: I was Condemn'd, had my shoulders powder'd with

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Whip-

Whip-cord Spots, and when I have mow'd the great Meadow for three Years together, then my Work's done. What d'ye mean by mowing the great Meadow? Why, that's rowing i' the Gallies, reply'd the Slave, who was a young Rogue of about four and twenty Years of Age.

Then *Don Quixote* put the same Question to the Second, who was so melancholly, that he would not make any Answer. But the first Slip-string undertaking to be his Spokesman, to spare him a Labour; This, said he, is a *Canary-Mere maid*, that goes to the Gallies for having sung too much. How! quo *Don Quixote*—What do they send Musicians to the Gallies too? Yes, Sir, answer'd the Slave, because there is nothing more dangerous, then to sing in Affliction. How! quo *Don Quixote*, that's contrary to the Proverb, *And some for Sorrow sing*. Oh, Sir! quo the Slave, 'tis quite other-wise with us; he that sings, shall weep all his life time afterwards. I profess, quo *Don Quixote*, I do not understand ye. Sir, said one of the Guards, singing among these *Newgate-birds*, is tak'n for confessing at the Rack. This fellow was put to the Rack, and confess'd his Crime, which was nothing but Horse stealing; and because he sung, that is confess'd, he is condemn'd to the Gallies for six years, besides a hundred Lashes paid him down upon the Nail in ready Cash. And the reason why you see that Fellow so melancholly, and cast down, is only because his Companions will never let him be at rest, but jeer and laugh at him continually for his want of Resolution to suffer and deny; as if it had not been as easie for him to have said *No*, as *Yes*: Or, as if a Criminal were not a happy Man that could depend upon his own Tongue to save his Life, without being beholding to Counter-proofs and Witnesses for the Prisoner.

Thence *Don Quixote* passing to the Third; and You, said he, What have you done? Who, without much Entreaty, and no less merry in his Answer; I, Sir, go to the Gallies for want of ten Guinies. I would give twenty with all my Heart, quo *Don Quixote*, to see thee well discharg'd. 'Tis too late, Gaffer, quo the Slave, 'tis just like the Proverb, *After Meat comes Mustard*. Had I had the twenty Guinies you offer me, when I was in Prison, to have greas'd the Keeper of *Newgate's* Fist, I might have been walking now upon the *Change* as free as a *Turkey-Merchant*, and ne're ha' come to have been led along in a String like an *Irish-Grey-hound*. But Patience; every thing has its Season.

From him *Don Quixote* turn'd to the Fourth, and put him the same Interrogatory. But he was fullen, and would give him no Answer; so that the next behind him was forc'd to lend him his Tongue. This venerable Monsieur *Grey-beard*, said he, is condemn'd to the Gallies for four Years, having already stood at *Westminster*, *Temple-bar*, and *Cheapside*, with a wooden Ruff about his Neck. He was the chief Ranger of *Whetston's Park*; besides that, he had a smack of Conjuring and Fortune-telling, which he abus'd to the loss of many a Maiden-head. For that I have nothing to say, quo *Don Quixote*; but had he been only a private Conveyer of *Billet-Doux's*, he ought not to go to the Gallies, unless it were to be General of the Fleet. For to be a Messenger of *Billet-Doux's* requires a great deal of Prudence and Sagacity; o' my word, 'tis a weighty Employment, not to be committed to idle Hufwives, Lacquies, and rascally People; as being an Employment of Trust and Weight, then which there can be nothing more necessary in a well-regulated Common-wealth. So that I should have been heartily sorry to see this venerable Seer in such Distress, for being a Pimp only, had it not been for criminal Additions of Conjurer, and Fortune-teller; tho' I do not believe that Charms and Spells have any Power to alter the *Will*, what-

whatever a Company of silly ignorant People think; for Man has a Liberty of Determination, no way to be controul'd by the force of Herbs or Enchantments.

'Tis very true, reply'd the Old Man, and as to my Charge of being a Witch or Sorcerer, I am as innocent as the Child unborn; but as for the Business of *Pimping*, I do not deny it; but I never took it to be a Crime, for my Intention was, that People should enjoy each other's Society, and live in Friendship one with another. But my harmless Design has serv'd me to no other Purpose, then to send me to a Place from whence I shall never return, considering my Age; besides that, I am tormented with the Strangury to boot. And having so said, the poor Old Man fell o' weeping; which melted *Sancho's* Heart in such a manner, that he out with his Pouch, and gave him a *Harry-Groat*.

Then *Don Quixote* examin'd the Fifth, who seem'd to be nothing at all concern'd. I go to serve his Majesty, said he, for my Kindness only to two of my Cousin-germans, and two other Maidens that were both Sisters. By which means I have increas'd my Stock, and so intrigu'd my Issue, that I have puzzl'd all the Casuists about the Town. The Fact was prov'd upon me, and therefore having neither Friends nor Money, I am condemn'd to the Gallies for six Years. If your Worship pleases to bestow something upon poor Sinners, the Lord, we hope, will reward ye in Heav'n; besides that, when do pray, we shall be sure to pray for your long Life and Health.

Behind there came a young Fellow of about thirty Years of Age, well proportion'd, and well-favour'd, only that he squinted with one Eye. He was cruelly hamper'd with Fetters upon his Feet, Manacles about his Wrists, and a Collar, but not of SS's, about his Neck. This was a Rogue, that no Goal, no Fetters would hold. For a Wager he would anoint his Heel with a Candle's End, and slip off his Shackles with as much ease as Parson *Slip-stockin's* Boy pull'd off his Father's Hose; and besides that, he goes by more Names, then the Great Turk has Titles. What's his Crime all this while, quo *Don Quixote*? Sir Knight, quo the young Rogue, if you have any mind to give us any thing, do it quickly, and God have ye in his Protection; for this Curiosity of yours does but hinder us. Prethee, Friend, What's thy Name, quo *Don Quixote*? Name, Sir! why, don't they tell you I have twenty? Sometimes *Dangerfield*, sometimes *Willoughby*, sometimes *Monmouth*, as the Design will bear. If you desire to know more, you may read my Life, 'tis printed legible enough to be read; and I think it out-does *Lazarillo de Tormes*, or *Gusman* either. Thou seem'st to be a witty Rogue, quo *Don Quixote*: You should have said, unfortunate also, reply'd the Slave; for Misfortune always persecutes the Ingenious. You mean such Rogues as your self, quo the Jailor. Fair and softly, quo the Slave to the Jailor, the Law did not give you Authority over us to abuse us, but only to guard us where the King has occasion for us. Come, come, be not so haughty; for by the Life of *Pharaoh*, the time may come, when your Pranks may come to light, that—you know what I mean. Upon which the Jailor held up his Cane to have thrash'd the Slave, but *Don Quixote* interposing, would by no means permit him; telling the Jailor, that he could not blame the Slave for making use of his Tongue, since he had ne're another Member at liberty. And then addressing himself to all the Slaves in general:

'Dearly beloved Brethren, said he, by what I gather from your own Words, I clearly find, that tho' you are justly condemn'd to deserv'd Punish-

'nishment for the several Crimes you have committed; however that you suffer Execution of the Sentence by Constraint, and because you cannot help it: That is to say, by your good Wills you had rather eat Partridges, drink Pontack, lie warm, and kiss a handsome Girl in a Corner, then row 't the Gallies; why, then know, That you fall under my Protection; for as I am a profess'd *Knight-Errant*, it is my Duty to relieve the Distressed, and set at Liberty the Oppressed. But because it is the part of a prudent Man to shun Violence, where things may be carry'd by fair means, I desire ye, good Mr. *Jailor*, and you Gentlemen o' the Guard, to release these poor Creatures, there being enow to serve his Majesty in their Rooms; for I must tell ye, my Masters, 'tis a hard case to make Slaves of Men that were born free. And I the rather desire this Courtesie of ye, Mr. *Bumms*, in the behalf of these poor Fellows, because they are such as I dare say, never did you any wrong i' their lives. And therefore let 'em go and do Penance themselves for their own Sins. 'Tis sufficient that Heaven takes care to punish the Wicked; and therefore, besides that it is needless, it is unchristian-like for Men to be the Butchers and Tormentors one of another. Gentlemen, you see I make you this Request with all the mildness and Lenity i' the World, and I shall acknowledge your Kindness, if you will grant it. But if you provoke me by Refusal, this Lance, this Sword, and this Arm of mine, shall force ye to a Compliance.

Hoh, hoh, hoh, a very good Jest y' faith, quo the *Jailor*, as if we had Power to set at liberty the King's Prisoners, when the King's Justice commands 'em to condign Punishment! March on, Sir, about your Business, and set your *Bason* right upon your empty Pate; 'tis no Business of yours to mind whether the Cat has three Feet or no.

Ye are a Cat, and a Rat, and a Dog to boot, quo *Don Quixote*, and at the same time attack'd the *Jailor* with such a sudden, and unlook'd-for Impetuosity, before he had any time to put himself into a Posture of Defence, that he over-threw him to the Ground, dangerously wounded with his Lance.

The Guards, astonish'd at an Action so smart and unexpected, fell all in a Cluster upon *D. Quixote*, with their Swords and their Javelins; which might have prov'd somewhat fatal to him, had not the Slaves, finding so fit an Opportunity to regain their liberty, resolv'd to make use of it. This put the Guards into a dreadful Confusion, being ferreted o' th' one side, without Intermission, by *Don Quixote*, and no less perplex'd o' t' other Hand, to prevent the Prisoners from getting loose. In the midst of this Hurly-burly, the Master *Crack-rope* having knockt off his Givies by *Sancho's* Assistance, seiz'd upon the *Jailor's* Sword, and his Harquebuse, and laid about him so courageously, that the rest, disdaining to be meer Spectators, let flie such Volleys of Stone-shot at the Heads of their Convoy, as forc'd 'em at length to be take themselves to their Heels, not liking the Honour of a Brick-bat Monument. True it is, that *Sancho* was right glad of the Victory, but having more Wit in his Anger, than his Master, and fearing lest the Bailiffs should raise a *Posse Com.* upon the victorious Champion, his Joy turn'd into Melancholy, and his Melancholy inspiring him with Prudence, he advis'd his Master to get out of the way as fast as he could, and hide himself in the Mountains adjoining— For, said he, as sure as we live, those Sons o' Whores, Bailiffs, will be at our Tails again in a short time, with a Hue and Cry, and then our next Adventure will be to hold up our Hands at the Bar, and be sent to the Gallies our selves. Thy Advice is wholesome, quo *Don Quixote*. But for the present, Business of Consequence is first to

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be dispatch'd; and at the same instant, calling to him all the Slaves, who by this time had stripp'd the *Jailor* to his Skin, and now made a Ring about the *Knight* to know his Pleasure,

'It is the part of Persons well bred, and endu'd with Vertue, quo he, to acknowledge the Benefits they receive; Ingratitude being the blackest of all Vices. You see how far I have hazarded my Person for your Sakes; and you cannot but understand how much you are beholding to me for what I have done. The thing therefore that I require from you, in return of my Kindness, is only this, That you take that same Chain, from which I have set your Heels at liberty, and carry it upon your Shoulders to the City of *Toboso*; where you must in that Posture present your selves before the marchless Madam *Dulcinea*, and tell her, That her Slave, the *Knight* of the *Ill-favour'd Countenance* presents her his most humble Service; and recount to her, word for word, the whole Story of this famous Achievement, by which you have, through my Valour, obtain'd your Freedom.

To which the Master Rogue, as Spokesman for all the rest, returning Answer; Sir *Knight*, and Sovereign Deliverer, said he, it is a thing impossible for us to obey your Commands. For we dare not appear in that Condition, as you require us, All-together, for fear of being known again; rather we must part several Ways, and study to disguise our selves, with all the Ingenuity that may be, to avoid the Pursuit of *Hue and Cries*, well knowing the Danger of being re-tak'n. And therefore it would be more just and safe in you, to change the Form of the Tribure, which we owe to the Lady *Dulcinea*, into an Imposition upon our Consciences of so many *Ave Marias*, *Creds*, and other Prayers, which we shall be ready most willingly, and with Ease to discharge, in return of the Obligation you have laid upon us. And this may be done by Night or by Day, sleeping or waking, in Flight, or out of Danger, in Peace, or in War. But to think we will return to *Egyptian* Diet, and carry our Chains to *Toboso*, you may as well believe, that we can gather Pears from an Elm-Tree. By the Beauty of my Mother, Sir Son of a Whore, quo *Don Quixote*, you shall go alone and carry that Chain upon your noble Shoulders, with all the Shackles and Furniture belonging to it, or else I'll make ye eat the Chain.

The Slave, who had not learnt much Christian Patience by his Sufferings, and began to smell *Don Quixote's* want of Wit, could not chuse but smile at the Champion's idle Threats; and therefore tipping the Wink upon his Companions, presently, like Men that understood Signs, they hurl'd whole Quarries at a time at *Don Quixote's* Pate, and pelted him so severely, that he could neither secure himself with his Shield, nor intreat *Rosinante* so much as to wag a Limb, no more then if he had been only the Statue of a Horse; insomuch that about five or six hard Flints, lighting upon his Reins, threw him out of his Saddle to the Ground. At what time one of the ingrateful Slaves among the rest, took off the *Bason* from his Head, knockt him with it about the Shoulders, and then gave it so many Knocks against the Stones, that he almost broke it in pieces. This done, they stripp'd the poor *Knight* of the Coat which he wore over his Armour, and had robb'd him of his Breeches, had not his Greaves and Pully-pieces prevented 'em. And to the end they might not do their business by halves, they eas'd *Sancho* of his Parson's Cassock, which he had turn'd into a Waller, and uncas'd him to his Shirt. Which done, and the Spoils all justly and honestly divided, they shifted every one for himself, more careful to avoid the Constable's Clutches, then of their Duty to Madam *Dulcinea*.

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As for the *As*, *Rosinante*, *Sancho*, and *Don Quixote*, 'tis true, they remain'd Masters of the Field, but in an ill Condition; the *As* hanging his head, and shaking his Ears, as if Brick-bats had still buzz'd about his Noddle: *Rosinante* lying at his full length i' the Dust, and ready to make his Will: *Sancho* in deadly fear of pursuing Black-bills and Pitch-forks: and *Don Quixote* biting his Nails to see himself so villainously abus'd by Rogues and Thieves, for whom he had so villainously ventur'd his Neck.

C H A P. IX.

What befell the famous Don Quixote in the Mountain of Sierra Morena, which was one of the strangest Adventures in all this Real History.

Don Quixote finding himself so ill repay'd, quo he to his Squire, I have often heard say, *Sancho*, Save a Thief from the Gallows, and he'll be the first that shall hang his Benefactor, if he can. Had I follow'd thy Advice, I had avoided this Misfortune; but 'tis done, and there's no Remedy but Patience, and let's be wiser for the future. That is to say, reply'd *Sancho*, when I turn *Turk*— But since you repent for not following my Counsel, pray believe me once more; for in one word as well as in a thousand, I must tell ye, your *Quorum* Justices care no more for all the *Knights-Errent* i' the World, then for a dead Sprat. Hark— me thinks I hear the Halberdeers, and the Crewel-fring'd Pike-staves at my heels already. Thou art a Coward by Nature, reply'd *Don Quixote*; however, because thou shalt not say I am always obstinate, I will avoid this terrible *Hue and Cry* for once; but upon this Condition, That thou never tell any person, that I avoided Danger, out of Fear, but only at thy Request, and merely to do thee a Kindness. If thou say'st otherwise, thou ly'st; and from this time forth to that time forth, and from that time forth to the World's end, I give thee the Lye, and thou ly'st, and shalt lye i' thy Throat, if ever thou say'st the Contrary. For did I believe thou thought'st that I withdrew my self out of Danger, or fearing the Fraternity of the *Quorum* Justices, as thou call'st 'em, I would abide here till the Day of Judgment, in Defiance, not only of them, but of the Twelve Heads of the Tribes of *Israel*, the Seven *Macchabees*, *Caster* and *Pollux*, and all the Brotherhoods and Fraternities i' the World.

Having so said, *Don Quixote* remounted his *Rosinante* (who had always that good Faculty, that he was not long before he came to himself, whatever Misfortune befell him) and *Sancho* besriding his *As*, lead the way to the Black Mountain, call'd *Sierra Morena*, through the Crafty Squire's Design, to lurk in the craggy, and inaccessible Retreats of that Mountain, till the heat of Pursuit were over; which he was the rather inclin'd to do, as finding all his Belly-timber safe; a Miracle to be admir'd, considering how exact those Caiiffs were in their privy Searches.

By Midnight our Advecturers got to the middle, and most desert part of *Sierra Morena*, where *Sancho* advis'd his Master to stay for some time, at least, so long as their Provisions lasted; and so that Night they took up their Lodging between two Rocks over-spread with Cork-trees. But *Fatal* Fortune, who, according to the Opinion of those that walk not according to the

to the light within 'em, governs all things by their own Humour, so order'd it, That that same Master-Thief, Ring-leader to all the rest, who had been so grateful to the *Knight* for their Liberty, having made choice of those Covertures to escape the Hands of Justice, happen'd just into the place where *Sancho* and his Master had tak'n up their Lodgings; and knowing 'em by their Tongues, was so civil as not to disturb their rest by no means: But finding *Sancho's* *As* opportunely pannell'd and halter'd for his Convenience, ill Nature, a Roguish Disposition, and Necessity together, so wrought upon him, that he very honestly spirited away the *As*, and made such haste, that before day he was got quite out of the Reach of *Rosinante's* Pursuit.

But no sooner had the fair *Aurora* begun to smile upon the Hills, and with her refreshing Beams to bless the Surface of the Earth, when *Sancho*, to his unspeakable grief, miss'd the Delight of his Soul, and Comfort of his Life, his beloved *As*. He made such doleful Complaints, and such pitiful Moans, that *Don Quixote* waking, heard him thus expressing his un-supportable Woes.

Dear Offspring of my Bowels! quo he, born and bred under my Roof, my Children only Play-fellow, the Delight of my Wife, the Envy of my Neighbours, and the Staff of my laborious Life! In a word, the Maintainer of half my Family; for with Ten-pence which thou earn'd'st me every day, didst thou defray the half of my Expences. *Don Quixote*, divining by his Lamentations at the Cause of *Sancho's* Sorrow, endeavour'd to comfort him with soft and tender Expressions, and learned Discourses upon the Misfortunes of this World. But nothing wrought so kindly with *Sancho*, as a Bill of Exchange, which his Master promis'd him, for his Wife to take three *Asses* out of five, which he had at home. *Sancho* not being able to withstand an Argument so powerful, dry'd up his Tears, put a Stop to his Sighs and Sobbs, and return'd his Master a thousand Thanks for so generous a Favour.

On the other side, *Don Quixote* being not a little refresh'd with the Sleep he had got, and calling to mind the strange Adventures which *Knights-Errents* had met with in Deserts and Solitudes, was over joy'd to find himself in the midst of those Mountains, believing they would afford him sufficient Occasions to exercise his Prowess. But *Sancho's* Thoughts were otherwise employ'd; for now believing himself quite out of Danger, made frequent Visits to the Wallet, which *Rosinante* now was forc'd to carry, and following his Master, set his Grinders a walking much faster then his Feet.

As thus they leisurely pac'd it along, *Sancho* observ'd that his Master stoop'd in his Saddle to take up something with the end of his Javelin; which he not being able readily to do in his Saddle, *Sancho* ran with great Diligence to help him. Upon which, his Master commanding him to take it up, they found it to be a Portmanteau, in a very ill plight by reason of the Weather, but somewhat weighty withal. Having open'd it, they found within it four Holland-Shirts, with other Linen, clean and fashionable, and in another Handkerchief, a considerable quantity of Gold. Bless'd by the whole Frame of Heav'n, quo *Sancho*, for sending us some good Luck once in our Lives. Searching farther, they found a Table-book richly bound; presently, quo *Don Quixote*, this is my share, take thee the Gold, *Sancho*, for thy self. The Lord reward ye, dear Master, quo *Sancho*, at the same time cramming all his Booty into his Wallet. Certainly, *Sancho*, quo *Don Quixote*, it cannot be, but that some person, having lost his way in these Moun-

Mountains, has been here murder'd, and thrown into some hole among these Rocks. That cannot be, reply'd *Sancho*, for had they been Highway Men, they would ne're ha' left so much Booty behind. Thou speak'st Reason, quo *Don Quixote*, and therefore must see if we can discover any thing out of these Papers. Thereupon, after a small Search, he found the following Verses, which he read aloud for *Sancho* to hear.

O R Love's a Blackhead, or a cruel Jew;
Or else I feel less pain than is my Due;
For if my Pains were equal to the Cause,
They would be worse than Tooth-ach in the Jaws.
But if Love be a God, I dare to swear,
He then can be no Fool, and 'tis as clear,
No God can cruel be; then would I know
What Devil sends these Pains that plague me so?
Ah Phillis! Is it thee? No, no, dear Phillis,
A noble Cause ne're breeds Effect, that ill is.
'Tis not from Heav'n or Thee these Plagues proceed,
But I must die, for so has Fate decreed.
Nay, I must die for Love too like a Sot,
And yet that's neither Love's, nor yet thy Fault.
Hard Luck of mine! to die of such a Wound,
For which so many Medicines may be found.

I understand nothing by this, quo *Sancho*. That's strange, reply'd *Don Quixote*; for 'tis plain, that the Author of this Sonnet, is, or was in love; and that his Lady's Name was *Phillis*. Puh!— then I warrant ye, Sir, 'tis your old Friend *Corydon*, and this *Corydon* is run mad for that *Phillis*, and has lost his Cloak-bag. Pray, Sir, read another Paper, you'll find it as I say. Why, here's a Letter, and a Love-letter too, as I think, quo *Don Quixote*. Oh, good Sir! read it out, cry'd *Sancho*, for I'm a great Admirer of Love-Letters.

The Falshood of your Promises, and my Misfortune, of which I have now no more Reason to doubt, have carry'd me to a place, from whence thou shalt sooner hear the News of my Death, than of the Cause of my Complaints. Thou hast forsak'n me, ungrateful as thou art, for one more wealthy, not more virtuous than thy self. Tho if Vertue were a Treasure to be esteem'd, I should have no reason to bewail my own Misfortunes, nor envy the Happiness of other Men. What thy Actions rais'd, thy Beauty has pull'd down; I took thee for an Angel, but find thee a Woman. Farewel, Disturber of Peace, and may the Perfidy of thy Husband never come to light, lest living to repent the Injustice thou hast done me, I should be constrain'd to a Revenge that I never design.

The Person that wrote this Letter, quo *Don Quixote*, was a betray'd Lover, and that's all that I understand; which made him the more inquisitive after the rest. And turning over the remainder of the Leaves, he found several other Letters and Verses, wherein he could meet with nothing, however, but Accusations, Complaints, Distrusts, and Jealousies, Sorrow and Despair, Favours and Disdain; and thence he concluded, That the Man had been in love, and might be out of his Wits. And all the while he was poring in the Table-book, *Sancho* was romaging the Mail, and the Seat of the Saddle; which he did with that Exactness, that he left
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not a Seam unripp'd, nor a Lock of Wool which he did not pull to pieces with his Nails: Yet such was his Moderation, that tho he found no more, yet he was so well pleas'd with his hundred Crowns in Gold, already in safe Custody, that he forgot his being toss'd in a Blanket, his painful strainings, and Gripes of the Balfom; the Benedictions of the Pack staves, the Thumps of the Mule driver, the Loss of his Wallet and Ass, as believing himself well paid for all the Hunger and Thirst, which he had endur'd in his Master's Service.

On the other side, the Champion was in a heavy toss to know who was the owner of the Portmanteau; guessing by the value of the things, that he was a Person of worth, whom the disdain and scorn of his Mistress had driv'n to despair. At length, as he rode along, wholly tak'n up with these Considerations, and follow'd by *Sancho* over Bryars and Thorns, he espy'd upon the top of a stony Cragg that was before him, a Man that skip'd from Rock to Rock, o're the Bushes and Thorns, as nimbly as a Cat-a-Mountain: He seem'd to be almost naked, with a thick black Beard, his Hair clotted like a Water-Spaniels, without Hose or Shoes; having only a pair of Breeches upon his Hips, that seem'd to have been once of a Purple kind of Velvet, but so tatter'd and torn, that they discover'd his skin in several places. All which particulars the Champion observ'd, notwithstanding the swiftness of his motion, and endeavour'd to the utmost that lay in his Power to overtake him; firmly believing him to be the owner of the Saddle and Portmanteau. But *Rosinante* was too weak to run Races with Apparitions in such Ground as that was, being naturally of a slothful and phlegmatick disposition. However, *Don Quixote* was resolv'd to speak with him, tho it cost him a whole years time. And to that purpose, he order'd *Sancho* to beat one side of the Mountain, while he beat the other. I beg your Worships Pardon, quo *Sancho*; for alas, Sir, should I move but a hairs breadth out of your sight, my fears would immediately congeal me into a Statue, that I should never be able to stir farther: And therefore for the future I give ye warning never to lay such impossible Injunctions upon me.

In good time, quo the Knight of the Ill-favour'd Countenance, I am glad thou hast such a confidence in my Courage: I'll assure thee I shall never fail thee, tho thy Soul were scar'd out o' thy Body. Follow me therefore fair and softly, and let us search every hole and corner of this Rock, 'tis a thousand pound to a Nut-shell, but we may meet with the owner of this same Portmanteau: For o'my Conscience that's the very Man that appear'd so lately to us like a Vision. 'Slife, Sir, quo *Sancho*, I don't like your Project; for should we meet him, and he challenge the Cloak-bag, I must be forc'd to restore him his Money. And therefore, Sir, I think 'twould be much better to forbear this Curiosity of yours, and to keep the Money, till we meet him by some other more lucky chance, when we may have spent the Gold, and worn out the Linnen, and then we are acquitted from making Restitution by the Law. Thou art mistak'n, *Sancho*; for since we have such pregnant Reasons to believe him the owner, we are bound to find him out, and restore him his Goods; by which means we shall be discharg'd in *Foro Conscientie*. And so saying, he spurr'd *Rosinante* forward, well knowing that *Sancho* would not dare to tarry behind. Nor was it long before they came to a little Brook, where they found lying a dead Mule, Saddle and Bridl'd, and half eat'n by the Crows and Kites; which confirm'd the Knight in his belief, that the Wild-man he had seen was the Master of the Cloak-bag. Now, while they were considering the Mule, and making
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their Observations upon the Accident, they heard a whistling, like the whistling of some Shepherd that kept his Flock not far off; and at the same time, upon their Left Hand, they spy'd a great number of Goats, and a little beyond 'em an Ancient Man, that seem'd to be their Guardian; to whom *Don Quixote* call'd out, and desir'd him to come down. The Goat-herd ask'd 'em how they came thither, into a Desert place, frequented by none but Goats and Wolves, and other Wild Beasts? And seeing 'em stand gazing upon the dead Mule, That Mule, said he, has lain there this six Months. But pray tell me, Gentlemen, did ye not meet his Master, coming hither? We met no body, reply'd *Don Quixote*; only we found a Saddle and a Cloak-bag not far from this place. I have often seen it too, said the Goat-herd, but I durst not meddle with it, fearing it might be laid there for a Bait, and a purpose to lay Felony to my charge. For the Devil is very subtle, and many times tempts us with a Fool's Paradise, to draw us into a Halter. This is just as I said, quo *Sancho*, for I saw the Cloak bag too, but durst not adventure within a stones throw of it; and there let it lye, for me; for I'll be none of those that shall hang the Bell about the Cats Neck. Well — but honest Friend, quo *Don Quixote*, dost thou know who was the owner of that Mule?

All that I know, reply'd the Goat-herd, is this; That about six Months ago, there was a young Gentleman, proper, handsome, well clad, and mounted upon the Mule which you see there (only that it was then alive) with the same Cloak bag behind him, came one day to a Shepherd's Cottage, about three Leagues from this place, and enquir'd which was the most desert and unfrequented part of all this Mountain? Who directed him to that part where we are now: And 'tis very true; for should ye go but half a League farther, you would be hardly able to get back again.

Now, this Gentleman having receiv'd our Answer, turn'd about his Mule, and follow'd his Directions exactly, leaving us in admiration of his goodly Aspect, and the great haft which he made toward the Mountain. After that, we heard of him no more, till meeting with one of our Shepherds, without saying a word, he fell upon him, and beat the poor fellow most unmercifully; and then going to the Ass that carry'd our Provisions, after he had tak'n away all the Bread and Cheese, he tripp'd back again to the Mountain as nimbly as a wild Buck.

Hearing this, a good number of us together spent two whole days seeking for him in the most remote and private Retirements of the Mountains, where at length we discover'd him in the hollow of a large Cork-Tree, from whence he came forth to us with all the mildness and courtesie that could be, but with a Countenance so disfigur'd and Sun-burnt, that in his raggs and tatters we hardly knew him again. After a kind Salutation, he told us in few words, but well compos'd together, that we were not to wonder to see him in that posture, for that it was only to acquit himself of a Penitential Vow, that he had oblig'd himself to perform. We desir'd him to let us know his Stations, that we might bring him Victuals, which we were ready to do as often as he should desire us, so that he needed not to take it by force. He thank'd us for our kind offers, and begg'd Pardon for the Injury he had done; assuring us he would never commit the same Violence again. We ask'd him also, where was his most usual Retirement? To which he answer'd, No where certain, but where ever Night surpriz'd him; concluding his Speech with such bitter and lamentable Complaints, that would have mov'd a Heart of Brass to compassion, especially in us that beheld him so strangely alter'd from what we had seen him before. At length,

length, he made a pause, and standing like one that had been strick'n dumb, with his Eyes stedfastly fix'd upon the ground: He continu'd in that posture for some time; but then of a sudden, as if some fit of Madness had seiz'd him, staring with his Eyes, knitting his Brows, biting his Lips, and clutching his Fists, he flew upon the foremost of us, with so much fury and rage, that had we not pull'd him off by main force, he had beaten out the Eyes of the surpriz'd Shepherd, and torn his flesh from his Cheeks with his Teeth; crying out in the height of his Frenzie, Ah! Traytor, *Ferdinand*, here, here it is, that thou shalt repay me for the Injury thou hast done me; these hands of mine shall rend from thy Breast that treacherous Heart, which harbours only Villany and Perfidy; lading at the same time the suppos'd *Ferdinand* with a thousand more Reproaches of Treachery and Baseness. Which done, he flung from us, and threw himself into the thickest part of all the Woods, leaping over the Bushes and Brambles with that nimbleness, that it was impossible for us to follow him. Which caus'd us to believe, that his Madness seiz'd him by fits; and that some one, whose Name was *Ferdinand*, had done him those irreparable Injuries, which he sought to revenge with so much Violence. Since that, it has come into our Minds several times to find him out, and to carry him by force to the Mad-House, about eight Leagues distant from hence, that so a more particular Care might be tak'n for his Recovery; or at least, that he might be sent back to his Relations.

Don Quixote was wonderfully concern'd, when he had heard the Goat-herd's story, and resolv'd to make it his business, what e're it cost him, to find this unfortunate Lover out; so much the rather, because he extremely pity'd his Condition, as believing him to be a Person of Quality, and one that suffer'd unjustly. But Fortune, observing his good Nature, resolv'd to save him the labour; for just as they were speaking, the young Man appear'd, and from the cleft of a Rock, right against the place where they stood, advanc'd towards 'em, muttering certain words between his Teeth, which they could not well have understood, had they been close by him. When he drew near, he saluted the Company very civilly, but with a hoarse and wheafing Voice. *Don Quixote* return'd his Civilities; for alighting from *Rosinante*, and accosting him with a Majestick Grace, he embrac'd him as if he had been one of his old Acquaintance: Nor could the other forbear, so soon as he got loose, to step back some two or three yards; where laying his Hand upon his Breast, he stood staring in *Don Quixote's* face, as if he had been calling to mind some Person whom he had known before; no less astonish'd questionless to behold *Don Quixote's* Countenance, Armour, & lofty Prefence, then *Don Quixote* to see the forlorn and tatter'd condition of the Forrester. But the first that open'd his Mouth was the Ragged Knight, as you shall hear i' the next Chapter:

C H A P. X.

The Continuation of the Adventure in the Black Mountain.

THE History relates, That the *Knight of the Ill-favour'd Countenance* listn'd with great Attention to the disastrous *Knight of the Rock*, who pursuing his Discourse; In good Truth, Sir, said he, whoe're you are, for I know you not, you have extreamly oblig'd me by your Generosity and Civility; and I could wish I were in a Condition to testify my Acknowledgement otherwise then in words. But my bad Fortune obstructs my good Intentions, so that I have nothing to return for so many Kindnesses, but unprofitable Wishes.

Sir, quo *Don Quixote*, so great have been my Desires to serve you, that I resolv'd not to depart from these Solitudes, till I had found ye out; to the end I might know from your self, whether there were any Remedy to be found for the Discontents that occasion this your disconsolate Course of Life, tho it were to be purchas'd with the Hazard of my own Life; or, if your Misfortunes would admit of no Relief, that I might assist ye to bear the Burthen of your Woes, by sharing with you in your Sorrows, and intermixing my Tears with yours: For you cannot but know the Proverb, Sir, *Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris*. 'Tis all the *Latin* I have, but I cannot use it upon a better Occasion. If then good Intentions may plead Merit, I conjure ye by the first Object of your early Affections, to tell me who you are, and the Cause of your Retirement to this solitary Desert, so remote from the Converse of Men.

The *Knight of the Rock*, having attentively listn'd to these kind Expressions of the *Knight of the Ill-favour'd Countenance*, he view'd him from top to toe; and when he had so done: Sir, said he, if you have any thing to eat, for the love of God, give it me; and when I have fill'd my Belly, I will fulfil your Desires. Thereupon *Sancho* having dis-furnish'd his Wallet, and the Goat-herd his Scrip, they brought him first and second Course. Immediately the Ragged *Knight* fell on, without saying Grace, like a Man half famish'd, with that greedy haste, that he seem'd rather to devour, then feed. And having thus fill'd his Belly, he beckon'd to *Don Quixote*, and the rest to follow him; and after he had brought 'em to a Meadow adjoining to a Rock, he laid himself at his ease upon the Grass, where the rest of the Company sitting down by him, he thus began.

Sir, said he, if you intend that I should make a full Recital of my sad Misfortune, you must promise me before-hand, not to interrupt me with any Questions, or Comments upon my Words; for if any body speaks a Syllable, I shall presently conclude my Story. And this I the rather desire, as intending to be quick in the Relation of my Disasters, of which the very Remembrance is a Torment to me; tho you may be assur'd, I shall omit nothing of Consequence that may tend to your Satisfaction. Thereupon *Don Quixote* undertaking for all the rest, the *Knight of the Rock* thus began.

My Name is *Cardenio*; the Place of my Birth, one of the best Cities of *Andaluzia*; my Descent is Noble, and my Parents wealthy. But my Misfortunes are so great, that neither Wealth, nor the Prosperity of my Parents can remedy. In the same Place was born the matchless *Lucinda*, incom-

incomparable for her Beauty, nobly descended, and equal in her Fortune to my self, but wanting a Constancy sufficient to answer the Sincerity of my Intentions. This *Lucinda* I lov'd from her tender Years, and ador'd her in her Infancy; and she also lov'd me with a harmless Affection and Freedom, which the Innocence of Childhood never scruples. Nor did our Parents oppose this innocent Liberty, well knowing, that the Equality of our Fortunes was such, that there could be no dislike of our matching together. Afterwards our Affections increasing as we grew in Years, *Lucinda's* Father judging our usual Familiarity prejudicial to his Daughter's Honour, forbid my frequent Visits to his House. But that Restraint did but the more augment our Affections and inflame our Desires. So that altho we were debarr'd the Freedom of Converse, yet by the means of trusty Messengers, we still maintain'd a private Intercourse in Writing; which, like Fewel to Fire, still fed our amorous Flames. Heav'ns! how many Letters have I wrote her? How many Sonnets have I sent her? How many tender and obliging Returns have I receiv'd from her? The mutual Pledges of our private Amours, and mutual Consolations of a violent Passion? At length impatient to re-behold the Comfort of my life, I resolv'd to demand her of her Father in Marriage. He thank'd me for the Honour I did him, but told me withal, That I had likewise a Father alive, whose consent was to be obtain'd, as well as his. Thereupon going to my Father, with a Design to beg his Approbation and Assistance, I found him in his Chamber with a Letter open'd in his Hand, which he gave me to read, before I could speak a Word to him about my own Business. Thou wilt find there, said he, the more then ordinary Kindness that *D. Richard* has for thee. Now you must know, Gentlemen, that this *D. Richard* was a *Grandee* of *Spain*; the chiefest part of whose Estate lies in the most fertile part of *Andaluzia*. I read the Letter, and found therein an obliging Request of *D. Richard* to send me to him with all speed, that I might be the Companion of his eldest Son; and promising withal, to advance me to a Fortune answerable to the good Opinion which he had of me. The latter part of this Letter struck me dumb; but I was ready to hang my self, when my Father bid me prepare to be gone in two Days. Farther, said he, give God Thanks, that Fortune has thus open'd thee a way to that Advancement, which I know thou deserv'st. Nevertheless, the Evening before the Day of my Departure, I gave *Lucinda* a Visit, and told her what had happen'd: I also besought her Father to preserve his good Opinion of me, and to defer the bestowing of his Daughter, till I had been with *D. Richard*. Which he faithfully promis'd me to doe; and she confirm'd with all the Vows and Protections imaginable.

Thus between Satisfaction and Dissatisfaction, I arriv'd at *D. Richard's* Court; where I was receiv'd and entertain'd with that extraordinary Kindness and Civility, that I became the Envy of all his ancient Servants. But he that most endearingly caress'd me, was *Ferdinand*, the Duke's youngest Son, generous, comely, and of an excellent Humour. He receiv'd me into his Bosom-Friendship, and gave me such continual and ample Testimonies of his Affection, that tho I was highly both belov'd and esteem'd by his Brother, yet could I easily distinguish between their Favours.

And as it is the Property of true Friends to keep nothing secret, *D. Ferdinand* believing himself secure of my Fidelity, imparted to me all his Thoughts; and among the rest, disclos'd to me his being in love with a handsome Country Girl, the Daughter of a Farmer, that was one of his Father's Tenants. Such was the Vertue, the Prudence, the Discretion of this Damsel,

Damsel, that she was the Admiration of all that were acquainted with her; and those her rare Endowments had so charm'd the Soul of *D. Ferdinand*, that finding it impossible to win her for his Mistress, he resolv'd to make her his Wife. Now being so engag'd, as I was, to *D. Ferdinand*, I thought it my Duty to divert him from a Resolution so prejudicial to his Honour and Quality; but finding all my Arguments were scatter'd in the Wind, I resolv'd to inform the Duke, his Father, of his Intentions. But *D. Ferdinand*, whose *Politicks* were refin'd and piercing, believing my Honour would engage me to discover a Design so prejudicial to the Honour of his Family, endeavour'd to perswade me, that his Heat was over; and to complete the Cure, that he was resolv'd to absent himself from the Object of his Passion; to which purpose, he would take a Journey to my Father's House, pretending to buy Horses, of which there are the best of all that Province, bred in our Village. Presently, sway'd by the Interest of my own Love, I approv'd his Design, and press'd him to make haste, out of a Design to re-visit my dear *Lucinda*. But alas! as afterwards I understood, he had already reap'd the last enjoiments of his amorous Courtship to his Country-Mistress, with the Sickle of promis'd Marriage; tho he durst not discover it, for fear of the Duke his Father's Displeasure.

But as the Love of young People is only an irregular Passion, and boiling Desire, that has no other Object then Pleasure, and which Enjoyment dissipates; no sooner had he obtain'd the last Favours of his Mistress, but his vehement Affection slacken'd, and his ardent Love grew cold: So that if his Desire of Absence were fain'd before, there was nothing now which he more really coveted. And therefore having obtain'd his Father's leave, away we came to my Father's House, where *Don Ferdinand* was entertain'd with a Welcome besitting his Quality; and I went to visit my *Lucinda*, who receiv'd me as a most dear and constant Lover.

Some few Days after, to divertise *Ferdinand*, I thought it my Duty, like a Nick-a-poop as I was, to put the same Confidence in his Friendship, with which he had entrusted mine. And to that purpose (curse o' my babbling Tongue!) I made *Lucinda's* Beauty, Wit, and Prudence, the Subject of my Discourse, till I had inflam'd him with a Desire to see so wonderful a Person; and to satisfy his Impatience, shew'd her to him at a low Window, where we were wont to converse together. And that which added to my Ruine, was, That she was richly dress'd that Day, and seem'd so lovely to *D. Ferdinand's* Eyes, that he forgot all other Beauties in the World beside, and became a doating Lover of my Mistress only. Nay, the more to enflame him (for when the Devil owes a man a Spite, he never pays a man by halves) he met with a Letter of her's, wherein she had desir'd me to demand her of her Father, and to hast'n our Marriage; which was written with that Modesty and Discretion, that *D. Ferdinand* cry'd out, That in *Lucinda* were all those Perfections, both of Body and Mind, met together, as it were, by consent, which in other Women separately appear'd. But as deserv'd as they were, I did not like these *Encomiums* from *D. Ferdinand's* Lips; I began to smell a Rat, and therefore carry'd my self more reserv'dly: But the more I forbore to speak of her, the more He made her still the Subject of his Discourse. And this was that which waken'd my Jealousie, tho I could say nothing against *Lucinda*, of whose Fidelity I thought my self so fully assur'd, that I durst have pawn'd my Soul to a brass Thimble, for her Sincerity.

It happen'd one day, that *Lucinda*, who was much addict'd to read Books of *Knight-Errantry*, desir'd me to lend her the History of *Amadis de Gaul*—

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Scarce were the words, *Amadis de Gaul*, drop'd out of *Cardenio's* Mouth, but *Don Quixote* interrupting him; Had you but told me, that your Lady was addict'd to read Romances, you need have said no more to confirm me in the Belief of what you have utter'd concerning her Beauty and her Wit. For if she be a Reader of Romances, I am sure she must be ten times fairer, and ten thousand times more witty then you have express'd her to be: and more then that, I do uphold and maintain her to be the wittiest Woman alive. I wish, Sir, that, together with *Amadis de Gaul*, you had sent her the brave *Duke Roger of Greece*. Madam *Lucinda*, questionless, would have been highly tak'n with *Dorayda*, and *Geraya*, and the pleasant Shepherd *Darinel*, with his *Bucolicks*, which he sung with so much Discretion, and with such a sweet and debonnair Behaviour. But time may repair this Defect; and if you please to come to my House, I will shew you above three hundred Volumes, which are all the Delight and Content I have in this World; and yet they are all at your Service, if the damn'd *Negromancers* have not robb'd me of 'em. Pardon me, I beseech ye, Sir, for giving you this Interruption, contrary to my Promise; but I can as well be hang'd, and the Sun may as well forbear to shine, as I forbear speaking, when I hear the least mention made of *Knight-Errantry*. Now therefore, pray Sir, go on.

All the time of this Digression *Cardenio* hung down his Head in his Breast, like one that had been musing some new Point i' the Mathematicks. Nor could *Don Quixote*, with all his Entreaties, perswade him to look up, or give him a Word of Answer. But at length, elevating his Chin, with his Eyes staring in his Head; I'll never believe otherwise, nor shall any Man beat it out of my Brains, quo he, and he's a Rascal, and a Son of a Whore, who denies, that that same Scoundrel of a Stallion Barber, *Tom Thumb*, never lay with the *Queen of Trumps*.

By all that's vertuous in *Toboso*, reply'd *Don Quixote*, that cannot be: 'tis a Scandal and a Calumny. The *Queen of Trumps* was a most chaste and modest Lady; and there is no probability, that a Princess of her Quality would make love to a *Tooth-drawer*: Whoever affirms it, lyes in his Throat, and I'll make him to acknowledge it, either a-foot, or a horse-back, arm'd, or unarm'd, by Day, or by Night, or how he pleases. *Cardenio*, upon this, fasten'd his Eyes upon *Don Quixote*, without speaking a word; and being thus provok'd into one of his mad Fits, to hear himself call'd Liar, and insolent Fellow, took up a great Stone that lay just at his Feet, and threw it with such a force at *Don Quixote*, that hitting him full i' the Breast, it beat the Champion backward upon his Rump. *Sancho* seeing his Master abus'd, fell upon *Cardenio* with both his Fists clutch'd, whom *Cardenio* with one sound Wherret, laid at his Feet, and then fell a trampling his Guts, like a Baker in a Dough-trough. Nor did the Goat-herd, going to take *Sancho's* Part, speed much better. And thus the *Ragged Knight* having vanquish'd the *Knight of the Ill-favour'd Face*, and both his Champions, retir'd back to the Mountain.

Sancho was no sooner got upon his Legs again, but he began to quarrel with the Goat-herd, calling him Bumkin and Logger-head, for not telling 'em before, that the *Ragged Knight* was frantick, that so they might ha' had more care of themselves. The Goat-herd reply'd, that he had giv'n 'em Warning at first, and if he could not hear, he was not bound to find him Ears. To this *Sancho* reply'd, and the Goat-herd reply'd again; till from *Pro's* and *Con's* they fell to seizing one another by the Beards, tugging and haling each other in such a cruel manner, that if *Don Quixote* had not parted

parted 'em, they had pull'd one anothers Chins from their Heads. However, *Sancho* keeping his hold, in great Wrath, Let me alone, Sir *Knight of the Ill-favour'd Face*, quo he: this Fellow is no more a Dubb'd Knight then my self, and therefore I hope I may fight hand to hand, like a Man of Honour, and revenge the Injury he has done me. 'Tis true, *Sancho*, reply'd *Don Quixote*, but I know no Injury we have receiv'd: And so saying, made 'em shake hands, and be Friends. And then addressing himself to the *Goat-herd*, ask'd him, Whether there were no way to find out *Cardenio* again, in regard he had a great mind to hear the end of his Story? To whom the *Goat-herd* made Answer, That the *Ragged Knight* had no constant Residence, but that if he tarri'd thereabouts, it might not be long before he met with him, mad or sober.

C H A P. XI.

Of the strange Accidents that befell the valiant Knight of Mancha in the Black Mountain; and of his imitating the Penance perform'd by the Lovely-Obscure.

Don Quixote bid the *Goat-herd* farewell, and remounting *Rosinante*, commanded *Sancho* to follow him a-foot, which he did, but in a damn'd fullen, peevish Humour; for his Master led him into the roughest, and most craggy part of all the Mountain. Thus they travell'd for a while, without speaking a word one to another; till *Sancho*, almost dead for want of a little Chat, Sir, said he, I desire your Worship to give me your Blessing, and leave to depart, that I may return home to my Wife and Children, where no body can hinder me from Scolding and Maundring, as I please my self. For I had rather be bury'd alive, then to ramble after your Heels through Mountains and Desarts, Day and Night, without being admitted to speak. Could the Beasts speak, as they did in *Aesop's* time, *Rosinante* and I might Chat together, like two Midwives, and my Conceits would never putrifie i' my Body, as they do. Upon my Faith, Sir, 'tis a thing not to be endur'd to trot o' this Fashion after Adventures, and meet with nothing but *Thumps* and *Bastinado's*; and after all, forsooth, to have a Man's Mouth fow'd up, as if his Tongue had been made for no use. I understand thee, *Sancho*, quo *Don Quixote*, thou dost not love to keep thy Tongue a Prisoner long: why then, *Sancho*, I'll release it for once, upon Condition, that it shall be only for the time we continue i' the Mountains. Speak therefore what thou hast a mind.

Content, quo *Sancho*, let us talk while we may, God knows what may befall us hereafter: And so beginning to make use of his Privilege; I wonder, Sir, said he, what Reason you had to be so cholerick for the Queen of *Trumps*, what d'ye call her, for I care not a Straw what her Name is? Or What was it to the Purpose, whether *Tom Thumb* were her Paramour, or no? For had you not meddl'd with what y' had nothing to do with, the Mad-man would ha' gone on with his Story, you had mis'd a good Thump o' the Breast, and I had scap'd the bursting the Cawl of my Belly.

Friend *Sancho*, reply'd *Don Quixote*, didst thou but know what a virtuous Lady the Queen of *Trumps* was, thou'dst say, I had a great deal

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of Patience in that I did not tear that Fellows Tongue from the bottom of of his Throat, for uttering so many Blasphemies against her. For, in short, 'twas a most execrable piece of Blasphemy to say, That a Queen had lain with a Barber-Surgeon. For the Truth of the Story is this, That this Mr. *Tom Thumb* was both Counsellor, and Physician in Ordinary to the Queen; but to say he was her Paramour or Gallant, was an insolent Scandal, and fit to be chastiz'd. Neither can it be thought, that *Cardenio* knew what he said; for thou swor'st he was in one of his mad Fits, when he spoke it. And what need you then ha' minded what a Mad-man said, quo *Sancho*? Suppose the Stone that hit ye o' the Breast, had beat out your Brains, we had been finely serv'd for taking the part of a *Sissy-Bum-Trinket*; the Devil confound her.

Sancho, reply'd *Don Quixote*, a *Knight-Errant* is oblig'd to defend the Honour of all Ladies against *Lunatics*, as well as Men i' their Wits; much more, being such Queens and Princesses as the Queen of *Trumps*, for whom I have a particular Veneration, because of her Vertue, and other admirable Qualities; for besides that, she was very beautiful, she was very prudent, And behav'd her self with an incomparable Patience in all her Misfortunes: and then it was that it was, that she stood in need of the wholesom Counsels of Mr. *Tom Thumb*; which gave Occasion to that false and scandalous Report, that they lay together. But I say again, they lye, and lye a thousand times over, whoever they be, that shall either report, or so much as think such a Calumny against the Queen of *Trumps*.

Why, Sir, quo *Sancho*, I neither say, nor think one way or t'other; let them that affirm it eat the Lye, and swallow it when they ha' done. If they lay together, th' have answer'd for it before now. I come from plough, I know nothing; I never thrust my Nose into other mens Porridge; my Name's *Twysford*, I neither meddle nor make. He that buys and sells, shall find his Gains in his Purse. Naked I came into the World, and naked I must go out. I neither take, nor give; I neither lose, nor gain: if they lay together 'tis no Bread and Butter o' mine. Who can make a Silk Purse of a Sow's Ear? But if ye catch me i' your Corn, put me i' your Pound.

The Devil go wi' thee, quo *Don Quixote*, what a Company of Proverbs hast thou threaded together? What are all these musty Adages to my Purpose? Prethee mind thy Ass, that's thy Business; and remember this, That what I do, I have done, and shall do, is no more then what is conformable to the Laws of Chivalry, which I understand better then all the *Knights-Errant* that ever were i' the World. Troth, Sir, quo *Sancho*, 'tis no more then ye deserve; for in my Opinion, ye pay dear for your Knowledge. But I pray Sir, give me leave, Do your Laws constrain us to live and die in this Mountain? Patience a little, good *Sancho*, reply'd *Don Quixote*, for now I think on't, I have something to do in this Mountain, that shall immortalize my Name, eternize my Fame, and give me a Reputation above all the *Knights-Errant* that ever were i' the World, or ever shall be. Well, but what's the Danger we must run, quo *Sancho*? for I would willingly know before-hand, if I might. That's as it happ'ns, quo *Don Quixote*, for we may perhaps meet with a Brush, or so; but the main matter consists in thy Diligence. In my Diligence! Heav'ns bless us, quo *Sancho*. 'Tis very true, reply'd *Don Quixote*; for if thou return'st with speed from the place whither I think to send thee, my Pain will be soon at an end, and my Glory will begin— But why in such a brown Study, man? For thou art to know, most faithful Squire, that *Amadis de Gaul* was one of the compleatest *Knight-Errants* that ever were i' the World; nay, the very Chief and

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'Prince of all the rest. Moreover, 'tis the part of a Painter, that studies 'to render himself famous in his Art, to imitate the best Originals; which 'ought to be the Rule in all other Arts and Sciences, that serve for 'the Ornament of Common-wealths. Thus *Homer* makes his *Ulysses* a Pat- 'tern of Wisdom and Patience; and *Virgil* his *Aeneas* a rare Example of fi- 'lial Duty, and of a valiant Captain; representing 'em not what they were, 'but what it behov'd 'em to have been. In like manner was *Amadis* the 'North-Star, and Sun of all *Knight-Errants*, truly Courageous and Amo- 'rous; and for that Reason only, him alone ought all *Knight-Errants* to 'imitate, that march under the Banner of Love and Chivalry. Now then 'I find, that among all other things that render *Amadis* so famous for 'Wisdom and Valour, his Constancy and Love, his retiring to the *Poor Rock*, 'under the Title of the *Lovely Obscure One*, was one of the chiefest: A Title 'certainly most significant and agreeable to the life which he intended to lead. 'And in regard it is a Task far more easie to imitate his Penance, then his 'great Achievements, in cleaving the Heads of monstrous Giants, stran- 'gling Serpents, killing Dragons, vanquishing whole Armies, dispersing 'Navies, and breaking the force of Incantments: I am resolv'd not to 'lose the offer of so fair an Opportunity, in a Place to fit for my purpose. But pray, Sir, all this while, What is your Design in this lonely Desert, quo *Sancho*? Have I not told thee, reply'd *Don Quixote*, that I intend here to act *Amadis* in his Madness, Despair, and Fury? And at the same time to imitate the Dotages of the Valiant *Orlando*, when he found that *Angelica*, the Fair, had abandon'd him for the Love of *Medor*, which distracted him to that degree, that he tore up Trees by the Roots, damm'd up Fountains, destroy'd whole Flocks, slew the Shepherds, fir'd their Huts, stole their Horses, and committed a hundred Extravagancies, worthy to be recorded in Fame's eternal Book? Not that I intend, however, to follow *Rowland*, or *Orland*, or *Roldan*, for he went by as many Names as a *Newgate Shop-lift*; but to make choice of the most Essential and Orthodox of all his Follies. Nay, perhaps I shall only imitate *Amadis*, whose Raving not being so de- structive and pernicious, but only consisting in Complaints and Lamenta- tions, gain'd him such a matchless Reputation.

I am apt to believe, reply'd *Sancho*, That those Knights had some Rea- son for what they did: But what induces you to play the fool? What Lady has despis'd your Amours? What Discoveries have you made of *Dulcinea's* being false to ye, with either *Moor* or *Christian*?

S'life, cry'd *Don Quixote*, there's my Point, therein consists the Curiosity of my Business, for a *Knight-Errant* to play the Mad-man without any Rea- son; there's the Knot and Riddle of the matter, for a Man to run frantick without a Cause; thereby to let his Lady see what he can do upon Occasion, when he acts so well, without any Constraint or Necessity. But I have Reason sufficient, considering the long time I have been absent from the matchless *Dulcinea*, through which Neglect of mine, I have sinn'd most hei- nously against her Patience, according to the saying of the Shepherd *Am- broso*:

*In my Absence losing Time,
Can ye think she is not griev'd?
Yes, and tempted too, be sure,
Some other way to be reliev'd.*

And

And therefore, *Sancho*, never strive in vain to divert me from so rare, so happy, and so extraordinary an Imitation. I am mad, and will be mad, till thou return'st with an Answer to the Letter which thou must carry to the Lady *Dulcinea*; and if I find that she deserves my Constancy, my Frenzie will be over, and I will do Penance no longer; but if she slights me, I will run stark mad, to the end, that if thou bring'st me bad News, I may be al- together insensible of it. But to the purpose, *Sancho*, hast thou sav'd *Mam- brino's* Helmet? I saw thee take it up, after that ingrateful Rogue had done his utmost endeavour to break it, which shews the most excellent Temper of the Mettle.

Before-George, your Follies, Sir *Knight of the Ill-favour'd Countenance*, are not to be endur'd, quo *Sancho*; they are enough to make any Man believe, that what you brag of your *Knight-Errantry*, your winning of Kingdoms and Empires, and your bestowing of Islands upon your Squire, are meer Shams and Lyes. For who, i' the Name of *Belzebub*, that should hear you call a Barber's Bason *Mambrino's* Helmet, would not think you fit for the Mad-house at *Newington*? I have the Bason i' my Waller, which I intend to carry home, and get mended for my own use, if ever God quits me of your confounded Service.

Sancho, reply'd *Don Quixote*, would I might be pox'd, if I think there ever was such a Cuckow-brains of a Squire i' the World. How is it possi- ble for a man to be such a Logger-head, as not to have learnt in all this time that thou hast been with me, that all the Actions and Adventures of *Knights-Errant*, seem to be *Chimera's*, Follies, and Impertinencies; not that they are so indeed, but through the Malice and Wickedness of those damn'd Inchanters, that make all things as they please themselves; and thus be- witch'd by their Sorceries, thou tak'st *Mambrino's* Helmet for a Barber's Bason, which to me seems another thing: And that the Sorcerer does it out of Friendship to me. For *Mambrino's* Helmet being a Jewel of such in- estimable value, I should never be at rest, but be always engag'd in Fights and Combats, to defend it, were it once known to be i' my Custody. Keep it safe, *Sancho*, for I have no need of it at present; rather I think to put off my Armour, and strip my self as naked as I came out of my Mother's Womb, according as I shall find it most convenient, whether to imitate *Or- lando* or *Amadis*.

Concluding this Discourse, they came to the foot of a high Rock that seem'd to stand by it self; from the descent of which, there softly glided a gentle stream that water'd a Meadow which surrounded the Rock. The freshness and verdure of the Grass, the number of wild Trees, Plants, and Flowers, that cover'd the Rock, render'd this place so pleasant and delight- ful, that the *Knight of the Ill-favour'd Countenance* made choice of it to shrift himself, beginning his Penance in such a manner, as if he had utterly lost his Wits.

'Behold, O Heav'ns, said he, the place which I have made choice of, to 'bewail therein the miserable Condition to which you have reduc'd me. 'May my Tears augment the waters of this Rivulet, and my Sighs perpe- 'ually move the Leaves and Branches of these Trees, eternal Remem- 'brances to the World of the Pains and Torments which my Heart endures. 'Ye rural Deities, whoever ye be, that inhabit these Deserts, hear the 'Plaints of an unfortunate Lover, whom a long Absence, and his own fan- 'tastical Jealousie has guided to these gloomy Shades to lament his ill For- 'tune, and deplore the cruel Rigour of that ungrateful fair One, who is the 'Perfection, and *Ne plus ultra* of all terrestrial Beauty. Ye lovely *Nayades*,

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and

'and *Druids* more contemplative, assist my Complaints, or at least list'n to my Woes; and may the lascivious, boistrous Satyrs never interrupt your Rest. Oh, *Dulcinea del Toboso*! thou Sun of my Days, and Moon of my Nights; the Glory of my Sufferings, North star of my Travels, and Constellation that govern'st my Fortune, pity, I conjure thee, the sad Condition to which my absence has reduc'd me; and may the Heav'n's grant thee long and happy Days. Ye solitary Groves and Shades, Companions of my Solitudes, satisfy me in the soft Language of your rustling Leaves, and by the nodding of your Branches, that I am welcome to your verdant Harbours. And thou my dear Squire, the faithful Companion of my Adventures, mark attentively what I do, and be sure not to forget the smallest *Punctilio*. And thou *Rosinante*, that hast all along so inseparably and advantageously serv'd me; thou that hast shar'd with me in all my bad and good Successes, pardon me for making choice of this Solitude; and believe me, 'tis not without weeping Eyes, that thou and I must part. And so saying, he alighted, whipp'd off his Bridle and Saddle, and giving the Horse a clap o' the Buttocks, go *Rosinante*, said he, he gives thee thy Liberty, that has lost his own. Go Horse, no less famous for thy Actions, than miserable for thy bad luck; yet shalt thou never be sold to thy worth. Fam'd Beast! with whom neither *Astolpho's Hypogriffon*, nor *Frontin*, *Brandimere's Delight*, nor the winged *Pegasus* himself could e'er compare for mettle and swiftness of heels.

Curst be the villain Thief, cry'd *Sancho*, curst with Bell, Book, and Candle, that freed me from the trouble of unpannelling my Ass too; he should not have wanted a Harangue in his praise, perhaps as good as this. Poor Creature of God's making! he was never troubl'd with these Follies of Lovers and Mad-men, no more than his Master, that was my self, so long as Heav'n pleas'd. But d'ye here me, now I think on't, Sir Knight of the Ill-favour'd Countenance, if your frantick Pranks and my Journey be resolv'd on, there will be a necessity of saddling *Rosinante* again, especially if your business require haste; for truth to tell ye, I am no good Foot-man. Do as thou think'st fit, for that, *Sancho*, reply'd *Don Quixote*; for I intend thou shalt set forward about three days hence. In the mean time thou shalt stay and be witness of what I do for my Lady's sake; to the end thou mayst be able to give her a true and perfect Account of every Particular. Heav'n bless my Eye sight, quo *Sancho*, why, is it possible for me to see more than I have done? Thou art still wide o' the Mark, reply'd *Don Quixote*, thou shalt see me put off my Armour, tear my Clothes, knock my Head against the Rocks, and play a thousand more antick Tricks, which all the *Jack-Puddings* in London could never shew thee. For the love of God, Sir, take heed how ye quarrel with these Rocks, you may chance to give your Skull such a crack the first Encounter, as may spoil an excellent Mad-man, and a good Penitent both at one stroke. Therefore I would advise ye, if your business, which is all but a feign'd Ceremony, cannot otherwise be accomplish'd, without these scurvy Cats-leaps, to practise your Imitations upon the Water, or in a Hay-rick; and let me alone to swear to Madam *Dulcinea*, that you plaid your *Christmas-gambols* upon hard pointed Rocks, as sharp as the end of your Spear.

I thank thee, honest *Sancho*, for thy good Will, reply'd *Don Quixote*; but thou art mistak'n to think I am in jest: These things must be all done seriously and solemnly, otherwise I should act against the Laws of Chivalry, with abominable Falshood, and mental Reservation.

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At the end of the three days *Sancho* put him in mind, that his time was elaps'd; and therefore desir'd him to write his Letter, and let him be gone. For, quo he, let me be roast'd, if I do not long till my Return has freed ye out of this Purgatory, where I must be forc'd to leave ye. Purgatory, dost call it, quo *Don Quixote*! call it Hell, Tophet, *Gebenna*; or if thou canst think of any thing else i' the Universe that is worse, or more terrible. What can be worse, quo *Sancho*, for they say, that in Hell there is no Retention. Retention! quo *Don Quixote*, what dost thou mean by that cramp word? Why, Retention, answer'd *Sancho*, is as much as to say, That they who are once in Hell, never come out again: which shall not be your hard fate this bout, if I can stir my Heels to quick'n *Rosinante*. And for Madam *Dulcinea*, when I come to be admitted into her presence, I will tell her such wonderful and dreadful Stories of your Madness, and Extravagancies, that I will make her as supple as a Glove, tho she had a Heart of Oak. And when I have drawn from her an Answer as sweet as *Metheglin*, away will I come flying through the Air, as swift as a Witch upon a Broom-stick, to relieve ye out of your Purgatory: for I will have it Purgatory, and not Hell, because there is some hopes you may return to your Senses again. Let it be so then, said *Don Quixote*; but how shall we do to write this Letter, for I have neither Paper nor Ink, unless we should write upon the Leaves of the Trees, as they did in former times. But now I think on't, I have *Cardenio's* Table-book, which will help us out at a dead lift; and then thou shalt get the Letter fairly transcrib'd at the first Village, where thou canst meet with a Schoolmaster that can write true *Orthography*. Or, for want of a Schoolmaster, get the Clerk of the Parish to do it; but be sure thou never troubl'st a Lawyer, for the Devil himself will never be able to read Court-hand; more especially beware of one that writes Sermons; for I hate Short-hand mortally. But how shall I do for a Seal, reply'd *Sancho*? A brass Farthing will serve, answer'd *Don Quixote*; tho I do not remember that ever *Amadis* made use of any Seal. But the Bill of Exchange must be sign'd, or else they will say 'tis counterfeit, and so we shall lose our Asses. The Bill shall be written in the Table book, with my Sign Manual; and when my Neece sees my Hand, she'll never scruple the delivery of the Asses. And as for the Love-letter, do thou get it thus underwritten; *Yours till Death, the Knight of the Ill-favour'd Countenance*. 'Tis no matter for the Letter and the Subscription to be all of one Hand; for as I remember, *Dulcinea* can neither write nor read, nor did she ever see any of my Writing in her Life. For our Amours have always been merely *Platonick*; and tho I may safely swear, that for above these twelve Years she has been dearer to me than my life, yet I never saw her but four times; and I question whether she herself took notice that ever I look'd upon her, so strict a watch did old *Richard Hogg* of *Stanvel*, her Father, and *Joan Hogg* her Mother, keep over her.

Cuds-bobs, cry'd *Sancho*, and is *Dulcinea del Toboso* the Daughter of *Dick Hogg* of *Stanvel*, otherwise *Nan Hogg*? *Yds filth*, I know her as well as her Mother that bore her; she's a Strapper y faith, and pitches the Bar with e're a young Fellow i' the Village. The very same, quo *Don Quixote*, that's she, and she that deserves to be Mistress of the whole Earth. Is that she, quo *Sancho*! she's a Bouncer, Begar-law; and one that will keep her Chin out o' the Mire, I warrant her, in despite of the best Knight Errant that wears a Head, Long *Megg* of *Westminster* was a Dwarf to her. One day I remember, she stood upon the top of our Steeple to call the Plough-men home to dinner, that were at work above half a League off; yer

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yet they heard her as plain, as if they had been just under the Sun-dial. The best thing I know in her, is, That she is not Coy, but will bid ye *kiss the top of her Nock* as briskly as e're a *Coggsball* Wench that goes to Market; there's ne're a Water-man upon the *Thames* can out-rally her. In good truth, Sir *Knight of the Ill-favour'd Countenance*, you may venture as many *Cat-leaps* as you please; you may run mad, you may hang your self for her sake, there's no body but will say y'are a happy Man, tho the Devil himself should be so kind as to carry ye away a pick-pack. *Nan Hogg!* good God! how I broil to see the *Tom-boy!* for I have not seen her this many a day. Surely she must be strangely alter'd by this time, for the Sun, and the Weather, and continual working i' the Fields, are wicked Enemies to female Beauty. How strangely have I liv'd in Ignorance all this while! In good faith, Sir *Don Quixote*, I durst ha' sworn this *Madam Dulcinea* had been some great Princess, or some Lady of high Quality, that was still to be presented with the Spoils of your Conquests, the *Biscayner*, the rescu'd Slaves, and all the Trophies of your future Victories. By my troth, I cannot chuse but laugh to think, if the *Biscayner* or the Slaves had been such Fools to have gone, and found *Madam Fusty-luggs* peeling o' Hemp, or threshing i' the Barn, what a pretty sight it would ha' been to ha' seen 'em throw themselves at the Feet of *Madam Dowdy-Rampant*, in a single short Petticoat, shewing her darn'd Hose, and patch'd Slip shoes? Certainly they would ha' thought the Devil had ow'd 'em a Shame; nor could *Madam Brawny-Arms* have lookt upon it otherwise then an Abuse.

I have oft'n times told thee, *Sancho*, that thy long Tongue wants clipping; and that thou art a Coxcomb and a Dunce, yet now and then thy Frumps bite too close. And to shew thee, that my Discretion exceeds thy Folly, I must tell thee in the first place, that I mind little what thou say'st; in the second place, I tell thee again, that as to the use which I make of the Lady *Dulcinea*, she surpasses all the Princesses in the World, according to the Proverb; for, *Joan's as good as my Lady i' the dark*. Prethee tell me, dost think the *Phyllis's*, the *Silvia's*, the *Diana's*, the *Amarantha's*, that appear in so many Poems and Sonnets, and upon so many Stages, were Creatures made of Flesh and Blood, or the real Mistresses of those that sing their *Encomium's*? No, no, never think it. For let all your Rimers bring a *Scandalum Poetarum* against me if they dare; I say they were merely Imaginations of the Poets for a Ground-work, upon which to exercise their Wits. 'Tis sufficient for me, that *Nan Hogg* is fair and chaste; as for her Birth and Parentage, I value 'em not of Two-pence; and without troubling my self to examine her Pedegree any farther, I am satisfy'd that she is a great Princess. For, *Sancho*, Pox take thee, thou art to know, that the Vertues which chiefly oblige us to love a Woman, are Snout-fairness and Wisdom, with both of which *Dulcinea* is endow'd to the height of Perfection, as being, without all Dispute, the most snout-fair and prudent Female in the World. All the *Helena's* and *Lucretia's*, all the Heroesses of former Ages, *Greeks*, *Romans*, or *Barbarians*, were not worthy to be her Kitchen-maids; and let 'em say what they will, if Fools contradict me, I am sure men of Sense, if they have but try'd her once, will be o' my side. Sir, quo *Sancho*, you speak reason in every thing, and I am the Ass; the Devil take me for speaking that word; for 'tis ill talking of Halts i' the House of a Man that was hang'd. But where's the Letter all this while, for I long to be going. With that, *Don Quixote* pull'd out the Table-book, and retiring a little aside, in a short time finish'd his Epistle. Which having done, he call'd *Sancho* to him, and order'd him to list'n while he read it over

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to him; for, quo he, 'tis a thousand pound to a Farthing if thou dost not fall a drinking by the way, and lose the Table-book, therefore I would have thee carry it as well i' thy Memory, as i' thy Pocket; for I think no body so sottish as to pick thy Brains. Pray Sir, quo *Sancho*, tear the Table-book, and gi' me two or three Copies; for to think I can learn it by heart, is a Madness, especially seeing my Memory is so bad, that sometimes I forget my own Name. However, you may read the Letter if you please, that I may understand how to write to a Mistress o' my own, should I have occasion. Well then, quo *Don Quixote*, be uncover'd and list'n.

The LETTER.

HE that is stab'd to the quick with the Poignard of Absence, and wounded to the Heart with the Darts of his own Guilt, sends thee that Health, which he wants himself. If thy Beauty disdain me; if thy Vertue refuse my Affection; if thou resolv'dst to bubble me, mangre all your Shams, and your Canting; as I am your Martyr, I have Patience enough to pocket up all your Disdains. As to what remains, ingrateful fair One, and beloved Enemy of my Repose, my faithful Squire will give thee an Account of what I suffer for thy sake. If thou pity'st me, I am thine; if not, take thy own Course, and set up for a rich Widow, while I end my Days in Sorrow to satisfy thy Cruelty, and my own Fancy.

Yours till Death,

The Knight of the Ill-favour'd Countenance.

By all the Sins that ever I committed, quo *Sancho*, let me die if ever I read such a matchless Piece in all the *Mysteries of Love and Eloquence*, *Academies of Complements*, or *Cupid's Cabinets* that ever came forth. By the Maiden-head o' my Sister, I believe you are able to say or write what you please your self. For certainly never human Wit brought in so neatly by Head and Shoulders, yours till death, the *Knight of the Ill-favour'd Countenance*. A Man of my Profession, reply'd *Don Quixote*, must understand all things. Pray, Sir, then quo *Sancho*, write the Bill of Exchange for the three Asses, and write your Subscription plain, that it may be known to be your hand. Which the frantick Champion did, and then read it in this Form.

Niece:

PRAY pay, upon sight of this my first Bill, three Asses of the five, which I have at home, to *Sancho* my trusty Squire, for the Value receiv'd of him here: And for your so doing, This, together with his Acquittance, shall be your Discharge. Given in the very Bowels of the Black Mountain, the 26th. of August, Anno 6666.

'Tis very well, quo *Sancho*, there wants only your Subscription. There needs no Subscription, answer'd *Don Quixote*; yet I'll set my Mark, if thou wilt, and that's sufficient for three Asses. Well, Sir, quo *Sancho*, I rely upon your Worships Honesty, and so give me your Blessing, for I intend to be gone presently, without troubling my self to see any more of your *Fop-doodles*; for I am so sure of your performance, that I dare swear to more then will serve your turn.

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However, cry'd *Don Quixote*, prethee stay and see me stark naked before thou go'st; for I would fain have thee see me dance a matter of twenty or thirty new Borees *A-la-mode du Bedlam*, that thou may'st be able to swear with an unspotted Conscience; they'll be done in a trice; as for Example—Hold—hold—Sir, for the Love of God, let me not see ye naked for fear of turning my Stomach, which is very queasie at this time. But if I must see any more of your Gambols, Sir, perform 'em i' your Clothes, and do what ye do briefly, and no more then what is absolutely material; for the sooner I go, the sooner I shall return. And now gi' me leave to tell ye, I love ye so well, that if Madam *Dulcinea* does not satisfie my Expectations, I'll foot-ball her Guts till she spew up Answers according to my mind. For 'tis not to be endur'd, that a Knight of your Quality should suffer thus, without Rime or Reason, for such a *Tinker's Trull* as she—That's the best I can say, but I shall tell her a piece more o' my Mind, if I find her acting the *slipshod Minx* i' my Company. Why, how now, *Sancho*, quo *Don Quixote*, I think thou art grown as mad as my self. Not so mad neither, quo *Sancho*, but in a damn'd pelting Chafe, as I think I have reason: But let that pass. And now I think on't, how will ye do for Victuals when I am gone? Here are no Monsieur *Lockets*, nor Monsieur *Choquee's* i' this Mountain: d'ye intend to rob the Goat-herds of their Bread and Cheese as *Cardenio* did?

Never let that trouble thy unmannerly Brain, quo *Don Quixote*, for tho I liv'd next door to the two *Blew Balls*, I would feed upon nothing but the Herbs of the Field; for the Curiosity of my Business lies in half starving my self, and such like austere Practices of Piety. There is another thing too, quo *Sancho*, I am very much afraid of, and that is, That I shall never be able to find the way to this Place, 'tis such a By-hole. Take good notice of it beforehand, quo *Don Quixote*; for I do not intend to budge from hence, till thy return; beside that, I intend sometimes to stand Sentinel upon the top of yonder Rock to observe thy coming. But 'tis good to be sure; and therefore thy best way will be to cut down a good number of Boughs, and strew 'em in the way, as thou rid'st along, which will be like the old Clue in *Woodstock* Bower, to guide thee to thy *Rosinante*, thy loving Master, again. A Serjeant's Fee well fav'd, quo *Sancho*; and so receiving his Master's Blessing, after a Deluge of Tears shed on both sides, he mounted *Rosinante*; at what time, Friend *Sancho*, quo *Don Quixote*, I recommend to thy care the best Nag i' the World; prethee be as tender of him as the Apple of thy Eye. Never doubt it, quo *Sancho*, and so taking his leave once more, he set forward, cutting down and strowing several Boughs as he rid, according to advice. But he was scarce out of sight, when he return'd again the same way he came; and being ask'd by his Master, what he would have? Sir, said he, I have consider'd of your Counsel, and like it wondrous well; and therefore that I may swear with a safe Conscience, I desire to see some three or four more of your raving *Conundrums* before I go. Why did I not tell thee so, quo *Don Quixote*, and therefore stay but while a Man that's in haste may mumble over his Creed, and I'll shew thee half a dozen; and with that, slipping off his Breeches naked to the waste, he gave two Frisks i' the Air, and falling upon the Paums of his hands, fetch'd his heels over his head, like a Tumbler, four times one after another, discovering such a Nest of Deformity, that *Sancho* agham'd to behold it, turn'd his Horse's head, and rode away, fully satisfy'd that he might swear, without Forfeiture of his Ears, his Master was mad. And so we leave him a while to finish his Journey, till he return; which will not be long.

CHAP.

CHAP. XII.

A Continuation of the Amorous Pranks which the courtly Knight of the Mancha plaid in the Black Mountain.

THE Story saies, That as soon as the Knight of the Ill-favour'd Countenance saw himself alone, after he had accomplish'd all his frisking and tumbling Ceremonies, he ascended to the top of a high Rock, and there began to consider with himself what Resolution to take in a knotty Business, that very much perplex'd his Mind, whether he were best to imitate *Orlando* in his Fury, or *Amadis* in his Melancholly Extravagances. To which purpose, discoursing with himself, If that *Orlando*, said he, was so brave and valiant a Knight, as they say he was, I do not much wonder, in regard he was enchanted, so that he could not be slain but by a Pin thrust through the bottom of his Foot, upon which he always wore Shoes that had sixteen Soles a piece; yet that all this stood him in no stead when he met with *Bernardo del Carpio*, who understanding his Incantment, stild him to death in his Arms in the Vale of the Red Horse. But setting aside his Valour, let us examine his madness; for that he was frantick, is beyond all dispute; and fell mad upon the News which the Shepherd brought him of the fair *Angelica's* being debauch'd by *Medor* the Moor, with the curled Locks and *Agramant's* Page. Now if he were satisfy'd, that his Lady had pick'd up a Stone with her Ear, no wonder he should run mad. But how shall I be able exactly to imitate him in his Frenzy, not having the same Cause. For I dare take my Oath before all the Masters in *Chancery* i' the World, that *Dulcinea del Toboso* never saw the Moor, since her Mother first wip'd her Tail. So that I should do her a great Injury to turn stark staring mad like *Orlando*. On the other side, I find that *Amadis* got as much Reputation for being a Lover, as he, tho he never lost his Wits, and rav'd like a meer *Bedlam*, as he did. For which he had no other Reason, as the Story relates, but because the fair *Oriana* despisd him, bidding him get out of her Chamber, and come when she sent for him. And this was the true and only Reason why he retir'd to the Poor Rock with the Hermit, where he snivell'd, and whin'd, and cry'd, and fill'd a whole Tun of *Heidelberg* with his Tears; till Heav'n at length took pity of him, and sent him Relief in the height of his Affliction, and in the Severity of his Penance. Which being true, as I know it is, why should I trouble my self to tear the Clothes off my back, to quarrel with Trees, and dam up Fountains that never did me any harm. Then long live the Memory of *Amadis*, let him be the Pattern for *Don Quixote* of the Mancha to imitate; and let it be said of him, as was said of the other, That if he did not perform such great Atchievements, yet his Heart was good; and tho *Dulcinea* did not bid him be gone, yet he went away of himself. Therefore turn out Boys, all Hands aloft, and may the noble Actions of *Amadis* inspire me to find out the true way to follow his Example. This said, he call'd to mind that *Amadis* spent most of his time in Prayer; to which purpose he made him a Rosary of Acorns, instead of Beads: But he was extremely troubl'd for want of a Hermite to hear his Confession, and give him Absolution. However, he divertis'd himself with walking up and down the Meadow, and writing his Contemplations sometimes i' the Dust, sometimes upon the Barks of Trees, all compos'd in Meeter, and accommodated to the sadness of his

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his Condition, only that the Praises of *Dulcinea* were interlarded in every one. And it was a thousand pities we could find none that were legible and entire, but only these that follow.

The VERSES.

YE spreading Shades of lofty Trees,
So fair and lovely to the Sight;
And you more humble Plants, for Man
And Beast, both Pasture and Delight;
If my Complaints may Pity move,
Let your Attention my Complaints approve.

Alas!— I dye;
And there's good Reason too; for why?
I am in love up to the Ears;
Turn'd Fool, y' Faith, i' my old Tears.
Hear then, O hear, a wretched Knight,
That moans and groans both Day and Night.
I pule and blubber, cry and whine,
And all for want of my *Dulcin*;
a del Toboso.

Love burns me like a Glass-house Fire,
As if my Flames did all conspire
To melt my Armour from my Back.
Yet lying thus upon the Rack,
Ask me the reason of my Woe,
The Devil take me, if I know.
Only I swagger, swear, and rave,
Then Bedlam-like, shew all I have,
And make a Noise, like any Swine,
For fear they steal away *Dulcin*—
a del Toboso.

Knight-Errants formerly could find
Adventures fitted to their mind,
In every Bush and hollow Tree:
The Devil a' one can I hear see.
But stead of Dragons and huge Snakes,
I meet with only Briers and Brakes.
I must confess, for some Variety,
That little Whipster of a Deity,
He that, for Love, makes Men to burn,
Encounters me at every turn;
Which makes me bellow, bleat, and whine,
For fear they steal my dear *Dulcin*—
a del Toboso.

This was the Employment of our Amorous Knight in this same mountainous Defart; who forgot not also to call upon the Fawns and Silvans of those Groves, the Nymphs of the Rivers, and the mournful *Echo*, with great Importunity imploring their Attention, Condolement, and Assistance. And
when

when his Devotions were over, his Stomach would set him at work to pick Sallets for the support of Nature. Which sort of Horse Diet, without Bread, or Oil and Vinegar, reduc'd him to such a meager Condition, that had *Sancho* staid three Weeks, as he tarry'd but three Days, his Mother that bore him, would never have known the Child of her own Womb.

Let us therefore leave our *Hero* to his Sobbs, and his Sighs, his Dumps and his Meditations, and see how *Sancho* behav'd himself in his Embassy. Who getting clear of the Mountain, took the direct Road to *Toboso*, and the next day about noon arriv'd near the Inn where he had been toss'd i' the Blanket. He no sooner descry'd it, but a sudden shivering seiz'd his Bones, and he fancy'd himself to be again at Leap-frog i' the Air; so that he had a good mind to have rode farther before he drew bit, tho it were Dinner-time, and the poor Squire had eat'n nothing of a long time. But necessity constraining, he advanc'd to the Inn-Gate, where, while he fate musing whether he should enter or no, two men came forth, and believing they knew him, cry'd one to t'other, Is not that *Sancho Pancha*, whom the Governess told us the Knight had inveig'l'd along with him to be his Squire? 'Tis the same, answer'd the Curate; and more then that, he rides *Don Quixote's* Horse. These two happen'd to be the Curate and the Barber, that upon a severe Examination, had pass'd that dreadful Sentence upon the Books. Thereupon being confirm'd they were i' the right, they call'd him by his Name, and ask'd him where he had left *Don Quixote*? *Sancho*, who knew 'em full well, being loath to discover his Master's Condition; Gentlemen, said he, my Master is very deeply engag'd in a Business of great Importance, which I dare not discover for my life. No, no, Friend *Sancho*, reply'd the Barber, we must not part wi' ye so, unless you tell us where you have left your Master; otherwise we shall believe you have murder'd him, and robb'd him of his Horse. In short, either tell us where your Master is, or resolve to go to *Nemgate*. Gentlemen, Gentlemen, reply'd *Sancho*, there's no need of so many Threats, I am no Murderer, nor Robber, but a Christian, that leaves every one to fall by his own Destiny, or by the Hands of God that made him. As for my Master, he is doing the most pleasant Penance i' the World at the foot of yonder Mountain; and so saying, he told 'em the whole Story from the beginning to the end; and how he was going with a Letter to Madam *Dulcinea* of *Toboso*, alias *Nan Hogg*, with whom his Master was most desperately fall'n in love. Thereupon the Curate and the Barber desir'd to see the Letter: To whom *Sancho* made Answer, That it was written in a Table-book, but that his Master had order'd him to get it transcrib'd upon Guilt-paper, at the next Village he came at. Whereupon the Curate promising to write it out in a fair Character, *Sancho* put his hand in his Pocket to give the Curate the Table-book, but found he had either left it behind him, or else that *Don Quixote* had forgot to give it him. This fatal Accident put *Sancho* into a cold Sweat, and made him look as pale, as if he had been newly pump'd in an Inns-a'-Court. He turn'd his Pockets th'inside outward, search'd all his Clothes, but seeing there was no hopes, he rent his Beard from his Chin; and to punish his forgetful Scull, be-sifted his Blubber-Cheeks, till the Blood spun from his Nose. The Curate and the Barber beholding him in such a Passion, yet laughing i' their Sleeves, ask'd him, Why he so severely chastiz'd himself? Alas! reply'd *Sancho*, I ha' lost at one time no less then three Asses, of which the least was as big as a Cattle. How so, quoth the Barber? Why I have lost the Table-book, reply'd *Sancho*, wherein was written the Letter to Madam *Dulcinea*, and a Bill of Exchange, sign'd with my Master's own Hand, for three Asses of
five

five he has at home; telling 'em withal, how unfortunately he had lost his own. But the Curate cheer'd him up, assuring him, that he would give him another Bill in Paper, more authentick then that which was written in the Table-book, which was not in due form. Nay then, quo *Sancho*, I care not a Straw for the loss of *Dulcinea's* Letter, for I can say it almost by heart, and the Curate might transcribe it when he pleas'd. Let's hear it then, quo the Barber. Thereupon *Sancho* beginning to study for the Words, fell a scratching his Noddle, stood first upon one Foot, then upon another, gap'd upon the Skies, skowl'd upon the Ground; laid one Hand upon his Eyes, and bit his Nails of the other: But at length despairing to recover what he scratch'd for, I'll be hang'd, quo he, if the Devil han't a Hand i' this Plot; for o' my Soul, Mr. Curate, I can remember nothing of this confounded Letter, but only that there was at the beginning, *High and Subterrane Lady. Sovereign Lady*, you would say, quo the Barber, not *Subterrane*. Ay, Ay, y' are i' the right, Mr. Barber, quo *Sancho*; but stay, I think there was this too that follow'd; *He that lies awake for want of Sleep, and wounded by your Absence, kisses your Ladship's Hands, most ungrateful and disdainful fair One*. Something also he mention'd concerning *Health and Sicknefs, which he wish'd her*; and thus rambling on a good while, he concluded with, *Yours till Death,*

The Knight of the Ill-favour'd Countenance.

Sancho's excellent Memory made the Curate and the Barber very good Sport, inso much that they desir'd him to repeat it over three or four times, which he did very freely; but still every time he made some Addition or Alteration, which was extremely pleasant. Then he told 'em, that if he return'd with a kind Answer from Madam *Dulcinea*, that his Master was resolv'd to prosecute his Travels, and make himself an Emperor, or some Potent Monarch at least; which it was easie for his Master to do, considering his Strength and Courage. Which being done, his Master would marry him to one of the Empreſſes Maids of Honour, Heiress to a large Earldom upon the Continent, for that he was weary of Islands. All which being spok'n by *Sancho* so feelingly, and so seriously, ever and anon rubbing his Nose, and stroking his Beard, to signify the Assurance of his Hopes, did not a little amuse both the Curate and Barber, till they consider'd the prevalent Influences of pleasing Dreams upon Fancies easie to be deluded. However, they thought it not worth their while to rectifie his Judgment, seeing it was a harmless Inchantment of the Senses, that tended to nothing of mischievous Design. And therefore they exhorted him to pray for the long Life and Health of his Master, in regard it was no improbable thing, but that in time by his Prowess he might either become an Emperor, or by his Prudence, an Arch-bishop.

How! an Arch-bishop, quo *Sancho*! Pray, Gentlemen, what Rewards do Arch-bishop-Erants bestow upon their Squires? Why, it may be some good Benefice or Chaplain ship; or else they make 'em their Clerks or Sextons, or else their Vergers, which brings 'em in a good Revenue; besides the Honour of wearing a Scarf, tho they be no Doctors by their Degrees. Oh, but then, besides that the Squire must not be marry'd, he must be a Man of Learning, and be able to preach sometimes, or at least, to make your Syllogisms against men that write against his Master. But for me that am marry'd, and can hardly read my Horn-book, what will become of me, if my Master should take a fancy to be an Arch-bishop? Set thy Heart at rest, Friend *Sancho*, quo the Barber, we'll talk to him about it, and the

the Curate shall enjoin him under the Penalty of Damnation, rather to be an Emperor then an Arch-bishop: Which will be much better for him, in regard he is more valiant then learned. I am of your Opinion, quo *Sancho*, tho for my part, I believe he is as well fitted for the one as the other. However, the Burthen of my Prayers shall be, to pray to God to grant him what shall be most proper for him, and what may best enable him to gratifie his Squire. You speak like a wise Man, and a good Christian, quo the Curate. But that which we have to do at present, is only to retrieve thy Master from that unprofitable Penance he has undertak'n; and therefore let's first go to Dinner, and take a little time for Consideration. Gentlemen, quo *Sancho*, you may dine at leisure, but I am in haste, and therefore pray send me out a little Victuals to eat o' Horse-back; for I have a particular Reason why I cannot alight, which I'll tell ye another time. Soon after the Barber brought him his Dinner, and returning to the Curate, after they had consulted together, quo the Curate to the Barber, I have thought of an Expedient, which is this: I will disguise my self in the Habit of a *Lady-Errant*, and you shall equip your self after such a manner, that you may follow me as my Squire. In this posture will I go to *Don Quixote*, and feigning my self to be a distressed Lady, that wants his Assistance, beg a Boon of him, which I am sure he will not deny me, as a *Knight-Errant*. By this means will I engage him to revenge an Injury done me by a certain Felon, and Traitor of a pretended Brother of the Order; beseeching him at the same time, not to desire to see my Face, till he had done me Justice upon the Miscreant Violator of my Honour. This Bait will take, my life for your's; he'll look upon it as a Message from Heav'n: and by this means we'll bring him back to his own House, where we'll endeavour to cure him of his Extravagancy.

CHAP. XIII.

How the Curate and the Barber accomplish'd their Design; with many other Occurrences of great Importance.

THE Barber being highly pleas'd with the Curate's Project, they resolv'd to put it forthwith in Execution. To which purpose the Curate borrow'd a compleat Woman's Apparel of the Hostels, leaving a new Silk Caskock in Pawn; and the Barber made him a Beard of a Py'd-Oxe's Tail, half *Danish*, half grizl'd, with which the Inn-keeper was wont to clean his Combs. The Hostels being curious to know what they intended to do with those *Gingombobs*, the Curate was forc'd to tell 'em the Story of *Don Quixote's* Extravagances, and the whole Drift of their Design. Upon which, the Inn-keeper told 'em the whole Story of the Balsom, and of *Sancho's* being toss'd in a Blanket; and the Hostels willing to forward their good Intention, dress'd up the Curate as fine as a Farmer's Daughter, going to meet her Sweet-heart at a Country-Fair; only with so much of a Gentlewoman, as to wear a Vizer-mask to hide his Face and his Beard. Being thus fitted with proper Accountments, up got the Curate upon his Side-saddle, and the Barber mounted his Mule, taking their leave of the Hostels and *Maritornes*, who, as great a Sinner as she was, vow'd to tell over her Rosary no less then twenty times, for their good Success.

But

But they had not rode above fifty Paces, when the Curate began to be troubl'd in Conscience; and what d'ye think was the Scruple? Why, he was afraid, that the Woman's Habit would ha' ravish'd him. A Parson, quo he to the Barber, may Gentleman-usher a young Lady i' the Streets, which is as bad a Sight too, but he must not wear her Apparel. And therefore good Neighbour, added he, prethee let us change Sexes, thou shalt be the Lady, and I'll be the Squire: Content, content, quo the Barber, I'll wear the Habit of a *Mahometan*, for a Jest's sake—

Now while the Barber was dressing himself and managing his Pins, the Curate would have pretended to instruct him how to demean himself. Prethee, Mr. Curate, quo the Barber, a Barber is next a kin to a *Tire-woman*, and therefore let me alone to act a Lady, that have acted with some Ladies i' my time, when I was a young Smooth-chin'd Fellow.

Thus the Hostess's Sunday-Gown and Head-gear being chang'd for the Motley-Beard, they spur'd on, while *Sancho*, who had o're-tak'n 'em by this time, entertain'd 'em upon the Road with a Relation of *Don Quixote's* antick Behaviour, without mentioning a Word of the Money, or the Port-manteau. For as much a Fool as he was, he knew o' which side his Bread was butter'd.

The next day arriving where *Sancho* had strew'd the Boughs for his Land-mark, they made a stop; and there, upon mature Deliberation, they order'd *Sancho* not to take the least Notice who they were; but when *Don Quixote* enquir'd for *Dulcinea's* Answer, that he should tell his Master that she had sent it by Word of Mouth, in regard she could neither write nor read; which was, That upon Pain of her high Displeasure, he should, without delay, repair to her Presence, for that she had a longing Desire to see and embrace him. To which they added, That there was no way but this to recover his Wits, that he might prosecute his Design of making himself an Emperor, assuring him they would take such Order, that he should never so much as dream of an *Arch-bishoprick*.

Sancho thus instructed and order'd to bring back Tidings of what he had done, rode on to seek out his Master, leaving the Curate and the Barber by the side of a Brook, where the Shade and Verdure of a pleasant Grove shelter'd 'em from the Heat of the Sun, which shone very hot at that time, being about the middle of *August*.

While they repos'd themselves under that delightful Canopy, expecting *Sancho's* return, they heard a Voice, which without the help of any Instrument, seem'd to ravish their Ears. And their Admiration was so much the greater, to hear such Charms of artful Melody in so wild and desert a Solitude: Besides that, the Words themselves favour'd something of rural Composition; being the same that are here inserted.

WHat Female Plague is this that haunts my Brain?
Severe Disdain.

What's that which will not let my Soul be free?

'Tis Jealousie.

But what does my Impatience thus provoke?

Long Absence from a Smock.

Then farewell Frost—what can become of me?

When Two bau'd Hercules, and here are Three.

O pity, pity thus a Lover slain

By Absence, Jealousie, and proud Disdain.

What

What makes me trifle thus away my Youth?

Fortune, forsooth.

Who fir'd my Breast, and does the Flames improve?

Half Lust, half Love.

And who refuses my Complaints to hear?

That's Heav'n I fear.

Then bad proves worse, and I am lost again,

When Fortune, Love and Heav'n conspire my Pain:

For well we know, at Foot-ball Three are Odds,

But here are Six—Where are ye, O ye Gods?

Now what's the Cure? the same that cur'd Mackbeth.

Oh Heav'ns! that's Death.

Is there no other way, if Death should falter?

Oh yes, a Halter!

But then I fear that Men will call me Fool;

Most sure they wooll.

How! die or hang, and be call'd Fool to boot!

As long as I can live, I'll never do't.

Then Fortune hang, hang Jealousie, Disdain,

And Love—I'll live, and never love again.

The Time, the Hour, the Solitariness of the Place, the Voice and Skill, with which the unseen Person sang, so charm'd the Ears of the Hearers, that they determin'd to find out the Musician, and proffer him their Service; but hearing the same Voice begin another Ayre, they were easily induc'd to stop, and list'n to the following Words.

I Never consider'd that Love was a Cheat,

When first I began to woe;

But now I confess I find it, too late,

That Pleasure and Int'rest govern below.

Men court not the Virgin, but merely the Action,

And all to procure a Self-satisfaction;

And now too, the Virgins are all grown so wary,

That only for Riches and Honour they'll marry.

Such a Fool was I once to woe, and to court,

And thought my self sure of my Mistress's Heart;

But when the Duke's Son came once to appear,

Away was I sent with a Flea i' my Ear.

The Poets therefore were a Number of Owls,

To make such a stir with a Baby-fac'd Chit;

Employing Priapus to scare the wild Fowls,

That rules both our Love, our Reason and Wit.

Priapus the Father of all the Graces,

He's th' only Beginning and End of our woeing;

Your Oaths, and Protests, and alluring Grimaces,

They all do but end in kissing and doing.

And

*And then for the Maid, 'tis th' Estate she would have,
The Coach and Six Horses her Love do encourage ;
But alas ! for if either do either deceive,
Love presently cools like a Mefs of Beef-Porridge.*

*There's nothing but Vertue the Object of Love,
Nor Beauty, nor Colour, Love minds i' the least,
They'r are only the Idols of Pleasure, by Jove,
Where th' Altar's Desire, Priapus High Priest.*

*Ah ! had I consider'd these things before,
I had never run mad in Sierra Morena ;
Then Fondness and Kindness go both to Gehenna,
For as a true Lover I'll never court more.*

This Sonnet concluded with a deep Sigh, and Throbs so loud and vehement, that the Curate and Barber, touch'd with Compassion and Curiosity, resolv'd to find out who this distressed Songster was. Nor was it long before they discover'd at the foot of a Rock, a Man whose Shape and Aspect answer'd directly to the Description which *Sancho* had giv'n of *Cardenio*, who spying them two, stop'd short, and stood with his Chin upon his Breast, like one in a profound Study, never so much as lifting up his Eyes to mind what they did. The Curate, who was a very charitable Person, went toward him, and in most obliging Language earnestly besought him, to abandon such a desert Solitude, and a Course of life so forlorn and miserable, which endanger'd his Salvation, that was to be priz'd above all things in this World.

Cardenio was then free from his raving Fits; yet seeing two Persons in a quite different Habit than what was wont to appear in those Deserts, was not a little surpriz'd at first; but then perceiving that they spoke as if they understood something of his Concerns; Gentlemen, said he, whoe're ye be, I find Heav'n compassionating my Misfortunes, has brought ye to these unfrequented Wildernesses to relieve me from this affrightful Retirement, and recover me to the Society of Men. But because you know not so well as my self, that the end of one Misery will be but the beginning of another; considering my Condition, you may probably take me for some unfortunate Creature that has lost his Reason and Senses: And indeed you have sufficient Cause to think so. For I find by my self, that the Remembrance of my misfortunes frequently distracts me to that degree, that I unman my self for the time, and commit those Extravagances, which are only the Effects of irrational Rage and Frenzy. For which, when I happ'n to be rebuk'd and blam'd, I can alledge no other Excuse, but only the Cause of my Misfortune that occasion'd those irregular Actions, and then I tell the Story of my hard Fate, to all that have the Patience to hear it. And therefore, Gentlemen, if you come here with that Intention, I desire ye, before ye go about to persuade me to alter my Course of life, to hear the Relation of my woful Calamities; and then you will see, whether after so many Sufferings, and so little Consolation among men, I have not Reason sufficient to exile my self from human Converse. Thereupon the Curate and the Barber, who desir'd nothing more than to hear the Story from his own Mouth, with great Importunity requested the Favour of him to gratifie their Curiosity, assuring him, That they had no Design, but thereby to find what Remedies might be most suitable to his Condition.

Cardenio

Cardenio then began, and went on with the first part of his Story, as has been already related, so far as till *Don Quixote*, out of his Niceness to observe the Decorum of Chivalry, gave an Interruption to the Relation, by quarrelling about *Tom Thumb*, and the Queen of *Trumps*. But *Cardenio* being now at leisure to finish his Story, and coming to that Passage concerning the *Billet-doux* sent him by *Lucinda*, and which *Ferdinand* found to be transcrib'd out of *Amadis de Gaul*, he told 'em, that as far as he could remember, the Contents of it were these.

Lucinda to Cardenio

I Discover in ye every day new Occasions to value and esteem your Worth. If you will therefore have me discharge this Debt, without serving an Execution upon my Honour, you may do it. I have a Father that knows you, who, without putting any Constraint upon my Will, is ready to condescend to whatever shall be just and honourable. So that now it remains with you to shew that you love me as you pretend, and I believe.

This Letter it was that embolden'd me to demand *Lucinda* of her Father in Marriage, and made *Don Ferdinand* have so good an Opinion of her Wit and Discretion, and put him upon a Design to destroy me, before I could bring my own Desires to pass. I told *D. Ferdinand* the Scope of the Answer, which *Lucinda's* Father had giv'n me, That it was for my own Father to propose the business first; which I durst not reveal to my Father, for fear he should put a stop to my Proceedings. Not that he was ignorant of the Quality, Beauty, and Vertue of *Lucinda*, which were sufficient to entitle her an Ornament to the noblest House in *Spain*; but because he was unwilling to marry me, till he saw what the Duke would do for me. To remove this Obstacle, *D. Ferdinand* proffer'd to speak to my Father, and oblige him to treat with *Lucinda's*. And now who would have thought that *D. Ferdinand*, whose Quality and Merit render'd him capable to court the greatest Ladies in the Kingdom, and who pretended so much Kindness and Friendship for me, should lay such a treacherous Design to deprive me of all the Happiness of my life? But so it was; for *D. Ferdinand* finding my Presence obstructed his Project, the same day that he undertook to speak to my Father, made an absolute Bargain for six Horses, and presently desir'd me to ride away to his Brother for Money to pay for 'em. He could no sooner ask, but have of me; so little did I suspect his Treachery, believing him to be a Man of Honour. So that Night I went to take my leave of *Lucinda*, and to tell her what *D. Ferdinand* had promis'd to do. She bid me make haste back again, not doubting but the Business would be done, so soon as the two old Men had parly'd together. But whatever *Lucinda* had in her mind at that time, I am sure I could see nothing but Tears in her Eyes; which put me into a great Confusion, not being able to conjecture the Reason of her Discontent, which I could only attribute to the tenderness of her Affection, and unwillingness to part with me.

In short, away I went full of Fears, and jealous Imaginations, for which I could give no reason i' the Earth. I deliver'd *D. Ferdinand's* Letter to his Brother, who receiv'd me with all the Kindness imaginable, but did not so soon dispatch me. For, to my great Grief, he enjoyn'd me to tarry eight days, and to keep my self private, for fear of being seen by the Duke, for that his Brother had sent for Money unknown to his Father. But this was only a trick of *D. Ferdinand's* to delay my Return; for his Brother

S

never

never wanted Money, and might have presently dispatch'd me, had he so pleas'd.

Thereupon I was about to have return'd without the Money, rather than obey an Injunction so intollerable; not able to endure such a tedious Absence from *Lucinda*, considering in what a Condition I had left her. But the fear of disobliging my Father, and doing an Action which I could not rationally justify, prevail'd over my Impatience. Some four days after my Arrival, a Messenger brought me a Letter, which I found came from *Lucinda*; I open'd it with an aking Heart, surpriz'd that it should be sent by a man o' purpose. However, before I read it, I ask'd the Messenger, Who gave it him, and how long he had been upon the Road? He answer'd me, That passing by accidentally i' the Street, a very fair Lady, with Tears in her Eyes, call'd me to the Window, and in very great haste; If you be a Christian, said she, as you seem to be, for the Love of God, take this Letter, and carry it, without delay, according to the Direction, but deliver it into the Gentleman's own Hand; and having so said, she threw me a Handkerchief, wherein I found five Guinies, a Jewel, and a Letter; and then having made her a Promise of my Fidelity, she shut the Window.

All the while the Fellow spoke, a thousand Fears, and ominous Jealousies assail'd me, quaking and shiv'ring, like a man fac'd by a Fiend at Midnight; but at last recollecting my self, I read the Letter, of which these were the Contents.

DON Ferdinand has been as good as his word, for he has spok'n to your Father; but as the Proverb saies, one word for you, and two for himself. He has demand'd me in Marriage, and my Father blinded by the Advantages, which he expects from such an Alliance, has so far consented, that two days hence the Marriage is to be consummated; and that so privately, that only Heav'n and some of the Family are to be Witnesses. Judge you how much I am concern'd for your sake; and therefore hast'n your Return with all speed: The Issue of this Business shall shew how much I am Your's.

I had no sooner read the Letter, but away I flew, without taking leave. For then it was that I discover'd *D. Ferdinand's* Treachery, and that he had sent me of his Errand, only to take the Advantage of my Absence. Anger, Love, and Impatience furnish'd me with Wings; so that I got home betimes; and that Evening I found *Lucinda* at the Window, but I did not meet with that Reception which I expected. *Cardenio*, said she, my Wedding-clothes are on, and they expect me in the Hall to complete the Ceremony. Yet know, my Father, the Traitor *Ferdinand*, and the rest, may be Witnesses of my Death, but never of my Nuptials. Ne're trouble thy self, my dear *Cardenio*! for if Intreaties and Words will not prevail, this Dagger shall do me Justice; and the Period of my life shall be an undeniable Proof of thy Love and my Fidelity; and I would have thee, if thou canst, be present to behold the Sacrifice. Let thy Deeds, *Lucinda*, cry'd I, make good thy Words: For if thou carry'st a Dagger to preserve the Truth of thy Vows and Protestations, I wear a Sword, which if it be not able to defend us, I will turn it upon my own Breast, rather than out-live my Shame. I cannot tell whether *Lucinda* heard me, for she was call'd away in great haste; at what time such was my Confusion, that my Eyes, and my Senses fail'd me both at one time. But at length recovering my self, and considering the Promise I had made, and withal, how useful I might be to her at such a time of need; I got into the House, being then all in a hurry, un-

undiscover'd by any body, and plac'd my self behind the Hangings in the Hall, where two pieces of Tapestry joyn'd, and gave me liberty to see, yet not be seen.

Ferdinand enter'd the Hall in his usual Habit, with only a Cousin-German of *Lucinda's*, the rest were the People of the House. Soon after appear'd *Lucinda* her self, accompany'd by her Mother, and attended by two of her Maid-Servants, in a Dress befitting her Quality, and answerable to the Solemnity of the Ceremony; but notwithstanding all her Pomp, her Pearls and Jewels were all eclips'd by the Lustre of her Beauty.

And now all Parties being met, the curst Priest enter'd, and taking the two betroth'd Persons by the Hands, he ask'd *Lucinda*, Whether she were willing to take *D. Ferdinand* for her wedded Husband? With that I thrust out my Head from between the two Tapestries, and listen'd attentively to hear *Lucinda's* Answer; which I look'd upon as the Sentence of my Life or Death. Wretch that I was! Who hinder'd me then from shewing my self, and putting *Lucinda* in mind of her Promise? Who prevented me from laying before her what she ow'd me, and letting her see how she ruin'd me by her Silence? Who hinder'd me from taking my full Revenge upon *D. Ferdinand*, the Troubler of my Life's Tranquility, when my Honour and my Love lay at Stake?

All this while the Priest tarry'd for *Lucinda's* Answer, who was a long time before she gave it: And I expected when she would make use of her Dagger, to disengage her self from the Labyrinth she was in, or plead her former Vows and Protestations, and plighted Troth to my Advantage. But woe is me! at length with a faint and low Voice I heard her pronounce the fatal *Tes*; and then *Ferdinand* saying the same, gave her the Ring by which the indissoluble Knot was ty'd. Which done, the Villain Bridegroom stepp'd forward to embrace his Bride, who laying her Hand upon her Heart, swooned away in her Mother's Arms.

You may easily conjecture the Confusion I was in, seeing the Falshood of *Lucinda's* Promises, all my Hopes frustrated, and my self, with the saying of one Word, depriv'd of the sole Happiness and Treasure of my Life. I look'd upon my self to be the Object of Heaven's Wrath, that had abandon'd me to the Cruelty of my Destiny; the Abomination of the Earth that gave me Being, while the Air deny'd me Breath sufficient for my Sighs, and the Water Moisture to supply my Eyes.

Lucinda's Swooning troubl'd the whole Company, and her Mother having unlaç'd her to give her Air, found in her Bosom a Paper seal'd up; which, when *Ferdinand* had open'd and read, he sat down in a Chair with all the Signs of Melancholy and Discontent, as if he had forgot the Disaster of his new marry'd Bride. For my own part, I was resolv'd at first, to have satisfy'd my Resentment in punishing the Perfidiousness of that Traitor *Ferdinand*, which I might easily have done, considering the Disorder and Confusion i' the House at that time. But Heav'n that reserves me perhaps for greater Misfortunes, allow'd me the use of that small Remainder of my Senses, which afterwards quite forsook me; so that I left the House quietly and peaceably, resolving to inflict the Punishments due to them upon my self, for trusting to the Faith of Mankind.

The very same time I left the Town, and as I rode along under the Protection of Night and Silence, I vented my Passion in Execrations against the false and treacherous *Ferdinand*, and in no less loud Complaints of ingrateful and perjur'd *Lucinda's* Cruelty.

The next Morning I found my self at the foot of these Mountains, where I wander'd for three Days together, without observing any Road, till at last meeting with certain Shepherds in the adjoining Meadows, I enquir'd the way to the most desert and solitary part of the Mountain. When I came to the foot of these Rocks, my Mule, quite tir'd and famish'd, fell down dead; and I my self was so weak, and cast down, that I could hardly stand upon my Feet. This I remember, that finding my self in that languishing Condition, I threw my self upon the Grass, where I lay stretch'd forth like a Corps; but when I rose again, I could not perceive I had any Appetite to eat; by which I conjecture, that the Shepherds had giv'n me some sort of Sustenance, tho I were not sensible of their Relief: And they told me afterwards, in what a miserable Condition they found me, raving and tearing, that they thought me quite out o' my Wits. And indeed, to tell ye the truth, I have not found my self perfectly in my Senses never since; while my distracted Thoughts have hurry'd me to commit a Thousand Extravagances; tearing my Clothes, filling the Air with loud Curses, Lamentations, and Repetitions of *Lucinda's* Name, with no other Design then to expire in the pronouncing it; and when I came to my self, I found my self weary and tir'd, as if I had rid a hard trotting Horse for fifty Miles together. My Mansion-house is generally a hollow Cork-tree, where the Shepherds and Goat-herds leave me their Charity for the Support of my Life; for Nature is still in her Wits, tho *Cardenio* be mad. Sometimes these honest People meet me in my lucid Intervals, and check me for robbing 'em of their Provision, and abusing their Servants, especially being so liberal of their own accords: Which was a great Affliction to me, and then I promis'd amendment for the future, tho my wild Humour would not suffer me many time to be so good as my word.

Thus Gentlemen, do I lead a miserable life, expecting when Heaven will either put a Period to my days, or raze out of my Remembrance the Beauty and Ingratitude of *Lucinda*, and *Ferdinand's* Perfidiousness. In the mean time, I beg of Heav'n to look upon me with an Eye of Compassion, since I cannot believe such a Course of life as this, can be any way pleasing to God; tho I am not able to resolve any thing of my self, under the Load of these Misfortunes that overwhelm me, and surmount the Strength of my Reason.

Here *Cardenio* having made an end of his doleful Story, and such a frank Confession, that the Curate was about to have giv'n him Absolution; when of a sudden they heard the mournful Accents of another sad Complaint, which prickt up their Ears to new Attention; of which you shall have a true account in the Fourth Book. For *Cid-Hamet-Benengeli* will not admit the Third Part to reach any farther.

THE



Don Quixote's Enchantment, page 243.



Don Quixote Arrested, and carried home in a Cage, page 255, 261.

THE
FOURTH BOOK

Of the most Ingenious KNIGHT,

Don Quixote

DE LA

M A N C H A.

PART I. BOOK IV.

CHAP. I.

Of the new and pleasant Adventure which befell the Curate and the Barber in the Black Mountain.

Most fortunate were those Times, and happy was the Womb that brought into the World the bold and valiant *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, whose steady Resolution to restore to the World the almost lost, and, as it were, deceased Order of *Knight-Errantry*, gives us a blessed Opportunity in this our Age, quite bankrupt of Pastime for the mind, to enjoy not only the Pleasure of his delightful Story, but also other Comical Novels and Tales. We told ye, that the Curate intending a Chapter of Consolation to *Cardenio*, was prevented by a Voice that loudly breath'd forth the doleful Moans of a troubl'd Mind, in these Words. 'Heav'n's! is it possible, that I have at length found out a lurking Hole, wherein to conceal my self from the Eyes of all Mankind, and where to bury this ponderous Load of Flesh and Garbage; a Burthen too heavy for my oppressed Soul? How happy am I to find in these mountainous Solitudes that Repose and Tranquility, which is not to be found among Men; and where I may have Liberty to tell Heav'n a piece o' my mind, and condole the Misfortunes with which I am unjustly over-whelm'd. Compassionate Heav'n, hear my Complaints! 'tis to you that I address my self; for Men are Fools and Knaves, and you alone can give me Consolation, and tell me in plain English what I have to do. Thereupon the Curate and his Company, curious to know what Son of Tribulation it was that utter'd these doleful Lamentations, follow'd their Noses, where their Ears directed 'em. Nor had

had they gon above twenty Paces, before they spy'd a young Lad to all outward Appearance, sitting at the foot of a Rock, under an Ash-tree. He was clad in a Countrey-habit, but his Face they could not see, being bow'd almost upon his Knees, as he sat walsing his Feet in a clear and purling Stream that glided gently by. They approach'd him so softly, that he never perceiv'd 'em; so that they had the leisure to survey a pair of Thighs so plump, so white, so well-shap'd, that nothing could appear more beautiful. A Spectacle that strangely surpriz'd 'em in a person, whose Clothes discover'd him to be no other then some Gardiner, or Farmer's Son. Bless us, quo they! such Thighs, such Legs, and Alabaster-Fet as those, were never made to follow Plough-tails, or tread Gard'n-plats. Thereupon the Curate, who began to smell a Rat, beckon'd to the rest of the Company to go and hide themselves behind the Rock: Which they did, and from thence making a stricter Observation, they found the young Stripling had on a Russet Coat of coarse *Kentish* Cloth, ty'd about his Wastle with a kind of a long Linen-Neckcloth, instead of a Scarf, and a pair of Breeches of the same, together with a Sailor's Thrum-Cap button'd up o' one side, and lin'd underneath with green Taffaty; all Sunday's Apparel, before-George. After he had wash'd his Lilly-white Toes, he wip'd 'em with a Napkin which he pull'd out of his Codpiece. But then looking up, What d' ye think they discover'd? No parts of Distinction, I beg your Favour for that, but such a matchless Face, that *Cardenio* cry'd out, This is either *Lucinda*, or an Angel from Heaven. By and by the young Lad taking off his Cap, and shaking his Head, such a lovely Quantity of dishevel'd *Venus* hair cover'd all his Shoulders, and thence fell down to his Feet, so thick and Sun-beam like, that it was apparent they had mistak'n a *Corydon* for an *Amarillis*, a young Lad for a young Damsel, and one of the fairest that ever Eyes beheld, except it were *Lucinda*, for that *Cardenio* would by no means allow. Instead of a Comb to disentangle her Hair, she made use of her Fingers, which by consequence were very small. That Accident made another Discovery of her Arms and Hands, surpassing in whiteness all the Ermins, or Snow that ever fell from the Sky. Which astonishing Beauties so ravish'd their Admiration, and encreas'd their Curiosity, that they resolv'd to accost her, and see who she was. The young Lady hearing a Noise, peep'd through her Hair, as through a Window, and seeing three Men coming toward her, only stay'd to take up a little Bundle which she had, and betook her self to her Heels with all the speed she could. But her bare tender Feet not being able to endure the rudeness of the Stones, down she fell, poor Soul—so that the Curate easily over-taking her—Lady, said he, whoever you are, fear nothing; here are none but such as would be glad to serve you to the utmost of their Power. But then perceiving her still to stand as if she had met her Grandfather's Ghost; Your dishevell'd Hair, Madam, quo the Curate, has discover'd what your Disguise conceal'd from us: Which, however, did but render us the more compassionate of your Misfortunes, or make us the more ready to assist ye; therefore Madam dispel your needless Fears, and tell us how our Service may be most to your Advantage. I know better then to think it was a slight Occasion that made you put on this Disguise and venture, so sweet a Lady as you are, into this same solitary Desert, where it was the greatest Miracle in the World that e're you met with us. However, we hope it is not impossible to find a Remedy for your Misfortunes, since there is none so violent, which Reason and Time will not at length surmount. And therefore, Madam, if you have not absolutely renounc'd all Consolation and Advice of

of Mankind, I beseech ye tell us the Cause of your Sorrows, which 'tis not Curiosity, but a real Intention to serve her, that makes us thus importunate to know.

All the while the Curate was making his Complements, the Lady stood like one in a Trance, staring upon the three Strangers, as if they had been so many Apparitions with white Sheets and Torches i' their Hands. But at length the civil Curate having given her time to recollect her self, and still plying her with new *Crumbs of Comfort*, and warm Offers of Hand and Tongue to serve her, she fetch'd a deep Sigh, and then opening the Coral-Gates of her Lips, brake Silence in this manner. 'Since these solitary Mountains, said she, have not been able to conceal me, but that my Hair has betray'd me, it will be in vain for me to play the Counterfeit any longer with you that can tell, I see, an Apple from an Oyster. And since you desire to hear the Rehearsal of my Misfortunes, it would be an Ingratitude to repay your civil Offers with the Refusal of a lamentable Story; the Rehearsal of which will be so far a Kindness to me, that thereby I shall make ye the equal Judges of my Condition; and whether it be possible for a Mind so distracted as mine, ever to admit of Consolation in this World. There is one thing that troubles me more, that I must reveal to ye certain Secrets which I had thought to have bury'd with me in the Grave: But I am forc'd to do it, that you may not think I parted with my Honour for the sight of half a score Plays, or as many *Spring-Garden* Treatments; but at the Price of more Vows and Protestations then would fill a Church; and which, I make no Question, but that they will one day turn to the Ruine of that treacherous Soul that made and broke 'em. When the Damsel had thus said. The Curate and his Company modestly left the young Madam *Epicene* to put on her Hose and Shoes, and tie up her Locks; and having found out a convenient Shade, sat down full of Expectation. Nor did the Lady make 'em stay a jot, but being as willing to be rid of her Story, which most distressed Ladies are, as they were to hear it, she made all imaginable Expedition; only for fear she should be long in her Repetition, first made water, and then taking her place, thus began:

'I was born in a certain City of *Andalusia*, from which a certain Duke derives his Title, that entitles him to be a Grandee of *Spain*. My Father, who is one of his Tenants, is none of the most wealthy Men in the Country; and yet not so poor neither but that if Fortune had equal'd his Birth to his Estate, he could have wanted nothing more, and I perhaps had never been so miserable: For most assuredly 'twas my Ruine that my Parents were not sufficiently illustrious. For Lords will marry Farmers Daughters for Money; but when they have got their Dust, then they kick 'em out o' their Beds, because they can't behave themselves, and complement like your Ladies born, forsooth. And yet my Parents were not so meanly born neither, that they should be ashamed of their Gentility. 'Tis true, they have been Farmers from Father to Son, yet without any mixture of *Alc-draper* or *Tripe-woman*: They are good old Christians, and their Antiquity in the Parish-book, together with their large Possessions, and the Port they live in, as having been Fore-men of the Grand-Jury for several Ages, exalts 'em above their Profession, and sets 'em above many Knights and Squires i' the World. Now I being their only Heiress, they lov'd me entirely, and loving me entirely, they left the whole house to my Disposal. The Dairy-maids, Cook-maids, Chamber-maids, were all at my Command: I kept the Key of the Spice and Sugar, lock'd up the cold Venison-Pasties, and Florentines: and in a word, I had my full Swinge of

'Liberty and Dominion. The time which I had to spare from over-looking the making of the Butter and Cheefe, raising of Paste, feeding the Poultry, and such other Family-duties; I employ'd in mending my Father's Linen, and working new Points for my Pinners, and Gorget to wear o' Holy-days; nor did I ever leave my Work, unless it were sometimes to read alittle in *Aristotle's Problems*, or the *Lady's Calling*, or some other profitable Book; and now and then to play a Lesson upon the Virginals, understanding that Musick was very proper to recreate the weary'd Spirits of either Sex. And this was then the innocent Life I led.

'While I thus liv'd the life of a Nun, employ'd in my Hufwifery, not seeing any body all the Week-long, but our own Family, and only to Church and home again a Sundays, close at my Mother's Heels, and that so muffled and hooded, that I could scarce find my way; the Report went abroad that I was very handfom, which was the Reason that Courtship troubl'd the Tranquility of my Life. For it seems that the Dukes second Son, whose Name was *Don Ferdinand*, had a sight of me, by what Accident I know not, when I least dreamt of any such thing.

Scarce had *Cardenio* heard the Name of *Don Ferdinand* repeated, when he chang'd Colour, and discover'd such a Commotion of Body and Mind, that the Curate and the Barber were afraid he would have fall'n into one of his mad Fits. But it did not come to that, he only set himself to consider the fair Country-Lass, fixing his Eyes wistfully upon her, and viewing her earnestly to see whether he knew her again; while she, without taking any farther Notice of *Cardenio's* Disturbance, continu'd her Story.

'He had no sooner seen me, said she, but as I was afterwards told, he felt in his Breast that violent Passion, of which he made me afterwards so many Vows and Protestations. In a word, not to tell ye a tedious Story of all his Complements, his Crown-pieces flew about the House like Birds in an Aviary. He won all the Servants with his Money; he made my Father a thousand Offers of Court-preferment, and promis'd him the Priviledge to whisper i' the King's Ear, like *Mahomet's Pigeon*; my Mother too, was to be Mother o' the Maids: I could not sleep all Night for the Noise of Fiddles at my Window, and every Day Feasting, and Fish-Dinners at the Tavern. And then for your *Billet-doux's*, as ye call 'em, or little Love-notes, full of Honey and Tenderness, passionate Oaths, Vows, Protestations, Submissions, and Imprecations; I could have spar'd a Bushel to an Apothecary to make up his Pennyworths of *Dioscordium*; but alas, I was not then to be tickl'd, like a Trout under the Belly; all his Sedulities and Flatteries were so far from winning my Affection, that I hated *Don Ferdinand* like a Viper, and could have eat'n him with Salt. Not but that I was pleas'd well enough, I must tell ye, with his Presents of *Jessomin* Gloves, and Ribbands, the Neck-lace, and Gold Watch that he gave me, and was not alittle proud to find my self belov'd by a Person of his Quality. For Maidens are pleas'd with Courtship, and the most disdainful cannot but be a little Complaisant to those that tell 'em they are handfom. But the Disproportion between our Qualities was such, that I could never believe he courted me for a Wife, but rather for a Mifs; and truly I was brought up too piously to be any man's Pleasure-boat, how great soever. Nay, the very Admonitions of my Father quite turn'd my Stomach against my Lover; for he made a right Constrution of *Don Ferdinand's* Intentions, and bid me have a care of him, as one that sought his own Satisfaction, rather than my Advantage; and tho I say it, that should not say it, I was as careful of my Reputation as my Father could be for his life. However

'ever, my Father perceiving that I was still disturb'd, and troubl'd, and uneasie; and believing that the itching Desire of being a Lady, might at length trip up my Heels before I was aware, told me one day, That he had a great Confidence in my Vertue, and that I needed no other Ammunition then that to defend my Fort against *Don Ferdinand's* Assaults; yet if I thought there were no other way to make him raise his Siege then by Marriage, I should have Liberty to make my own Choice among my Neighbours; and that he would promote my good Intentions, with all the Affection that could be expected from a loving Father. I thank'd him for his Kindness, and made him answer, That having no Inclination to marry, I would think of some other way to rid my self of *Don Ferdinand*, without running out of the Frying-pan into the Fire. Thereupon I resolv'd to keep my self so close and retir'd, that he should never have the Opportunity to come into my Company; or if he did speak to me, never to answer him a word. But the more cautious I was, the more my Reserv'dness inflam'd his impetuous Lust; for I can call it no other, since if it had been true Love, I had never come hither to tell you my Tale. Well—let that pass—the Sequel was this; That *D. Ferdinand* either hearing or suspecting I was to be marry'd, to the Ruine of all his Hopes, he thought upon a Contrivance to cross a Design so destructive to his wicked Purposes.

'One night therefore, when I was in my Chamber with none but a Maid that serv'd me, and the Door lock'd and bolted so fast, that I would have sworn all the *Betties* in Town could not have unhing'd it, who should stand just before me but *D. Ferdinand*. Which sudden and unexpected Apparition put me into such a dreadful Amaze, that my Joints were numm'd, my Senses forsook their Habitations, and my very Speech was frighted out of my Mouth. Thereupon *D. Ferdinand* taking the Advantage of my Weakness and my Astonishment, did not, I'll say that for him, offer me any Rudeness at that time, but clasping me in his Arms, so be-moan'd me, so condol'd me, so *Poor-rog'd* me, so *my Be-dear'd* me, so repented his Folly, so begg'd my Pardon, then blubber'd, then cry'd, then sigh'd, and so dextrously manag'd his Passions, his Tears, and his dissembl'd Kindnesses, that I being but young, and at that very Age, God is my Witness, when Maidens are most subject to be deceiv'd, gave Credit to his Sobs and Sighs, that vouch'd for his Integrity; so that his Sighs and Tears, and Tears and Sighs, I say his bitter Moans and Lamentations at length, Gentlemen, vanquish'd a little my Reluctancy, and I began in some measure to compassionate his Sufferings. And yet for all that, when I began to come to my self, my former Resolutions return'd; and then frowning, and louting, and pouting, and angry, as it became me; Sir, said I, if at the same time that you give me all these Testimonies of your Affection, you will allow me the Choice either to love you, or poison my self; I declare it, I would rather chuse *Rats-bane*, then be your *Landabrides*; for I would have ye to know, I prefer my Honour before my Life. I know not what ye mean, Sir, by thus rudely breaking into my Privacies, so pre-judicial to my Vertue. And therefore unhand me quickly, and be gone, or else as I live, I'll cry out Murder—and then I make no question, but all the Pitch-forks i' the Village will come to my Rescue. What! because my Father pays your Father a Quit-rent; I am no Slave to you, nor your Father neither. Don't ye think to dazzle me with your fine Clothes, nor your gaudy Titles. For I'll not be a Mifs to e're a huffing Lord of ye all. I am not to be caught by fine words, nor spring'd with high-flown Com-

plements. No, no,—my Lord, I am not to be so easily coax'd out of my Maiden-head. In short, my Will is solely at my Father's Disposal, who ever my Father makes choice of, he's the Man for my Money. Therefore, Sir, if you would have me believe ye have such a real Affection for me, leave haunting and teasing me thus to no purpose. For since I am too mean to be your Wife, and you too great to be my Husband, ne're pretend a Kindness for me, that can never be found at the Bottom. How! Mrs. Dorothy, cry'd the perfidious *Ferdinand*, cannot I be your Husband—? Pray, where's the Hind'rance, if you but say the word? If that be all, Mrs. Dorothy, I'll marry thee presently, here's my hand upon't—And may I be bury'd without a clean Shirt, if I don't speak Truth.

Cardenio was no less surpriz'd at the Name of *Dorothy*, then he was at the Name of *D. Ferdinand*; for it confirm'd him in the Suspicion which he had at the Beginning of the Story. However, he would not interrupt her, because he was willing to hear the end of it. Only thus much, said he, is your Name Mrs. *Dorothy*—? I have heard of a young Gentlewoman, whose Misfortunes have a great Resemblance with yours. I ha' done, Madam, pray proceed—for I believe I shall quit scores wth ye by and by.

With that Mrs. *Dorothy* made a stop to study *Cardenio's* Face; and observing him in such a tatter'd Condition—Pray, Sir, said she, if you know any thing that concerns me, let me know it presently; for I am Proof against all the Flails of Misfortune. Nay—to tell ye truth, my Misfortunes have been such as have render'd me insensible of all manner of fear. My Name might be *Grizzle* for my Patience. Faith, Madam, reply'd *Cardenio*, I would tell ye all that I know, and perhaps more then I know, were I sure my Conjectures were true. But 'tis no matter, Lady, 'twill be time enough an hour hence; and therefore I beseech ye proceed.

Then Mrs. *Dorothy* resum'd her Discourse: After a thousand amorous Raptures and Resolutions to marry me, quo she, *Don Ferdinand* gave me his Hand, and having plighted his Troth to me, he took a little *Agnus Dei* that was in my Chamber, to be Witness of the Contract; and confirm'd it with more Oaths then a Boat-swain swears in a Storm. However, before I engag'd my self too far, I advis'd him to have a care how he suffer'd an unruly Passion, and a little Snout-fairness to hurry him to his Ruine. Be not such an ungracious Rebel either to disgrace or incense your Father, said I, to see you marry'd to a Person so much below your Descent; and let not the heat of your Codpiece transport ye to an Act, of which the Repentance will at length render me miserable. And to these I added several other Arguments all to no purpose. For *Don Ferdinand* all Fire and Tow, bann'd Father, and Mother, and all his Generation; and like a Renegade that never minds his Word, swore he would sacrifice his whole Pedigree to his Affections for me. When I saw him so obstinate in his Resolutions, I began to consider what I had to do. Thought I to my self, I am not the first Kitchen-wench that has been made a Lady; I had heard of an Inn-keeper's Daughter that became a Dutches, and of Dukes that have admitted Cinder-women to their Beds. Fortune offers me her forelock, 'tis not so nitty, thought I, that I should refuse to take hold of it. Besides, I am sure *D. Ferdinand* is not the only Person iⁿ the World, that has marry'd more for Beauty then Quality or Merit. Here's a Husband offer'd me, that swears, protests, and vows the unalterable Burden of his Love shall be always *Thine till Death, D. Ferdinand*; why then should I refuse such a Happiness through squeamish Coynefs, since Women were not born altogether into this World for Contemplation? And then

then, by my Truly, there was one thing more, that I did not think my self safe alone in *D. Ferdinand's* Clutches; for, thought I, suppose I should drive him to despair by a nice Refusal, and he resolv'd to satiate his Passion, should ravish me, in what a fine Pickle should I be then? Then again I saw him to be young, noble, brisk, airy, proper, handsome, well lim'd, no Cully, nor Town-Fop, but rather a *Sharper*, witty, pleasant, merry, good humour'd: Now when a Maid has as much as she can desire, what would she ha' more? here were Temptations warm enough to ha' dissolv'd the Breast of *Niobe*, after she was turn'd into Stone. And I would fain know, had it been any of your Cafes, whether you would not have done, as I did? Ask my Maid, whether he did not swear by Whole-sale; and whether, if it were possible to tell all the People that ever were born since *Noah's Flood*, he did not out-vie their Number in Protestations. So that altho I were ruin'd, 'tis true, yet was I not ruin'd either by Folly or Precipitancy. For in this swearing, protesting, vowing, sighing, sobbing, groaning, moaning, lamenting, despairing, imprecating Condition, he clasp'd me so hard in his Arms, and put me into such an Agony, that my Maid did but go down for a Glas of small Drink, but there was farewell Froth iⁿ the Cafe, my Business was done, there was the End of my Virginity, and the Beginning of his accursed Treachery.

I wont say the Maid went but once out of the Room—No—ye don't hear me say so—but so soon as it began to grow day, *D. Ferdinand* was not so hasty to come in, but he was as desirous to be gone. For besides that my Maid posted him away with all her Industry (for this I'll say for her, and a Fig for her, that tho she had been the cursed Jade that had betray'd me, she was unwilling my Shame should be discover'd.) Men have that Kindness for the Place where they accomplish their wicked Designs, that they care not how soon they leave it. However, the Pretence of his haste was his care of my Reputation, forsooth, and with a Coldness that I could easily discern from his former heat, he desir'd me not to mistrust his Fidelity. All the good Nature he had left, was to pull off a Diamond Ring from his Finger, and put it upon mine. A small Recompence of a Jewel, God wot, for the Jewel I had lost. In short, away he went, and the Jilt of a Carrion, my Maid, let him out into the Street. And now I leave you to conjecture in what a Condition I was, when I consider'd what had befall'n me; and knew not well what Appellation I was to give my self, whether Maid, Wife, or Widow. I was in a manner quite distracted, nor could I tell well what to say to my Maid, whether I should call her young mercenary Bawd, or kind Assistant; not knowing whether she had done me Good or Harm. I had told *D. Ferdinand* before he went, 'twas now *Lammas Ground*, the Fences were all open, and he might make use of the same means to come again when he pleas'd, till he found it convenient to make publick the Honour which he had done me; but he did not come till the Night following, and then it seems, so surfeited himself, that I never saw him since, neither in the Street, nor at Church, tho I ran the hazard of being pick'd up in both places, to seek after him for a whole Month together, tho I knew he went a hunting every Day, and had started new Game in the Neighbourhood. 'Tis impossible for me to tell ye then what Temptations I had to Halters, Razors, Daggers, Ponds and Rivers, when I found my self thus scorn'd and abandon'd by *D. Ferdinand*. A Slight so unexpected, and which I look'd upon as the greatest Misfortune that ever could befall me, had like to a quite overwhelm'd me. Then it was, that I found my Maid had been a treacherous, brib'd, unfaithful Panders to me, that

'that had fold my Honour for a pair of new Shoes and Stockins, and how dangerous a thing it is to confide either in Men or Maids. I exclaim'd against *D. Ferdinand*; I left not a Sigh i' my Lungs, nor a Tear i' my Eyes, and yet could receive no Consolation. And yet I found there was a Necessity for me to conceal my Resentment, for fear my Father and Mother should take me into Examination. But at length I perceiv'd 'twas in vain to counterfeit, for I could no longer hold, when I heard that *D. Ferdinand* was marry'd i' the next Village, to a handfom, complear, young Damsel, whose Name was *Lucinda*.

The Name of *Lucinda* had like to have put *Cardenio* into his frantick Fits, but as good luck would have it, he had such a Command of himself at that time, that he only shrugg'd up his Shoulders, bit his Lips, and knit his Brows, and then fell a' weeping, as if his Father's Mannor had wanted Rain: Which Mrs. *Dorothy* not minding, as believing his Tears were not shed for her sake, went on with that which more concern'd her. 'This News stripp'd me stark naked of my Patience; Rage and Despair took Livery and Seisin o' my Soul, and in the Transports of my Fury I was about to have publish'd *D. Ferdinand's* Disloyalty, tho to the Discovery of my own Shame. 'I know not whether any Remainder of Reason stopp'd these violent Motions, but if it did I was so drunk with Passion, that I did not perceive it. 'Well—at length I discover'd the Cause of my Grief to a young Shepherd that serv'd my Father: I desir'd him to lend me his Sunday's Clothes, and to go along with me to the Village where I knew *D. Ferdinand* was. The Shepherd, poor fellow, told me, there were more Maids than Maukin, and us'd the best Arguments he had, to hinder me from what I was going about, but finding I was resolv'd upon the Point, he assur'd me he was ready to serve me. Thereupon I put on this Habit which you see, made up my Pack, which consisted of some old Gold and Plate, which my God-mothers had left me, several Fairings in Thimbles, Bodkins, and Gold Rings; a round Bag of Thirteen-pence-ha'-penys, Nine-pences, Groats, and Four-pence-ha'-penys (for I kept all my Father's Butter-Money) some few Sures of Night clothes; and so about Midnight away the Shepherd and I trudg'd. In two Days and a half we got to the Village, where the first thing I did, I enquir'd at the Sign of the Cock, a sorry Ale-house, where one Mrs. *Lucinda's* Father liv'd? 'Twas an ordinary Question, but it produc'd a great deal more then I had a desire to know. For presently the Man o' the House told me there had been a great Wedding at Mrs. *Lucinda's* House, and that so publick, that 'twas the whole Discourse of the Village. Withal, he told me what Favours they had, what Money *Don Ferdinand* gave the Ringers to drink, and a thousand more Circumstances, that made me so mad, I could have tore the Hair from my Head. He told me farther, how that Mrs. *Lucinda* swoon'd away when she said, Yes, at what time the Priest ask'd her, Whether she would have *D. Ferdinand* to her wedded Husband? And how that he, after he had cut her Lace to give her more room to breathe, found a Letter under her own hand, wherein she declar'd, that she could not be *D. Ferdinand's* Wife, because she was already contracted to one Mr. *Cardenio*, a Gentleman of Quality, living i' the same Village; and that she had only consented to that Marriage in obedience to her Father. Moreover he told me, that Mrs. *Lucinda* would have kill'd her self after the Ceremony was over, which appear'd to be true by a Dagger that was found about her; and that *D. Ferdinand*, mad to see himself so deluded, would have kill'd her himself, had he not been prevented by those that were in the Room. He told me moreover, that *D.*

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Ferdinand upon this, presently left the Village, and that Mrs. *Lucinda* did not come to her self till the next day, at what time she declar'd, that she was *Cardenio's* Wife, and that he and she were contracted before she had ever seen *D. Ferdinand*. I understood also, that this *Cardenio* was present at the Wedding; and that thereupon he left the Village in Despair, only leaving a Letter behind him, wherein he made bitter Complaints of Mrs. *Lucinda's* Infidelity, and withal, giving it under his Hand, That he would never return again.

'This was all the Discourse of the Village when I came thither; and by and by we heard that Mrs. *Lucinda* was not to be found neither, and how her Father and Mother were at their Wits end to know what was become of her. For my part, I was not a little glad when I heard how squares went, for presently I had a vain Conceit that Heav'n took my part, and had thwarted *D. Ferdinand's* wicked Designs, on purpose to make a Christian of him at length; which put me in hopes, that seeing himself disappointed of Mrs. *Lucinda*, he would at last return to his forsak'n Mrs. *Dorothy*, and do like a Man of Quality and Honour.

'Thus I flatter'd my self, and thus I was willing to flatter my self, out of a Desire to prolong a miserable life; miserable indeed, in being disappointed of so much Honour with Pleasure, and so much Pleasure with Honour, as I expected to have enjoy'd; which you cannot blame me, if I spar'd for no Pains or Labour to retrieve. But while I was ruminating what to do, there was a Hue and Cry came after Mrs. *Dorothy*. For by and by I heard Proclamation made i' the Street, and great Rewards were promis'd to any that could bring Tidings of Mrs. *Dorothy*. There I heard my Person, my Clothes, my Age describ'd, even to the very Mole under my Ear, and the Dimple i' my Chin, as if they had study'd nothing but *Advertisements*; and nothing vex'd me, that the Report was, That the poor Shepherd that went along with me to carry my Bundle, had carry'd me away with an Intention to marry me at *Pancrass* or *Mary-bone*, as if I had been such a Fool to be stole by my Father's Plough boy, or to run away with a meer Swain, like a young Girl enveigl'd by the *Dancing-Master* from a *Boarding-School*; which trouble'd me extremely, that my Father should have such low Thoughts of his Daughter that was hunting after another sort of Game. Thereupon, seeing it was in vain to look any longer for *D. Ferdinand*, I made all the haste I could, with my Shepherd, out of the Village, fearing least the Temptation of the promis'd Reward might allure the young Lad to betray me. Being got out of the Village, we never look'd behind us, but like Apprentices that have out-stay'd their time of a Sunday's Evening, we straddl'd along so fast, that before Night we were got into the most desert and solitary part of all this dreadful Mountain, where I think, if the Devil were in Search of us, he could never find us. And thus, tho *D. Ferdinand* has not done the Duty of a Husband, I ha' done the Duty of a Wife, in forsaking Father and Mother to follow him, to whom I thought I had been as good as marry'd.

'However, I cannot say, but that in the midst of all these my Misfortunes, I had a little good luck, or else y' faith I had paid dear for looking after *D. Ferdinand*. For that same young Varlet of a Shepherd, that I brought along with me, whether it were out of Kindness, because he found me in such a taking for a Husband, or whether it were through an ill Custom that he had learnt among my Mother's Milk-maids (tho one would have thought his short Commons, and hard Travel, all the while he was with me, should have brought down his Courage) this young Princecock, that you

'you would have thought couldnot ha' said *Bo to a Goose*, began to talk to me of Love. For you know the Proverb, *Opportunity makes a Thief*; and this Opportunity he thought he had then in his Hands, while I was all alone far from Help; and he as Lusty as he was Rampant, and as Rampant as he was Lusty. Ye sawcy Rascal, quo I, how dare you talk thus impudently to your Master's Daughter? What, nothing but up and ride? Will nothing but white Bread serve your turn? Tho I have mist God's Blessing, don't you think, Sirrah, that I take you for the warm Sun. Upon this, the *Ragamuffin* of a Shepherd, perceiving there was no good to be done by fair means, began to fumble with my Codpiece (for I had no Coats to pull up) and swore he would feel in his own Breeches. S'life! what, nothing but naked Violence, ye Dog, quo I! and with that, redoubling my Strength, I push'd him down a Rock as high from the Ground, I believe, as the Dragon upon *Bow-Church*; and I make no Question, but before he came to the Ground, his Domicils of Concupiscence were well squash'd. For my part, I never look'd to see what was become of him, but retir'd as far as I could into the thickest part of the Wood to secure my self.

'The next day I met with a Countrey man, who took me to his House in a Village seated at the foot of the Mountain, and employ'd me in the nature of his Shepherd, with whom I tarry'd a Month, till he with his Colt's Tooth in his Head, having discover'd me to be of the Female Sex, would fain ha' been at the same Sport as my Father's Man; which was the Reason that I left him two days ago, and rambl'd hither, resolv'd to seek out some place where I might have the Freedom to bewail my Misfortunes, till better luck should befall me, or compassionate Heav'n put an end to my miserable Life.

CHAP. II.

Where perhaps you may meet with something worth your Reading.

THIS, Gentlemen, is the sad and lamentable Story of a Maiden head meerly thrown away, yet lost without Redemption. And now be you Judges, whether you have any Comforts of Consolation proper to sweeten my Mouth, having swallow'd such bitter Pills of unfortunate, tho undeserved Disappointment. All that I desire of ye, is only this; to tell me whether ye know of e're a Lady that wants a Waiting-Gentlewoman, or e're an old rich Batchelour that lacks a House-keeper, where I may spend the Remainder of my days, secure from the Search and Enquiry of my Parents. Not that I fear but that my Father and Mother would be willing to take me again, with all my Faults; only I am aham'd to look 'em i' the Face, after such a Mistake of the good Opinion they had of me.

Here Mrs. *Dorothy* stopp'd; at what time the Blushes that over-spread her lovely Cheeks, and the Posture she stood in, with her Eyes fix'd upon the Ground, were certain Signs of the Discomposure of her Thoughts. And as for the *Curate* and the *Barber*, after they had heard her doleful Story, they were strangely concern'd for her, and thought it a very hard Case, that a poor harmless Virgin should be so basely *Be-Danger-fielded*, and deluded out of the most precious Jewel which she had in the World, and then be

so unjustly and treacherously abandon'd by the Person that had robb'd her of all her Wealth. However, they found that the Lord had been so kind as to leave her all the Charms of her Wit and Beauty: Which wrought so effectually upon the *Curate*, that he was ready to have giv'n her a Homily of Consolation, when *Cardenio* more full of History than *Ale*, made bold to interrupt him. How, said he! Are you that pretty Mrs. *Dorothy*, the only Daughter of the wealthy *Clenard*? Mrs. *Dorothy* strangely surpriz'd to hear her Father's Name in the Mouth of such a *Tatterdemallion*, as if he had been his Pot-Companion—Well, what then, quo she? Pray, who are you that know my Father so well? 'Tis well known my Father has born all Offices i' the Parish, from the Scavenger to the Church-warden, and is now i' the Commision o' Sewers. Alas, Madam, quo *Cardenio*! I ask for no harm—my Name is *Cardenio*, at your Service, that unfortunate *Cardenio*, that had *Lucinda*'s Faith in keeping; the very He that she said was her Husband: That miserable *Cardenio*! (and then he fetch'd a Sigh enough to have turn'd a Wind-mill for four Hours together) that miserable *Cardenio*! whom *D. Ferdinand*'s Treachery has despoil'd of all his Wits, and all his Wardrobe together. I am the Man, sweet Mrs. *Dorothy*, that was the unhappy Eye-witness (your Information was right, I assure ye) of the fatal Nuptials of *D. Ferdinand*; and who from that time, full of Trouble and Terror, abandon'd my self to despair, believing I had for ever lost my dear *Lucinda*. I saw *D. Ferdinand* take a Letter out of her Bosom, but not dreaming it would do me a hap'orth a' good, nor being able to brook my Misfortunes, I flung out o' the House, with a Resolution to go and hang my self. But Heaven has preserv'd me, I see, to venture my Neck upon a better score. For having thus made known to me the Justice of your Cause, and *Lucinda*'s Loyalty, I'll pick up my scatter'd Wits again, quo he, and find out that Traitor of a Lord; and tho I hang for't, either I'll kill him, or he shall kill me, but I'll force him to do the fair Mrs. *Dorothy* Justice, if Reason and Generosity will not oblige him to it. And this, added he, I swear to do by the faith of a Gentleman and a Christian. Lord! Mrs. *Dorothy* was so ravish'd with Joy to hear she should be a Lady again, for all her Misfortunes, that she fell down at *Cardenio*'s feet, and would have kiss'd his Worship's Toe, but that *Cardenio* was more a Courtier than to let her.

On the other side, the *Curate* finding he had now two Texts to preach upon, highly applauded *Cardenio* for his Generosity, and extoll'd Mrs. *Dorothy* to the Skies for her Gratitude. He also very handsomly invit'd Mrs. *Dorothy* to go along with him home to his House and rest her self there for some time; and that in the mean while they would there consult together which was the clearest way to find out *D. Ferdinand*; and how to lay their Designs for the best; nay, the very *Barber* too put in for a share, offering Mrs. *Dorothy* to be her humble Spaniel to fetch and carry for her at any time of the Night or Day, whatever she desir'd. He farther added, That if she were afraid of the *Small-Pox*, as having put her Body out of order with hard Labour and Course Diet, he would let her Blood by way of Prevention, and it should not cost her a Farthing.

After these more than ordinary Civilities paid to fair Mrs. *Dorothy*, the *Barber* acquainted *Cardenio* and Mrs. *Dorothy* with the Design which had brought the *Curate* and him to that Place, and gave 'em an Account of *Don Quixote*'s Extravagancies, whose Squire they staid for, a *Shatterbrains*, altogether as fit for *Bedlam* as his Master.

Presently they heard a fellow whistle through his fingers, as if he had been juggling a Company of *Foot-padd*s together. By and by he fell a Yauling

and *Holloing*, as if he had born Malice to his own Lungs. Oh—yonder he is, I hear him, quo the *Curate*; and with that, he desir'd the Company that they might go and meet him. For truth to tell ye, said he, the Bandy-leg'd Rogue knows not where to find us, having miss'd us at the place appointed. When they were all together the *Curate* ask'd him what was become of *Don Quixote*? Wherever he is, quo *Sancho*, I found him in his Shirt, as pale as a stale Flounder's Belly, as lean as th' Anatomy in St. John's Colledge-Library, ready to expire for Hunger, yet fighting like an old Woman at a Meeting house for his dear Lady *Dulcinea*. He repeated her Commands to return and have one tumble more i' the Straw in *Toboso* Barn, and acknowledg'd her Commands were to be obey'd more exactly than those of the *Grand Signior* or *Persian Monarch*; but then he fell a stamping, and staring, and Swearing, and damming, and vowing never to see her Beauty more, till he had perform'd some great Achievement, that might deserve her favour. So that if my Master, added *Sancho*, lead this life a Fortnight longer, the poor Squire must loose all his Hopes, since 'tis impossible for him to be either Emperor, or King, or so much as an Arch-bishop, which was the least he could pretend to, if Heaven spar'd him his Life. Ne're trouble thy self, *Sancho*, quo the *Curate*, we'll have him home again in spite of his Teeth; and then turning to *Cardenio* and Mrs. *Dorothy*, he inform'd 'em what a Plot the *Barber* and he had contriv'd to cure *Don Quixote*, or at least to get him home to his House and Family once more; and then if he would ramble again, the Devil ramble with him, and after him, for them.

Mrs. *Dorothy*, whom the fresh Hopes of being a Lady, had put into one of those frolick Humours, when she us'd to give her Father's Chaplain *cold Pigg*, was as arch, and as ready for her Kue, as ever she had been to strew itching Powder i' the Spectacle-maker's Wedding-Sheets, and undertook to act the distressed Lady her self, to save the *Barber* the trouble of disguising himself, as being one that had not only acted the same part so lately her self, but had spent many a Night at home in reading Books of *Knight-Erantry*, wherein she was therefore well skill'd. Briskly offer'd, Madam, quo the *Curate*, we'll take ye at your word; and now let's to work as fast as we can. Presently Mrs. *Dorothy* open'd her Pack, and took out her Woman's Apparel. How came it there, you'll say? Ask no Questions for Conscience-sake; the Story put it in, and that's enough. More than that, 'twas a Manteau of flower'd Satin, with a Petticoat of Silver upon a Ground of green Silk. Nay, there was a Neck-lace of Pearl too i' the Case, a white *Tower*, and several Gewgaws of the same Nature. You see now how soon a Historian can go into *Pater-Noster-Row*, buy the Stuff, send it to the Taylors, have it made and put on. And now she that was a young Lad but a little before, appears to be a *Trim-gaudy Lady*: So lovely too in the Eyes of *Cardenio*, the *Curate* and the *Barber*, that they all stood in Admiration, that *D. Ferdinand* should be such a Rascal to abuse her as he had done; swearing withal, that he would be glad to make shift with many a worse before he dy'd.

But he that most admir'd Mrs. *Dorothy*, was *Sancho*, he had almost gaz'd his two Eyes out with looking upon her, and wanted two more to satisfy his enamour'd fancy. For Heaven's-sake, quo he, to the *Curate*, What Lady is this? Make no Enquiries, *Sancho*, quo the *Curate*. This Lady dropp'd out of the Clouds but a quarter of an Hour ago, and is the only Heiress in a direct Line to the vast Kingdom of *Micomicon*; she is now come to implore your Master to assist her, and revenge her of an Injury done her by a damn'd Son of a Whore Giant, who, as they say, is the most famous and desperate Robber

Robber in all *Guinea*. All in good time, she's heartily welcome, cry'd *Sancho*, she was happy in seeking, but far more happy in finding—Welcome *Joan Sanders*—welcome—welcome—. Now if my Master can be so happy as to kill this Monster with thirty Ribs of a side, we are all made for ever. I must confess he's a little out o' Cafe at present; but if I had my Will and Money enough, a' should eat nothing but Marrow-bones and Chines o' Beef; for second Course nothing but stew'd Oysters, Potatoes, and Eryngo's, and drink nothing but *Nottingham* Ale and Chocolate for this Month together, and then let him but drink a good Morning's Draught upon the Day of Battle, and you shall see him piss down the Giant. On the other side, Mr. *Curate*, be you sure that this Mafly Giant do not prove an Apparition; for upon my faith, I know it by Experience, my Master has no Power over Apparitions; an Apparition will make him run, as some of your *Heffers* will run from a Custard held out upon the point of their Adversaries Sword. But Mr. *Curate*, quo *Sancho*, I have one favour more to beg of ye—For the Lord's sake, be sure to put my Master out of conceit with all Arch-bishopricks; for what shall I get by his being an Arch-bishop? I know not what to do i' the Church; I can hardly say my Prayers, much less do I know when to cry *Amen*, or how to set a *Psalm*. And therefore to rid me of all my fears, and bar up the Church Doors eternally against him, persuade him to marry this Princess, and that you know will bring him into the high Road to be an Emperor, or a King at least. Besides, here's such an Opportunity put into his Hands, as if the Heav'n's themselves had design'd him for a Throne. And therefore, I say, let him cast off all Thoughts of an Arch-bishoprick; and before he assist this Princess, advise him to make his Bargain wisely, and to get it under Hand and Seal—she'll lie with him before-hand, I warrant ye, to be rid of this villainous Giant—and then you may be sure she'll ne're refuse him marriage—Pray, Mr. *Curate*, what's her Name, that I may know what to call her when she's my Mistress? They call her, quo the *Curate*, the Princess *Micomicon*: But her Kingdom being call'd *Micomicon*, I know not whether she derives her Name from her Kingdom, or her Kingdom from her. She from the Kingdom, no doubt, quo *Sancho*; for the Kingdom must of necessity be ancients than she; seeing that if her Father had not been King of *Micomicon*, she could not, as Heiress, have been Princess of *Micomicon*. Law-ye-now, Mr. *Curate*, I am so much a Schollard, as to understand that: And therefore I am apt to believe it is a Law i' that Countrey, that the eldest Daughters must always carry the Name of the Kingdom, and that they have been call'd *Micomicon's* ever since 'twas a Kingdom; that was before *Julius Caesar's* time. I warrant ye some of the Herald-Painters at the back-side of the *Exchange* could resolve this Riddle; but 'tis no matter at present—Pray, Mr. *Curate*, mind the main Chance. Thou speak'st like a man of Reason, *Sancho*, quo the *Curate*, and a prudent Councellour; and I'll assure thee, since thou hast hit on't so luckily, I'll promote the Match to the utmost o' my Power. Which Promise of the *Curate* gave great Satisfaction to the faithful Squire, who sought nothing more than his Master's Interest.

By this time Mrs. *Dorothy* was mounted upon the Parson's Mule; so that now the *Barber*, having most artificially re-transmogrify'd his Frontpiece with his false Beard, nothing remain'd but to renew their Auctioneers to *Sancho*, to take care how he spoil'd a good Plot, by taking the least Cognizance of his Acquaintance, which would be the Ruine both of all his Hopes, and his Master's Empire. As for *Cardenio*, he thought it better to carry behind; for besides that, it was none of his Concern, he was unwilling to be cudgell'd,

Cudgell'd, if *Don Quixote*, knowing him again, should go about to revenge the thump he had giv'n him upon the Breast a little before. The Curate also, finding no need of his assistance, resolv'd to stay with *Cardenio*. Only the Princess *Micomicona*, her Squire, and the great *Sancho*, set forward.

After they had jogg'd fair and softly on for about three quarters of a League, they spy'd *Don Quixote* among the Rocks, having by this time made himself ready, if he might be said to be ready without his Armour. Presently Mrs. *Dorothy*, understanding that he was the Person, whipp'd on her Palfrey; and when she drew near *Don Quixote*, her Squire alighted, and took her from her Saddle. No sooner was she upon her feet, but she was as soon upon her knees before the Knight; at what time embracing his Thighs, in spite of all the Champion's Lord! Madam's, Pray Madam's, I beseech yee Madam's, Good Madam's, What a' mean Madam's, to the contrary. 'Most Valiant and Invincible Knight', said she, never will I rise from this place, till your Generosity has granted me a Boon, which will redound to your Honour, and the Relief of the most unfortunate and most afflicted Lady that ever the Sun shone upon. And indeed, if it be true what Fame 'reounds abroad to distant Nations of your Valour, and the strength of your Arm, you are bound by the Laws of Honour and the Knighthood which you profess, to succour a miserable Lady, that led by the loud Fame of your Great Atchievements, comes from the t'other end of the World to implore your Protection.

Madam, reply'd *Don Quixote*, I was neither born at *Hoggs-Norton*, nor at *Taunton-Dean*, that I should be such a Clown to talk to so fair a Lady, kneeling to my Person. Rise therefore, Madam, and deliver your Commands to your Servant upon equal Terms. No, most Illustrious Knight, my knees shall first grow to the Ground, reply'd the afflicted Princess, unless you shall be pleas'd to grant me the Favour which I humbly request. I grant it then, fair Lady, quo *Don Quixote*, provided it be nothing to the disservice of my King, my Country, and that Matchless Beauty that keeps the Key both of my Heart and Liberty. My Honour, cry'd the mournful Lady, lies at stake; 'tis quite another bus'ness. With that *Sancho* closing up to his Master, and whispering him in the Ear, 'Slife, Sir, grant it,—grant it, I tell ye—'tis a Trifle; nothing but to kill a pitiful lowly Giant—He is not above four yards about, and fourteen foot high; ye may push him down with a Taylor's Bodkin—And she that implores this favour at your Hands is the Princess *Micomicona*, Queen of the great Kingdom of *Micomicon* in *Ethiopia*. Let her be what she will, reply'd *Don Quixote*, I'll do what I please; and what my Conscience, and the Rules of my Profession oblige me to. And then turning to the Lady, Rise, Madam, I beseech ye, cry'd he, I grant ye the Boon which your Illustrious Beauty Commands. Alas, Sir, the Courtesie which I beg from your Magnanimous Valour, matchless Knight, reply'd the Lady, is only this; That you will be pleas'd to go along with me whither I shall conduct ye, and promise me not to engage in any other Adventure, till you have aveng'd me of a Traytor that Usurps my Kingdom, contrary to all Law, both Divine and Humane. I promise ye, most Illustrious Lady, the utmost of my Assistance; and therefore be of good comfort, and chase impertinent Sadness from your Heart; for by the Aid of Heaven and this my strong Arm, I doubt not but to restore ye to your Right, maugre all the Cowardly Miscreants that dare oppose me. Let us then hasten our Performance; Delays are dangerous, Madam, and are many times the disappointment of great Atchievements. With that

that the Princess did all she could to have kiss'd his Hand; however he that was so much a Knight, a Gentleman, and a Courtier, would by no means suffer such a Submission in so great a Lady: But having rais'd her up upon her feet, embrac'd her with a most Majestick Grace; and at the same time call'd to *Sancho* for his Arms. Presently *Sancho* went and shook 'em down from a young Ash, where they hung as if it had been an Armour-Tree. And now *Don Quixote* being like a Heater in a Smoothing-Ir'n, all completely Cas'd, Come on, said he, let us go and succour this Illustrious Princess, and employ the Strength and Courage Heav'n has bestow'd upon Us, to the Ruine of her Enemies.

The Barber, who was all this while upon his knees, and had enough to do to keep a Guard upon himself, for fear of Laughing, or letting fall his Beard, which would have been the utter ruine of the whole Design, seeing what hast *Don Quixote* made to be gone, rose up, and taking the Princess by one Hand, while *Don Quixote* took her by the other, they both together set her upon her Mule. Then the *Invincible* mounted his Prancing *Rosinante*; at what time the Barber also bestradling his Mule, they began to jog on. Only poor *Sancho*, methinks my Heart bleeds for him, was forc'd to walk a foot; and such was the barbarousness of the rugged Stones, that they took no Compassion upon his tender Toes, which made him fetch many a heavy sigh for his old Ass again. However, he took his misfortunes patiently, seeing his Master in so fair a way to be suddenly an Emperour. For he made no question but he would Marry the Princess, and that at least he would be King of *Micomicon*. But there was one thing that disturb'd the pleasure of his pleasing Dream, and that was this: That his Master's Dominions were to be in the Land of the Negro's; and that the People, over whom he was to be a Governour, were all to be *Moors*. But for this he presently found out an Expedient of Consolation. What care I, quo he, tho they be *Moors*? So much the better. 'Tis but giving notice of a *Negro-Fair* at such a place, i' the Office where Maids go to enquire after Services, and I shall ha' Customers enow for the Plantations: They'll take off at least a Hundred Thousand a Year, and prevent the Trade of Kidnapping, and Spiriting of Children; which must of necessity turn to a good Account, and bring me in a good round Sum, with which I may be able to retire, and live at Peace i' my Old Age; leave forty shillings a Year for Wheaten Loaves, to be given to the Poor o' Sundays; and ten Pounds a Year toward a weekly six a Clock i' the Morning Lecture-Sermon; then die, and be set up with my Wife and Children in a kneeling posture against the Wall of the Parish Church. Why, quo he, what if I am not so Book-learn'd as other Men? Does there want so much Philosophy to sell two or three hundred thousand Slaves? Pox—I don't intend to make such a long bus'ness on't; let 'em ee'n go higgledy-piggledy, little and great; what tho they be as black as the Devil in Hell, I'll transform 'em, I'll warrant ye, into white and yellow Money: And now do you but tell me, whether I don't know how to lick my own fingers? Full of these tickling Imaginations, *Sancho* trudg'd along, charming away the pain and anguish of travelling a foot.

All this while the Curate and *Cardenio* had beheld the Pleasant Scene through the Bushes, and were at a great loss what they should do to joyn Companies. But the Curate having bethought himself of an Expedient, pull'd his Scissars out of his Pocket; and after he had snipp'd off *Cardenio's* Beard, made him put on his Cassock and Cloak, while he remain'd in *Cierpo* only with his Doublet and Breeches. In which new Garb *Cardenio* was so strangely

strangely alter'd; that he did not look like the same Man. This done, away they made to the High-way, and there stay'd, till *Don Quixote* and his Company were got clear of the Mountain. When they came near, and that *Don Quixote* made a stop at the sight of strange Faces; the Curate look'd with a wistful Eye upon *Don Quixote*, as one that was in a study whether he might not know him or no; which Passion being over, like one that had made a Discovery, he ran toward *Don Quixote* with open Arms, crying out, Mirror of Chivalry, well met.—my dear Countryman, *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, is there such a man alive, the Cream and Flower of Courage; the Bulwark of the weak and afflicted, and Quintessence of Knight-Errantry? Lord! how I am over joy'd to see your Worship; and so saying, he ran to him, and embrac'd his left Leg with such an Affection, that he could not forbear to drop some few Tears upon his Spur-leathers. *Don Quixote* admiring what Adorer of his Princely Vertues this should be, star'd him i' the face, like a Picture-drawer; and after he had examin'd every Lineament, at length calling him again to mind, would fain have alighted. But the Curate hindring him, Worthy Doctor, cry'd he, I beseech ye let me not be so rude, to sit o' Horse-back, while you are a foot. Sir, you shall by no means alight, quo the Curate: I desire your Highness to keep your Saddle; 'twill be Honour enough for me to hold by the Tail of one of your Mules, if your Company will permit me. 'Twill be the same thing to me, as if I were mounted upon *Pegasus*, or the Wild Mare of the Famous Moor *Musarake*, who lies Enchanted in the drearie Cavern of *Onkie Hole*, in the Province of *Somertonia*. Forgive me, worthy Doctor, reply'd the Knight, you speak with a Humility becoming your Coat, and give an Example to many that never mind it; but I suppose the Princess will be so kind, as to Command her Squire to lend ye his Saddle, and to ride behind himself, if the Beast be but accustom'd; as some Pastors Wives, to carry double. My Beast carries double, without all doubt, reply'd the Princess; and my Squire, I suppose, will not stay for my Commands to offer the Doctor his Saddle: He is better bred of himself, then to suffer an Ecclesiastical Person to go a foot, while he rides. Most certainly, reply'd the Barber; and presently alighting, presented his Saddle to the Curate, who accepted of it without more entreaty. By accident the Mule was a hir'd Beast; that is, in plain *English*, a skittish refty Jade: So that the Barber was no sooner got behind the Curate, but she gave two or three such yerks with her hinder Legs, that the Barber, fearing to endanger the Propagation of his Family, was forc'd to fling himself off her back, to save his Perquisites of Generation. And perceiving that he had lost his Beard i' the fall, he could not think of any better way then to clap his hand before his Chaps, and cry out as loud as he could yaul, that he had broken his Jaw-bone. Heav'n's blefs me, quo *Don Quixote*, beholding such an over-grown furbush of a Beard without a Chin, here's the eighth Wonder of the World; I never saw a *Muscovite* Beard so cleverly tak'n off without a Wash-ball and Razor, since I first read my Primer. Presently the Curate, perceiving the terrible danger they were in of a Plot-spyling-Discovery, caught up the Beard, and running to the Barber, who lay all the while heavily bemoaning his Chaps, laid the Barber's Head to his Breast, and then muttering certain words, which he said, were a Charm in *Tritheimus*, peculiar for the fastning on again of a loose Beard, fix'd it on again so exactly, that the Barber was as sound as ever he was before. Which put *Don Quixote* into a far greater Astonishment; inasmuch, that he desir'd the Curate very seriously to teach him the Charm, when he was at more leisure.

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Not doubting but that the Vertue of such a Charm extended farther then to the fastning of Hair, since 'twas impossible that such a prodigious Beard could be torn off, without fetching away Flesh and all; so that such a sudden Cure might avail him upon the rending off a Limb from his Body, should such a Misfortune at any time befall him.

And now all things being in *statu quo*, it was so order'd, That the Curate should ride alone by himself, and that Cardenio and the Barber should relieve one another, sometimes riding, sometimes walking by Turns, till they came to their Inn, which was about two Leagues off. The Princess and the Curate being thus mounted, and Cardenio, the Barber and Sancho, being a-foot, *Don Quixote* addressing himself to the Princess, now Madam, quo he, your Highness has no more to do, but to tell us which way we must go, and we are all ready to follow. At what time the Curate chopping in before the Princess, could answer, Toward what Kingdom, said he, is it your Highness's Pleasure to lead us? yet pardon me, Madam, for asking, when I know it must be toward the Kingdom of *Micomicon*. To which Mrs. *Dorothy*, who had Wit at Will, and was not to learn how to carry on an Intrigue; you have pick'd the very Kingdom out of all Kingdoms of the Earth, more like a Prophet, quo she, then a Curate. If it be so, quo the Doctor, then our way lies directly through the middle of our Village, from whence we have a streight Road to *Cartagena*, where we must embark. And if we have a fair Gale, and a calm Sea, we may in nine Years reach the Lake *Mæotis*, otherwise call'd the *White Sea*, where you may see a thousand *Mermoids* all in a Cluster together, pap'ring up their Towers on a *Saturday Evening*, and lies not above a hundred Days Journey from your Highness's Kingdom. Surely, Sir, reply'd Mrs. *Dorothy*, you are under a Mistake; for 'tis but two Years since I set out from my own Dominions, nor can I say, that we had such fair Weather neither, but sometimes rough Seas, and contrary Winds; and yet I must tell ye, I ha' been here in *Spain* too for some Weeks, where I had no sooner set my Foot a shore, but I heard the Streets ring with the famous Achievements of the Renowned *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, whom I therefore resolv'd to find out; if he were above Ground, whatever it cost me, resolving to throw my self under his Protection, and to commit the Justice of my Cause to his Wonder-working Arm. Lord, Madam, what d' ye mean, cry'd *Don Quixote*? I am your humble Servant, Madam; honest *Truepenny*, and meer mortal *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, that's my Name and Title: And therefore spare your Complements, I find y'are a Courtier from Top to Toe; but for my part, I hate Flattery, my Ears are too chaste to be ravish'd by Adulation. You do not hear me tell ye whether I am a Man or a Mouse: All I say, is this, If I am valiant, so; if I am not valiant, so; but whether I am valiant, or not valiant, I am wholly at your Service, even to the Expence of the last drop of my Blood; and let time tell ye, whether *Don Quixote* be a Milk-sop, or no. In the mean while I would fain know of the Curate, what brought him hither all alone, a-foot, and in *Querpo*, like a School-master going to the House of Office; for I must confess I am strangely surpriz'd to see him in this Condition. Why then, an't like your Honour, my Lord *Don Quixote*, to tell ye the Reason succinctly in few words, Mr. *Nicholas* our Barber and I went to *Sevil* to receive some Money which an Unkle sent me some years ago from the *Indies*; nor was it an inconsiderable Sum, as being no less then fifteen hundred pound Sterling. But upon the Road we met with four Highway-men that pillag'd us of all we had, even to our very Beards, so that the Barber was forc'd to get him a Chin-Perriwig. And as for that Gentleman, whom

whom you see there, pointing to *Cardenio*, after they had borrow'd his Cloak-bag, and stripp'd him to his Shirt, they made him fit for another Fable in *Ovid*, by transfiguring him, as you see. Now they say, that these Rogues were a sort of Fellows condemn'd to the Gallies, who were rescu'd by a valiant Knight, from the Jailor and his Guard, in spite of their Teeth, as they were carrying 'em to the Port where they were to be embarkt. However, I must needs say, the Knight was a Fool or a Mad-man for his Pains, or else as great a Rogue as any of 'em, to let out a Company of Wolves among Sheep, Foxes among innocent Poultry, and Bears among Honey-pots, contrary to the Law of Nations, his Allegiance to his Prince, and his Respect to publick Justice, disabling the Strength of the Kings Gallies, invalidating the Sentences of the Judges upon Criminals, and like a rash and hair-brain'd Coxcomb, forfeiting at once both his Life and his Liberty upon Earth, if he should come to be prosecuted for his Folly, and his Salvation hereafter. For you must know, that *Sancho* had told the *Curate* the Story of the Galley-slaves, who therefore preach'd this Sermon so severely to hear what *Don Quixote* would say, who chang'd Colour at every word, not daring to boast of that Act of his Valour, which the *Curate* had damnd as an Achievement more fit for the Devil, than a pious *Knight-Errant*. And these, quo the *Curate*, concluding his Text, were the cursed Villains, that reduc'd us to this miserable Condition; God forgive 'em, and that Poltron of a Knight, that freed 'em from the just Punishment of their Impieties.

C H A P. III.

The Pursuit of the History of the Princess of Micomicon, containing the cunning Policies and Stratagems of the Curate and Barber, to free the enamour'd Knight from the rigorous Penance which he had undertak'n.

THIS Sermon of the *Curate's*, short and home, and deliver'd without Book, with a becoming Gesture (the true Character of a good Sermon) wrought so feelingly upon *Sancho's* Conscience, that he made open Confession; Cuds-bodikins, quo he, and who d' think now 'twas perform'd that desperate Exploit? Troth-law, to his eternal Fame be it spok'n, no living body i' the varfal World, but my dear valiant Master his nown self. And yet my Mind gave me he did not do well in it; and therefore 'twas, that I bid him have a care what he did, and told him how that it could not chuse, but be a very great Sin to set at liberty the Heels of a Company of Miscreants, whom the Law had condemn'd to the Gallies for their Villainies. And now I find, Mr. *Curate*, I was i' the right on't. Ye Pumpkin-pated Coxcomb, cry'd *Don Quixote*, Is it for a *Knight-Errant*, when he meets with People laden with Chains, and under Oppression, as they were, upon the Road, to take notice whether they suffer'd justly or unjustly? *Knight-Errants* are only to relieve the afflicted, and not to examine whether they be Rogues or Martyrs. I met a Company of poor Fellows in dismal Calamity, link'd together like the Beads of a *Rosary*, and I set 'em at liberty. Therein I did what my Conscience, and my Profession oblig'd me to. And what has any Mortal breathing to say to this? if there be, unless it be Mr. *Curate*,

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here, whom I respect a little for his Coat's sake, he's the Son of ten thousand Fathers, and knows not what belongs to *Knight-Errantry*; and I'll make him eat my Sword and spew it up again, for I would be loath to lose it. And having so said, he fix'd himself in his Stirrups, and pull'd his Helmet o're his Brows, and look'd as grim, as if he had vow'd the Death of ten *Serafquier-Babaw's*, with twenty thousand Men a piece at their Heels: for as for *Mambrino's* Bason, it hung at his Saddle bow, batter'd as it was by the Galley-Slaves, fit for nothing but to mend old Kettles. Thereupon, Mrs. *Dorothy* by this time well acquainted with his Humour, seeing him in such a Passion, like a fleering Slut as she was, For Heaven's sake, Sir, quo she, avenge your Fury; for I dare swear, had Mr. *Curate* known 't had been your Valour that so religiously set the ungodly Galley-Slaves at liberty, he would ha' cut out his Tongue a thousand times, rather than ha' spok'n a word that shou'd ha' displeas'd your Worship. No, I assure ye, Sir, quo the *Curate*, tho the Varlets had twitch'd my Beard off Hair by Hair. I am satisfi'd, Madam, quo *Don Quixote*, and for your sake the Flame of my just Indignation is already quench'd; nor will I engage in any more Quarrels, till I have perform'd my Promise to your Sovereign Highness. Only, Madam, because 'tis but rational for a Man to know for what he ventures his Bones, I beg of your Highness to give us a brief Account of your Disasters, that I may know where to deny all manner of Mercy, where to dismember, and where to spare both Life and Limb, if there be any that can deserve so much Compassion, that have offended so much Vertue in a Sovereign Princess. Lord! Sir, quo Mrs. *Dorothy*, 'tis the least thing I can do to oblige the most matchless Champion i' the World, but that I fear my Story will be too tedious and irksome to your Ears. Madam, so far, by my Soul, from being irksome, that do but say how many Giants Thumbs, with every one a Gold Ring, you expect for your Trouble, and you shall have 'em paid upon sight. Since then it must be so, cry'd Mrs. *Dorothy*, I must beg ye, Sir, to lend me your Attention. With that *Cardenio* and the Barber gather'd up to her, to hear what a pickl'd Story she had provided so soon; tho they doubted not but her Wit and her Fancy was such, that she had one as ready as a Lye in a King's-Bench Waiter's Mouth. *Sancho* also hung his Ears upon her Side-saddle, as if he had been to take her Speech in Short-hand; at what time the Lady having cough'd, spit, and wip'd her Lips, with the greatest Grace i' the World, thus began:

First then, Gentlemen, you must know that my Name is — Here she stopp'd, having quite forgot the Name which the *Curate* had giv'n her. Whereupon the *Curate*, finding her at a *Non-plus*, rode close up to her, and begging Pardon for his Interruption; Madam, quo he, there is nothing more disturbs, and discomposes the Mind and the Memory, then long and extreme Affliction. I my self that am but the poor *Curate* of *Toboso*, the chiefest of whose living is by unlicenc'd Weddings, have been so beside my self many times for the Cheat of a Brass Half-Crown put upon me, that I have forgot my own Name, nor could I remember it again for my life, till the Clark has told it me; no wonder then that the Princess *Micomicon*, Heiress to the vast Kingdom of *Micomicon*, overwhelm'd with so many Calamities, and perplex'd with so many various Thoughts for the Recovery of so vast a Dominion, should have her Imagination and Memory so much incumber'd as you have at this present, but — I must confess, reply'd Mrs. *Dorothy*, that but just now there hover'd before my Eyes such a black and dreadful Apparition of the Misfortunes that I am going to relate, that I hardly knew what I said; but having now pretty well recover'd my

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'self, I hope I shall be able to go on without any farther Hesitation. Know 'then, Gentlemen, that I am lawful Heirefs to the vast Kingdom of *Micomicon*, and that the King my Father, who was call'd *Tinacrin the Wise*, 'a Person also greatly skill'd in Magick Art, understood by his profound 'Knowledge in that mysterious Science (for he had all *Cornelius Agrippa's* 'Works by heart) that *Queen Caramilla* my Mother should die before him, 'and that he himself should not live long after her, but leave me a young 'Orphan. But that was not the thing that troubl'd him, for he knew that 'Princes were mortal, and that it is usual to leave their Children behind 'em, sometimes i' their Swadling-Clothes; but his Magical Speculations 'fore-told him, That a certain Giant as big as ten ordinary Giants, and as 'monstrous as *Hobb's Leviathan*, Lord of a great Island almost upon the 'Confines of my Kingdom, whose Name is *Pandafileando*, surnam'd the *Sawcer-Ey'd*; because he always look'd as the Devil look'd over *Lincoln*, on purpose to fright all People he star'd upon. My Father, I say, fore-saw that this Giant, well knowing that I had neither Father nor Mother, would 'one day invade my Dominions with a powerful Army, and expel me out 'of my spacious Territories, without leaving me so much as a thatch'd Village to put my Head in; tho he knew withal, that I might avoid my 'Misfortune, provided I would consent to marry him; but that it was impossible for me to have any such Thought, well understanding the Skill 'which by that time I should have in Anatomy. For which Reason he was 'sure I would neither marry with that Giant, nor with any other Giant i' the 'World. My Father therefore left it in his Will, That I should take my 'Disasters patiently for a Time, and resign my Kingdom to him without 'more ado, since I was in no wife able to make any Defence to prevent the 'Ruine of my Subjects: But withal, he left me also this comfortable Advice, That I should forthwith betake my self into *Spain*, where I should 'meet with a potent Protector, in the Person of a Renowned *Knight-Er-rant*, fam'd over all the World for his Valour, and his Strength, and call'd by the Name, if I forget not, of *D. Hacote* or *Gigote*—You are pretty near the matter, quo *Sancho*, interrupting her, call him therefore *D. Quixote*, Madam, or the *Knight of the Ill-favour'd Countenance*. Y'are very right, Sir, reply'd 'Mrs. *Dorothy*, 'twas *Don Quixote*, now I remember my self. My Father 'also describ'd to me a lean Man with a wither'd Face, and that he had upon his left Shoulder, or somewhere thereabouts, a black Mole over-grown 'with a thick Tuft of Hair. With that, *Don Quixote* calling for *Sancho* to come to him; Here, Sirrah, said he, hold my Lance, and help me to undress my self, for I can soon know whether it were me that this Conjurer of a King prophesy'd after this manner. Why so much haste, Sir Knight, reply'd Mrs. *Dorothy*, to strip your self? To see whether I have any such Mole about me, quo *Don Quixote*, as you speak of. You need not undress your self for that, reply'd *Sancho*, I am well satisfy'd that you have a Mark upon your Back-bone, or somewhat near it, like what the Princefs describes. 'Tis sufficient, quo Mrs. *Dorothy*; Friends can believe one another without 'such a strict Examination; nor am I going to swear it before a Master in 'Chancery; for whether it be upon your left or right Shoulder, 'tis not a 'Straw matter, since 'tis all the same Body and the same Flesh. In short, I find my Father spoke truth in every thing, and that I am right in recommending my self to *Don Quixote*, whose Stature and Visage so well agree 'with my Father's Description; and whose Reputation is so far spread abroad, that I was no sooner landed at *Offuna*, but I heard of the miraculous 'Achievements he had perform'd; and then I was confident that he was the

'the Person to whom I was to make my Addresses. But pray, Madam, quo *Don Quixote*, how came you to land at *Offuna*, which is no Sea-port Town? Lord! quo the *Curate*, interrupting him; don't ye know, Sir, that the Princefs is a Stranger? She means, that after she landed at *Malaga*, the first Place she came to, was *Offuna*, and there she heard, &c. 'That is 'what I would have said, reply'd Mrs. *Dorothy*. There's all the Reason i' the World to believe it, quo the *Curate*, and therefore your Majesty may be pleas'd to go on wi' your Story when you please. 'I have nothing more 'to say, reply'd Mrs. *Dorothy*, but only to bless my good Fortune for having 'so luckily met with this Renowned Knight, by whose Valour I look upon 'my self as already restor'd to the Throne of my Ancestors; since he has 'done me the Favour to promise me his Assistance against that Traitor of a 'Giant *Pandafileando*, whom I hope in a short time to see let blood i' the Head, 'like a Goose, till he bleed to death, and be reveng'd of him for so unjustly 'depriving me of my lawful Inheritance. One thing I forgot to tell ye, 'That my Father left me another Paper, wherein he charg'd me, That after the Knight had restor'd me to the Possession of my Kingdom, if he should ask me i' the way of honesty to marry me, I should never stand *Shilly-shally*, 'but marry him incontinently.

What thinkst thou now, *Sancho*, quo *Don Quixote*? Didst hear what she said? Did I not tell thee 'twould rain Kingdoms, and Kings Daughters, and Governments, afore a Month came to an end? Ay, ay, quo *Sancho*, one of the gayest Proffers i' the World; and now the Devil take me, if he be'n't the Son of a Whore that does not go forthwith and dissect this confounded Giant *Pandafileando*, and take the Princefs at her word. A Buxome Girl, I warrant her: Cuds foot—would all the Fleas i' my Bed were such. And having so said, he fetch'd two or three frisks i' the Air, and flung out his Joy with a *Hey-Boys*. Which done, he fell upon his Knees at Mrs. *Dorothy's* Feet, beseeching her to give him her Hand to kiss, as an Acknowledgment that he own'd her for his Queen and Mistress. Thereupon Mrs. *Dorothy* gave him her Hand to kiss, and promis'd to make him a great Lord so soon as she should be re-fert'd in her Territories. For which *Sancho* return'd her thanks in such an extravagant Complement, that they all fell a laughing at such a rate, that *Sancho* feeling Authority begin to encroach upon him, bid 'em understand themselves, and know their Distance. Then Mrs. *Dorothy* proceeding, 'Thus, quo she, I have made ye a Recital of my Misfortunes: I have no more to say, but only to tell ye this, That of my 'Train that attended me out of my Kingdom, I have not one left but my 'Squire yonder with the long Beard: All the rest were cast away in a terrible Storm just in sight of our Harbour; only I and my Squire got ashore 'upon two Planks, and so sav'd our selves; a good Omen that Heav'n has 'preserv'd us for better Fortune. Oh, Madam! quo *Don Quixote*, y' have met with it already; for I confirm my granted Boon, and once more swear by my Affection to the fair *Dulcinea*, to follow ye to the End of the World, and never to abandon your just Pretensions, till I have encounter'd your prodigious Enemy, sliver'd off his superfluous Head, and giv'n his Carcass to the Fowls of the Air, were he as valiant as twenty *Mars's* all put together. And when I have restor'd ye to your Throne, I shall then leave ye at full Liberty to dispose of your Person as you please your self. For being, as I am, a Vassal to the Matchless—I say no more, since 'tis impossible for me, God wot, to marry, tho it were with a *Phoenix*. At which last Words and Sighs of his Master; *Sancho*, who listen'd like an inquisitive Chamber-maid, to hear *Don Quixote's* Answer, became so pensive and dif-

contented withal, that not being able to contain his Passion; By the Bowels of all the Giants i' the World, *Senior Don Quixote*, quo he, you have lost your Wits. Would ever any man else fit *Hum-drumming*, as you do, whether he should marry this great Princess, or no? Surely you can't think such Fortunes grow upon every Hedge— or is it because Mrs. *Long Meg o' Westminster* is handsomer then she? How!— she must chip off a handful from her Nose first, y' faith, and that won't do neither— As handsome as she! why, sure your Eyes are enchanted— Why, I must tell ye, as little Skill as I ha' in Beauty, your Divine *Dulcinea*, as ye call her, is a meer *Tripe-moman* to her— she does not deserve to carry the Princess's Pattins after her. Zookers! is this the way for me to have the Earldom I ha' been so long waiting for, after all your Promises, for you to go diving after *Musbrooms* i' the bottom o' the Sea?— Marry then, marry with a Pox to ye— and don't lie doating thus on a *filthy Stammel*, but take a Kingdom, Goodman Fool, that comes dropping, as it were, into your mouth, that I may be an Earl, or a Marquess, or something like it, when you ha' done as ye ought; for every honest man's as good as his Word; and when you have perform'd that, you may go hang your self, if you think fit.

Don Quixote hearing such Blasphemies utter'd against his ador'd *Dulcinea*, heaves up his Lance, and without speaking a word that might discover his boiling Passion, gave his indiscreet Squire two such Paper-mill Thumps upon the very Scull of him, that he lay kicking with his Heels, like a Cat that has had her Forehead well rubb'd; and had it not been that Mrs. *Dorothy* scream'd out, and begg'd of him to forbear, for God's sake, he had murder'd poor *Sancho* out-right in his fiery Indignation. Dog in a Doublet, quo he, do ye think I am bound always to bear wi' your Bumkinly Frumps wi' my Hands i' my Pocket? No, no, don't believe it; ye excommunicated Miscreant; I say excommunicated, for having open'd thy blubber Lips so prophanely against the Peerless *Dulcinea*. Dost thou not know, rascally *Ragamuffin* as thou art, that were it not for the Courage which she infuses into my Breast, and the Strength with which she fortifies my Arm, that I should not be able to kill a Titmouse? Ye confounded Rakeshame, ye Tailors Nit, who wast, d'ye think, that re-conquer'd the Kingdom of *Microcomicon*, slew the vast Giant that cover'd a whole Acre of Ground, when he fell, and rais'd thee from a lazy Scoundrel, to be a Marquess (for I look upon all these things to be done already) but only *Dulcinea's* Valour, of which my Arm was no more then the unworthy Instrument? Is it not she that puts me on, as I put on my Armour, fights Cap-a-pe in her *Don Quixote*, and wins me all my Victories? She by whom I live and breath, and to whom I owe my Life and Being. Treacherous and ingrateful Beast, is it any longer then three minutes ago, that I rais'd thee from the Dunghill to the Pinnacle of Honour, and does thy vip'rous Tongue already dart thy Poison at thy Benefactress? *Sancho* was not so stunn'd, but that he heard every word his Master said; but because he was resolv'd to secure himself before he made him an Answer, up he crawl'd, and getting o' t'other side Mrs. *Dorothy's* Palfrey; Now come on, Sir, quo he, you that think your self such a Privy Counsellour, pray tell me how 'tis possible, if you don't marry the Princess, to have the Kingdom at your Disposol? and that being so, where's my Recompence for all my Bangs and Thumps I ha' receiv'd in your Service? Let the World therefore judge, whether I ha' not reason to complain, when I find ye thus going about to pop me off with what the Cat left in the Malt. Why should you have such a tender Conscience to scruple Marriage with the Princess? You may do that, and send for your beloved *Mopsa* when y' ha' done;

done; for 'tis the Fashion now a days to keep Misses. Here's a Princess sent ye, as it were, from Heav'n, and you won't marry her, with a Murrain to ye! As for which is the most beautiful of the two; I will not undertake to determine; your Madam *Dulcinea* is a very fair Lady, 'tis true, tho I never saw her i' my life. How! Off-spring of *Satan*, quo *Don Quixote*, never saw her, and yet brought'tt mean Answer from her but just now! I mean, Sir, reply'd *Sancho*, I never view'd her, as *Paris* did the three Goddesses, to observe her Perfections by Retail, but take her all together, she may pass for a Beauty. Well, I pardon thee for this time, cry'd *Don Quixote*; and do thou likewise be so kind as to pardon the Provocation of my unruly Passion, which is not so soon quell'd as put into a Ferment. I know it very well, reply'd *Sancho*, and therefore you ought to consider, that the talkative Humour which provokes me to speak, is a Motion which I can as well be hang'd as resist; when 'tis once come to the tip of my Tongue, I must out with it, what e're it be. However, cry'd *Don Quixote*, if a Snaffle won't do it, put a Curb upon that unruly Member, and have a care what ye say— *The Pitcher goes often to the Well*— I say no more— *A word to the wife is sufficient*, quo *Sancho*— God above sees all things, and he is able to judge who is most i' the right, I that never speak well, or you that never do better.

Enough, enough, quo Mrs. *Dorothy*, all's well; and therefore *Sancho* go and prostrate your self at the Feet of your Lord and Master, beg his Pardon, and remember for the time to come to manage your Tongue with more Reserv'dness; more especially take heed how you talk irreverently of that Lady of *Toboso*, whose Servant I would be glad to be, tho I never saw her i' my life, because I find this valiant Knight has such a Value for her, and from henceforward trust to me for your Recompence. With that, *Sancho*, in a most submissive Posture, went and threw himself at his Master's Stirrup, who having given him his Benediction with a majestick Gravity, desir'd the Company to ride on alittle before, for that he had some Business of important Privacy with his Squire. So that when he found 'em far enough off hearing, Friend *Sancho*, quo he, I have had no leisure since thy Return to ask thee any Questions concerning thy Message, and what Answer thou hadst; but now prethee tell me the Particulars. Sir, reply'd *Sancho*, ask me what Questions you please, I'll tell ye more then I know, rather then less; only I beseech ye for the future, be not so malicious; for y' are so hasty grown, a Dog would not live wi' ye. *Sancho*, reply'd *Don Quixote*, they that will govern, must learn to obey; and they that think to beat others, must learn to be beat'n themselves; and therefore when I thrash thy Bones at any time, 'tis all for thy good. Ay, Sir, quo *Sancho*, but to bear malice, Malice forethought i' your mind, why 'tis the very Stress and Plain-song of all our Endicements. How dost mean Malice, quo *Don Quixote*? My Reason is this, quo *Sancho*; because my mind gives me, that you gave me these two last pithy Remembrances upon the Noddle, for the Quarrel that *Satan* rais'd between you and me t'other Night, and not for any thing I spoke against Madam Primrose, the Lady *Dulcinea*, whom I wish my *Whim-whams* in a cleft Stick, if I do not admire and adore, beyond any Relique of the holy Cross: and that meerly because she is your Mistress. *Sancho*, cry'd *Don Quixote*, once for all, let us leave off this Discourse, it grates my Ears; there is an Act of Oblivion past to this very moment; but new Offences will require new Punishment.

While they were thus parlying together, they espy'd making toward 'em, a certain Person mounted upon a sober Ass, whom they took for a *He-Gypsie*, the nearer he came; but *Sancho*, who since the loss of his own Beast, never

never saw an Ass, but his Heart was ready to leap out of his Belly, had no sooner fix'd his Eye upon the Traveller, but he knew him to be the Person that had so inhumanly robb'd him of his Soul's Delight. Now this Fellow had disguis'd himself in the Habit of a Gypsy, and spoke their *Gibbrish* exactly, to the end he might not be discover'd, nor be prevented in the Sale of the Ass, which he had also transfigur'd into the Shape almost of another Creature. But *Sancho* that knew his Ass again by the very Scent of a Fizzle, which he let just i' the nick of time, cry'd out with all the force of his Lungs, Ho, Mr. Thief, have I found ye? Deliver me my Goods, *Rogue*, deliver the Repose of my Heart, and comfort of my Soul; Varlet, Villain, Hedgebird, restore me my Ass, my Ass, ye *Prancer-Prigger*, my sole Delight, and only Joy— seize him, Master, seize him, here's my Ass, and here's the Rogue that stole him; seize him Master, seize him. Upon which the Fellow, seeing himself so hard beset, slipp'd off the Ass, and betook himself to his heels, as nimbly as a Coney before a Lurcher, and quickly got out of their reach, because no body took the Pains to pursue him. For *Sancho* had enough to do to rejoice over his Ass; which he had no sooner got by the Bridle, but with a paternal Kindness, How hast done all this while, my Darling, my Treasure, quo he! Welcome, nay more welcome to thy nown dear *Sancho*, then the Nuptial Night to two enamour'd Lovers— and with that he fell a kissing, and hugging, and embracing his Beast, as if 't had been his only Son risen again from the Report of his being dead i' the *Indies*. To which the poor dumb Ass had not a word to say, not so much as in his own *Mother-Spanish*; only in meer Gratitude, he thrust out his Tongue, and lick'd off the Tears that fell from his Master's Eyes for Joy that he had re-gain'd the Beast of his Affections. In the mean time, the Company that were before, wond'ring at the long Halt that *Don Quixote* and his Squire made, came riding back again, and understanding what was the matter, they all with a *nemine contradicente*, gave all imaginable Demonstrations of the Joy and Satisfaction for *Sancho's* good Fortune; while *Don Quixote* observing the good Nature of his Squire, re-confirm'd the Promise he had made him of three Asses for one.

This was that which pass'd between *Don Quixote* and his Squire, while the Curate and Mrs. *Dorothy* had been engag'd in Discourse of another Nature. Well, Madam, quo the Curate, I find a Man may venture upon your Head at any time; had ye study'd twenty Years for this Story, you could never ha' brought a Fable to bear with more Fancy, or more Conciseness: And then for the terms of *Knight-Errantry*, you had 'em as exactly as a Seaman saies his Compass. Oh, Sir! reply'd Mrs. *Dorothy*, I am but young in Years, 'tis true, but an old Reader of *Romances*: I have por'd upon 'em a-nights i' my Bed, till I have drop'd a' Sleep, and left the Candle to fire the House, had not my Maid come in by chance; but a Duce take your Maps, for I could never understand 'em i' my life, which made me commit that Mistake about *Ossuna*. That was nothing, Madam, quo the Curate, as I order'd the matter: You see how I reconcil'd the business with a Jerk. But Madam, what think ye? Do you not wonder at this *Fobdoodle* of a *Knight-Errant*, that swallows so easily these Gudgeons of Tales and idle Stories, merely because they have a Smack of these Extravagancies, which he had read in his *Amadis de Gaul's*, and Round-table *Champions*? And yet discourse him upon any other Subject, and he's a man will talk ye as rationally as a Philosopher, as sober as a Judge, and as learnedly as an University Scholar. So that you would take him for a Man of Sense and Judgment, till ye come once to prick him i' the Vein of *Knight-Errantry*; but then he flies out, and

and falls a raving, as if he had a whole *Midsummer-Moon* in his Brains.

While the Curate and Mrs. *Dorothy* were thus engag'd, *Don Quixote* entering into a new Confabulation with his Squire; Honest *Sancho*, quo he, gi' me thy fist; and let us with a Christian forgiveness lay aside all manner of Malice and Animosity, as things altogether unbeseeming Persons of our Profession, and tell me by way of Catechize, when, where, and how thou found'st the Peerless *Dulcinea*? What she was doing? What she said? What she answer'd? How she look'd when she read the Letter? Who transcrib'd it for thee? And whatever else thou canst call to mind that is fit to be known and remember'd, or proper to be ask'd and answer'd; for to know these things gradually, punctually, in order, and exactly, is that upon which depends the whole repose and quiet of my Life: And this without any additions, any daubing, sleeking, palliating, or mincing the matter, thinking to flatter and tickle my Ear. On the other side, be not too concise neither, to the end I may not lose the smallest Mustard seed of my Soul-charming Pleasure. Sir, quo *Sancho*, if it be so absolutely necessary for me to speak Truth, I must tell ye, that no body Transcrib'd the Letter for me, because I never carry'd any. 'Tis very right, quo *Don Quixote*— for two days after thou wert gone, I found the Table-Book wherein I had written my Epistle; which put me into such a Passion, that I could not forbear lending thee half a score round Curses for thy carelessness; and every moment I expected when thou would'st have come back to ha' receiv'd three or four Bastinado's, to ha' refresh'd thy Memory. Sir, quo *Sancho*, there was no-need of that; for I had heard your Letter read so often, that I could say it by heart, more exactly than my Creed. Meeting therefore with the Clerk of the next Parish, I rehears'd it to him so exactly word for word, that when he had copy'd it out, he swore that he never read such a compleat, matchless Piece of Wit in his Life, tho he had read all *Howell's*, *Loveday's*, and *Balzac's Octavo's*, and had been a great Student in the *Mysteries of Love and Eloquence*. And do'st remember it still, quo *Don Quixote*? No, Sir, reply'd *Sancho*; for when I saw it once secur'd in a whole sheet of Paper, I thought it to no purpose to burd'n my Memory with it any longer. Only at the beginning there was *Over-grown*, I wou'd say *Sovereign Lady*; and at the end, *Tours till Death*, *The Knight of the Ill-favour'd Countenance*: And between those two i' the middle, about three hundred repetitions of *Soul, Life, Dearest, Pigs'ny*, and *Joy*.

CHAP. IV.

Containing the Pleasant Discourse between Don Quixote and his Squire; with other Remarkable Passages.

THUS far, quo *Don Quixote*, all's very well— But when thou wer't admitted into her Presence, how was that Queen of Beauty employ'd? Was she not threading of Pearl, or working some Rich Point of *Venice Cravat* for the Knight her Vassal? No such thing, I assure ye, Sir, quo *Sancho*; for she was winnowing two Bushels of Wheat over a course Sheet i' the Yard. But then, quo *Don Quixote*, didst not thou at the same time perceive, that every grain of the Corn was turn'd into so many

many Pearls, by the touch of her fair Hands? Prithee, what sort of Wheat was it? Was it pure Wheat, or Mallin? Neither, Sir, quo *Sancho*; but only a mixture of Barley and Oats. That's nothing, reply'd *Don Quixote*; for being sifted by her Hands, most certainly it made Bread as white as ever any *Kingston* Manchet. But let us proceed — When thou gav'st her the Letter, did she not kiss it? Did she not clap it to her Breast? Did she not use some extraordinary Ceremony becoming the Honour due to such a Letter? In short, what was't she did? The Sieve was full of Corn, Sir, reply'd *Sancho*, when I presented her the Letter; and as she was rumbling the Sieve like a Sinder-woman upon her knees, Friend, quo she, lay your Letter upon that empty Sack there, for I shall not have leisure to read it, till I have sifted all this Corn. Observe in that her wonderful Discretion, cry'd *Don Quixote*; for that was an excuse on purpose, because she would read the Letter in private, where no body should be witness of her transports upon the receipt of it. But while she was thus busie at her Work, what was the Discourse that pass'd between ye? Did she not enquire how I did, and what I did? And what didst thou answer her? Answer me punctually, and satisfy my Impatience, without filching from me the least tittle of the Truth. So far was she from asking any Questions concerning ye, that she did not seem to me so much as to think of ye — Only I of my own Head indeed told her a long story, how I had left ye i' the Mountain, doing Penance for her sake, naked from the waist downward, like a true Satyr; sleeping upon the Ground, eating without Napkin or Table Cloth; never combing your Beard, but blubbering and whining like a great Cow-baby, and cursing your hard Fate. Thou didst not do so well in that, reply'd *Don Quixote*, to say, that I curs'd my cruel Fortune: For I always did, and ever will adore my happy Stars, that render'd me worthy to pretend to love so High a Lady, as *Dulcinea del Toboso*. You may well call her high, quo *Sancho*; for may I never see my Old *Joan* again, if I don't believe her within two Cubits as tall as the May-Pole i' the Strand. How, *Sancho*, cry'd *Don Quixote*, what, didst ever measure with her, that thou talk'st at this rate? Yes, quo *Sancho*, I measur'd with her in helping her up with a Sack of Corn upon her Afs; and I found as we stood together, that my Head did not reach up to the small of her back. But didst not thou perceive withal, that these goodly Dimensions of hers were accompany'd with all the Graces and Perfections, as well of Wit as Beauty? At least, *Sancho*, thou wilt not deny me this. When thou drew'st so near to her Body, were not thy Nostrils ravish'd with the fragrant Odours that breath'd from her Skin? Wer't thou not sensible of that delightful mixture, compos'd of all the *Arabia's* rich Perfumes? A certain, I know not well what to call it, Steam, or Vapour, or Exhalation, more sweet-scented then *Cupid's* Bed of Roses, or the variety of a Perfumer's Shop? Why truly, Sir, quo *Sancho*, thomy Life lay upon't, I cannot swear one tittle of all this. 'Tis true indeed, I did smell a kind of a sower, rammish *Hogo*, something like that of a Water-man that has newly Landed his Fare, which I suppose was occasion'd by her working so hard; for she was all of a muck-sweat, in her Smock-sleeves, with her Breasts swagging over her Bodice half-lac'd, so that she reek'd like a Horse-Pond in a frosty Morning. This could never be, reply'd *Don Quixote*; and therefore thy Nose was either stopp'd with the *Murr*, or else the whiffs from thy own Collar deceiv'd thee. For I am as sure as I have a Nose o' my face, that no Rose among Thorns, no Lilly of the Field, no Spirit of Amber-Greece smells half so sweet as she. I can say nothing to that, quo *Sancho*; but this I can safely swear, that the smell which I

smelt,

smelt, was as like the rank smell o' my own flesh after hard Thraashing, as ever I smelt i' my Life. And if her *Ladyship*, *Madam Dulcinea*, had then such a smell, where lies the wonder? Since one Devil may be like another. Very good, quo *Don Quixote*: Thus then you say she cleans'd her Wheat, and sent it to the Mill — But what did she do when she read my Letter? Your Letter! reply'd *Sancho*; why, she did not read it at all; for she said, she could neither write nor read — On the other side, she took it, and tore it into a thousand bits, saying, that no body should read her Secrets; and that she was very well satisfy'd with what I had told her by word of mouth, concerning the Affection which you bare her, and the Penance which you had undertaken for her sake. Finally, and lastly, she bid me tell ye, that she remember'd her Service to your Worship; and that she had a greater desire to see ye, then write to ye. And therefore in all Humility she commanded ye forthwith to leave these cursed Mountains, and give over your Megrimms and Fooleries: For that having a great desire to see your sweet face, there could be nothing so acceptable to her as your Return to *Toboso*. Moreover, when I told her you were call'd *The Knight of the Ill favour'd Countenance*, she fell a laughing so wide, that you might ha' told all the Teeth in her Head. I ask'd her, whether the *Biscayner* had been with her? And she said, Yes — and that he ask'd her a private Kindness, which she could not deny him, because he came with such a particular Token from your self. Then I told her of the Galley-Slaves; but she said, she had seen none of 'em. All's as it should be, hitherto, cry'd *Don Quixote*: But tell me, *Sancho*, when thou took'st thy leave of her, what Present did she give thee, for the good News which thou brought'st her? For 'tis an Ancient and inviolable Custom among Knights-Errant and their Ladies, to bestow some Rich Jewel or other upon the Squires, Damsels, or Dwarfs that bring 'em any good News, as a Reward of their Tidings. That might be the Custom, reply'd *Sancho*, in former times, and I approve it as a generous and laudable Custom — But I fear me 'tis now left off, like House-keeping in the Country — At least *Madam Dulcinea* was in one of her niggardly Humours at that time; for all that she gave me for my Tidings, was only a piece of Bread and Cheese, by the same token, the Cheese was mouldy, and made a' Sheeps Milk; but Love and Hunger will break through Stone-walls. Give me leave to tell thee, *Sancho*, she's as Munificent, and as Liberal as ere a Princess i' the World; and if she did not gi' thee a *Diamond* of fifteen Carats at least, 'twas because she had it not about her. But all is not lost, that is delay'd, and a good pair of Sleeves may be worn after Easter. I shall see her, and then I'll speak to her to gi' thee content. But, *Sancho*, this is that which most amazes me — for 'tis impossible but that thou must ha' flown backward and forward through the Air: 'Tis thirty good Leagues I am sure from hence to *Toboso*; and how the Devil thou should'st go and come in three days, surpasses my Understanding. I am therefore apt to believe, that the kind *Necromancer*, who takes care of all my Business, and whose Duty it is to see that I do not want the least Perquisit to a Knight Errant, assisted thee to make hast in thy Journey, tho thou, perhaps, might'st not be sensible of it in the least. For there are some of these *Necromancers*, that will take ye a Knight-Errant fast asleep out of his Bed, and whirl him through the Air with that Expedition, that he shall find himself when he wakes three thousand Leagues off from the place where he lay before. Else it were impossible that Knight-Errants could subsist, or that they could at all turns relieve one another as they do. For it may so happen, that a Knight may be in the Mountains of *Armenia*, fighting with some *Ran-Head*

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and

and Bloody-Bones, some Faune, or some Satyr, or some other strange Monster; or suppose it were only with some other Knight, that bears up with him to the Bar o' *Chester*, and gives him thwack for thwack, cut for slash; inso much, that he could wish himself fairly rid of him: Now then don't you think it a great Consolation, for a Knight in such distress, to see another Knight come unlook'd for in a Cloud, or a Fiery Chariot; one that he knows to be his Friend, and who, he was certain, was not above half a score hours before i' the *West Indies*? Thereupon this Knight kills the Monster, or the Knight, and relieves his Friend; and no sooner has he dispatch'd his bus'ness, but he is hurry'd away with the same speed in one of the Devil's Sedans back again to his Lodgings, where he goes to bed again to his Mistress, and makes an end of his Work. And all this is done by the Industry of those *Necromancers*, whose Duty it is to take care of Knight-Errants, to whom they are no less dear, then if they were their Adopted Sons. And this it is which makes me believe, that thou wert Devil-driven through the Air by some *Necromancer*, that knew my impatience, and the importance of thy Return. I am the Son of a Gold-finder, reply'd *Sancho*, if I don't believe it to be true what you say, Sir; for *Rosinante* flew me-thought, as if he had Quick-silver in his Ears. Not only Quick-silver in his Ears, quo *Don Quixote*, but a Legion of Devils at his Tail; which are a sort of *Strygian Wine-Porters*, which will take a Knight-Errant, or his Squire, and run away with him Horse and all, with that swiftness, that a Kite flies away with a young Chicken. But to come again to the main business: What dost thou think, *Sancho*, it best behoves me to do, about this Injunction that Madam *Dulcinea* has laid upon me, to make my Personal Appearance before her? For tho I am bound to punctual Obedience, and that my Bowels yern to see her; yet am I so entangl'd with this Princess, while the Laws of Chivalry bind me so fast to my word, and so deeply engage me to prefer my Honour before my Pleasures, that I know not which way to disencumber my self. On the one side, the eager desire I have to see the Peerless *Dulcinea*, worries and torments me: On the other side, my Honour and my Promise call me to great Achievements. But hold — I think I ha' found a way to satisfy Honour, Promise, Princess, and Mistress, and All. First, *Sancho*, I'll go immediately and find out the Giant; when I come there, I'll cut off his Head with a *Jerk*, restore the Princess to her Throne, and put her in peaceable and quiet Possession of her Dominions. Which being done, before a Cat can lick her Ear, away will I presently come Post, and visit the Bright Star that illuminates my *Pericranium*; to whom I will make those just and rational Excuses, that she being all Kindness and good Nature, shall be willing to pardon my unavoidable Absence; well knowing, that all my Actions must redound to her Honour, and to the increase of her Fame; since all the Renown which I have won, or daily win, or shall hereafter acquire, are only the effects of her Favour influencing and actuating the Courage of her Vassal. Hoy day, quo *Sancho*, will ye ne're ha' more Wit then a Man may truss up in an Egg-shell? Why, d'ye intend then to Travel so many thousand *York-shire* Miles and Way-bits for nothing? And lose the Opportunity of a Marriage, that brings ye to a Kingdom; a Kingdom, that, they say, is Twenty Thousand Leagues in Circuit? A Kingdom where all the Springs are full of boyl'd Plumb-Puddings and Cabbages, and Surloins of Roast-Beef hang roasting i' the Sun upon every Tree? A Kingdom bigger then *France*, together with the Kings new Conquests, and all their Dependencies? Are ye not asham'd to shew your self so void of Understanding? Go to, therefore, and take a Fool's Counsel for once; Marry the

the Princess the first thing ye do — Hang Licenses, Marry her, I say, at the next Church ye come at, where ye can find a Curate; or else let our own Doctor knit the knot under the next Oak. — There's nothing like Wiving and Thriving both in a Year — You see, Sir, I understand Trap; and I'll say this for my self to boot, That I think I am old enough to give Counsel. And therefore give me leave to tell ye, *A Bird i' the Hand's worth two i' the Bush*. Let's but once catch the Eel, and then we may consider at leisure how to dress it. *Sancho*, reply'd *Don Quixote*, I am not ignorant that thy Advice depends very much upon Self interest; I know the reason why thou art so earnest for me to Marry, is meerly that I should make hast to Imperial Sovereignty, on purpose to make thee a Prince — And these are the fears that spur thee on to talk one word for me, and two for thy self. But know, *Sancho*, thou complain'st before th' art hurt; for I intend to put it into my Conditions, before I go to fight the Giant, That if in case I kill the Giant, I will have half the Kingdom at my disposal, to give to whom I please. Which being granted (as I vow, before that be under Hand and Seal, I'll see the Giant hang'd before I'll kill him) to whom dost thou think I'll bequeath that part of the Kingdom, but to thy self? If so, Sir, quo *Sancho*, I beseech ye, choose that part of the Kingdom which lies next the Sea; where the Merchants may have free liberty to come and Trade for my Slaves, and I may have the Advantage to Ship off my Money, if my Government should be mislik'd. So then, as you have contriv'd it very well, never trouble your self about visiting Madam *Dulcinea*, but go first and knock the Giant o' the Head, for I fancy 'twill be an Adventure of great Honour and Profit. By the Mass, *Sancho*, quo *Don Quixote*, and I think so too; and therefore I'll follow thy Advice: For I believe 'twill be much better to visit *Dulcinea* afterwards, laden with Honour, when I have murder'd the Giant, and restor'd the Princess to her Territories. Let it be thy care then to keep silence, and not to disclose the least tittle of what Discourse has pass'd between us, to any Person living, not so much as to those of our Company; for *Dulcinea* is so reserv'd of her self, that she does not desire any body should know her Private Concerns; besides, that the disgrace would be mine, to keep any such blabs o' their Tongues about my Person. You forget your self, cry'd *Sancho*; for how can that be, when you your self send all your vanquish'd wretches to Madam *Dulcinea*? Can you call that keeping her Secrets, to send a company of Slaves with their Chains rattling i' the Streets, to throw themselves at her feet, for her to dispose of at her pleasure? What an ignorant Whelp and Bacon art thou, quo *Don Quixote*, not to perceive that this redounds all to her Honour! Besides, art thou so ill vers'd in matters of Chivalry, as now to be to learn, that it is a great Advantage for a Lady to have several Knights-Errant for her Gallants; who expect no other Recompence of all their Services, but the Honour of performing 'em for her sake, and the favour of her Acceptance? Tittle Tattle, gi' the Goose more Hay, quo *Sancho*: This is just as I have heard 'em Preach, that we ought to love God for his own sake; and yet at the same time they tell us of the invitations of Paradise, and the torments of Hell; tho for my part, I think we ought to love God, what ever comes on't, as they said at first. The Devil take thee for a Clown, *Sancho*, cry'd *Don Quixote*; and yet who the Devil would take thee for a Clown? For sometimes thou talk'st as rationally and discreetly, as if thou hadst Commenc'd Doctor at *Salamanca*. So far from that, quo *Sancho*, that I never read my Horn-book; but I have a good mind to learn one of these days, when I'm at leisure. For I am apt to believe it can be no prejudice to me; besides, they say, there are some Men that

that take upon 'em to be Doctors, who, God knows, have hardly Learning enough to read their Neck-Verse.

While the Knight and the Squire were thus busie in Discourse, the Barber cry'd out to 'em to make a Halt, for that the Princess desir'd to alight and drink out of a Fountain close by the Road. This was a great Kindness to Sancho, who was quite tir'd with Lying, and afraid his Master should catch him failing in his Memory. Fortho he knew that Dulcinea was no better then only plain Gaffer Hogg's Daughter, yet he had never seen her in his life.

On the other side, Cardenio by this time had slipp'd himself into Mrs. Dorothy's Masculine Habits, which she had on, when they first met with her; which, tho they were none of the best, yet were they much better then his own tatter'd Rags. Thereupon they all alighted, and sitting down by the Fountain, fell a banqueting upon the short Commons which the Curate had brought from the Inn.

While they were thus busie at their Repast, feeding like Farmers of Maxfield, upon what they had, there happen'd to come up ev'n with 'em as they sat, a dapper young Lad, who, after he had gaz'd awhile with a wistful Eye upon the Company, approaching *Don Quixote*, and embracing his Thighs; God bless your Worship, quo he, has your Worship forgot me so soon? Don't you know your Slave, and poor Andrew, that you found fast bound to an Oak? But I thank your good Worship, you set me free with a Vengeance— At those words, *Don Quixote* immediately call'd him to mind, took him by the Hand, and then addressing himself to the Company, Most illustrious Princess, and you Right Worthy Gentlemen, said he, you have here before ye an uncontrollable Demonstration of the vast Benefit, and absolute Necessity of *Knight-Errants*, both to reform and punish the Abuses and Disorders committed in the World. It is now some Weeks ago, that as I was riding by a Wood, the Cries and bitter Complaints of some body in distress, pierc'd my compassionate Ears: Presently I gallop'd toward the Place where the Noise directed me, to gratifie my natural Inclination, and the Duty of my Profession; and there I found this poor young Lad, in a most miserable, distressed Condition; and I profess, I'm heartily glad he's here to testify the truth of what I say. For tho a *Knight-Errant*, Ple as patiently suffer him to give me the Lye, as I wou'd my Father, if he find me in a *Rodomantado*. I say then, this Boy in that Wood was ty'd to an Oak, naked from the Waste upward, like a Wench upon a Whipping-day at Bridewel; and there was a lusty Brawny-arm'd Countrey-Fellow, scoring several pretended Debts of Thievery and Negligence upon the Boy's Back and Shoulders with a pair of Stirrup-leathers, so deep, that you might ha' bury'd the Handle of a Butcher's Sticking-knife in every one of the bloody Furrows. I ask'd the Fellow, What a' meant by so much Cruelty? Who answer'd me, That the Boy was his Servant, and that he chastiz'd him for the Rogueries, and the Thieveries which he had committed. To which the Boy reply'd, blubbering and bleeding, that his Master lash'd him so feverely only for demanding his Wages. Whereupon the Master would ha' pleaded some idle Excuses that gave me no Satisfaction at all. In a word, I caus'd the young Lad to be unbound, and made the Countrey-Fellow swear by all the Saints I could think of, that he would take the Boy home, and pay him all his Wages, to the very Copper-Spot in a Tin-Farding. Is not this true, Friend Andrew? Doft not thou remember how I ranted, and swagger'd, and hector'd the Countrey-Fellow? And with what Submission he promis'd to accomplish whatever I impos'd, ordain'd, demanded and commanded?

manded? Speak truth, and shame the Devil, tell how it was boldly, without Humming and Hawing, without Flattery or Dissimulation, but relate the Story without Welt or Guard, that these People, who are all Persons of Quality, may understand the want of *Knight-Errantry* in this unjust World.

Tom-tell-troth himself, quo Andrew, could never ha' spok'n more Truth then your Worship has done. But notwithstanding all your Worship's good Intentions, the Success of this Affair did not answer your Worship's Expectations. How, quo *Don Quixote*! not answer my Expectations! why, did not the Hang-dog pay thee thy Money the next Minute? So far from paying me my Money, quo Andrew, that as soon as he found you were out o' sight, and out o' hearing, he ty'd me again to the Oak, and ply'd his first Lesson again so smartly over my raw Flesh, that you would have taken me for a flea'd Cat. And which was more, between every Stroke he struck, he had some bumkinly Quibble or other, in Derision of your Worship, calling ye Hatchet and Gridiron-face, Lobster unboild, Appurtenance to a Tinder-box, Hog in Armour, &c. that had I not been in that woful Plight, I could have laugh'd my self to have heard him. In short, he so anatomis'd my Back with his Leathern Thongs, that I have been ever since i' the lame Hospital, where I became the Trophy of Art. And now to speak my mind frankly, Sir Knight, I may thank you for all this— For had you rode on about your own Affairs, without playing the busie Fool, where ye had nothing to do, I had been releas'd with a matter o' twenty Lashes, and my Master had paid me what he ow'd me— But you call'd him so many Rogues, Villains, and Traitors, and ranted and roar'd so little to the purpose, and put him into such a Fury, that not being able to reak his Malice upon you, he took his Revenge upon my poor Shoulders. The Mischief was, quo *Don Quixote*, that I went away a little too soon, I should have staid indeed till I had seen thee satisfy'd; for those kind of Country-Bumkins are not apt to keep their Words, unless it be for their Profit. However, thou mayst well remember, that I swore by all the Heathen Gods, that if he did not pay thee, I would return and find him out again, tho he were hid within the Bowels of the Earth. You did so, 'tis very true, Sir Knight, reply'd Andrew, but what does that signifie now to me? Thou shalt see whether it signifie any thing or no, quo *Don Quixote*; and so said, he rose up in great Fury, and commanded Sancho to bridle Rosinante, who was at his Dinner, thinking no harm, within a Stone's throw o' the Company. Upon that, Mrs. Dorothy ask'd him, What he intended to do? Do, quo he! be gone immediately to chastize this Brute of a Clown— and make him pay to the utmost Farthing what he owes this poor Lad, in despite of all the Bumkins and Scithe-men i' the World that dare oppose me. But, Sir Knight, quo Mrs. Dorothy, considering the Promise you have made me, you cannot in Honour undertake an other Adventure till you have accomplish'd mine; and therefore I beseech ye, delay this less important Revenge, till you ha' restor'd me to my Kingdom. That's but Justice indeed, reply'd *Don Quixote*, and therefore of necessity, Andrew must be patient, till I return again. But by the lovely Dulcinea's Chastity, I swear once more, never to rest my Head on her sweet-scented Pillow, till I have reveng'd this young Lad's Cause, and seen him satisfy'd to a Scotch Boastle. I do not question in the least, cry'd Andrew, the Performance of these Oaths, but I had rather your Worship would bestow upon me a small Piece of Silver to carry me to Sevil, then all the Revenges i' the World. And having so said, I beseech ye, Sir Knight, continu'd he, bestow a Bit a' Bread and some few Charity Far-

Fardings upon a poor Sufferer for your sake, and so God bless all the *Knight-Errants* under the Skie, and may they prove as fortunate for themselves, as they ha' been for me.

Upon that, *Sancho* pull'd out a Quarter of a Penny-Loaf and a piece of Cheese, and giving it to *Andrew*, here Brother, said he, 'tis but Reason and Christianity to be charitable to People in Misery. I pray, what sort of Charity is yours, cry'd *Andrew*? This piece of Bread and Cheese, quo *Sancho*; and God knows how soon I may want it my self: For we Squires to *Knight-Errants* are ever and anon ready to perish for Hunger and Thirst: And besides that, we are most cruelly tyranniz'd over by ill Luck, and hard Fortune, and a thousand Accidents, that are sooner felt then related. *Andrew* took his Bread and his Cheese, and finding no other Charity-Money stirring, he made 'em an ugly Scrape, and turn'd his Back to the Company. But before he went off, turning about to *Don Quixote*, Sir Knight, said he, for the Love o' God, if ever you find me i' the same Condition again, tho you see my Bowels ready to drop out o' my Body, ne're be such a Coxcomb again to come to my Assistance, but leave me under the Lash of my Misfortunes, which cannot be worse then what beset me through your impertinent Vanity, according to the Proverb, *Fools will be meddling*; for which the Curse of God light upon You, and all other *Knight-Errants*, that from henceforth shall ever be spawn'd into the World. With that, *Don Quixote* rose up in a great Fury, with a Resolution to have giv'n *Andrew* the Benediction of his Cudgel; but *Andrew*, not caring for any of his Blessings, withdrew himself out of his Reach, as swift as a Fawn. So that *Don Quixote* refus'd his Seat, to avoid the Shame of a vain Attempt; but so highly enrag'd at *Andrew's* Drollery, that all the Company were forc'd to sit as demure as so many *Quakers*, for fear the least Smile should have incens'd him to Out-rage.

CHAP. V.

Of what happen'd at the Inn.

After they had refresh'd their Bodies with corporal Food, they that had Beasts of Carriage, mounted; and those that had none, went a-foot; and so riding and going a-foot, the next day they came to the Inn; for which *Sancho* had the same Kindness that a Man has for a Wife that sues him for Alimonic. Presently the Inn-keeper, the Hostess, her Daughter, and *Maritornes*, who knew *Don Quixote* and his Squire again, without a Prospective-glass, half a Mile off, came forth to meet 'em with great Demonstrations of Joy. Nor was the Knight behind-hand with his Returns of Civility at the usual rate, that is to say, with an extraordinary Gravity and Reserv'dness; withal, desiring the Hostess to provide him a better Bed then he had the last time. To which the Hostess return'd Answer, That if he would pay better, she would help him to a Bed for a Prince. Which when the Knight had promis'd to do, they made him one in the very same place where he lay before, whither he went and threw himself down immediately, as weary as a Fox-dog, and quite spent with the Labour and Toil of his own Folly in the Mountain. In the mean time, the Hostess knowing the *Barber* again by his Tongue, leapt at his Chin, like

like a Cock at a Bilberry Bush, and catching him by the false Beard; By my blessed life, quo she, ye shall make use o' my Tail no longer: I think y' have had it long enough, to my Grief, I'm sure, to see my Husband's Comb lie so nasty as it does i' the Kitchen-window. Thereupon the Hostess tugg'd, and the Barber tugg'd, for he was loath to part with his Tail, till the Curate put an end to the Dispute, by telling him there was now no more occasion for his Disguise; for that he might tell *Don Quixote*, that he came to the Inn to recruit himself; and if he enquir'd after the Princess's Squire, that he should tell his Worship, That the Princess had sent him before to give notice to her Subjects, that she was coming with a Champion that would swinge off the Giant, and restore 'em all to their Liberties and Properties: Which gave such plenary Satisfaction to the Barber, that he restor'd the Hostess her Tail, with all the rest of the Trinkets which he had borrow'd of her.

As for Mrs. *Dorothy*, all the Strangers that were i' the Inn, look'd upon her to be wondrous pretty. Nor were they so blind, but they could spie *Cardenio's* Gentility, his graceful Meen, and comely Aspect, through his homely Shepherd's Weeds. The Inn-keeper also upon the Curate's word, and out of the good Opinion he had of the Company, had provided 'em a good handsom Dinner, considering 'twas an Inn no better then one of your *Forest-a-dean* Houses of Entertainment. However, they had more Manners then to awake *Don Quixote*, who lay snoring like a West-Country Carrier; for they thought that Sleep would do him more good then a Sheriff's Feast. Therefore they fell on without him, and the Table-discourse was all about the Follies and Extravagancies of the poor Knight, and in what Condition they had found him in the Mountain. On the other side, the Hostess who was present, made a Repetition of all that had befall'n the valiant Hero in his Rencontre with the Carrier and the Constable; and finding *Sancho* was absent, she recounted the Story of his being tof'd i' the Blanket, which made the Company as merry as so many *Emmets* upon a Corn-heap. From whence the Curate taking an Occasion to deplore the Frenzies of the unfortunate Knight, charg'd all his Misfortunes upon his Books of *Knight-Errantry*, as having been the Occasion of all his Extravagancies. How can that possibly be, reply'd the Inn-keeper, interrupting him? Where is there any better reading i' the World? I have some two or three of these Books, and I wish this Drink may be my Poison, if I don't believe they have preserv'd not only mine, but the Lives of many others. For in Harvest-time ye shall have above twenty, sometimes thirty Reapers and Mowers come hither of a Holy-day. Now because we ha' neither Shovel-boards, Billiard-tables, Nine-pins, Noddy-boards, nor Pigeon-holes, I fetch 'em out one of these Books; at what time they make choice of one of the best Book-learn'd among 'em, to read; and then they fall a list'ning, and prating, and drinking, that it does my Heart good to see my Cans empty'd so fast; which makes me love 'em so well, that sometimes when my House is empty, I can sit and read in 'em a whole Day together. For my part, quo the Hostess, I have as much Reason to speak well of those Books, as any body; for we are never more at quiet i' the House, never less maundring, less jarring and brawling, then when my Husband is at his Devotions, as I call 'em; that is, when he is smerking and smiling to himself over his *Knight-Errantry* Books; besides, that I am sure to be courted that Night at a more then usual rate. All this is true, cry'd *Maritornes*, but that which delights me most, is, when I hear how the Knight sits embracing his Lady under an *Orange-Tree*, while the Lady's Damsel stands

stands Sentinel, ready to tear her Flesh for want of the same Pastime. And what think you, my pretty Maiden, quo the Curate, addressing himself to the Hostess's Daughter? Alas, Sir! quo she, I know not what belongs to these things; and yet when I hear 'em read their Stories, I find a kind of Alteration in my Body, I know not how — But as I hope for Mercy my self, the merciless Gasches which the Knights give one another, and the unreasonable Steaks which they sliver off from one another's Cheeks and Shoulders, go to my very Heart; and I'm as sorry for the poor Gentlemen, as if it were my own Case — My Father knows, that when I see him engag'd among the Butchers at the Bear-Garden, I fall a Squeaking and squealing like any thing. And then when I hear the sad Groans and Lamentations of some kind-hearted Knights, when they are far from their Mistresses, I cannot for my life, but I must fall a weeping for Company. Why then, said Mrs. Dorothy, I perceive, Sweet-heart, you would not be so ill-natur'd, to let a Knight lie roaring and bellowing so long, if you could help him. My Conscience now, Madam, reply'd the Virgin, I don't know my own Mind. But this I am sure of, that some of these Ladies are so desperately cruel, that the Knights cannot forbear calling 'em Lyons, and Tygreses, Harpy's, Furies, and I know not what my self; which, if they deserve, I wonder how Ladies that pretend to Honour and Conscience, can be so hard hearted, to suffer a Gentleman that so dearly loves 'em, to dye, or at least to run Mad, for want of a Kiss or a night's Entertainment. Lord bless me! what does all this Coynefs signifie? For if they stand upon their Punctilio's of Honour, how if I should prove with Child? let 'em marry the Knights, as I would do, if I were in their Condition. Hold your prating, Huffle, quo the Hostess, I find you know more then you should do already. Good Daughter, no more o' your Riff-raff; Maids must be seen, and not heard — Why, Mother, quo the Girl, I did but answer the Gentleman and the Gentlewoman; and I'm sure my School-mistress told me 'twas Manners to speak when I was spoke to. So 'tis, and I thank thee very kindly Sweet-heart, reply'd the Curate; and then turning to the Inn-keeper, Landlord, quo he, if thy Books have such a Faculty to help down good Drink, prethee let's see 'em. With that the Inn-keeper fetch'd out an old mouldy Cloak-bag, secur'd with a rusty Padlock, which after he had unlock'd, he gave Air to Don Cironciglio of Thrace, Don Felix-mart of Hyrcania, the History of the famous and renowned Captain, Goncales Hernandez of Cordova, with the Life of Valentine and Orson, Bevis of Southampton, and Guy of Warwick. When the Curate had view'd 'em, Neighbour, quo he to the Barber, we want nothing more now, but our Friend's Niece and his House-keeper, the Court and the Window. There's no such need, quo the Barber, Ple undertake to fling 'em out o' this Window as artificially, as if I had been seven Years at the Trade; or else to carry 'em to the Chimney, where there is as good a Fire as the Hangman himself could desire for the burning of a Traitor's Intrails. How, Gentlemen! cry'd the Inn-keeper? I hope ye don't intend to burn my Books? Only five of 'em, reply'd the Curate; Don Cironciglio, Felix-mart, Valentine and Orson, Bevis and Guy. Why sure, quo the Inn-keeper, they be no Gismaticks, that you condemn 'em thus furiously to the Flames. Schismaticks thou mean'st, quo the Curate. Well, let 'em be Zismaticks, however, as y' are stout; be merciful, quo the Inn-keeper; if ye must be burning, burn Hernandez and Garcia, with all my heart, but for the rest, Ile as soon burn my Wife and Children. Landlord, reply'd the Curate, as for those Books you would so fain save, they are nothing but so many heaps of Lyes, meer Rubbish, fit for nothing but

but Trunkmakers. But for D. Garcia, he was a famous Souldier indeed, and so strong that he would stop the Sails of a Wind-mill in a high Wind, with one Hand; and they say, that he himself singly defended a Bridge against a whole Army of Men, with many other renowned and famous Achievements, that if they had been recorded by another Historian, as they were written by himself with a more then ordinary Modesty, because he would not seem to be the Trumpeter of his own Fame, he had surpass'd all the Heroes, Achilles's, and Orlando Furioso's, in the World. Pox — quo the Inn-keeper, what a Wonder you tell of stopping a Wind-mill Sail — read Don Felix-mart, and you shall see how with one back-blow he cut five Giants as big about as the Monument, as ev'n and as smoothly in the middle, that you could not see where his Sword had gone amiss: And how he encounter'd all alone one of the greatest Armies that ever were seen, and shred as small as Mince-meat, six hundred thousand Soldiers, all completely arm'd from Head to Foot; and then you would burn Guy o' Warwick. Nouns, Sir, there was never such a Knight in the World; upon whom, as he was standing by some River or other, 'tis no matter where, a fierce Dragon leapt out of the River, and seiz'd upon his Body; but presently the Knight taking hold of the Dragon's Throat, grip'd his scalding hot Wezand so hard, that the flaming Monster no longer able to breath, sunk down to the bottom of the water forty fathom deep, and pull'd the Knight after him because he would not let go his hold; but when he thought he had been at the bottom of the River, he found himself in a magnificent Palace, standing in the midst of pleasant Gardens and Paradise's; at what time the fiery Dragon turn'd into an elderly Gentleman, as venerable as the Master of a Company upon a Court Day, who told him a thousand Stories as strange to him, as the Lyes of a Traveller to a Knot of Bumkins in an Ale-house Chimney. Go, go, y' are a Fool, Mr. Parson, these were brave Fellows indeed — I'd not give a Fig for your Don Garcia's, and your great Captains, they're not worth hanging to these. Upon that, Mrs. Dorothy turning to Cardenio, What say you to all this? Don't you think my Landlord in a fair way to be a second Don Quixote? Truly I think him in as beat'n a Road to it, as from London to Highgate; for I see he believes all that he reads in these Romances to be Articles of Faith, and I defie all the Virtuosi to convince him to the Contrary. But, Landlord, quo the Curate, continuing his Discourse, do you believe, as you hope to escape Purgatory, that there were any such Persons in the World, as Cironciglio of Thrace, and Felix-mart of Hyrcania, and the rest of the same Tribe? Be not such a Fool — I tell thee, they were all a Company of Fables invented by a sort of idle Fellows that had nothing else to do, for the Divertisement of those that were as lazy as themselves. Such is the Folly of Men to complain of the Shortness of Life, and yet know not what to do with what they have. Believe then what I say, for by the word of a Priest, I swear to thee, there is not a Tittle of Truth in all that's written of these Knight-Errants. Who are you felling your Shells to, Mr. Curate, reply'd the Inn-keeper? To those that come from St. Michael? Good-now carry these Bones to another Dog. 'Tis true, perhaps I am none of the wisest, yet I'de have ye to know, tho I never study'd Darapti, nor Felapton, I am not so soon to be converted neither; and therefore as y' are a University Scholar, don't think to feed me with Pap; for by my Wife's first Maiden-head, I am no Child to be made believe, that these Books that are set forth with a Licence by Authority, which Authority is deriv'd from the Council Royal, God bless 'em; contain nothing but Lyes and Forgeries to turn People's Brains, and

and stock *Bedlam*. I have told ye already, Landlord, reply'd the *Curate*, these things are permitted only for the Pastime of those that have no other Employment, and whose Quality and Degree exempts 'em from the Trouble of Labour and Pains-taking. Therefore it is, that in all well-order'd Common-wealths, several Sports and Recreations are allow'd, as Cards, Tables, Billiards, and the like, for the Divertisement of such as neither can, neither does it behove 'em to work. And for the same Reason they suffer these sort of Books to be printed and sold; not imagining there should be any so ignorant, or so empty-pated, as to believe there is any Truth in such kind of Stories. And now give me leave to tell ye, were it seasonable, or a thing that the Company desir'd, I would say something concerning these *Romances*, how they ought to be compos'd, to the end they might be of Use; and perhaps my Discourse would neither be unprofitable or displeasing. But there is a time for all things, and I hope one Day to impart my Mind to those that may have Power to redress this National Grievance. In the mean time, Landlord, believe what I say, and make your best Advantage of it; and I pray God keep thee from being sick of *Don Quixote's* Disease. Ne're trouble your Head for that, Sir, reply'd the Inn-keeper; I'm sure I shall ne're be such a Fool as to turn *Knight-Errant*; for I find they are not so much in fashion, as they were formerly. *Sancho*, who was present at some part of this Discourse, hearing *Knight-Errantry* exploded, as quite out of fashion, and all *Romances* run down for Fictions, Lyes, and *Chimeras*, stood like *Mumphazard*, that was hang'd for saying nothing, pensive, melancholy, stupid, and all-besotted, till reviv'd with a Gill of the best, he at length resolv'd to tarry a little longer, and see the Issue of his Master's Journey; and in case it did not answer his Expectations, to leave him there, and then to return home to his Wife and Children, and betake himself to Hedging and Ditching, as he was wont to do. The Inn-keeper also was about to have carry'd away his Portmanteau and his Books, but the *Curate* stop't him, telling him he had a mind to see some Papers that he had only cast his Eye upon, the rather because they were so fairly written; and taking out a handful at the same time, he found eight or ten Leaves together with this Title at the Beginning, *The Novel of the Curious Impertinent*; and after he had read a matter o' six or seven Lines to himself, Faking, quo he, this Title pleases me, and therefore I have a mind to read the rest—Fetch us t'other Bottle, Landlord. You will be very well pleas'd, I'll assure ye, Sir, reply'd the Inn-keeper, for I have heard it read to several of my Guests that have been highly merry with it; nay, I have had several Bookfellers here too, that have offer'd me Money for the Copy to print it, but I resolv'd not to part with it; beside that, I dare not neither, for fear the owner of the Portmanteau, that pawn'd it to me for his Reckoning, should come to fetch it away, and pay me my Money. For tho I am an Inn-keeper, yet I pretend to have so much Conscience, as not to do my self an Injury. You speak honestly, reply'd the *Curate*, but if I like the Story, I hope you'll let me take a Copy. VVith all my heart, Sir, upon Condition you'll drink a Flask or two extraordinary.

VVhile they two were thus discoursing, *Cardenio* took up the *Novel*, and having read a little way—Sir, said he to the *Curate*, I like it very well, and I believe, if you will take the pains to read it out aloud, the whole Company will be glad to hear it. Most willingly, reply'd the *Curate*; but is it not time to go to sleep, rather then read? No, no, Mr. *Curate*, cry'd Mrs. *Dorothy*, pray read it, I'd rather hear it then a Sermon—and besides, I want something to revive my Spirits, for I am melancholy methinks of a sudden;

sudden: *Sancho* and the Barber made him the same request; for *Sancho* said he was melancholy too, and profer'd to fill the *Curate* his Cup, whenever he call'd for't. Nay, then, quo the *Curate*, take your places, and give Attention: Thus end the Contents, the Chapter follows.

CHAP. VI.

The NOVEL

OF THE

CURIOUS IMPERTINENT.

IN Florence, a wealthy and famous City of Italy, in the Province of *Tuscany*, there were two Gentlemen, *Anselm* and *Lothaire*, who liv'd together in such a perfect Amity and Union, that they call'd 'em the *Two Friends*. They were both young, both of an Age, both Batchelors, and had both the same Inclinations; only that *Anselm* was more amorous and courtly, and *Lothaire* more addicted to Hunting. But they lov'd like *Py-lades* and *Orestes*, wou'd forgoe their Pleasures at any time, to serve one another; and if one had Money, the t'other never wanted. Now mark the Burden of all *Novels*; *Anselm* fell passionately in love with a most delicate, curious, peerless Paragon of Beauty, in the same City. And it fell out so pat, that her Birth, her Estate, her Alliances, were so equal to his, that he resolv'd, with the Consent of his Friend, (for without that, 'twas impossible for him to do any thing) to demand her in Marriage. On the other side, *Lothaire* was so far from displeasing his Friend, that he undertook to make the Demand; and so diligently bestir'd himself, that in a few days he put his Friend to bed to his Mistress fairly and honestly; for which, both his Friend and *Camilla* (for that was the Gentlewoman's Name) gave him more Thanks then would ha' starv'd ten thousand Cats. *Lothaire* also, which was but Reason, went every day to visit the two marry'd Couple so long as Honey-moon lasted; nor would he be wanting himself sometimes to fiddle, and sometimes to dance, as Occasion serv'd. But the Holy-days being over, he thought it now proper, like a Man of Discretion, to be more reserv'd, and less frequent in his Visits; for that his Friend being marry'd, the Cafe was alter'd, quo *Plowden*; yet vowing withal to meet him as often at the Tavern, as ever he did before; and there to be Cup and Can, as formerly.

On the other side, *Anselm* as enamour'd, and as eager as he was at his Sport, wonder'd his Friend was grown such a Stranger, and came so seldom to visit him; and therefore one day, when he did come, expostulated the Cafe with him, and told him, That *Before-George* he would ne're ha' marry'd, had he thought that Matrimony would have estrang'd 'em one from another: That it was usual for Women to claim their Thirds, and therefore the Law gave his Wife a Share i' their Friendship: That he hop'd they two knew better then to loose the peculiar Title of the *Two Friends*, for the starch'd Niceties of Formality, or the idle Comments of Town-talk: That *Camilla* took his absenting himself as unkindly as he, and thought her self so happy in her Marriage, that there was nothing more delightful

to her, then the sight of him that had so fortunately contriv'd it. In short, he us'd all the Arguments imaginable to persuade *Lothaire* to visit him as he did before, assuring him, that he could not be at rest without him. To which *Lothaire* answer'd with so much Modesty and Prudence, that *Anselm* began to think his Friend was in the right on't. However, to prevent all Misunderstandings between Decency and Friendship, it was concluded, That *Lothaire* should come twice a Week, and upon Holy-days too, and dine at *Anselm's* House. Which, tho' *Lothaire* promis'd to do, for the Satisfaction of his Friend; yet he resolv'd with himself however, to be still careful of his Friend's Honour, whose Reputation he valu'd beyond his own. Quo he to himself, and he *quo* he'd like an honest Gentleman; A Man whom Heaven has blest with a beautiful Wife, had as much need to take care what Friends he brings to his House, as what *Orange*, and *Boon-Christian* Women, what Ladies of Quality, and Kinswomen, came to visit his Wife. For that those Bargains cannot be driven i'th' Market-place, or at Church, or at a great Invitation, or a Play-house, whither a Man cannot refuse his Wife to go sometimes, which are concluded at home by a She-friend or a Kinswoman, of whom there is little or no notice tak'n. How easily is a *Billet-doux* convey'd in a Bunch of Grapes, or a Boon-Christian; nor shall she want Instruction which to chuse; take this Pear, Madam, upon my word, 'tis a choice piece of Fruit, and cheap at Six-pence. *Anselm*, on the other side, who knew his Friend's Thoughts as well as if he had been in his Belly, made these Cautions an Argument against him, urging, That for these very Reasons, it behov'd every marry'd Man, to have a real Friend about him, to give him good Counsel, and inform him when he did amiss; for that many Men might be apt to be so indulgent to their Wives, and to be so hood-wink'd with Affection and Dotage, that they could not spie those Faults and Contrivances, which a discreet and discerning Friend might be able to do. But notwithstanding all *Anselm's* Rhetorick, *Lothaire* still kept to his Text, and would not visit his Friend any oftner then he thought fitting, that is to say, he very seldom went to see him. Shew me now such another Example of real and sincere Amity; for my part, I don't believe there ever was such another as *Lothaire*, who was so careful of his Friend's Honour, that he deriv'd himself of his Company, for fear the world should misinterpret his Visits, and that at an Age that does not usually make those sober Reflections where Pleasure is concern'd; so generous that he would not give Occasion to the idle world to talk, or for malicious Eyes to observe the frequent Visits of a wealthy Gentleman, and of noble Birth, to such a celebrated Beauty as *Camilla*, to the Scandal of his friend's forehead, upon which the vulgar would be presently grafting all the Horns in *Epping-Forest*, upon the least Surmises of their Malice. Yet all this while such was *Anselm's* Impatience, that he never saw his Friend, but he upbraided him with his Coldness, for which *Lothaire* had always such proper Excuses, that *Anselm* knew not how to be angry with him. But not long after, as they were both walking together i'th' Fields, *Anselm* taking *Lothaire* by the Hand; One would think, *Lothaire*, said he, that considering the Favours which God had shov'd upon me, in making me the Son of such Noble Parents, and bestowing upon me with such a liberal Hand; but more then all this, when I find my self belov'd by such a true Friend as *Lothaire*, and embrac'd by such a vertuous Wife as the fair *Camilla*, one would think, I say, that I should live contented as one that enjoy'd all the Happiness that a Man can enjoy in this World. And yet for all this, I find

find my self so strangely distracted in my Mind, such odd *Conundrums* and *Whimsies* lie wallowing and tumbling i' my Brains, that I cannot tell how for the Soul and Blood o' me, to get rid of 'em. I confess, to my Shame, that they are only the extravagant Fancies of a weak Head, at which I cannot chuse but wonder, and as often highly blame my self. But they have got such an ascendant over me, that I cannot withstand 'em; and it makes me mad to see my self almost beside my Wits. As for Example, *Then thundring Jove in human Shape came stealing to Amphitryo's Bed*—What a pox have I to do with *Jove* or *Amphitryo*? there's neither Rhyme nor Reason in't—and yet these things fill my Brains full o' Sparables—At other times I dream of Lords and Citizens Wives, Ladies and their Coachmen. What-a-devil do these things concern me? And yet sometimes they make a noise i' my Noddle like so many Paper-mills. Now as I thus became a Nuisance to my self, I knew not where to apply my self for cure, but to the only faithful Friend that I have i' the World; and therefore I shall not scruple to discover to thee the Cause of my Distemper, as being confident, that no other Person under Heaven can relieve me.

Anselm, amaz'd to hear his Friend talk idle at that rate, could not divine what Maggot this should be, that had so suddenly wrigg'd it self among the Tunicles of his Brain. And therefore to satisfy his Impatience, he told him in plain *English*, 'Twas a Violation of the League between 'em to fetch such a Compass about, before he came to the Point; that his Secrets did not use to come so hard from him; and therefore whatever it were, he desir'd him to out with it, since he knew his Friend was bound to conceal it, tho' 'twere Treason it self. Why, faith my dear Friend, reply'd *Anselm*, nothing but Shame has ty'd my Tongue all this while—And I could hang my self for trifling thus long, since 'tis in vain for a Man to hide his Disease from his Physician. Physician! quo *Lothaire*—*Fore-George*, if it be any thing of a Clap, 'tis quite out o' my Road—No, no, reply'd *Anselm*, 'tis a serious, a very serious Business. I would try an Experiment—I would fain know, Pox on't—'twas just at the Root o' my Tongue, and is slipp'd down again—I would fain know whether—*Camilla* be as chaste, and as virtuous as I believe her to be—now 'tis out. Bless me! what a Project ha' you teem'd after such a hard Labour? Why, faith said *Anselm*, I cannot tell whether I think well or ill, but my Opinion is this, That what ye call Vertue in Women, is like your counterfeit Pieces that glister like Gold, but in the Refiners Melting-pot they vanish away in Smoke and Steam. Vertue is a specious word, and makes a fine shew, that oftimes covers a World of mysterious Wickedness. For I do not believe that Woman to be chaste, that is never courted, or never solicited: But she that can resist the Promises, the Presents, the Tears, the Importunities, and all the Temptations of a Diabolical Lover, she's the vertuous Woman. For tho' she hold out a Siege as long as *Troy*, if she surrender at length, I'd not give a single Mustard-seed for her Vertue; nor would I give a Rush for a Vertue that is grounded upon Fear, or want of Opportunity. She's only vertuous, that holds out against all the Batteries of Enticement, and the Enticements even of their own Inclinations. Now I would fain try, whether *Camilla's* Vertue be of this Nature. 'Tis true, such Experiments are dangerous, but I shall ne're be quiet i' my Mind, till I am satisfy'd in this Particular. If *Camilla* stand to her Pan-pudding; if when she has run the Gantlet through all the Temptations, Oaths, Vows, Protestations, VViles and Stratagems of an importunate Lover, she come off without a Scar; then will I say, there's a VVoman fall'n to my Lot, after whom the wife

Wife man makes Proclamation, and cries, *Where's such a one to be found?* But if she falter and give ground, I shall have this Advantage at least, not to have been deceiv'd in my Opinion, and that I was not cully'd by that Confidence, which abuses so many other Men. And therefore never go about to spend words in vain, in hopes to divert me from my Design, for you may as well take the Moon by the Horns; but prepare your self to do me this Kindness, upon the score of our long continu'd and inviolable Friendship. Make all the Applications to her imaginable, swear, vow, protest, fall at her Knees, whine, pine, lament and mourn; spare neither for Necklaces of Pearl, nor Gold Watches; let her not want any Rarity that Spring, Summer, or the more fruitful Autumn yields: In short, use all the Stratagems and Devices that human Wit, or the Subtilty of the Devil can invent to debauch an honest, honourable, reserv'd, modest, godly, virtuous Woman; and believing thou canst not give me a more sensible Proof of thy Kindness, begin as soon as thou canst. *Anselm* here making a stop, *Lothario* more astonish'd now then he was before, star'd him in the face a good while, without speaking a word, like one that had been gazing upon something he had never seen before; till after he had recollected himself, Friend *Anselm*, said he, had I thought you had been in earnest all this while, I should never have heard ye so patiently, and so long, without an Interruption. Surely, either thou dost not know me, or I don't know thee. But I think I know thee to be *Anselm*; and I believe thou knowst me to be *Lothario*: Here's the mischief on't, that I think thou art not the same *Anselm* thou wert wont to be, and thou tak'st me not to be the same *Lothario* that I ought to be. For neither is the Kindness of that Nature to be desir'd by *Anselm*, nor to be granted by *Lothario*. We are to make use of our Friends to such a Degree, and no farther; and to make trial of their Friendship in things that are reasonable, not in things that are contrary to common Sense; and if not prejudicial, at least of no Advantage to the Imposer. You would have me make love to your Wife, and use my utmost Endeavours to debauch her: If you believe her virtuous, what would ye have more? Or what will my Endeavours add to her Merit? But if I do debauch her, what then? Then is your Life at an end; for the loss of Reputation, is the loss of Life; and what will the world most justly say of me, for abusing and dishonouring my Friend? By my troth, you have study'd one of the most ingenious Contrivances to ruine your self and your friend too, that ever I heard of. If you question, whether *Camilla* be as prudent as other Women, take her as she is, either better or worse, till ye find her worse then she is. For 'tis better to enjoy a quiet Uncertainty, then to bring an old House upon a Man's Head, by trying Experiments. Remember, friend *Anselm*, that the Honour of a Woman consists in the good Opinion which the world has of her; then content your self with your own and the good Opinion of the world to boot, and never go about, out of an idle and impertinent Curiosity to lay Snares merely to shew the Excellency o' your Trap; which, when all is done, does but catch prone Inclination with the Baits that are natural to it. For in short, a Woman is like a polish'd Glass, which is tarnish'd with the least breathing upon it: A delicate Flower, that fullies and withers with the softest Touch. To this Purpose, I remember the Advice of an grave *Old Toast*, to the Father of a certain young Virgin in a Comedy, to keep a diligent watch over his Daughter, to shut her up, and not to trust her to her self; and if I mistake not, the words were these.

He

HE that thinks a Woman Glass,
Let him ne'r be trying tricks;
For as sure as God's in Gloster,
If he lets her fall, she breaks.

But when she's broke, the Devil himself
Can never soder up the Wound;
And therefore while she's whole, be sure
To have a care, and keep her sound.

For certain 'tis, that were there now
More Danaë's then could be told,
There wou'd not want for ev'ry one
As many charming showers of Gold.

And now, said *Lothario*, having spok'n thus much for your Interest, give me leave to say something for my self. You look upon me to be your real Friend, and yet you go about to take away my Honour; and would ha' me be the Instrument of ruining yours: Wife work in good truth. What will *Camilla* think, when she shall hear my lewd Addresses to her, but that I am a perfidious Son of Voluptuousness, that makes no scruple to violate the most Sacred Laws of Friendship, or to Sacrifice my Reputation to the ticklings of sensual Pleasure? Will she not have reason to be offended at a Liberty that will seem to reproach her, as if I had observ'd a particular Lightness and Vanity in her Conduct? Or if I find her yielding, will it become me to betray *Anselm*? Or if I cannot accomplish my ends, can she have a greater hatred, then for the Person, on whom she had bestow'd such marks of her favour, merely to make a May-game of her Credulity? Or if I excuse my self, and say, I did it to please you; what will she think of me for accepting such a Commission? And how will she despise the Person that Sign'd it? What will all Men of Honour think of me, for having troubl'd the repose of all your Family with a false Complaisance? Shall we not become the Publick Laughter of those that admir'd our strict and matchless Amity? Believe me therefore, dear *Anselm*, live undisturb'd in an Opinion that renders thee happy; and consider that thou ventur'st thousands to a Nut-shell, in so rash and impertinent a folly. In a word, without flattery, I take it ill, that you should make me such an idle and dishonourable Proposal; and be assur'd, that I will never do ye this dangerous piece of Service, tho it should cost me your Friendship, which would to me be the greatest Loss i' the World.

These home-thrusts of *Lothario* put *Anselm* into such a Confusion, that for a good while he stood as mute as a Fish, till having found his Tongue in a condition to move; Friend *Lothario*, said he, I have heard thee with all the Attention and Satisfaction imaginable; and have observ'd in thy Expressions all that Discretion and Prudence could utter: And this Refusal of thine has signaliz'd thy Friendship to the highest degree. I confess my Request is unjust, and such a one, of which the Consequences cannot chuse but be fatal; and that if I don't follow thy Counsel, I am a Mad-man, and hurry my self into a most dreadful Precipice. But I am sick, *Lothario*, I am sick; and of a Distemper that rages incessantly within me; and a desperate Disease must have a desperate Cure: Besides, you see that Chalk, Oatmeal, Coals, the raw Steaks of a Butcher's Arm, will never hurt those that long for

for 'em. I conceal'd my Infirmary a long time, in hopes I might surmount it; but 'tis become my Master, and my deplorable Condition obliges me to seek for aid. Forfake me not therefore in my distress, dear Friend— Never stand arguing with a man that has lost his Reason— Why— if I have a mind to be a Cuckold, why should you contradict me? Prithee try *Camilla*, gently at first, for fear of dashing, I dare say she won't surrender at the first Assault; and perhaps that small Experiment may satisfy me, that I may return to my Senses again without any more. If thou art successful over the left shoulder, and art forc'd to raise thy Siege from my beloved Lady *Vienna*, then shall I be happier than the Great *Mogul*, and the King of *Persia*; and thou wilt have the Honour to have outdone all the Physicians in *London*, where I think there are more than enow; and to have Cur'd one of the oddest Frenzies that ever was heard of. And for *Camilla*, let me alone to put it off with a Jest, and pacify her well enough. But do it, dear *Lothario*, do it for my sake, do it for her sake, do it for Heav'n's sake, do it for thy own sake, and for the sake of all that is dear to thee i' the World; or else I must be forc'd to employ some body else.

Lothario finding *Anselm* so resolutely bent, and the danger of a Refusal, determin'd to accept the strange Commission, the rather because he was satisfied that he had discharg'd his Conscience to the full, both like a Gentleman and a Friend; resolving however to carry his business so cunningly, as to satisfy the Hypochondriacal *Anselm*, and yet not offend *Camilla* neither. And having thus concluded within himself; You shall not need, quo he to *Anselm*, to employ any body else, for I find my Complaisance too weak to withstand any longer the force of your Entreaties. At which words *Anselm* embrac'd him with that Affection, as if it had been *Camilla* her self triumphant over all the seven deadly Sins.

After that, they drank a chirping Cup together, and *Anselm* drew out a draught of the Method which *Lothario* was to observe; not forgetting what sort of Tunes he would have for the Serenades, and what sort of Songs he would have for the Tunes, which he offer'd to make himself, if *Lothario* thought he could not be at leisure, for Courting his Wife. Moreover, he promis'd to send *Lothario* Money to defray the Expences of his Entertainments, his Coach-hire to and fro; together with what Watches, Rings, and Jewels he should think convenient for Temptation-Presents: For all which *Lothario* took his word, without troubling a Scriv'ner to draw up Articles. Which done, *Anselm* carry'd *Lothario* home to his House, where he found *Camilla* in a twitter, for his having staid till Dinner was almost spoil'd. After Dinner, and a Game or two at Back-Gammon, *Lothario* took his leave for that time, and retir'd to his Lodging, very much disturb'd in his mind about the hard Duty which his Friend had impos'd upon him. That Night he lay tumbling and tossing, and considering with himself how to manage his Business; and the next day away he went again to Dine with his Friend, where *Camilla* receiv'd him as her Husband's Acquaintance, with all the becoming freedom imaginable; as one in whose Company she knew her Husband delighted, and to whom she was her self not a little engag'd. They had no sooner clos'd up their Stomachs with their Pippins and Carraway Comfits, but *Anselm*, rising hastily from the Table, told 'em, that he had urgent Business that call'd him abroad, and therefore begg'd of *Lothario* to keep his Wife Company till his Return; and notwithstanding all *Lothario's* entreaties, that he might bear him Company, and *Camilla's* endearing Prithee my Honey's and Sweet-heart's, to retain him at home,

home, nothing would do; he had no sooner comb'd out his *Perruwig*, but away he flung, leaving *Lothario* and his Wife in the Room together. And then it was, that *Lothario* found himself at the strangest Non-plus that ever he was in his life; not knowing what i' the World to do, to avoid the danger that threatned the forehead of his Friend. At length he fain'd himself to be very sleepy, and after he had seemingly endeavour'd to wake himself two or three times, he loll'd backward in his Chair, and betook himself to Dog-sleep; for as I may tell to you, he was no more sleepy then when he wak'd i' the Morning. About two hours after, *Anselm* return'd, and finding *Camilla* i' the Room, and *Lothario* fast asleep, as he thought, he conjectur'd, he had tyrd himself with talking, and therefore staid till he was awake, to know how far he had proceeded. *Lothario* answer'd him, that he did not think it convenient to provoke *Camilla* too far at the first dash; and therefore he had only discours'd her at a distance, concerning the Perfections of her own Beauty, and amus'd her with the general Talk of the Town, of the Happy Choice that *Anselm* had made of a Wife; not doubting but to insinuate himself by degrees, as having prepar'd her to hear stories of another Nature the next time: Observing the Devil's Method, who when he has a design to deceive poor Mortals, does not shew his Cloven foot at first, but transforms himself into an Angel of Light. Which beginning extremely pleas'd *Anselm*. Several days thus past over, wherein *Lothario* spoke not a word to *Camilla*; only he made her Husband believe he had us'd all the Art and Arguments, with which the Devil had liberally furnish'd him, but could not make the least Impression upon her Affection: On the other side, that she did nothing but cry *se, and out upon him*; and that he did not think he had been such a one, and at length threaten'd to tell her Husband, and never to come into his Company more, if ever he offer'd her any such idle Discourse again.

Happy had *Anselm* been, if this would ha' giv'n him Satisfaction: But 'tis not to be avoided, where the Devil owes a man a shame; for the Devil scorns to take *White-Fryers* for such a Debt. Thus far, said *Anselm*, *Camilla* has withstood the Batteries of Words, now let's see how she will resist the force of Deeds. To morrow I'll send ye in two hundred Guineys for a Present, and two hundred more for a Garnish of Diamonds; for Women love to see their Stomachers twinkling with Jewels, like the Sky in a frosty Night; and if *Camilla* refuses *Them*, I'll never trouble thee farther. Well, cry'd *Lothario*, I'll go forward, since I ha' begun; but I'm confident you'd as good ha' play'd away your Money at *In and In* i' the Temple-Hall— However, the next day *Anselm*, who like a Merchant that stands upon his Credit, was too punctual to fail of his word, sent in his Friend the four hundred Guineys, which plung'd *Lothario* again into new Cares: But still he concluded to say, that *Camilla* was not to be mov'd, and that he was afraid of incurring her hatred by teizing her. And indeed he might easily have come off with Honour, had *Anselm* been Master of himself; but his Brains were so turn'd in his Skull, that nothing would content him. One day therefore, after he had left *Lothario* and *Camilla* alone, as he was wont to do, he withdrew himself into an upper Room, where he could see all that pass'd between the two supposed Lovers. But when he had staid there above an Hour, he observ'd that in all that time, *Lothario* did not so much as open his Lips, which made him believe, that what he had said of *Camilla*, were all meer *Shams*. Upon which, returning into the Room, and taking *Lothario* aside; What a scurvy Humour is *Camilla* in to day, quo he? She has piss'd upon a Nettle, I think, quo *Lothario*; for she's a froppish,

as if she had lost the first Present that you made her: so choleric, so peevish, so peevish, so waspish, that I durst not speak a word to her— Ah, *Lothario*, *Lothario*! cry'd *Anselm*, Is this the Effect of your Promises? Is this the Discharge of a Trust, which I expected from your Friendship? I ha' stood upon the Watch, where I have all this while observ'd, that you have not spoke a word to *Camilla*— there's Courtship for mine A— and not for a brisk Lady— Why don't ye give me leave to make use of some body else, if you are so tender-Conscienced?

Lothario finding himself so trapp'd, that he had not one hole to creep out at, and being in the Number of those that could not tell a Lye, and stand in it, thought it convenient to play another Game; and swore more Oaths then are sworn of a Night in a Gaming-Ordinary, that it should cost him a fall, but he would do his Business. *Anselm* believ'd him, and to give him the more Liberty, resolv'd to go into the Country for a matter of eight days. Now was there ever such a Puppy in the world? when he had all things at home to his own Heart's content, a fair Estate, a handsome, loving, obsequious Wife; yet all this would not content him, but that he must be studying, and searching out new Passages to *Nova Zembla*, new *Hudson's Bays*, to his own Ruine? But no more of these Digressions, let's go on with our Story.

Industrious *Anselm* went the next Morning into the Country; but taking leave of his Wife, My Dear, quo he, urgent Business calls me away, however, I leave ye my friend *Lothario*, to whom I desire ye in the mean time to be as kind and civil as to my self. My Dear, quo *Camilla*, this is your Order, but a strange Injunction. Joy, quo she, d'ye understand what ye do? for it troubles me very much to obey; for that it was beyond the Limits of Decency, that *Lothario* and she should live with that Familiarity together in his Absence. If ye doubt that I am not able to govern your House, I beseech ye, my Dear, stay and be a Witness your self of my Management, that if I do amiss, I may be better inform'd by your Instruction. No more Words, cry'd *Anselm*, with a Matrimonial Frown; and so saying, flung out of her Company.

The next day *Lothario* came to visit *Camilla*, who receiv'd him with all the Modesty imaginable; and she had taken such care, that she would not be a moment in the Room, without some body by her, especially *Lyonella*, a Maid that had been bred up with her, and for whom she had a very great Kindness.

For the three first Days *Lothario* said nothing to her, tho he had Opportunity enough while the Servants were at Dinner. Of which *Camilla* being well aware, order'd *Lyonella* for the future to dine before the rest, that she might continually have her by her. But the giddy Girl, having other Crotchets in her Head, and not caring to stay long in a place, many times took Occasions to leave *Lothario* and her Mistress alone. Nevertheless *Lothario* still forbore to take Opportunity by the Forelock, whether it were, that he could not find in his heart to injure his Friend, or whether he thought it too much below a Gentleman to wrong a Lady that treated him with so much Civility; or perhaps because, tho *Camilla* were beautiful and free in her Behaviour, yet the Gravity and Reserv'dness of her Carriage struck such an Awe into him, that restrain'd the loose Attempts of his irregular Desires. But at length this Constraint that *Lothario* put upon himself, and all his long Silence, produc'd an Effect quite contrary to his laudable Intentions. For at length the Charms of her Beauty made that Impression in his Mind, which he had been all along so much afraid of; and while

he only thought to behold her with a modest and becoming Respect, he began to admire her, and to look upon her with so much Delight, that he could not unfix his Eyes from their belov'd Object. In a word, Love stole insensibly into his Heart, and had made a great Progress before he perceiv'd it. But when he found himself over *Shoes*, over *Boots*, and that his Heart was all of a Blaze, beyond the Quenching of the City Engines; then what a Toil, what a Bustle, what a Clutter was there? What eager Disputes and Contests, fiercer then these of *Whigg* and *Tory*, between Treachery and Honour? What Duels and Combats between growing Passion, and Breach of Friendship? What Hiccups and Checks of Conscience, and Reproaches of common Morality? Piety also and Religion were come as far as the Ground of his Heart; but *Satan* spying 'em, presently stept to the Door, and barr'd it against 'em. He repented a thousand times his rash Compliance with the Folly of his Friend. So that at length it came to a pitch'd Battel between his *Virtues* and his *Passions*, under the Command of *Honour* and *Fidelity* on the one side, impatient *Desire* and lawless *Pleasure* on the other side; and the Conflict was obstinately maintain'd, till *Camilla's* Beauty and *Anselm's* Destiny, to punish his Imprudence, coming in with a fresh Reinforcement, put *Virtue* and *Christianity* to flight, with the loss *Honour* and *Fidelity* slain upon the place. And now *Lothario*, believing the Resistance of three Days sufficient to excuse his Disloyalty to his Friend, as one that thought himself no longer oblig'd to hold out, where he saw no possibility of being reliev'd, let loose the Reins of his Passion, and boldly discover'd the Violence of his Love to *Camilla*. On the other side, *Camilla*, strangely surpriz'd to find her self so vigorously, so suddenly, and so unexpectedly assail'd, said not a word, but rising hastily from her Chair, retir'd into her Chamber. But this disdainful Repulse nothing daunted *Lothario*, rather it begat in him a higher Esteem of her Person; and that esteem adding Fuel to his Flames, he resolv'd to prosecute his Design. In the mean time *Camilla*, after a long Consultation with her self what Course to take, at length concluded to withdraw her self from *Lothario's* Company; and in the Evening sent a Lacquey away to her Husband, with the following Letter to recall him home.

C H A P. VII.

The Sequel of the Novel of the Curious Impertinent.

My Dear;

YOU have shew'd an extraordinary Confidence in leaving me alone, and I find my self highly oblig'd to ye for it. But I cannot think it so discreetly done, or that you are so jealous as you ought, of a Happiness which you pretend so highly to esteem. For my own part, considering the real and tender Affection I have for yee, I am not able any longer to endure your Absence, finding my self so melancholy, and so disturb'd by my Thoughts, that if you do not speedily return, I must be forc'd to go home to my Father. For, to tell ye Truth, I am afraid that the person, whom yee have entrusted with the care of your Family, minds more his own, then your Concerns. But you are wise and prudent, and therefore I shall say no more.

A a 2

By

By this Letter *Anselm* saw that *Lothario* had been true to his Promise, and that *Camilla* had done her Duty; and being overjoy'd at so happy a Beginning, sent back word to his Wife, That she should by no means stir from her House, for that it would not be long before he return'd.

Camilla was in an Amaze to read *Anselm's* Answer, as that which put her into a greater Confusion than she was in before. For neither could she well stay at home, where her Chastity was so briskly assail'd by *Lothario*, neither durst she return to her Father, for fear of displeasing her Husband. At length, after long Debate with her own Thoughts, unfortunately she chose the worst Resolution, which was, to stay in her House, and to keep *Lothario* Company, as she was wont to do, for fear of giving an Occasion of Suspicion to the Servants. She repented also, that she had written to her Husband, afraid that she had thereby made him jealous of *Lothario*; especially believing her self so secure of her self, that she could be in no danger of any Attempts that he could make: So that by writing to her Husband, she had only discover'd her Weakness and the Mistrust she had of her own Constancy. With this Resolution, so prudent in Appearance, but so fallacious in the Event, *Camilla* suffer'd her Ears to lie open to *Lothario's* Temptations; and he spur'd on by his Passion, and finding the Opportunity so favourable, manag'd his Artillery so like a cunning Marksman, that he never mis'd a Shot; and so mollify'd her with the Charms of his endearing and amorous Discourses, that *Camilla's* Constancy began to totter; in so much that she had much ado to stifle the Discoveries of a surrendering Compassion, which *Lothario's* Tears, and tender Expressions had wrought in her Breast. All which being diligently observ'd by *Lothario*, redoubl'd his Passion, and gave him full assurance that he should not find *Camilla* so invincible as *Penelope*. Upon this, *Lothario*, fell on Pell-mell again, and cunningly storm'd her weakest, and most defenceless part, with the tickling Praises of her Beauty. For there is nothing sooner lays in Ruins the lofty Towers and Fortresses of female Vanity, than when that Vanity it self is the Engine dextrously manag'd by Adulation and Flattery. So that had *Camilla* been a Tower of Bricks, I question whether such Underminings as these would not have levell'd her with the Earth. He wept, he begg'd, he vow'd, he swore and forswore; yet with such a rarely counterfeited shew of Truth and Reality, that at length, eluding all *Camilla's* Care of her Honour, he vanquish'd that which he never dreamt, tho most desir'd, to triumph over. *Camilla* surrendred, *Camilla* yielded: An evident Example, that the Passions of Love are only vanquish'd by flight, and that there is no encountering hand to hand such potent Adversaries. However, *Lionella* the Chamber-maid, forsooth, was only privy to her Mistress's failings; from whom 'twas impossible for those two false Friends, and new Lovers to conceal the Secret. Nor would *Lothario* discover to *Camilla*, that *Anselm* had laid this Trap for himself, lest she should think his Solicitation to have been merely accidental, and what he never intended, had not the Opportunity been thrown into his Hands.

Soon after *Anselm* return'd, and wonderfully pleas'd with *Lothario's* fulfilling his Promise, with his usual Impatience, went to visit his dear Friend, to know of him, what farther Progress he had made. *Anselm*, said *Lothario*, embracing him, thou mayst boast thy self the Husband of a matchless Wife, and one whom all other Women ought to look upon as the Ornament of their Sex, and a Pattern by which to govern themselves. 'Sife—I ha' been all this while basting Flints with Butter, talking and swearing to the Wind—She laugh'd at my Tears—and scorn'd my Presents—I found her

her chaste, even to Admiration—and immoveable as *Pen-men Maur*. In a word, her Virtue is equal to her Beauty, and thou art happy among Men—And therefore here, my dear Friend—here's your Money again—for, alas! had it been a whole Mine—or the whole Cargo of the Plate-ship, I found *Camilla* was not to be tempted by all the Gewgaws in both Exchanges. And therefore *Anselm*, satisfy thy self with the peaceable Enjoyment of thy happy Fortune, without making any farther Trials; which is the best Counsel I can give thee, as a Friend, and the only fruit which I desire to reap by my Complacency to thy extravagant Humour.

Anselm having heard this pleasing Fable, was ready to leap out of his Skin for Joy, extoll'd his Friend to the Skie, and gave him more Thanks, then if he had redeem'd him from the Turkish Gallies; but not being as yet fully satisfy'd, he desir'd him to continue his Courtship, tho not with the same Impunity as before; and in regard that Verses would cost him nothing, he likewise intreated him to send her now and then a Copy, under the borrow'd Name of *Cloris*; of which he would take no farther Notice, then as only sent to his Wife for her Approbation, as being intended to another. To which, *Lothario*, whose Courtship was no longer now a burthen to him, readily consented. And thus the impertinent Cully, and the disloyal Friend being both agreed, *Anselm* went home; and after he had embrac'd and kiss'd his Wife; Honey, quo he, what's the reason you sent me such a Letter into the Country? Why truly, my Dear, answer'd *Camilla*, methought at first, that *Lothario* began to be a little more familiar with me in your Absence then became him; but afterwards I found 'twas a meer Fancy o' my own; however, I was glad of any Pretence to hast'n your Return—Puh—cry'd *Anselm*! a meer Fancy indeed—for to my Knowledge he's up to the hard Ears in Love with a young Lady i' the Town here, to whom he writes Verses under the Name of *Cloris*; besides, I am so well assur'd of his Virtue and Friendship, that there's no room for the least Suspicion of *Lothario*—Who, my Friend *Lothario*—! Ple trust him, tho 'twere as long as an *East-India-Voyage*—This Fable of *Cloris* might have bred ill Blood between *Camilla* and her new Gallant, had not *Lothario* told her before of his Intention to put this same Sham of *Cloris* upon *Anselm*, that he might have the more Liberty to write to her at any time, without being suspected by her Husband. And some few Days after, as they were sitting all three together, *Anselm* desir'd *Lothario* to repeat some of those Verses which he had made in the Praise of *Cloris*; which he might be the more bold to do, in regard that *Camilla* knew not who she was. What if she did, reply'd *Lothario*? I should be ne're a whit the more scrupulous for that; seeing a Lover never injures the Person he loves, tho he complain of her Rigour, at the same time that he praises her Beauty. However, let 'em be good or bad, here they be, such as they are, which I made Yesterday upon *Cloris's* Ingratitude—They're short you see, but whether as sweet, that you must judge.

I.

IN depth of silent Night,
When all men are asleep;
Or each one kissing of his own Delight,
I lie alone and fondly weep

For Cloris, my dear Jewel.
 Cloris, ah Cloris— that same sacred She!
 That for to bank a common Simile,
 No Tygres is;
 But yet as fierce a Leopard's,
 All cover'd o're with Beauty-spots, but cruel.

II.

When Morning comes, the same Complaints I make,
 And half asleep, and half awake,
 I make enquiry where the charming Whore is?
 Streight my thoughts check me for abusing Cloris—
 And I confess, 'twas rashly done— for why?
 Cloris, that I'd so fain enjoy,
 Has but one Fault,
 She's lovely, but confounded coy.

III.

Then up I get, and go to visit Cloris—
 But Mrs. Mary with her Flim-flam Stories,
 Cloris is sick, quo she, not to be seen,
 Or gone to Temple-Church or Lincoln's-Inn.
 Thus I return'd undone,
 And come again i' the Afternoon;
 But then she's got to Lantralow,
 And Hell can't move her for an hour or two.

IV.

Thus Phoebus sets, and Night comes on again,
 And then of Cloris I to Heav'n complain,
 Of Heav'n to Cloris,
 For mustering in her Face those killing Glories;
 Believing too,
 The Gods might remedy the Matter;
 But after all, I'm ne're the better:
 I Cloris woe,
 And pray the Gods to mollifie her Heart;
 But, Oh! what signifies it? not one F—t:
 The Gods are deaf, and Cloris will not hear,
 And all because she's coy, that is so fair.

The Verses pleas'd Camilla, but Anselm extoll'd 'em to the Skies. For he thought it unreasonable, as one who thought he had not been serv'd so himself, that a young Lady, because she was a little more than ordinary Snout-fair, should be so cruel to a Gentleman that sought her early and late with so much Affection. Why, said Camilla, do all Lovers speak truth in their Verses? As Poets, answer'd Lothario, perhaps they may strain a little, but as Lovers, they speak less than they might do. 'Tis too true, reply'd Anselm, as being resolv'd to justify Lothario whatever he said, and to keep up his Reputation with Camilla. A needless Toil, God wot, to disguise his Thoughts

Thoughts to her, that was already so much devoted to Lothario, that she never minded her Husbands Artifices to ruin himself. For now Camilla was desperately in Love with Lothario, and whatever he said, was acceptable to her, without any need of the witty Cuckold's blind Apologies. Which was the reason that she desir'd Lothario, if he had any more Verses about him, to let her hear 'em. Why Faith, Madam, answer'd Lothario, I have one Copy more i' my Pocket; of which I have no better Opinion than of the former, however, they're at your Service.

I Can't believe, that ever Men could bear
 The pains and torments which they swear
 They suffer for a Womans Beauty.
 Then they must dye, as now
 Poor I resolve to do.

For Cloris false Disdain is such a Curse,
 That could a Beast but love, 'twould kill a Horse.
 Go hang your self— th' ingrateful Cloris cries.
 What Lover now, but up wou'd puke
 His very Soul at such a fierce Rebuke?
 Besides — the Man that never ly'd,
 Has sworn he can't out-live fair Cloris Pride;
 And shall I be forsworn,
 When I can dye — and laugh at Cloris scorn?

II.

No — now I think on't, I will dye
 To shew the World the Rigour of the Maid —
 That I should be so ill repay'd
 For all my Services and Trouble,
 Thus to be made a meer Town-Bubble.
 And then that she should have a Heart
 So quite regardless of my smart,
 While panting, gasping on the Ground I lie,
 To see me at her Velvet Slippers dye.

III.

But when by Death I have thrown off her Fetters,
 Then let her see
 My Love and Constancy
 Deeply engrav'd upon my Heart,
 In Poticary's Letters.
 Then like some Sister, Sermon-terrify'd,
 Reflecting on thy Murd'rous Pride,
 Cloris, make hast into thy Closet,
 And there take off a Rats-bane Posset,
 To expiate my injur'd Ghost,
 That for thy sake an Amorous Body lost.

Anselm, who to the unmarrying of himself, was still wedded to his own Design, applauded these Verses no less than he had done the former. Like a kind Cuckold, that never thinks the Chain of his entanglement long enough,

enough, continually careſſing the Perſon that daily lickt his Cream-Pot, and left him only the Whey; while the *Legerdmain* his Wife play'd him all the while, only ferv'd to advance her the more in the good Opinion and Affection of the Knight of the Forked Order.

A while after, *Camilla* being alone with her truſty *Lionella*, Nothing vexes me, quo ſhe, but that I'm afraid I yielded up my Fort a little too ſoon; and that *Lothario*, when he conſiders my weakneſs, will deſpiſe the Happineſs that coſt him ſo little. And yet his Enchantments were ſuch, that I don't believe *St. Winifred* her ſelf could have withſtood 'em — Lord! Madam, why ſhould you think ſo? quo *Lionella* — Rather believe your eaſie kindneſs muſt redouble his acknowledgment. Let me tell ye, Madam, if the Gift be worth giving, the Gift is never a whit to be the leſs eſteem'd, becauſe eaſily parted with by the Donor — Come — come — Miſtreſs, *That which is readily given, is twice given* — That's answer'd by another Proverb, cry'd *Camilla*, *The more Coſt, the more Worſhip* — That's nothing to the purpoſe, answer'd *Lionella*; for if it be true what I have heard, Love obſerves no certain Rules: Sometimes it flies, ſometimes it goes a foot — Sometimes runs, ſometimes walks, as if he were following a Herſe — Sometimes as cool as a Blood ſtone, ſometimes all Fire and Tow — And here the Wood and the Flame met as it ſhould do — The fuel was dry, and the flame was hot — Nature will have its courſe — If you the ſooner yielded, 'twas becauſe *Lothario* was the more violent. *Anſelm* was gone, but no body knew how ſoon he might return — And therefore Love, like a Politician, always takes Opportunity by the fore-lock. And this, Madam, I know as well by Experience, as by Hear ſay — for I ſhall give ye to underſtand one day, that I am made of Fleſh and Blood as well as others. Nor did you yield ſo ſoon neither, till you ſaw his very Soul in his Eyes, in his Sighs, in his Vows, Promiſes, and Preſents; and you beheld him in his Vertues, and the Perfections of his Mind, a Perſon fit for your Embraces. And therefore, Madam, never cling up your Guts with theſe Hypochondriacal Scruples, but be merry and chearful; and believe *Lothario* has the ſame eſteem for you, as you have for him. Believe that he does not only Challenge the three FFF's, which all true Lovers ought to have, but you may run through the whole Alphabet in his Praise. As for Example: He is Amorous, Bountiful, Courtly, Deſperate, Enamour'd, (I omit the F's, as unqueſtionable) Gallant, Hair-brain'd, Jocund, Luſty, Mild, Noble, Open-hearted, Patient, Quaint, Rich, Serious, True, Valiant, Wiſe, the Devil take X, there's nothing will fit him, Young, and your Zealous Adorer. And now, Madam, what would ye ha' more? *Camilla* could not chooſe but ſmile at her Maids Alphabet; yet on the other ſide, ſhe could not but wonder to hear ſo young a Queſtreſs as ſhe, diſcourſe with all the Experience of an *Orange-Moll*, or a *Betty-Mackarel*. Which ſhe perceiv- ing — By my truly, Miſtreſs, quo ſhe, don't you believe I ha' ſpent my time idly; for I muſt tell ye, I ha' brought a Young Mercer's Prentice i' this Town to my Lure already — I warrant ye, Madam, he's my own — 'Tis true, he's not out of his Time — But what o' that? — *Dukes-Place* is free for all comers and goers — Nay, to tell ye the truth, Ma- dam, the buſineſs is done already; one way or other — 'Tis no matter which way, ſo't be done —

Camilla was not a little troubl'd to hear her Maid talk at that rate; but then againſt conſidering, that it was not for Satan to correct Sin, all ſhe could do, was to deſire *Lionella* to be careful how ſhe diſcover'd to her Sweet-heart the Intrigue between her and *Lothario*; and ſo to manage her own concerns, that

that neither *Lothario* nor *Anſelm* might diſcover her Amours. Which *Lionella* not only promis'd, but alſo ſwore with all Exactneſs and Duty to her Miſtreſs, to perform. Nevertheleſs the Lecherous Baggage, finding ſhe had the Key of her Miſtreſs's Secrets, and that her Miſtreſs was now become her Slave (a main Miſfortune that attends the forbidden Pleaſures of Women) and therefore knowing no Reaſon why ſhe might not have a little ſport as well as her Miſtreſs, became ſo bold, as to invite her Sweet-heart to *Anſelm's* Houſe, and let him into the very Apartments belonging to her Miſtreſs; who now (ſo ſtrangely had her own miſfortunes turn'd the Tide) afraid of her own ſhadow, was forc'd to turn Pandreſs to her Servant, and to be ſerviceable to her, in aſſiſting her to conceal her Paramour, left her Husband ſhould come to know it.

Yet all her care and caution could not ſo contrive it, but that one morn- ing *Lothario* diſcover'd *Lionella's* Gallant coming out of *Anſelm's* Houſe: Which ſo ſurpriz'd *Lothario* at firſt, that not believing his Eyes, he took it for an Apparition; but perceiving the fellow rid Ground, like one with his Noſe muſſ'd up in his Cloak, newly diſimbogu'd out of *Whetstone's Park*; and thereby conjecturing that he was one who was unwilling to be known, and at the ſame time never dreaming of *Lionella*, no more then he did of the Empreſs of *Morocco*, ſuſpected him to be ſome body that *Camilla* treated with no leſs Courteſan Civility then him- ſelf. Which awaken'd ſuch an inveterate Jealouſie in his Soul, that he reſolv'd to be forthwith reveng'd of the poor Lady. To which purpoſe, quit- ting all his former Conſiderations, and his reflective Humour, he briskly enters *Anſelm's* Houſe, and going up into his Chamber, without giving him time to riſe, *Anſelm*, ſaid he, I have been for ſome days ſtriving with my ſelf to conceal from thee a Secret, which it highly imports thee to know; but at length the Friendſhip which I ow'd thee, will no longer ſuffer me to conceal it. Know then, in ſhort, that I have won the Fortreſs, and *Camilla* can no longer boaſt her Conſtancy. If I did not ſooner make thee this Diſcovery, 'twas, becauſe I was not well aſſur'd whether it were the weakneſs of thy Wife, or a trick to try whether I ſpoke in earneſt. There- fore I ſtaid a while, expecting ſhe would have told thee of my Importunity; but when I found ſhe kept the Secret cloſe, then I made no further queſtion, but that ſhe reſolv'd to keep her word, in allowing me the Liberty which I deſir'd, as ſoon as thou wert gone into the Country. However, *Anſelm*, let not this Secret, which I have entrusted in thy Boſom, tranſport thee to Ex- travagance; for after all, *Camilla* has not yet in Act offended; ſo that per- haps ſhe may recolleſt her ſelf, and repent the Condeſcenſion ſhe has made. And therefore, as thou haſt follow'd my Counſel hitherto, be rul'd by me yet a little more: Pretend to go into the Country for two or three days, and find ſome way to hide thy ſelf in the Chamber, then we ſhall ſee how the will behave her ſelf, and what Reſolution it will become thee to take.

Anſelm ſtood like one that had met his Father's Ghoſt, to hear *Lothario* thus diſcourſe, at a time when he leaſt expected ſuch a Morning *Salem*; when his Thoughts began to be at reſt, as being fully ſatisfy'd in *Camilla's* Conqueſts. But then, as one that had loſt his Senſes, ſadly beholding *Lothario*, You have done, ſaid he, what I expected from your Friendſhip: now adviſe me what courſe to take; for I depend entirely upon your Diſcre- tion. *Lothario*, on the other ſide, not knowing what to ſay to him in that penſive Condition, embrac'd *Anſelm*, and brush'd away in haſt out of the Room. But when he was gone, he began to repent of what he had done, by expoſing *Camilla* ſo inconfiderately, of whom he might have taken his

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Revenge

Revenge with less Danger, and less to her Reproach. However, not being able to recall Yesterday, nor to find any Expedient to reconcile the matter, he resolv'd to tell *Camilla* himself, and that with all the speed he could, as one that had free Access to her at all times.

And now was *Anselm* just gone abroad, when *Lothario* enter'd; to whom *Camilla*, finding they were both alone together, My dear *Lothario*, said she, I have a thing to tell thee in thy Ear, that troubles me more than any thing iⁿ the World; and the rather, because I dread the Consequences of it. *Lionella* has a Sweet heart, and the Baggage is grown so impudent, that she brings him into her Chamber every Night, and there keeps him till Morning: Judge ye now how this wicked Wench exposes me to scandal; for what will People think, to see a Young Fellow let out at the Back-door at such unseasonable hours? And that which vexes me most is, that I dare not so much as murmur against this insolent Slut, for fear of bringing an Old House over my own Head: For if she once begins to open against me, I am a lost Woman! Sweet Meat has always sowre Sawce, *Lothario*—Prethee consider and study my Repose. At first, *Lothario* thought that this same story had been onely a Device of *Camilla's*, to make him believe that the fellow he saw come out of the House, was *Lionella's* Sweet heart; but when he saw her all in Tears, and found what she said to be true, he was no less perplex'd then *She*. However, at length he gave her to understand that there was a worse mischief had befall'n 'em then all that; and after he had begg'd her a hundred Pardons, he up and told her what the transports of his Jealousie had bewitch'd him to discover to *Anselm*; and that he had perswaded him to hide himself in his Closet, that he might be a Witness of their farther Proceedings.

Such a terrible Thunder-clap as this had like to have over-whelm'd *Camilla* to the Earth: But as if her Indignation had supported her, she flew out in a great rage against *Lothario*; call'd him ten thousand Traytors, and upbraided his rash and inconsiderate Folly; and began desperately to threaten her own Life; inso much that *Lothario* threw himself at her feet, like one in despair, not daring so much as to look up, or speak a word. Till at length his Tears and his Sighs mollify'd *Camilla*, who having a prompt and ready wit, as most Women have, who tho they cannot write like *Scotus* or *Thomas Aquinas*, yet are plaguy nimble at an Amorous Contrivance, began to take heart a' grace, and having thought upon an Invention to repair the folly of her Gallant, she the more easily pardon'd him a fault which he had never committed, but out of too much Affection: Only she bid him be sure to keep *Anselm* steady to his Resolution, of hiding himself in the Chamber; assuring him that it would be a means to procure a Liberty to enjoy one another with more freedom then ever. *Lothario* press'd her to tell him her Design, that he might be the better able to observe her Directions; but she excus'd her self, only bid him come when she sent for him, and answer to every Question that she should propose, punctually, as if he thought *Anselm* did not hear him. The next day *Anselm* got a Horse-back, under pretence of going to visit a Friend in the Country; and presently returning home again, went and hid himself privately in his Wives Chamber, where he settl'd himself to his hearts content, without being disturb'd by either his Wife or *Lionella*, who had no desire to trouble him.

And now *Camilla* and *Lionella*, being well assur'd that he was safe in his lurking-hole, enter'd the Chamber; where *Camilla* had no sooner set her foot over the Threshold, but after she had fetch'd a deep sigh, Ah! *Lionella*, quoth she, thou never could'st divine, I know, why I have so often ask'd thee

thee for thy Master's Dagger; but now what thinkst? Were it not better for me to strike it to my Heart, then thus be expos'd to his continu'd Importunities—? But stay, I'll first send for this perfidious *Lothario*, and know of him, what he saw in my Face, that should encourage him to make his debauch'd Addresses to me, so offensive to my Ears, and no less injurious to the best Friend he has in the World. Look out, *Lionella*, into the Street, and call him, for I am confident the Traitor stands watching under the Window for this Opportunity, so favourable as he thinks for the Satisfaction of his lewd Desires; but he shall find that my Desires and his are not the same— For God's sake, Madam, cry'd the witty *Lionella*, what d'ye intend to do with that same Dagger—? Will you kill your self, or *Lothario*? Forbid it Heavens! for either way you lose your Credit, and your Reputation— Alack a-day, Madam, you will do much better to dissemble the Injuries offer'd you by a lecherous *Ruffian*, then to let in a lustful *Hector* upon a couple of feeble Women, not able to help themselves. Who knows, when he finds us thus all alone, but that he may bind us both, and then ravish us—? Or if he should be a little civil to you for my Master's sake, he will be sure to fall upon my poor Bones. And o' r'other side, suppose we should kill him— for I find that's your Design— what good will you get by't, Madam? Never go, Madam— if I don't tremble to think on't. Let *Anselm* do as he pleases, answer'd *Camilla*, for my part, I am resolv'd upon Revenge: Nay, methinks the time that I lose makes me guilty of the Affront I have receiv'd; and that I commit as many Defilements of my Husband's Bed, as I tarry Minutes from Revenging his Dishonour and mine.

Anselm heard all these female *Rodomantado's* behind the Tap'stry, and still made various Comments to himself upon every word *Camilla* spoke: But when he saw her so fully bent to kill *Lothario*, he was then about to have discover'd himself, to save his Friend. But at length resolving to see what Mettle his Wife was made of, he determin'd to stay till there might be a real Occasion for him to interpose. In the mean while *Camilla*, having over strain'd her self with the Violence of her Passion, threw her self upon her Bed, and dropp'd into a Swoon; or at least, *Anselm* took it to be so; at what time *Lionella* fell a screaming, as if her Mistress had been breathing her last Gasps; and made such pitiful Moans and Lamentations, that no Man but would ha' thought her the most afflicted Damself upon Earth. Presently *Camilla* recovering out of her Trance, would to God, Wench, cry'd she to *Lionella*, thou wouldst go and call this Infidel, for a second Fit will utterly disfigure me to take my Revenge, and then my Resentment will vanish in fruitless words. I run, Madam, reply'd *Lionella*, wiping the Tears from her Eyes. But I beseech ye, Madam, give me the Dagger out o' your Hands first— Do as I bid thee, cry'd *Camilla*, make haste, and fear nothing— I am resolv'd to revenge my self— I am willing to die— but first *Lothario's* Blood shall give me satisfaction for the Injustice he has done me. However, *Lionella* was loath to leave her Mistress alone, nor would she stir till *Camilla* began to rate her for her slowness. While she was gone, *Camilla* fell a walking about the Chamber like a Dunner that had over-slept himself, trudging to find the Gentleman at home: by and by she flung her self upon her Bed; then up again; discovering her self so strangely nettled, as if she had had a Gad-Bee cling'd to her Tail— No, no, cry'd she, no more Consideration— hang pondering and thinking, his Death is determin'd— he has cost me showers of Tears, and his Life must pay me Interest— He shall never boast unpunish'd, that he has attempted *Camilla's* Virtue. Uttering these words, up she got again, and about the Room, with her Dag-

ger in her Hand, her Eyes sparkling with Fury, and enlivening her words with gasty Looks, that would ha' cheated *Beelzebub* himself. *Anselm*, struck with Admiration to see what his Eyes beheld, desir'd no more to cure him of those Jealousies with which *Lothario* had turmoil'd his Breast; yet fearing, lest the Fury of his Wife might prove fatal to his Friend, or at least, not knowing how far her Passion might attempt upon her self, was about to have made his personal Appearance to atone her Rage; at what time *Lionella* return'd, with *Lothario* in her Hand. No sooner *Lothario* enter'd, but *Stop*; she cry'd, *Lothario*, venture no farther at your Peril; for if ye stir a foot, expect this Dagger in your treacherous Heart. Budge not then a hair's breadth, till thou hast answer'd me these two Questions; and answer me quick and short, without Quirks, and Tricks, and Circumlocutions, mental Reservations, or Evasions. In the first place, Dost thou know *Anselm*, and what Opinion hast thou of him? In the next place, Dost thou know me? *Lothario* was not such an Ouse, but that he knew *Camilla*, being privy to *Anselm's* being hid in the Chamber, understood how to play her Game; and therefore to correspond discreetly and opportunely with her Design; Madam, said he, I could not imagine, that you had sent for me upon this raving Account, I was wrapp'd up in a better Conceit of my Happiness; so that if you did not intend to have kept the Promise that you made me last Night, you might have sent me word so, and not have laid a Snare for me, to the Breach of your word, and vast Injustice to my injur'd Affection. However, Madam, to answer exactly to your Questions, I do know *Anselm*; he and I have known one another from our Infancy; I forbear to speak of our Friendship, you are a sufficient Judge of it; and if I may be thought to have surpass'd the Limits of that cordial Amity, blame that same Deity call'd *Love*, that obeys no Laws but his own. And for you, lovely *Camilla*, had I not known ye so well, I should ha' been more innocent, and my Soul had been at more Repose.— If so, unjust and treacherous Friend, cry'd *Camilla*, if thou wert so well acquainted with us both, why dost thou violate a Friendship so sacredly observ'd by my Husband? And how dost thou dare to appear in my sight, after such a piece of Treason committed, no less offensive to me, then to himself? What was in your Thoughts to court me with your *Lutener's-lane* Addresses? Who had inform'd ye, that I was such a light Hussey?— When did I ever give thee the least Encouragement, that might flatter thy Hopes? On the other side, Did I not always disdain thy Presents? Did I not always with a serious Indignation, reject thy Vows and Protections? 'Tis true, I was to blame for not chastizing thee severely; but tho' my sottish Prudence would not then permit me to complain to *Anselm*, for fear of setting two such loving Friends together by the Ears, and sending ye both to *Barn-Elms*, wth your Seconds, yet finding now my self too guilty of that Crime, I'll be my self my Judge and Executioner; yet e're I die, I'll tear that treacherous Heart of thine from thy ingrateful Breast, to gratifie my Vengeance.— And so saying, she flew with that incredible swiftness upon *Lothario*, and counterfeited her Malice so exactly, that he himself could scarce tell what to think; especially seeing himself so hardly put to't, that he was forc'd to use his utmost Skill and Strength to defend himself. For certainly, ne're did Woman paint out her Despair in such lively and natural Colours, as would ha' deluded the Supreme Arch-devil of Delusion himself: Nay, she went so far as to breath a Vein, and draw Blood to confirm her Impossure. At length, like one that found she could not have her Ends of *Lothario*, Well— said she — then live a Miscreant as thou art, since I have not Strength to

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rid the World of such a Pest— However, thou shalt not hinder me from that Revenge I owe my own disloyal Heart— and with that, flying out of *Lothario's* Arms who held her, like one that had as yet some Wit in her Anger, she struck the Dagger slightly into the fleshy part of her Arm next her Shoulder, and at the same time fell flat upon her Back in a Swoon. This last part of the Show, so rarely well acted, especially when they saw the Vermillion Liquor of Life come trickling down her Smock-sleeves, startl'd even *Lothario* and *Lionella* themselves: *Lothario* was for sending for the Surgeon, *Lionella* lookt as pale as *Bagg'd-Holland*; but not finding the Wound to be of much more Consequence then a Pendant-hole i' the Ear, they could not chuse but smile one upon another; nor could *Lionella* forbear whispering *Lothario* i' the Ear, *Match me now this*, quo she, *at either of the two Theaters*.

On the other side, *Lothario* believing it no less proper for him to act his Part, fell a cursing the day of his Birth, the Nurse that gave him suck, the Air that afforded him Breath, and imprecated a thousand Maledictions not only upon himself, but the Person who had been the Cause of all this Mischief; then thumping his Breast, as if he had been beating Hemp upon his Ribs, he roar'd and howl'd, and with a million of *Woe is me's*, lamented, wept, and blubber'd over *Camilla's* Body; and this with a Passion so lively, and with a Grief so real, to all outward Appearance, that you would have sworn him to have been the most forlorn and sorrowful Person that e're was overwhelm'd in Misery. In the mean time *Lionella* took up her dear Mistress in her Arms, and having laid her upon the Bed, beg'd of *Lothario* to go fetch a Surgeon; and withal, ask'd his Advice, what Excuse they should make to *Anselm*, should he return before she was cur'd. To which, *Lothario*, knowing that *Anselm* heard him; Do what you think fit, said he, for I am so unable to give Counsel to others, that I know not what course to advise my self, only take care she do not bleed to death; and as for my own part, farewell Mankind, for I'm resolv'd to go where mortal Eye shall never see me more; and so saying, he flung out of the Room, with all the Marks of Despair, that *Urbino*, with all his Fancy, could have pencil'd. But when he was alone, where no body saw him, he could not forbear to cross himself from his Forehead to his Stomach, in Admiration of *Camilla's* Subtilty, and to see how rarely *Lionella* humour'd the whole, as if the Jade had been begot a purpose for such Intrigues.

Nor did *Lionella* trouble her self to stanch *Camilla's* Blood, till she had bled enough to ratifie the Cheat; and then washing the Wound, which was not so big as a Sparrow's Eye, all the while she was dressing and binding it up, manag'd her dissembling Tongue with that admirable Discretion, that *Anselm* wou'd ha' sworn his Wife had been a second *Lucretia*.

On the other side, *Camilla* lay raving and reviling her self, for having mis'd her Revenge, and seem'd to be enrag'd, that her Misfortune had preserv'd a Life, which she so much detested. Which Scene being over, *Camilla* advis'd with her Maid, whether or no 'twere proper to inform *Anselm* of what had happen'd? Heav'n forbid, answer'd *Lionella*; for he'll be sure to be challenging *Lothario*; and what Woman of Vertue would venture the Life of a Husband, whom she so entirely lov'd? 'Tis very true, quo *Camilla*, and therefore I'll follow thy Counsel. But, said she, thou must invent me some Story or other to tell him, when he shall come to see the Wound. Troth, Madam, reply'd *Lionella*, you must pardon me for that— for I could never tell a Lye i' my life, tho' it were to deny the pinching of a

Box

Box of Marmalead, when I went to your Closet— If a Bottle o' Wine be not mis'd, I can be silent, and drink it with the Cook-maid and the Coachman—but if it be ask'd for—I can as well be hang'd as deny it. Neither would I, reply'd *Camilla*, tell a Lye for all the World, tho it were to save my Honour; and therefore I think it best to make an ingenious Confession without any more ado. For to tell ye the truth, an honest Woman ought to make as absolute Confession to her Husband, as to her Ghostly Father himself. Madam, reply'd *Lionella*, never trouble yourself; I make no question but your Wound will be cur'd before he returns: And therefore let it only be your Care to settle your Mind, and calm the Disorders of your Countenance; and for the rest, leave it to God and a good Conscience, that never desert the Innocent.

While these two Female Hypocrites were thus sporting with *Anselm's* Credulity, poor *Jack Adams*, who had not lost one Tittle of a Word they said, felt his Soul caper in his Breast for Joy, that he was now the happiest Man under Heaven's blew Canopy; and waited impatiently for Night, that he might go and make his trusty faithful Friend, the full Partaker of his Felicity, whom he look'd upon as the sole Authour of his Life's Content; and to congratulate with him for the precious Pearl which he had found, in being thus undeceiv'd, and assur'd of the Vertue of his undefiled Spouse. On the other side, *Camilla* and *Lionella* finding themselves at the End of their fifth Act, let fall the Curtain, and made their Exit, to give him the Opportunity which he desir'd, and which he as greedily laying hold of, posted away to *Lothario's* Lodging; and finding him at home (as one that expected his Visit) he threw his Arms about *Lothario's* Neck, and after he had giv'n him more Thanks than there are Pebbles upon *Goodwin-Sands*, thunder'd out such a Volley of *Encomiums* in praise of *Camilla's* Vertue, that *Lothario* check'd and peach'd by his own guilty Conscience, as knowing how he had betray'd him, and unjustly tasted of his forbidden Fruit, could not tell what Answer to make him; nor could he any way comply with his Friend's Joy, which he saw to be so excessive.

On the other side, *Anselm* could not chuse but take notice of his Friend's Indifferency, but believing it proceeded from his Sorrow, that his now dear *Camilla* had hurt her self; a Misfortune, of which his Friend could not but in some measure think himself the Occasion; he beg'd him not to afflict himself, for that her Wound was but very slight; and assuring him besides, that both she and her Maid were resolv'd to say nothing of it. And therefore it became him to be so far from perplexing himself at such an inconsiderable Accident, that he ought rather to rejoice with him, as one that had not only contributed to marry him to one of the fairest young Ladies in *Florence*; but by his Industry and fidelity had convinc'd him, that he was owner of the most virtuous and beautiful Wife in the World; a Woman that for her Vertue, if she had her due, ought to be the Theme of all the Poems and Sonnets of the Age, to eternize the Memory of her Chastity. To which *Lothario* reply'd, That there was nothing more just, and that therefore it should be the sole Employment of his Muse, to serve her in the raising of so noble a Monument. This was the Issue of *Anselm's* Politick Design, now a notorious Cuckold, but the most joyfully couzen'd to his Heart's content; of any Man that ever Midwife handed into the World: And at the same time he took *Lothario* by the Hand, and led him home to his House, fully believing the Subverter of his Honour to be the Instrument of his Happiness. *Camilla* receiv'd him with a lowering Countenance, but an amorous Heart; and for some time they enjoy'd the Benefit of their wanton Treachery;

Treachery, till at length *Fortune* turning honest, discover'd the Fraud that had been with so much Artifice conceal'd; and *Anselm's* impatient Curiosity cost him his Life.

CHAP. VIII.

The Conclusion of the Novel of the Curious Impertinent.

THE Curate had not much more to read of the Novel, before he came to the Conclusion, when *Sancho*, like a Fellow frighted out of his Senses by a Cow in a Church-yard, came thundring down from the Garret, where *Don Quixote* was taking his natural Rest, and crying out as loud as if the House had been a fire, *Help, help*, for the Lord's sake, come away quickly, for I have left my Master engag'd in one of the most desperate Combats that e're was undertook by human Force. I am the arrantest Lyer that ever spoke with a Tongue, if at the first Blow which he gave the monstrous Giant, my Lady the Princess *Micomicon's* mortal Enemy, he did not pare off his Head as cleverly as I ha' seen a Gardiner snip a Cabbage from the Stalk. How! *Sancho*, cry'd the Curate, what—hast thou lost thy Wits? How the Devil can this be, when the Giant is not within two thousand Leagues o' this Place—Are thy Master's Arms two thousand Leagues long? With that, they heard his Master i' the Garret tearing his Throat, and crying out, Lie there, Cut-throat—Villain—Traytor—I ha' thee fast now—Dog in a Doublet—What's become o' thy terrible Scimitar—? No, no, not so invincible neither as thou thoughtst thy self: And all the while they heard the Noise of *Don Quixote's* Sword clashing against the Wall, as if he had been hewing down that side of the House. Why don't ye stir, Gentlemen, quo *Sancho*; what d' ye sit gaping one upon another for? Pox on ye for a Company o' Cowards, why don't ye go and part the Fray? Tho I believe there's no need o' your Assistance—for, if I mistake not, the Giant is already gone to give an Account of his wicked Life i' the other World; for I saw his Crimson Blood run about the Room like a River, and the Stream was so strong, that it carry'd his Head along with it, which was as big as a Bushel, or at least, as an Elephant's. Now all the Plague's of *Egypt* light upon him, quo the Host, for I'll be burn'd, if this *Don Quixote*, or *Don Devil*, have not been quarrelling with the *Boracho's* of Wine that stand in his Cockloft; and this same Beetle-head takes the Wine for Giant's Blood. With that, he follow'd the rest of the Company into the field of Battel, where they found *Don Quixote* in the strangest Equipage that ever Mortal appear'd in. For he was in his Shirt, if so it might be call'd, and not rather a Shift, consisting of two foul Napkins, which being tack'd together over each Shoulder, hung like a Herald's Coat. As for that before, it hardly cover'd the half of his Hips, and that behind wanted a full Foot of the t'other's length: So that his Shanks were easie to be seen long and lither, hairy as an old Baboon's, and as dirty as a Kennel-rakers. Upon his Head he had a Woollen-Cap so black and greasy, that you could only discover, by the help of a Magnifying-glass, that *in diebus illis* it had been red. He had the Coverlet of his Bed wrapp'd about his left Arm, and his Sword drawn in his right Hand, with which he laid about him Fore-stroke and Back-stroke, and all the while rending his Throat, and vowing

vowing Massacre and Destruction, as if he had been engag'd with Millions. But the greatest wonder was, that all this while his Eyes were shut, for he was perfectly asleep; only in a Dream, no doubt, that he was battering the Mazard of the Giant *Pandaflando*. Or else, as his Imagination was wholly possess'd with these Fancies, he might in his Sleep have tak'n an easie Voyage to *Micomicon*, where he thought himself Rib roasting the Prince's Enemy; and whatever he had heard rumble, he took for the Leg or Shoulder of some vanquish'd Giant. But by Misfortune, the most of these Monster-murdering Blows fell upon certain *Boracho's* of Wine that stood in the Chamber; so that the Room would have carry'd an ordinary Wherry. Which so enrag'd the Vintner, that he flew like a Mad-man upon *Don Quixote*, and beat such a *Reveille* with his double Fists upon his dry Bones, that the Knight's War with the Giants had soon been at an end, had not *Cardenio* and the *Curate* step'd in to the Hero's Rescue. And yet for all the Vintner's Thumps and Bruises, did not this poor Frantick wake (well for the Vintner, who perhaps might else ha' slept the Sleep of Death) till the *Barber* with a Pailful of cold water wash'd not only his Linnen, but his whole Body from top to toe, and then he began to open his Eyes; yet did not that wake him neither so fully, as to make him perceive the Condition he was in; so that Mrs. *Dorothy* entering the Garret, and seeing her Champion in his Cobweb Lawn, and short Measure to boot, mourning for his Lawndress, tript out o' the Room again, as unwilling to behold her Protector's Infirmities.

During this Hurly-burly, *Sancho* had been looking for the Giant's Head, which he saw drop to the Ground, but not being able to find it; Now, said he, I see there is nothing but Enchantment in this House. For in this very place it was, that not long since I receiv'd in dry Kicks and Fifty-cuffs about some two Thousand Marks, wanting three, for which I never gave any Acquittance, and yet could never see from whence they came, or who were my liberal Benefactors: And now the Devil will not let me find the Head of this Giant, tho I saw it cut off with both my two Eyes, and the Blood gush out like the water from a Brewer's Pump. Enemy to Heaven, and all the Saints; what dost mean by all this *Pedlers French*, cry'd the Inn-keeper? Dost not see, Blockhead as thou art, that the Pump and the Blood are nothing else but my *Boracho's* that are bor'd like so many Cullenders, and that the Chamber is all over-flow'd with Wine? I wish a' were swimming in Hell that has done me this Spoil—That's no business of mine, reply'd *Sancho*, but this I know well, that this same Head, could I find it, would be worth to me a good Earldom, and now for want of it, my Earldom is sunk again to the bottom o' the Sea, for ought I know. Upon which the Vintner, no less enrag'd at the Stupidity of the Squire, then for the Damage the Knight had done him, swore by the Religion of all his Ancestors, they should not escape as they had done the time before, but that in despite of all their Huffing, and Bouncing, and vapouring, and hectoring, maugre all the Priviledges of their Knighthoods and *Shitehoods*, they should pay him to the utmost Farding for mangling his *Boracho's* and spilling his Wine.

At the same time the *Curate* held *Don Quixote* by the Hand, who believing he had finish'd his Adventure, and that he was in the Presence of the Princess *Micomicona*, fell upon his Knees before the *Curate*, and with a submissive Voice; 'Your Grandeur, said he, is now secur'd, most Renown'd and Sovereign Lady. No longer need you fear the Usurpations of that fell and barbarous Tyrant, that would have dispossest ye of your Native

'Native Right; and I am discharg'd of my Promise, seeing that through Heaven's Assistance, and by the Favour of Her, by whom, and for whose sake I live, I have restor'd ye to the Scepter of your Ancestors. Now, Gentlemen, cry'd *Sancho*, what d' ye think on't, was not I in the right on't, when I told ye how he was in Combat with a Giant? I was sure I was not drunk; and now I think the Town's our own, and my *Earldom* is secure—At which the whole Company, all but the Inn-keeper, fell out a laughing till the Tears trick'd down their Cheeks, as big as Pease. Only the Inn-keeper could find nothing to be merry at, but curs'd and bann'd the Knight, and the Giant, and all the Generation of Knights and Giants, so enrag'd was he against the whole Progeny of Combatants-Errant, for the loss of his Wine. However, at length the *Curate*, the *Barber*, and *Cardenio*, perswaded *Don Quixote* to go to bed, where he lay with the greatest Satisfaction that ever Mortal had, who had vanquish'd his Adversary in *Chancery*; but they had much ado to appease the Inn-keeper, who would fain ha' been anatomizing *Don Quixote*, for the Slaughter of his *Boracho's*. On the other side, the Hostess tore her Hair with both Hands, howl'd and took on, as if her Father, and Mother, and all her Kindred had been carry'd into Captivity by the *Moors*. Could this *Devil-Errant*, quo the, find no way to break his Neck before he came to my House. Ten thousand Gangreens devour his Entrails—I never saw the Peer of him—the Leathern-jaw'd Rake hell is like a Monkey broke loose in a Dairy—he never comes to my House, but to ruine me—The last time they rid away with the Reckoning, he and that Dog's-head i' the Porridge-pot, his Squire—pretending themselves *Knight-Errants*, with a million a' Poxes to 'em; and that it was contrary to their *Wild Irish* Laws of Diabolical Chivalry, to pay for what they call for—All the Misfortunes that Astrology and Palmistry fore-tell, bring 'em safe to the Gallows—and may their Order, and all their Laws be burn'd under their Noses as they hang—and now here he's come again with his Knighthood and his Valour to encounter my *Boracho's*, hack the poor Goat-skins to pieces, and spill me more Wine, then all his Knighthood was worth—I wish I could see as much of his Blood—He a Knight! he a Rat-catcher—! But I'll be reveng'd on him, or else let me be carted for a Bawd, and lose the Name of honest Woman—Nor could he scape the Prayers of *Maritornes*, who, to comply with her Mistress, with'd heartily that he might never meet with a Mistress handsomer then her self, and die under the Rigour of her Scorn to boot. But the *Curate*, a Man of Peace, found out a way to heal all the Wounds, and make amends for all the Blood that *Don Quixote* had shed, by promising Payment for all the Damage he had done. And as for *Sancho*, who was a little down i' the Mouth, because he could not find the Head, Mrs. *Dorothy* assur'd him by way of Consolation, that if the Knight his Master had cut off the Giant's Head, she would give him the best Earldom in her Kingdom. Thereupon *Sancho* swore by his first Night's Lodging with his Wife, that he saw the Head fall, by the same token, that it had a Beard above an Ell long; but the Reason why he could not find it was, because the House was enchanted, as he had found by Experience.

And now the *Curate* finding the House restor'd to its former Tranquility, desir'd leave to conclude the *Novel of the Curious Impertinent*; which being granted, he thus read on:

Anselm being so well assur'd of the Vertue of his Wife, was the most contented Cuckold i' the World. On the other side, *Camilla* purposely lower'd and frown'd upon *Lothario*; and *Lothario* requested *Anselm* to excuse him

from frequenting his House, as one that found his Company was no way acceptable to *Camilla*. But the deluded *Anselm* could by no means endure such a Separation, and therefore would not let his Wife be quiet, till he had brought her to a perfect Reconciliation.

In the mean time *Lionella*, sway'd by the frailty of her flesh, insatiable in her desires; and as she was grown Lawless beyond her Mistress's Controul, being resolv'd to make use of her time, gave those Reins to her impotent heat, that preferring the Precept of *Gather your Rose-buds*, before all the Commandments, she caress'd her Paramour Day and Night in her Master's House, without any consideration of what might happen either to her Mistress or her self. And unluckily it fell out, that one Night *Anselm* heard a noise in her Chamber. Upon this, his Curiosity inquisitive to know what was the matter, he perceiv'd the Door held against him: which resistance kindling new suspicions in his sick and weak Brain, his Jealousie forc'd open the Door, at what time he observ'd a certain Mortal in Breeches leap out of the window into the street. Hoytie toytie, quo he, what's here to do? And with that he stept to the window, thinking to lay hold o' the Person, or at least to have a sight of his Physiognomy: But missing both his aims, by reason that *Lionella* held him fast in her Arms, he began to grow angry. *Lionella* besought him not to make a bustle, assuring him, that it was only a concern of her own; and that the Gentleman was her Legitimate Husband, lawfully and duly espous'd, as ever two Beggars were marry'd at the *Minories*. *Anselm* would not believe her, but transported with Fury, or at least seeming so to be, vow'd to stick her to the wall with a Dagger which he had in his hand, if she did not tell him the truth. *Lionella*, who was more accusom'd to other sort of Weapons than to steel Poniards, was so dismay'd to see the bright Instrument of Death gliss'n at her Breastr, that all her quick Inventions, all her Excuses, and Chamber-maid Evasions having left her, and her constant Friend, the Devil, not having an Opportunity to whisper her i'the Ear, she had not one word to say; but falling at her Master's feet in such a Pannick Dread, that she hardly knew what she said, she besought him to spare her Life, and she would make him such Discoveries, as should make his Ears tingle. Be quick then, Baggage, cry'd *Anselm*, or by this Candle that burns — And then heaving up his Dagger-hand — Oh, for the Lord's sake, cry'd *Lionella*, have mercy on a Sinner, but till to-morrow morning — And then if I do not disclose the very in-side of my Breastr, do you your self rip it open for me — Only this I swear i'the mean time, and you may believe me upon the words of a dying Maid (and I may safely so now call my self, my Soul being almost frighted out of my Body) that the Person that shot himself out of the window, was only a Sweet-heart of mine, that has promis'd me Marriage so faithfully, that I could not deny him a small Kindness before hand — I am sorry with all my heart, Sir, the noise disturb'd ye. *Anselm* finding the first part of her Confession so ingenious, granted her the time she desir'd. However, fearing she should make her Escape, like a half-witted Fool, he secur'd her by halves; for he only lock'd her Chamber Door, and took the Key in his Pocket, never minding the Casement; and so believing her as safe as the *Wise Men a' Gotham's* Cuckow, away he went to bed to his *Camilla*, told her what had happen'd, and what Ear-tingling Discoveries her Maid was to make him next Morning. *Camilla*, on the other side, never questioning, but that those Ear-tingling Discoveries would deeply concern her, said nothing; but having tyr'd poor *Anselm* by her more than usual Caresses, and laid him in a profound sleep, up she gets,

slips

slips on her Morning-dress, pockets up all the Gold and Jewels she could find, and away she trips to *Lothario*; tells him the whole story, and conjures him by all the Kindness he had for her, and by all their stoll'n Pleasures, to secure her somewhere, where she might be safe from her Husband's fury; vowing to follow him, tho it were in the Habit of a Page, all over the World; believing, that since she had lost her Honour, she could make an excellent Mistress for a Commander in a long Campaigne. The fight of *Camilla*, and the story she told him, put *Lothario* into such a Consternation, that he had much ado to catch his Wits again, that flutter'd about the Room like Birds got out of a Cage. But finding the Cafe to be such, as would admit of no delay, he Saddl'd his double Gelding, and away he troop'd with her, and carry'd her to much such another House as Mother *Creswel's*, and left her in the Custody of an Aunt of his, not so mean as *Mrs. Buly*, and yet a little below the Degree of *Madam Bennet*. Tho others say, he carry'd her to a Nunnery, and desir'd his Sister, who was the Abbess, to take care of her. However it were, *Anselm* was no sooner wak'd, but never minding his *Camilla*, out he jumps from his Bed, slips on his Breeches, and hey for new Discoveries — which he found, I think, with a vengeance. For in the first place, having unlock'd *Lionella's* Chamber-door, he discover'd that the Bird was flown: For *Lionella* had let her self down out of the Window into the street by the help of a long Sheer; or if one were not long enough, you must suppose she made use of two — Humph — quo *Anselm*, this 'tis not to observe Old Proverbs; — For instead of locking fast, *had I bound fast, I had found fast*. — Well — discovering that he had mis'd that Discovery, *Anselm* returns to discover his misfortune to *Camilla*: But looking into the Bed, he discover'd that *Camilla* was not to be discover'd neither — There was the *Form*, but *Puss* was started — Away goes *Anselm*, and visits every Room within doors, Buttery, Kitchen, Cellar, Garrets — Calls *Millie*, why *Millie* — Nay, he did not leave the House of Office at the lower end o' the Garden unsearch'd — Still no *Camilla* — At length returning to his own Chamber, and finding *Millie's* Closet-door open, and her Cabinet unlock'd, he made another Discovery; for all the Jewels and Money were gone — All the Queen *Elizabeth's*, Two and Twenties, Rose Nobles, even to the *Edward* Shillings, and *Harry* Groats, all were vanish'd — But then to see how poor *Anselm* look'd like a Dog that has lost his Tail! — He stood indeed, but like one o' the Heads upon *London-Bridge* — able neither to speak nor breath — You might ha' heard his Heart-strings snap like Virginal wires in a wet season — There were only two or three that held, or else t' had fallen to the bottom of his Belly — Well, in this condition away he creeps to his dear, dear, dear Friend *Lothario* — But when they told him he was gone too; nay, rid away, rid away a Horse back — And that he borrow'd a Pillion of one of his Neighbours — Then he fell a scratching his Head, as if a' would ha' digg'd up all his hair by the Roots — These new Discoveries, and no Discoveries, that would ha' made all the seven Wise Men o' Greece run mad — Discoveries that he had lost his Wife, his Friend, and his Honour — No Discoveries, because he knew not where to find, or how to regain either the one or the other. Now, what would yee have had a poor Gentleman ha' done in his condition? Would ye have had him ha' gone to the *Civilians* for a Divorce to Cancel his Marriage? Would ye have had him ha' gone to *Furnival's Inn*, or *Staples-Inn*, for a Writ of *Clausum fregit* against *Lothario*? Or would ye have had him repair'd to St. *Antlin's* for some Drams of Consolation, or a Lecture of Patience? No — he was still for a Friend in a corner,

ner, where he might unload the Burthen of his Grief: And it seems he had such a one in the Country. To that purpose therefore, he causes his Horse to be Saddle'd, and away he rides to find him out. But ere he was got half way, not able to bear the weight of his Affliction, he alights, and holding his Horse by the Bridle, down he lays himself at the foot of a Tree. Where he had not rested long, but a Gentleman riding by, he desir'd him to stop, and ask'd him, what News? News! reply'd the Gentleman; why, did you not know two such Persons as *Anselm* and *Lothario*; two such Friends, that the like Patterns of Friendship were never known i' this World? Yet for all this, the News this Morning in all the Coffee-Houses i' the Town is, that *Lothario* last Night ran away with *Anselm's* Wife. And this was first discover'd by *Camilla's* Chamber-maid, who was taken by the Watch sliding down by a long Sheet from a window in *Anselm's* House into the Street, like a *Cupid* descending from the top of a Play-house. But is it not known, Sir, reply'd *Anselm*, which way *Lothario* and *Camilla* rode together? Troth, Sir, you ask me a Question I am not able to resolve ye — Nor is it to be thought they were such Fools, but that they knew whither to go, before they went; for a Plot's no Plot, unless it be well laid. And having so said, he rode on. But no sooner was he got out of sight, when poor *Anselm*, over-whelm'd with a thousand Thoughts, Well — quo he, ill News is like a Train of Gun-powder, no sooner is the fire at one end, but 'tis as soon at the other. From what a *Salisbury-Steeple-height* of Happiness am I fallen to the lowest Abyss of Misery? And then looking up with an Eye of Reflection upon the vastness of the Precipice, such a Dizziness seiz'd his Brain, that had it not been for some few gulps of Dr. *Stevens's* Water, that he had in his Pocket, he had dy'd i' the High-way.

Finding himself therefore to be somewhat reliev'd by his Cordial, up he got again, and rode the t'other half way, which brought him to his Friends Door; where being arriv'd, he was met by his Friend, who seeing him look like a solitary Widow of a week's standing; melancholy, pensive, sorrowful, dejected, pale and wan, he prudently forbore the usual Complement of, *I am glad to see yee well*, and more discreetly ask'd him, What he ay'd? To which *Anselm* return'd no other Answer, but only desir'd him to Order his Bed to be got ready, and to lend him a sheet of Paper, and a Pen and Ink. I do not find but that his Friend was a civil well-bred Gentleman; and therefore seeing him in that condition, he would not trouble him with unseasonable and impertinent Consolations; but that after he had shew'd him up to his Lodging, he left him to his Soliloquies. So that *Anselm* finding himself alone, began to reflect upon his former Felicities and his present Calamities. But then the sad Ideas of his misfortune represented themselves so lively before his Eyes, that finding his Heart no longer able to support the weight of his Head, an Inundation of fatal Apprehensions over-whelm'd his Vital Spirits. So that now perceiving himself Sentenc'd to Death by his Folly, and that he was to end his days upon the Scaffold of his own Curiosity; and knowing how greedy People are of Harangues upon such Occasions, he thought it expedient, according to the Mode (as being the shorter and less troublesome way) to leave a Paper behind him, to shew the Occasion of his Death, and how wrongfully he dy'd. Induc'd by these motives, he began to write; but Grief, his Executioner, in a niggardly humour, unwilling to see so much Paper wasted, strang'd him before he could finish his Speech. Soon after, his Friend, officious to know what he wanted, and what he would have to Supper, softly enter'd the Chamber, and there found poor *Anselm* with half his Body fallen upon his Breast,
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his Face upon the Table, and his Feet resting upon the Ground, with a Pen in his Hand, that was Key-cold, and resting upon a sheet of Paper, bescrib'd with these few lines.

An Impertinent Curiosity has cost me my Life. If the News of my Death shall reach Camilla's Ears, let her know, that I Pardon her, since I never expected I had marry'd into the Family of Perfection, or ever took her for Nature's Miracle. For if she yielded, and I my self was the Master-Wheel that mov'd the Devils Temptation, tis but just —

Thus far had *Anselm* written; and here, 'tis probable, that by some mistake i' the Sign, his Executioner was quicker than the poor Sufferer intended. However, 'tis no wonder, that a man in his Condition should be thus over-whelm'd by Death. For they say, that Cuckolds breeding Horns, are like Children breeding Teeth: Some breed their Teeth with little trouble, others with so much pain, that it kills 'em.

The next day *Anselm's* Friend gave notice of his death to his Parents, who, for ought I find by the Story, were nothing concern'd at it.

As for *Camilla*, she was in the same condition, just ready to follow her Husband; but don't mistake me, 'twas not for the death of her Husband, but for the absence of her dear *Lothario*. Some say, she liv'd pretty honest, till hearing that *Lothario* was slain, either in Europe, or Asia, or Africa, or America, or somewhere; but she then lanch'd into the World, and proving a *Soul*, split against the two common Rocks of Clap and Brandy; so far from being the Theam of all the Poets of the Age, that there was not so much as one Ballad-maker at her Funeral.

This Novel, said the Curate, seems to me a strange *Party per pale* Business. For a Man to tempt, and for a Woman to be tempted, is no wonder; nay, for a Woman to be overcome by that Temptation, tho she were one of those that stand so demurely at the Bull and Mouth a Sundays, is no News — But for a man to labour and toyl so industriously to Cuckold himself, is to me a Mystery. Yet if there be any that are such Widgeonly Dolts, 'tis my Opinion, they ought to be serv'd the same sawce that *Anselm* was — However, as long as I live, they shan't scape my Almanack. For tho a Lover might be so over-seen, for a Husband to be such a Coxcomb, is hardly to be imagin'd.

CHAP. IX.

Recounting several Rare Adventures that happen'd in the Inn.

AT the same time, the Inn-keeper, standing at the Inn-door, to see what Company he could spy upon the Road; A hey-boys, cry'd he: Here they come Trill-lill, y sackins — A jolly Crew Ple warrant — If they do but stop here now — By St. George, and his fair Lady *Sabrina* to boot, we'l sing *Old Rose* to Night — What a noise does that bawling Oat-stealer make there, quo the Curate — What Company's that which is coming? Four Gentlemen, reply'd the Inn-keeper, a Horse-back, upon the *randan*, like young Citizens between London and Brainford — Gentlemen!
They

They may be Knights, for ought I know, for they have Lances and Bucklers all, and every one a black Mask over his Nose— Hoy-day— there's a Gentlewoman too upon a Goshelly follows behind 'em a Tittop, a Tittop, but whether foul or fair, no body can tell; for she's under a black Cloud as well as the rest— How far are they off, quo the *Curate*?— Close at hand, reply'd the Inn keeper. Presently Mrs. *Dorothy* clapt on her Mask too; and *Cardenio*, that was not asham'd to shew all that he had, but a little before, now not thinking his Clothes good enough, went up to *Don Quixote's* Chamber. Presently the Masquerades came thund'ring into the Inn-yard, and alighting, immediately the person that seem'd to be the most sparkish above all the rest, went to the Lady, and taking her down from her Side-saddle in his Arms, seated her in a Chair just at the entrance into the Chamber where *Cardenio* was gone to hide himself. All this while not one of the Company had pull'd off their Masks, or so much as spok'n a word, only the Lady fetch'd a deep Sigh as she sat, and at the same time let fall her Arms, as if she had been dropping into a Swoon. The *Curate*, whose Curiosity was strangely heighten'd by this Disguise and profound Silence, follow'd the Lacquies into the Stable, and enquir'd of one of 'em, who these Sparks were? As I'm a Sinner to Heav'n, answer'd the Lacquey, I know not how to satisie ye farther then this, That I believe 'em to be all Persons of Quality, especially the Person that help'd the Lady down, because the rest give him a world a' Respect. But who is the Lady, quo the *Curate*? Nay, Sir, he must be a Conjurer that can tell ye, for me, reply'd the Lacquey; for all along as we came, I never saw so much as the tip of her Chin; but tho she hid her Face from my sight, she could not stop my Ears, for they were Witnesses of her continual Complaints, and her Sighs, so loud and so mournful, as would ha' made a Crocodile to weep in earnest. Nor is it a wonder we should know so little, having serv'd 'em but two days, from the time they met us upon the Road, when they told us, they were going to *Andaluzia*, and would pay us well for our Pains, if we would attend 'em thither. What! quo the *Curate*, did they never talk, nor call one another by their Names? No, Sir,— they travell'd together more speechless then their Horses; for they did not so much as neighie one to another. So that we heard nothing but the sad and doleful Lamentations of the poor Lady, whom we suppose to be some *Fortune*, whom these Gentlemen have stoll'n out of some Boarding-School, and are carrying her away to be marry'd against her Consent. That may very well be, reply'd the *Curate*, nor is it the first time such Pranks have been play'd i' this Country. And so leaving the Stable, he return'd to Mrs. *Dorothy*, who, out of a Female Compassion of her Sex in distress, was officiously profering her Service to the Lady, and whispering her i' the Ear, as may be suppos'd, to know whether she had any Occasion for private Retirement (for the House of Office is a Place where the Female Sex at the same time frequently discharge their Back-sides, and disburden their Hearts.) Truly Mrs. *Dorothy* was passing kind, she proffer'd to attend her into her Chamber, unlace her Stays, pull off her Stockings, and help her to bed: But after all, the Devil a word would the Gentlewoman in the Mask speak. Upon which, Mrs. *Dorothy* concluded, that she was tak'n with a dangerous Disease call'd the *Mullegrubs*. And at length the Spark that had tak'n her off from her Horse, addressing himself to Mrs. *Dorothy*, Madam, said he, you may spare your self the Labour— All the Kindnesses you proffer that Lady, are but Fish of two days old— There's no more Gratitude in her, then there grows Plum-pudding in a Bean-shell; and therefore, Madam, unless ye have a mind to hear

hear a Company of Stories and Lyes, never desire her to open her Lips. The Spark had better a' held his Peace— for upon his so saying, the distressed Lady found her Tongue again. No, no, Mr. *Foul-mouth*, said she, you that never spoke Truth i' your life, never found me such a Lyar, as you pretend to make me. But because you can't make a Fool of me, and have your Will, therefore I tell Stories— But I must tell ye, Sir, 'tis my Constancy, and Scorn of your Treats, your Guinies, your Point-Laces, and your Gold Watches, that has reduc'd me to this Condition. Mercy upon me! cry'd *Cardenio*, who distinctly heard every word the Lady said, What Voice is this I hear? Presently the Lady hearing *Cardenio's* Exclamation, gave a sudden Start, and rising from her Chair quite another Woman, would have enter'd the Chamber from whence the Voice came, but was prevented by the Spark that stood by her. However, in the midst of that restless Commotion of mind she was in, her Veil fell from her Head, and notwithstanding her inward Anguish, and the Paleness of her Cheeks, discover'd a most incomparable Beauty. On the other side, the Spark that rudely held her down by the Shoulders, was so earnestly busy'd to keep her from rising, that his Mask dropt from his Nose, not daring to stir his Hand; at what time Mrs. *Dorothy* standing by the Disconsolate Lady, and looking up in the Spark's Face, presently knew him to be *Don Ferdinand*, as one that had not only seen, but felt him too more then once or twenty times before that. This caus'd such a Fermentation of various Passions, and that Fermentation brought such a Qualm over Mrs. *Dorothy's* Heart, that she fell down in a Swoon. Immediately the *Curate*, for young Parsons are generally very handy about Women, pulls off her Mask from her Face, to give her Air; at what time *D. Ferdinand* was no less astonish'd to see that it should be Mrs. *Dorothy*. Never was Bell-founder so confounded when his Mettle miscarries; however he would not let *Lucinda* stir, for she it was that he held all this while (see by the way how Murder begins to come out) and she it was, who struggl'd with all her might to get out of *D. Ferdinand's* Clutches, as mad as a Cow to come to her Calf, to get to her *Cardenio*, whom she knew by his Bleating. On the other side, *Cardenio* hearing the Shriek that swooning Mrs. *Dorothy* gave, and believing it had been his *Lucinda*, whom he also smelt by a particular Steam that she had about her, flung out of the Chamber like one half har'd out of his Wits; 'twas a thousand to one his Soul had not broke her Neck for haste out at his Ears. For he never could endure that any body should handle *Lucinda*, but himself. And now the Game begins: Astonishment upon Astonishment, Amazement upon Amazement, VVonder upon Wonder. *Lucinda* star'd upon *Cardenio*, He upon Her— Is't thou, quo he? Is't thou, quo she? *Ferdinand* star'd upon Mrs. *Dorothy*, she upon him. *Cardenio* star'd upon *Ferdinand*, *Ferdinand* upon *Cardenio*; and so they star'd upon one another to the end o' the Chapter. At length, after they had star'd out their Stare, *Lucinda* was the first that brake silence, and addressing her self to *D. Ferdinand*; Hands off, for shame, quo she, good my Lord *Ferdinand*; and at last, if ye know how to be so, be civil, shew your self a Gentleman, and don't think to Hector me out of my Maiden-head that I reserve for one that better deserves it. You know that all your Prodigality, nor all your Menaces could ever move me— my Resolution is fix'd; and therefore be assur'd I'll rather marry a *Small-coal-man* or a *Chimney-Sweeper*, and cry Hogs-Puddings about the Streets, then marry such a Roister as your Worship— Here stands *Cardenio*, to whom I have long since demis'd my Heart, with all its Appurtenances, to have and to hold in Fee-
Tail

Tail to Perpetuity. Give him therefore quiet Possession, as Law and Justice requires, or if you intend to be a continual Plague to me, terminate my Life and my Misfortunes both together.

During these Expostulations, Mrs. *Dorothy* being by this time come to her self, and understanding 'twas *Lucinda* that spoke, yet finding that *D. Ferdinand* would neither let go his hold, nor give any Answer to the reasonable Requests *Lucinda* made him, up she rose, and advancing towards him with her Handkerchief before her Eyes— 'Sir, said she, if y' have any spark of Grace or Gentility, look upon a Woman, whom your Perjuries have made so—a Woman, to whom once you promis'd Mountains of Happiness, but have now render'd miserable. Consider, Sir, that in the sight of Heav'n, you are my lawful Husband— You cannot forget the time when you enter'd into the Obligation— and tho there were no Witness to it, you cannot but know, that you seal'd it at the same time with your own Seal— What a murrain— how many Wives would ye have—? As many as the ancient *Jews*—? If so, Sir stay till the Law allows it—the West-Country Knight has not yet got his Bill past— In the mean time consider what an Injury you do your own Sex— for what Maid will ever trust a young Man again, for your sake? I pity'd your Sighs, your Sobs, your Tears, and your Lamentations—I had Compassion upon your Moans, and your Groans, and the mournful Out-cries of your Impatience, and believing I might believe a Person of your Quality, I was at length, tho you well know it was a long time first, prevail'd with by my Commiseration, and trusted to your Honesty— But what Maid will ever pity a Person of Quality more? 'Twas this Compassion of mine, that for the Relief of your crying Necessities, and impatient Distresses, made me venture the Disgraces of a great Belly, and who knows but that I might ha' come to the Misfortune of being hang'd for stifling the poor Baby in a House of Office? And can you turn away your ungrateful Eyes from one that has so deeply hazarded her Honour and her Life, upon the Confidence she had of your Vertue, and your Justice? If I were more forward then I should ha' been, were not you more hasty then I? And therefore do but marry me, 'tis all I desire— then keep as many Misses afterwards as you please, I'll never say, *Love, why d' ye so?* I'll never be moody when ye come home fuddl'd, nor upbraid ye for losing your Money at Play; but marry me, I beseech ye— save my Life, and take my Goods— When you first courted me, you told me I was fair; and am I so much older since that? Be not so scrupulous, Sir, especially in such an Age of Liberty as this is, when any thing will serve for a Wife— And your VVife I am as sure as Eggs be Eggs, if you are but half as true and real to me, as one Pick-pocket is to another. As for *Lucinda*, you see she belongs to another Man. And why should you that have a Park o' your own, be so strangely absurd, that nothing will serve ye, but to hunt in another man's Enclosure? If this that I have said will not prevail, read *Baxter's Saints Everlasting Rest*, and see what Rest you are like have either in this, or the other VVorld, after so many falsify'd Oathes and Perjuries as you ha' committed.

D. Ferdinand being thus rally'd between Jest and Earnest, found himself shot between wind and water. On the one side, her undeniable matter of Fact had vanquish'd all the Arguments of his libertine Folly, and the Tears and Sobs that seconded her serious Admonitions, had stuck so many Crums in the Throat of his Conscience, that finding himself so run down both by Reason and Morality, he quitted *Lucinda*, and ran with his Arms expanded

panded like the VVings of a Cherubim, and embracing Mrs. *Dorothy*; My dear *Dolly*, quo he, no longer now plain *Dorothy*, but lac'd Madam *Dorothy*, live and be a Lady, since Fate will have it so. 'Tis true, I did debauch thee— but before all this Company, here's my hand upon't, I'll mend thee up again as sound in Law, as e're thou wert i' thy life. For thine, my dear *Dolly*, is only a Stitch fall'n i' thy Reputation, which the Needle and Thread of Wedlock will repair at any time. With that he gave her a Kiss, and at the same Instant breath'd a new Soul into her Body.

On the other side, *Lucinda* had been so long supported by *D. Ferdinand*, that finding her self at Liberty, she was like to ha' fall'n to the Ground, had not *Cardenio*, who all the while stood behind *D. Ferdinand*, because he wou'd not be seen, caught her up in his Arms. For tho she were glad to see that all things fadg'd so well with Mrs. *Dorothy*, yet some little Qualms of Envy at that good Fortune in another, which she thought as due to her self, made such a deep Impression upon her Spirits, as made the whole Frame of her *Microcosm* begin to totter. But then, fair *Lucinda*, cry'd *Cardenio*, considering the Feebleness of your Condition, you cannot be better then in the Arms of him that has always lov'd ye from his Infancy. VVith that, *Lucinda* turning her Head, and perceiving him to be her beloved *Cardenio*, Heav'n's! she was ready to jump out of her Skin; up she leapt as nimble as a Bird, and darting her self about *Cardenio's* Neck; And is it thee, my dear Husband, quo she? What Miracles are these? Did I ever think, by such a strange Accident as this, to meet again the Joy and Comfort of my Life? And then seconding her amorous Expressions with amorous Actions, forgetful quite of either Time or Place, she joynd her Lips so close to his, that *Cardenio* might easily feel her Mind, and know what she wou'd ha' been at, had the Opportunity been favourable.

But these Endearments between *Lucinda* and *Cardenio*, did no way please *D. Ferdinand*: For, notwithstanding all his new Engagements to Mrs. *Dorothy*, he had still an aking Tooth after Mrs. *Lucinda*. And he could not but think he had some Right to her too, considering the Money she cost him. So that he began to change Colour, and fall a handling the Hilt of his Sword with his Right Hand; curst Symptoms of Mischiefe in his Mind. Which my Lady *Dorothy* observing— ran to him, and catching him about the Middle, Sir, said she, since you have now been pleas'd to own me for a Wife, be pleas'd to hear me when I utter Reason— How! quo *D. Ferdinand*, what, breaking Covenants already! 'No, Sir, quo my Lady *Dorothy*— I neither chide ye for being fuddl'd, nor tax ye for losing your Money; nor am I going about to persuade ye from keeping a Mistress; be as modish as you please, Sir, but never meddle with other Men's Wives. There are single Gentlewomen enow i' the World, that would be glad to serve ye— And therefore why should you meddle with Madam *Lucinda*? In the first place, you see she can't endure ye: And by my new recover'd Happiness, I swear, were I a Man, I'd not give my old Shoe-strings for a Woman that did not love me as well as I lov'd her— Besides, Sir, you see her Affections at present are engag'd quite another way— So that you may as well think to remove *Bow-Steeples*, with all the Bells in't, to *Highgate*, as think to unsettle her Love in the Honey-moon of her doating fondness. And therefore seek not to sunder thus an amorous Pair, that Heaven seems to have so pleasingly united. Surely your heat for me cannot as yet be so extinguish'd, but that you may find Divertisement sufficient, at least, till you find my Passion begin to cool— Come try me, Sir, I'll find ye Sport enough, I'll warrant ye; for I may talk a little freely

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'now — We were fever'd by Disaster, and now here we are met again together by a Miracle; which, as it is the Work of a Superiour Power, never oppose Fate, nor seek to unravel a Bottom, which the Destinies are so harmoniously winding up; nor spoil the last Scene of a Tragi-Comedy, that begins to conclude so naturally, that all the Poets in Town, could never ha' brought it so exactly to pass.

While my Lady *Dorothy* was thus laying the Law to *D. Ferdinand*, *Cardenio* who held his *Lucinda*, as the *Lobster* held the *Hair* upon *Salisbury-Plain*, watch'd *D. Ferdinand's* Sword-hand, for fear of being surpriz'd, as being resolv'd before he would part with *Lucinda* again, to have ventur'd half a dozen Oylet-holes in his Skin. But *D. Ferdinand's* Friends and the *Curate* perceiving how the two *Desperado's* look'd one upon another, like two Boar-Cats, ready to dispute the Possession of *Madam Grey-Maulkin*, to prevent Mischiefe, ran to *D. Ferdinand*, and befought him to consider, that he had already before 'em all acknowledg'd *Madam Dorothy* for his Wife; and therefore to hinder another from what he could not enjoy himself, was like *Hunt's Dog*, that would neither go to Church, nor stay at home. Then the *Curate* slept in, and desir'd him to consider what would become of him, should he be Lungs or Liver-tapp'd in an unjust Quarrel; That he did ill to shew his boistrous Propensity, and his ranging Humour to a young Lady, that had the same Advantages of Form and Beauty with the person for whom he contended — withal, the *Curate* bid him beware what he did, for that such Rudenesses as those would bring him within the Verge of the Spiritual Court — and that the Law took its Course as well against the Lord as the Peasant — That he must be forc'd to come in a Witness against him, upon his Promise to *Madam Dorothy*, which would go a great way in her Cause, and would procure her Alimony in spite of his Teeth — and therefore it would be much better to perform that willingly which he had promis'd to do, then to be forc'd to it to his Dishonour, and for the whole Court to cry out Shame upon him.

D. Ferdinand, who was not so resty neither, but that he might be curb'd by Reason, finding that his own Friends forsook him, and that no body took his part, surrendred at length to Reason and Necessity; and then embracing once more his almost-forgotten Object of Matrimony, Lady, said he, dry up your Tears, for I can no longer suffer her to weep, to whom I have giv'n my Heart; forget the Injuries and Injustice I ha' done thee, for which my Repentance and *Lucinda's* Beauty, may in some measure excuse me. But since I now perceive there is not a T — to chuse, let *Lucinda* contentedly enjoy her dear *Cardenio*, and let my Nut-brown *Dolly* be the Blessing of my Life; Boys and Girls be the Consequences of our Amours, and be thou sure to save a Portion for thy second Daughter, out of House-keeping. And with that, he embrac'd his beloved *Madam Dorothy* with such an amorous Heat, and such a tender Affection, that he who breath'd nothing but *Duels* and *Sa-Sa's* but just now, himself was ready to melt into a Deluge of Cow-baby Tears.

On the other side, *Lucinda* and *Cardenio* had no such Command over the Sluces of their Eyes, but that the Surplusage of their Joy caus'd a kind of *April-Shower* in the midst of the Sun-shine of their Content, to trickle down their Cheeks; so strangely overjoy'd they were for the Felicity of their Friend, no more expected than their own sudden Accumulations of Happiness. But those Tears of Affection being soon dry'd, all their Sorrows were as soon forgot, and they fell a kissing, *Ferdinand* and *Dolly*, *Cardenio* and *Lucinda*, like young Citizens and their

Wives

Wives in an *Epsom-Coach*. Only *Sancho*, who wept for Company's sake, could not so soon recover from his Melancholy, in regard it proceeded from another Cause. For he, alas! was sorely griev'd, that *Mrs. Dorothy* was not the Princess of *Micomicona*, and that he had lost all the hopes of his so long gap'd-for Earldom.

At length *Lucinda* and *Cardenio* return'd a thousand Thanks to *Don Ferdinand* for all his Favours in the Surrender of his Copy-hold, which they did in that Courty Language, that *Don Ferdinand* being at a stand for verbal Complements, repaid 'em in silent Embraces only, and close Hugs; which was all he could do at that time to display the Testimonies of his Satisfaction. At the same time *Don Ferdinand* request'd *Madam Dorothy* to tell him how she came into a Countrey so far distant from her own; who thereupon repeated to him all that she had recounted to the *Curate* and *Cardenio*, with such a Grace, that her Husband in *Posse* was ravish'd at her Discourse, and vow'd, That if all her Curtain-Lectures prov'd no worse than her Story-telling, he should think himself blest in a Bed-fellow.

After that, *Don Ferdinand* related what had befall'n him at *Lucinda's* House the Night that he should have been marry'd; how he found the Letter in her Bosom, wherein she declar'd, that she was marry'd to *Cardenio*; which transported him to that degree of Rage and Fury, that he would ha' kill'd her, but that her Parents prevent'd him (for to say the Truth, 'twas an ugly Disappointment.) That after this confounded Baulk, he flung out of the House, and resolv'd to be reveng'd upon her, the first time he met with her. That afterwards he was inform'd, how that *Lucinda* had taken a Ramble, and was run a Wild-goose Chase, but whither all the Conjurers and *Saffolds* in *London* could not tell — but that at length he heard she had shelter'd her self at a famous Boarding-School i' the Country, where he lay perdue for some Days, to watch her Motions; and observing that she was wont to walk out i' the Evening to a certain Cheese-cake House, about a Mile from her Habitation, to spend her Six-pence with some of her Companions, in Tarts and Bottle-drink, he got three of his Acquaintance, besides himself, well mounted, with a leer Hobby for *Lucinda*; and meeting her returning i' the mid-way home, notwithstanding all her squealing, and her squaling, having fix'd her in her Saddle, he led her such a Race, while the Gentleman that follow'd, whipp'd on the Hobby behind, that they soon got out of the reach of Pursuit. After which, they wander'd up and down from place to place, till guided by their good Fortune, they arriv'd in that Inn, where so many miraculous Accidents had befall'n 'em.

C H A P. X.

Being a Continuation of the History of the Famous Princess of Micomicona, with other Delightful Adventures.

Sancho, who listen'd attentively to every word was said, was almost at his Wits end, to find all his Hopes blown up like a Chymist's Furnace, when he thought himself sure o' the Philosopher's Stone; and that the Princess of *Micomicona* was metamorphos'd into *Mrs. Dorothy*, and the Giant *Pandafile* into *Don Ferdinand*; while *Don Quixote* lay snorting and snoring at his ease, regardless altogether of the important Interests of his poor Squire. In this forlorn, afflicted, and melancholy Condition *Sancho* entering *Don Quixote's* Chamber, who now began to be awake; Your Worship now, *Sir Knight of the Ill-favour'd Countenance*, said he, may rake a Nap for seven Years together, if you please, without vexing or tormenting your Soul about restoring the Princess *Micomicona* to her Throne, or fighting any more Giants; for your *Quietus* is already Sign'd, the business is done, and all things are concluded. I believe what thou say'st, reply'd *Don Quixote*; for it is not above three minutes since I had so much leisure as to take a little breath: For I have been engag'd for these fifteen hours in the most dismal, desperate, dreadful, furious, terrible Encounter with a huge, horrid, grizzle-bearded, Sawcer-ey'd, Whale-mouth'd Giant that ever was recorded in Story, true or feign'd: The Father of all the Devils made me sweat for't, as if I had been i' the *Bagnio*. But at length, with a true right Bear-Garden Butcher's back-stroke, I fetch'd off his Head so smooth, and so clean, and hit the Joynt so like a *Shrieves* Carver, that were the Giant alive again, I am confident ha' wou'd thank me for putting him so soon out of his pain. The Rogue was vengeance full of Blood too, *Sancho*; for it spouted out of his *Vena Cava*, and *Vena Porta*, the great *Aorta*, the *Axillaries*, *Pulmonaries*, and *Jugulars*, like so many Rivers, and made such an Inundation, as wou'd ha' carry'd a Western Barge——Vengeance full of Blood! Vengeance full of T——quo *Sancho*; for the monstrous Giant that you slew was no other then a great black Boracho, with above forty flasks of Red Wine in his flagitious *Wemb*. I say Flasks, because they are a little bigger then your ordinary Quart-Bottles. As for the Blood that made such an Inundation i' the Room, 'twas nothing but that same Red Wine which your hair-brain'd Worship spilt——I wish your VVorship choak'd when you did it——And then for the Head you cut off, 'twas the Whores that brought me into the world, I think, for *Satan* has carry'd it away——Hoy day, *Sancho*——quo *Don Quixote*, what's the matter? why sure the fellow's not in his wits——what! ha' been eating o' wild Parsenips?——I my wits, quo *Sancho*! yes, and out o' my wits too, to see what a Reck'ning your Worship has to pay——Pray now rise, will ye——and see how the face of the world is chang'd below. The Queen is chang'd into an ordinary Chamber-maid, that they call plain *Doroty*; and several other wonders, that will make your hair stand an end. No Wonders at all, *Sancho*, reply'd *Don Quixote*; for as I told thee before, so I tell thee again, there is nothing but Enchantment in this House. All this I should be willing to believe, reply'd *Sancho*, had my tossing in a Blanket been an Enchantment; but it was not so, for it was real and true. I remember that

the very Inn-keeper below stairs held one corner of the Instrument of my Misery; and tofs'd and laugh'd, and laugh'd and tofs'd more then any of the rest. Now, I'll never believe, tho I am no Schollard, but an ignorant Sinner, that when a man knows the faces of the Persons again, there can be any Enchantment i' that case, but bare ill Luck, such as mine was.

Well——well——quo *Don Quixote*, let 'em be Enchantments, or no Enchantments, I'm sure there's something more then ordinary i' the matter; and therefore gi' me my Clothes; for when I come to examine the business, I shall soon smell it out.

While *Don Quixote* was dressing himself, the Curate gave *Don Ferdinand* and the rest of his Friends a short account, what a sort of Person this Famous Knight was; and how they had laid their Plot to cure him of his Extravagancy. But now, added the Curate, our first Design is spoil'd, and we must seek out some other way to get him home, in regard that *Madam Dorothy* is otherwise now concern'd. To which, *Cardenio* reply'd, that *Lucinda* should a't her part. But *Don Ferdinand* was resolv'd that *Madam Dorothy* should go on with her Cue; the rather because that being Neighbours in a manner, they might be more ready to assist one another. While they were thus confabulating, enters *Don Quixote*, in his one likeness, buckl'd up in Iron from top to toe, as if *Vulcan* had been his Taylor, Hosier, and Shoe-maker; for as for Trimming he had none, but his Target upon his shoulder, and his Lance in his fist, and *Mambrino's* Bas'on, batter'd as it was, upon his Head: So that nothing more was to be seen of him but his Tann'd Countenance, his meager Cheeks, and his hollow Eyes. Such a strange Figure of a Mortal Wight, strangely surpriz'd *Don Ferdinand*, and those that were with him, who had never seen this Illustrious Knight before. They could not but with Admiration behold his Ell-long Visage, his Box-Complexion, and the strange disorder of his Whiskers; and with a kind of awful Silence listen'd to hear what the Rusty Apparition had to say to 'em. Presently *Don Quixote*, resting against his Lance, and fixing his Eyes upon *Madam Dorothy*,

Madam, said he, I understand by my Squire, that you are fall'n from the Garret into the Coal-hole; that is to say, that from a *Queen*, you are come to plain *Mrs. Doroty*: Which if it be done by the malicious Contrivance of the Grand Enchanter, the King your Father, if he were afraid I could not give you that Assistance which was requisite; I say, the King your Father was deceiv'd, like an Old Dotard as he was, and little read in the Histories of Chivalry. For had he read 'em but as often and as seriously as I ha' done, he would ha' found, that they are full of Accidents much more surprizing, and incomparably more difficult to be perform'd; which yet have been accomplish'd by Knights far inferiour, tho I say it that shou'd not, to me in Reputation. 'Tis no such great difficulty, as People think, to lop off the Head of a Giant, tho he were as big about as the *Duomo* i' the *Stocks-Market*, and as high as the Monument. 'Tis not long since I prov'd the truth of this in an Encounter with two of these *Heav'n-Scalers*; of which I say no more, because I hate to be caught in a Lye. Not with two Giants, with your good leave, *Sir*, but with two harmless *Boracho's* of Wine, quo the Inn-keeper: And so saying, he up with a Bottle to have thrown at *Don Quixote's* Head, had not *Don Ferdinand* commanded him to be quiet. And then *Don Quixote* proceeding; I say then in short, Thrice Illustrious and Disinherited Lady, that if this be all the Reason, why your Father has thus transfigur'd your Person, you need not fear to depend upon me; for there is not any Danger, Peril, or Hazard in the world, that

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I do not surmount by the sharp edge of this Sword; and with this Sword it is, that after I have laid at your feet the Head of your so redoubted Enemy, I will restore ye to the Throne of your Ancestors, and be the daring Under-Sheriff that shall put ye into the quiet Possession of your own.

Here *Don Quixote* stop'd, in expectation of the Princesses Answer: At what time, *Madam Dorothy*, knowing she should please *Don Ferdinand* in carrying on the Design — with a Princely Air, and Majestick Seriousness, Whoever told ye, said she, that I was Transmogrify'd, most Valiant Knight of the Ill-favour'd Face, deceiv'd ye with a vile Untruth; for I am the same to day that I was yesterday. 'Tis true, perhaps some Change in my Fortune may have happen'd to me for the better since I saw ye last; but for all that, I have still the same Necessity to be beholding to the force of your Invincible Arm. And therefore, I beseech ye, good Sir Knight, of your accustomed Generosity, restore my Father his Honour again, and never question but that he was a Person of Prudence and Fore-sight, that could find out a Means so easie, and so secure; nay, the very *Probatum est* that could Cure all my Misfortunes. And in truth it was a wonderful thing, and happy I'm sure for me, that I met with such a Champion; as being fully satisfy'd, that had it not been for your Pleasantries, and the Chimera's of your Noble and Love-sick Brain, I had never been in the Condition wherein I am. And I believe the greatest part of these Gentlemen are of my Opinion, as having been Witnesses of what has befall'n me since our first meeting. In short therefore, we have nothing more now to do, then to set forward to morrow Morning, and for the Success, I leave it to Heaven and your Courage.

When Mrs. *Dorothy* had thus discreetly spoken, *Don Quixote*, turning to *Sancho* with the frowns of Choler and Indignation, Sirrah, *Sancho*, said he, now do I find thee to be the arrant'st Varlet, Scoundrel, and Rascal that ever was whelp'd in *Picket-Hatch* — Did not your Rogue-ship tell me, that the Princess was turn'd into plain *Dorothy*? And that the Giant's Head which I cut off was the Whore your Mother's? What a lying Ragamuffin wert thou to tell these Stories? By the fair *Dulcinea's* Virginity, a little matter would make me wring off thy Capon's Neck, and make thee an Example to all Sons a' Whore lying Squires, that ever for the future should have the Honour to follow the heels of a Knight-Errant. Abate your Passion, Sir, quo *Sancho*; for tho I might be perhaps mistaken in the change of Madam the Princess of *Micomicona*; yet, as to the Giant's Head, or rather the head of the murder'd *Boracho's*, and the Blood that was shed, which was no other then Red Wine, by all the Seven Champions I aver it to be truth what I said, and will justify't to the Beards of all the Knight-Errants i' the world. Don't tell me, Sir! for there are the wounds and gashes i' the *Boracho's* still to be seen; and if y' have any Nose, you may go up and smell what sort of Liquor 'twas made that Lake i' the Room. For my part, I with the Princess may not be chang'd for your sake, for else I'm afraid you must pawn even *Rosinante* himself for the Reck'ning. *Sancho*, reply'd *Don Quixote*, gi' me leave to tell thee, th'art a Buffle-head, and a Dunder-head, and a Cuckow-brains; and so I ha' done with thee for the present. 'Tis more then enough, Sir Knight, quo *Don Ferdinand*: And now, since the Princess is resolv'd to stay till to morrow Morning, let's resolve to spend the Night as merrily as we can. To morrow we'll all accompany the Renown'd *Don Quixote*, to the end we may be witnesses of his Prowess, and those Acts of wonder which we make no Question but he will perform, in the accomplishment of this Enterprize.

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'No, Gentlemen, 'tis I that shall have the honour of your Company, and who must think my self for ever engag'd to ye, for your good Opinion of me, which I shall endeavour to preserve with the loss of my Life, and more then that, had I more to lose, which God knows I ha' not, considering the Mortgages upon my small Estate. But, Sir, for Lives, had I as many as a Cat, they were all at the Princesses Service.

In this manner how far *Don Quixote* and *Don Ferdinand* would ha' gallop'd on in lofty Complements, the Lord of *Oxford* knows, had they not been interrupted by the arrival of a Traveller that enter'd the Inn. By his Habit they took him for a Slave, that had made his escape from *Argier*: For he was clad like a Saylor, in a short loose Jerkin without a Collar, and Drawers of blew Linnen, such as you shall see hang out at the Slop-sellers Shops, and a Cap upon his head of the same; with a Scymitar that hung from a Swash that was girt about his waste. He was follow'd by a woman upon an Ass, in Moorish Habit, having a Veil upon her head, that cover'd her Face, and under her Veil a little Bonnet of Tissue upon the top of her Crown. The rest of her Apparel that appear'd, was only a long Simarr, that reach'd down to her heels. The Slave was a Man about forty Years of Age, proper and well shap'd; and by his Meen he appear'd to be a Person of some Quality. He ask'd for a Chamber as soon as he came into the Inn, and seem'd to be very much troubl'd, when they told him there was ne'r a one empty. However, he took down the Moorish Lady in his Arms from her Ass. At what time *Lucinda*, *Madam Dorothy*, and the women of the Inn, attracted by the Novelty of a Habit which they had never seen before, accosted the Female Stranger; and after they had star'd and gaz'd upon her, as long as Breeding and Good Manners would give 'em leave: *Madam Dorothy*, who had observ'd that the Slave was much discontented for want of a Chamber, addressing her self to the Stranger, Madam, said she, never wonder to find so little Breeding in a Carrier's Inn, where only a forc'd Putt constrains any Persons of Condition to stop; and therefore since the Woman o' the House has so little manners, as not to proffer a Stranger her own Chamber; if you please to joyn Company with us, pointing at the same time to *Lucinda*, you will meet with those that will be glad to serve a Stranger in your Condition. For we are neither Sluts nor Pick-Pockets, but civil honest Gentlewomen as any in all this Country. But to all this, the veil'd Lady answer'd not a word; only she rose from her Seat, and laying her Arms like a St. *Andrew's* Cross upon her Breast, bow'd her Head, to signify that she was sensible of their Kindness, and return'd 'em Thanks. By which the witty *Madam Dorothy* rightly guess'd, that tho she might understand somewhat, yet she could speak nothing of the Language. At length the Slave, who had been all this while providing for his Ass, returning from the Stable, and seeing the Ladies so busie about the Moor, after he had made his Obedience to *Madam Dorothy* and *Lucinda*; Ladies, said he, this young Damsel speaks no Language but her own, which is the reason she cannot answer to your Questions: O' my word else you should not find her derogate from her Sex; for she has Wit at Will, and Tongue at Command. Sir, said *Lucinda*, we ask her no Questions, only we offer her our Company, and the best Accommodation we have. Ladies, reply'd the Slave, I return ye a thousand Thanks, both for her and for my self; and I put the higher value upon your Civility, because I find it to proceed from Persons of Worth and Merit. Pray, Sir, tell me one thing, I beseech ye, cry'd *Madam Dorothy*, is this Lady a Moor, or a Christian? For by her Silence and her Habit she does not seem to be of our Religion. Madam, reply'd the

the Slave, she is a *Moor* by Birth, but a Christian in her Heart, and desires nothing more then really to be—How! cry'd *Lucinda*, interrupting him, was he never Christen'd then?—And then whispering Madam *Dorothy* i'the Ear; Is it safe, quo she, to converse with a Pagan? Which the Slave over-hearing, Madam, quo he, the reason why she is not Christen'd, is only because we have not had an Opportunity since she came from *Argier*, for that's the Place of her Nativity. Besides, 'tis fit that a person of her Years should understand her Catechism before she be baptiz'd. Pray, Sir, quo Madam *Dorothy*, is she modest and vertuous? For I'll assure ye, I take her so to be? Chast and Spotless as the Morning light, reply'd the Slave. Why then, quo Madam *Dorothy*, let's never trouble our selves any farther; baptize her as soon as ye can, and i'the mean time, give me a vertuous *Moor* before an impudent, lascivious Quiffrel of a Christian. This short Discovery of the Slave set all their Curiosity agog to be diving a little farther; but they did not think it seasonable to ask any more Questions as yet, believing that Time and Conversation would bring out the rest. Madam *Dorothy* therefore, who, for ought I find by the Story, was the cunning'st Gypsey i'the Pack, taking the Female Stranger by the Hand, and seating her in a Chair close by her side, desir'd her to lift up her Veil. Whereupon the *Moor* looking the Slave full i'the Face, and demanding, as it were, with her Eyes, what it was the Ladies desir'd, and what it became her to do; the Slave told her in *Arabick*, That the Ladies desir'd her to lift up her Veil, and withall allow'd his Consent. But then, what a Magazine of Beauty did she shew! Madam *Dorothy* thought her fairer then Madam *Dorothy*, and *Lucinda* thought her fairer then *Lucinda*: Nay, all the Standers by confess'd, that if there were any difference, the *Moore's* had the Advantage. And as it is the Prerogative of Beauty to command the Hearts and Affections of all the World, or like a *Grocer's* empty Sugar-Chest to draw to it all the Flies i'the Parish, the *Moore's* had now got a new Crowd of Liquorish Servants, all striving who should be most obsequious, most officious, and double diligent to serve her. *D. Ferdinand* desir'd the *Moor* to tell him her Name; who answer'd, that her Name was *Lela Zoraida*. But the *Moore's* understanding by the Answer what the Question was, with an extraordinary Vehemency (tho' such as extremely became her, because pretty and handfom) cry'd out, *No—no Zoraida—Maria—Maria—* as much as to say in plain *Englisb*, her Name was *Mary*, and not *Zoraida*. For the *Moore's* not understanding the way of Godfathers and Godmothers, had made choice her self of a Christ'n Name; or whether it were that the Slave did not think it worth while to trouble either Godfathers or Godmothers, since there were neither Midwives nor Nurses to gratifie. However it were, Madam *Dorothy* and *Lucinda*, who intended to have invited themselves to the Christ'ning, perceiving themselves disappointed, fell a crying for madness. And yet who knows, but that Fortune had contriv'd it for the best, to prevent a torn Whisk, or a scratch'd Face about *Who should name the Child*. Nor could Madam *Dorothy* be got out of her Pouts, nor hardly be brought to own the Name; but *Lucinda*, the better natur'd of the two, embracing the *Moore's*, *Ay, ay, Mary, Mary's* the word, quo she, and therefore dear Madam *Cake-bread* set your Heart at rest. To which the *Moore's* answer'd not a tittle; for indeed it had been somewhat preternatural for the Child to have spoke before it was Christen'd.

But now 'twas Supper-time, and the best Entertainment that had been seen i'that Inn for many Years; *D. Ferdinand* having sent about for all the Rarities to be had i'the Country. *Don Quixote* was forc'd to take the upper

per end of the Table, who seeing he could not avoid it, would needs have the Princess of *Micomicon* sit by him, as being under his Protection. *Lucinda* and *Zoraida* fate next to Madam *Dorothy*; *Lucinda* the uppermost of the two, as being the better Christian, and *D. Ferdinand* and *Cardenio* opposite to them. The *Curate* and the *Barber* fate below the Ladies, and over-against them the Slave and *D. Ferdinand's* Friends.

At Supper they were as merry as Mice in a Chaff heap, for they were all good Company, and every one with a full Discharge i'their Minds from all Disquiets and Disturbances whatever, from the Beginning o'the World to the Date of the Release. But that which augmented their Divertisement, was the pleasant Discourse of *Don Quixote*, who inspir'd with the same Raptures, as when he preach'd after Supper to the Goat-herds, in a kind of *Bachanalian Fury*, thus began:

'Ladies and Gentlemen, they who make Profession of *Knight-Errantry*, 'have one great Advantage, that they are every Day accusom'd to the 'sight of Accidents altogether wonderful—I would fain know, whether 'the best Astrologer or Figure-caster of 'em all, that should come this very 'Minute into this Castle, and see us sitting together, as we do, could find 'out with all their *Scheams*, and their *Housses*, and their *Scrawls* upon Paper, who we are. Who would imagine this Lady that sits here by me, 'to be so great a Princess as we know her to be? Or, that I were the famous *Don Quixote*, *Knight of the Ill favour'd Countenance*, and her Protector? And now dares any Man deny, but that this Profession surmounts 'all other the Inventions of Men? Or that it is not so much the more to 'be esteem'd, as being more expos'd to Hazards and Dangers then any Profession i'the World. And therefore if any one should presume to tell me, 'that Learning is to be prefer'd before Arms, I'd tell him, he was the Son 'of a Whore, and a ly'd. 'Tis true, I know, those Champions of Learning will tell ye, that the Labours of the Mind are much greater then those 'of the Body; whereas there is nothing but Vigor and Strength requir'd 'for the Exercise of Arms: as if there were no difference between a Soldier and a Porter, and that there were not a great deal of Judgment and 'Conduct to be us'd in Fighting, as well as Strength and Vigor. For Example, as if the General of an Army, Governour of a great and considerable Garrison, had not as much need of a cunning, contriving, plodding 'Head piece and Vigour of Mind, as force of Limbs. Is it by the Strength 'of his Body that he finds out the Designs of the Enemy, or that furnishes 'him with subtle Artifices to oppose the Stratagems of a politick and experienced Adversary? Can any Man deny, but that it is his Wit, his Judgment, his Ingenuity, and acquir'd Skill, that teaches him the over-reaching 'Part of War? Therefore saies the Proverb, *Policy goes beyond Strength*. Since then it is an undeniable Truth, that Wit is as requisite in a Soldier as 'in a Scholar, let us consider the End of both. I ha' nothing to say to those 'that study really and sincerely for our Salvation; I mean those that trouble 'their Brains to reckon by the *Rule o' Three*, how many Mites there are in the 'Liver of a Cod-fish, or about fixing Wings to mens Shoulders; your Astrologers and Astronomers, and those footy Refiners of Nature, call'd *Chymists*, that lie toying, and moyling, and watching *Moors Heads* and *Crucibles*, for the *Philosopher's Stone*, till all their Gold and Silver be evaporated out o' their Pockets; your *Frisesomorum* and *Barocho Men*, your *Scotists* and *Aquinatists* that torment their *Pia Maters* about how many Angels 'will stand upon the Point of a Needle; your Men of Politicks, and Erectors of Common wealths and *Utopia's*; what do all their Studies, their

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'Labours and Inventions signifie? They are only Mispending of that leisure and quiet which they enjoy by the Souldiers maintaining Peace, both at home and abroad. For Peace is a Blessing that only God and the Souldier bestows upon Kingdoms and Nations, supported by his Valour and Industry. The *Lacedemonians* and the *Romans* were then most victorious and fortunate, when Learning least flourish'd among 'em. Oh! but you'll say, 'Learning teaches us Civility. Civility! with a Pox—as if there were 'more civil Men, or greater Courtiers i' the World, then your *Knight-Er-rants*. Whereas on the other side, there are not a more contentious, inveterate, malicious, foul-mouth'd sort of People i' the World, then your 'learned Men; always quarrelling and scribbling one against the other, reproaching, back-biting, nick-naming, and spitting their Venom one at another, like so many Cats in a Moonshiny-Night. Nay, you shall have too 'Criticks ready to stab one another with a *Mahometan* Fury, and scolding at each other like two Rag-women, about the misplacing of a G, or an L. Whereas the Souldier before he goes to't, embraces his Enemy; and when they have push'd and hack'd one another as long as they can, if 'neither fall, they embrace again like Twins out o' the same Womb.

While *Don Quixote* thus discours'd, there was not any one i' the Room that took him for a Fool. For because the greatest part of 'em were Gentlemen of Fortune that profess'd a Military Life, and the Ladies, as generally they are, being great Admirers of Souldiers, they listen'd to him, as one that was haranguing i' their own Praise.

Then *Don Quixote* proceeding; 'All the Hardships, quo he, that a Student endures, is only Poverty: Not that all Scholars are poor neither, but I lay it thus to drive the Argument as far as it will go. For he that is poor, is miserable. And Poverty may be divided into three Parts, Hunger, Cold, and Nakedness, and sometimes all three together. Yet is this Hunger never so continual, but that the Scholar sometimes does eat; sometimes he gets to be a Tutor, and then he eats at the Stewards Table; sometimes he gets Six-pence or Twelve-pence for enditing a Love-Letter, and then he goes and solaces himself at *Fetter-lane* end. If he be a cold, for four Farthings he may smell to a Fire at the next Ale-house; which, tho it may not roast him, will abate the Rigour of his Sufferings; and then, tho at Night he sleeps in a Garret, yet is he safe from the Weather, not to mention those other Trifles of Shoes out at Toes, and Stockins out at Heels, want o' Shirts, and a flapping greasie-brimm'd Felt, with a thread-bear, thin, transparent, what shall I call't—for 'twill not bear the Name of Garment, which, I confess, are very great Hardships; yet sometimes by their creeping and cringing, their flattering and collouging, they creep into the Affection of some Person or other, that gives 'em a gentle Lift at first, and then helps 'em up by degrees, till at length, by a strange Indulgence of Fortune, they arrive at the Haven of their Wishes, and from contemptible Poverty, and pinching Misery, come to wallow in Plenty, and frisk it in the voluptuous Pastures of Honour and Preferment. But then, they prove the most ingrateful, proud, imperious, unsufferable Bubbles of Vain-glory i' the World; so that many times, and most frequently they forget their own Benefactors, and are not asham'd, if they want but a Stick to light their Oven, to burn the Ladder by which they first ascended to their Advancement.

CHAP.

CHAP. XI.

Containing the farther curious Discourse of Don Quixote upon Arms and Arts.

WE have hitherto discover'd the Poverty of the Scholar, let us now examine whether the Souldier be any richer then he. How, the Souldier rich! yes, as a new-shorn Sheep—Certainly there is not a more honourable sort of Misery i' the World, then his. Gentlemen Souldiers! Gentlemen Beggars. 'Tis true, he looks a little uppish at first, with a Months Pay before-hand, but when he has been a Month upon Service, out at Heels, out at Elbows, ragged as a Forest-Colt, Shirtless, and Pennyless, chewing over in thought the last good Meal which he eat three days ago, till he meet with another Pig, or a Flitch o' Bacon, for which he ventures his Conscience, and the Curses of the poor People from whom he robs it. By this time he begins to admire, whether there be any such thing as Money in Nature, or no, for his Pay comes very flow, or never. Were he one of the Grandees of the World, he would give an Earldom or a Dukedom for a Bag-pudding, and looks upon *Esau* as the only man that ever knew how to value Victuals, when he sold his Birthright for a Mess a' Porridge. He is bound to endure all Weather; sometimes marching all the day long with his Gun fretting the Skin from his Shoulders in a sultry Season that would bathe him in Sweat, had he any Moisture to exhale from his Body, which his Stomach has suck'd before from all parts to sustain Nature. Sometimes poaching through thick and thin up to the middle Leg, and all the while the Rain pours down upon his Thread-bare Tatters: not his alone, but the Condition of the whole Army, looking like the Picture of *Pharaoh's* Host half drown'd in pursuit of the *Israelites*; and all the day long the dry Crust new soak'd with *Aqua celestis* in his Snap-sack, serves him both for Meat and Drink. Yet after all this tiresome March, had he but the Comfort at Night of an Inn, and a warm Chimney-corner, 'twould be something tolerable, nay, he might think himself happy to lie with the Horses i' the Stable; but to be chamber'd in the open Field, where tho he has the Liberty to make his Bed as wide as he pleases, and to tumble from one side to t'other, without rumpling his Sheets, yet to be plagu'd with two such Bed-fellows as *Dung-wet* and *Hunger*, and to be so wretched as to be forsak'n of his own Vermin, without any other Consolation then certain Whiffs of *Mundungus* from a Pipe as black as a Brewer's Chimney; What can be more miserable then this? And yet these are the Hardships which a Souldier endures, and to which he is subject every day, as being Necessities which are not to be avoided. But suppose he do light by the way into a poor Man's Cottage, where he practises his Courage and his Valour upon the single Cock and Hen, the wretched Labourer has, or the only Loaf of Bread and piece of Bacon, for which three or four Children will cry when he is gone; yet that Exigency which constrains him to commit such an Act of Barbarism, as to tear the Bread out of the Mouths of those that are as miserable as himself, does but lift him among the worst of Robbers, and entitle him to the lowest degree of sharking Beggery. Bring him into a warm Garrison, there's nothing for him but cold Comfort still. If he chance to out run the Constable in a Groat-Ordinary for Dinner, he must go supperless to Bed. His Landlord snips away half his Sustenance in Gains. For the Cheese, the hard, dry, course Cheese

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is valu'd according to Arithmetical, marked out according to Geometrical Proportion, which measures out but a short Allowance to the poor Souldier's hungry Belly. All the Food he eats is so coarse and dry, that it turns to Excrement, while the Ferment of the Stomach can hardly extract a *Chylus* sufficient to supply the craving Functions of the Entrails. Yet all this while the poor half-starv'd Souldier must help to repair Breaches, must watch, must fight, must stand Sentinel; stand, do I say! yes, a' must stand, because sometimes his Feet are half frozen to the Ground; a' must stand, because a' shall be hang'd if a' stirs; let him stir if he dare, tho he hear the Enemy mining under his very Heels; and tho he be sure at the same instant to be sent of a dead man's Errand to the Stars, and never to drop down again but in a Shower of shatter'd Limbs. And now would I fain help him again, if I could, with a Day of Battel, the Souldier's Harvest, the blessed time that he shall receive the Reward of all his Labours; but instead of the Spoil and the Plunder, with which he thinks to enrich himself, comes a Bullet that makes a hole through both his Cheeks, and carries away his Tongue along with it, or else at one Blow draws all his Teeth; a Kindness in some measure, considering what useles things they are to him. Or, if one Bullet spares his Cheeks, or his Tongue, or his Teeth, another breaks a Leg, or an Arm. Or, if he does escape safe and sound, what is he the richer? For he must have so many Witnesses of his Valour, so many Testimonials of his Courage, that he must be in more Battels then ever *Cæsar* fought, before he shall be advanc'd to the Degree of a Serjeant. Then again, Gentlemen, I pray ye now consider how few there are that have gain'd by the Wars, how many have perish'd in Battel, and lost both their Hopes, and their Fortunes at the same time. The number of the slain is innumerable, but for those that have enrich'd themselves by going a *Solgering*, as they call it, not enow to fight a pitch'd-Battel at Draughts upon the back side o' the Tables. But it is not so with your Men of Learning, they are never reduc'd to so much Want, nor expos'd to so much Hazard and Danger of their Lives. I ha' known a Man o' Letters that has been a Prisoner for Debt, and wanted Bread, yet by the Favour of his Keeper, having been let out of a Sunday, has got his Noble or ten Shillings, and a good Dinner besides, for talking an Hour to the People. Besides, it is much more easie to reward two or three thousand Men of Learning, then thirty or forty thousand Souldiers. For there be those Dignities and Places to be bestow'd upon the one, of which the other are not capable; whereas the latter must be rewarded by the Wealth and Substance only of the Prince or Potentate, whom they serve. But this does no way demolish my Assertion.

And therefore I return to my first Undertaking, which was to prove the Preeminence of the Souldier before the Man of Learning; and this I shall do by Reasons which I shall produce in favour of both. First, the Men of Learning say, That the Men of Arms cannot subsist without 'em; for tho the Souldiers have their Laws among themselves, to which they are subject, yet those Laws were made by Men of Learning; and that they are as well the Interpreters, as the Dispensers of those Laws. But by their Pardons, and with their good Leaves, let 'em not be so nimble-chapp'd; for I say that Arms are the Support of the Laws: They defend Common-wealths and Kingdoms, secure the High-ways, preserve the Frontier-Garrisons, scour the Seas of Pirates and Rovers, and, in a word, are the Security of the publick Safety. Besides, is it not a general Maxim, that we esteem that most, which costs us dearest? Oh, is it so! pray gi' me leave then—I would fain know what it costs a Man of Letters to become learned? You'l say,

say, Time, Patience, Watching, drudging at his Book, spare Diet, poor Habit, and the Want and Privation of a thousand Pleasures and Delights of this World. Well—and what's all this to the purpose? As if a Souldier were not put to these, and other Hardships and Inconveniencies ten thousand times more dismal and disastrous. For what Hardship is it for a Scholar to encounter a whole Army of *Celarent's* and *Barbara's*, *Camestres's* and *Festino's*, or to be *Sorbonicoscabitudinistally* confounded with a Legion of *Quinta Essentia's*, *Genera Generalissima's*, or an Host of *Prædicaments*, that will never break his Bones, nor his Brains neither, unless the Curse of running mad were entail'd upon him from his Mother's Womb, and for three Generations before? On the other side, look but through a ten foot Prospective Glass (for I'd ha' ye be sure you be out of reach, for fear of *Harm watch, harm catch*;) I say therefore, look through a long Glass, and see a Company of Souldiers storming a strong Bulwark resolutely defended, and see how boldly they venture up the Scaling-ladders, tho they are sure to be roasted with Bombs and Fire-balls, and then basted with whole Pail-fulls of boiling Lead, or scalding Oil, which, if it do chance to wash his thin Jacket, all the Honour he has, is to tumble to the Ground, and die roaring like *Hercules* in *Deianira's* Shirt. Could ye, like *Aeneas* in *Venus's* Cloud, so stand with Safety and Conveniency, as to observe two Men of War, within a Ship's length one a' t'other, vomiting *twenty Pounds* one at another, till the Decks and Gun-rooms swim with Blood, strew'd over with whole Joynts, Heads, Arms, and Shoulders, Legs, Thighs, and Bodies equally divided i' the Waste with Chain-shot, instead of *Persian* Carpets and sweet Herbs. By and by the two Spit-fires lay their Iron Claws one upon another, and lie grappl'd Yards-Arm and Yards-Arm together: In this Condition what has the poor Souldier to do? Stand he must, or leap into the Sea, which is no less ready to swallow him, and as hungry after his Perdition, as Death it self; and all the while upon that little piece of Timber that preserves him from one surrounding Danger, he sees a thousand more menacing his Destruction; Musquets, Cutlases, Half-pikes, Hand-Grado's, and the Devil and all. All his Hopes are in the Strength of his Arm, and his Resolution: He must either make his way by main force, or die; he must bear down all before him, or perish. However, here a man has some Sport for his Money; here is doing for receiving Mischiefe. But to ha' seen *Opdam* in his Chair losing his Draught, when the Silver Tankard of *Lemonade* was just at his Nose, and sent of a sudden to the *Cælum Emphyreum*, and never know who hurt him, there's the Plague on't: That's the thing that spoils the Honour of *Knight-Errantry*; for a Person of Quality, a Man of Courage and Gallantry, that had a fair Play, would drive a Regiment before him; but to be kill'd at a distance, is that wou'd vex a Saint. Now tell me, whether the Hardships which your Men of Letters undergo, are like to these? Tell me, whether the fierce Disputes between the *Sorbonists* and *Janfenists* will hold Comparison with these bloody, frightful Encounters? O happy Age, that never knew those dreadful Engines of Death! and a thousand times more happy Ignorance, that never found out that Infernal Mixture of *Sulphur* and *Salt-peter*; and may he be well rewarded in Hell, that first discover'd that damnable Invention that gave the basest, vilest, Coward, to him that perhaps wink'd when he shot, the means to bereave at a distance, the bravest, the most valiant, the stoutest Knight that ever brandish'd Weapon, of his Life, in the full Career of his Renown; while a pocky, confounded little Gobbet of the basest Mettle i' the World, discharg'd from the rusty Piece of the basest Scoundrel, *Rake-shame*, *Henroost-*

Hen-roost-Robber upon the Earth shall of a sudden, unexpected, unthought of, spat out the Brains of a Person that deserv'd to ha' liv'd many Centuries of Ages: So that when I consider these things, I begin to repent that ever I embrac'd the Profession of Knight-Errantry in such a detestable and unworthy Age. For tho there is no danger, how terrible soever, that can terrifie me, yet it troubles me to think that I should be subject to such an idle Hazard, least a Thimble full of Powder, and a little lump of Lead no bigger than a Nutmeg, should put a stop to my Courage, and prevent me from making known to the utmost ends of the World the strength of my Arm, and the keen edge of my Sword. But let Fortune dispose of me as she pleases, my Fame and Reputation must be so much the greater, since I expose my self to greater Dangers than all the Knight Errants of former Ages.

Thus did the Hero's Tongue run on with a *Continuando*, but his Teeth were idle all the while; for he was a Man that never minded his Victuals, when he was in a Discourse of Knight-Errantry: Tho *Sancho* were so kind as frequently to put him in mind of the Meat that was before him, and to follow the good Example of those that he saw so smartly laying about 'em for their Lives; and telling him withal, that it would be time enough to talk out his Talk when his Belly was full. On the other side, they that heard him, and had given as much Attention to his Harangue, as the season would permit, could not chuse but look one upon another with Admiration; that a Person who discours'd with so much Wit and Judgment upon other Subjects, shou'd lose himself so ridiculously at last, in his freakish and detestable humour of Knight-Errantry. However, the Curate applauded him, and told him, that he had spok'n a great deal of sense, in preferring the Sword before the Gown; and that for his part, tho it were against his Interest to say so, as being a man of Letters, and one that had taken his Degrees; yet he could not chuse but be of his Opinion.

At length, Supper being ended, and the Cloth tak'n away, while the Hostess, her Daughter, and *Maritornes* were getting *Don Quixote's* Chamber ready for the Ladies, *Don Ferdinand* desir'd the Captive to relate the story of his Life; for that in all likelihood by his coming in Company with the fair *Zoraida*, there must be something in it more than ordinary. Which Request being seconded by the Curate and all the rest that were i' the Room, the Captive reply'd, that he could not deny to satisfy their desires, only he was afraid lest he should spoil a good story in the telling: For, said he, the Story is a good one, I must confess, and contains such unlikely Truths, that will seem to surpass all the Fables that ever yet the Invention and Industry of Man contriv'd. Which words made 'em all presently prick up their Ears, and put themselves into a list'ning Posture, as if they had been to hear the Last Speech and Confession of some Eminent Offender upon the Scaffold. At what time, the Captive perceiving their Attention so well prepar'd, thus began.

C H A P.

C H A P. XII.

The History of the Slave.

I Was Born in a Village seated among the Mountains of *Leon*, of Parents that had more Wit than Money; or rather that were more beholding to Nature for Parts and Endowments, then to Fortune for Lands and Tenements. Yet in a place where Poverty it self seems to reign, my Father might have had the Reputation of being a Rich man, had he tak'n the same care to preserve, as he did to spend what he had. VVhich expensive and lavish humour he learnt by being a Souldier, having spent his Youth in that Pious School of VVar, which makes a Miser liberal, and a Liberal Man a Prodigal; and where one that pretends to Thrift, is lookt upon as a Monster, and unworthy the Profession of Arms. But at length, my Father finding the bad Effects of his Profuseness, and how destructive it was to that Provision which he was to make for his Children, who were all now at Age, he resolv'd to rid himself of that same dirty Arable and Pasture that fed his Prodigality, and to quit that troublesome Title of Landlord, before the Taverns got all. To which purpose, calling my two Brothers and my self into his Closet, Children, said he, I know my own Infirmary, that when I am fix'd at the Tavern, with my Cronies about me, I never think of my Boys at home; I would be loath that all, or any of ye, should come to the Gallows, because I never heard that any of your Ancestors were hang'd before ye. Neither do I like the cursed Trades of Bully-rocking, or Gaming, which are both pernicious, and will bring ye to dye in a Brandy-shop. But this I know, that since ye are begot, ye must live; and ye are now all of ye of Age to shift for your selves; and to betake your selves to some laudable Profession, that may one day advance ye both to Honour and Estates. To which purpose, that I may contribute as far as my late Repentance will give me leave, I have resolv'd to divide all that I ha' left into four equal parts; of which I intend three Divisions for you, and the fourth for my self. We have a Proverb, which in my Opinion contains a world of Truth, as all Proverbs are grounded upon long and sage Experience. *The Church, or the Sea, or the Court.* To teach us, that they who have a design to raise their Fortunes in the World, must apply themselves either to Learning, or Trade, or to the Service of his Prince. And thus I would have one of ye to follow his Studies, the t'other to turn Merchant, and the third to be a Souldier. But herein you must advise with your own Genius; for tho a Dunce may attain to good Preferment, yet he must be sure of Courage and Resolution, that advances himself by the Sword. In eight days I will be ready with your Proportions, and give 'em ye in ready Money, which will be the least trouble. Now, tell me what ye think of my Proposals; or whether you believe my Counsel worth following.

When my Father had done speaking, I earnestly desir'd him not to sell his Land, of which he might dispose without asking us leave, and told him that we were young enough, and had the World before us; and at last, I made my choice to be a Souldier. My second Brother, filially obedient, had the same sentiments that I had, and chose to be a Merchant; and so took his Fortunes in the *Indies*. The youngest, and the wisest of us all, made choice of the Church, a Harbour where a man of Complaisance may be

be always certain to ride secure. And thus having concluded among our selves, and made our Election to my Father's content, he embrac'd us all three, and at his time prefix'd he gave us our Dividends in ready Cash, which amounted to a thousand pounds apiece; one of my Uncles having purchased the Land, because it should not go out of the Name. All things were now ready for our departure, and we all agreed to take our several Roads the same day; but a certain scruple griping my Conscience, that my Father should be left with so small a pittance to support his Old Age, I return'd him six hundred thirty odd pounds of my share, assuring him that what remain'd, would be enough to buy me an Ensign's Place, and to spare for bodily Furniture. My Brothers, following my Example, did the like; so that we restor'd him back eighteen hundred ninety nine pounds of his Money again, like Sons full of Affection and Duty as we were, and to our Credit be it spok'n. And then it was that we took our leaves of our Father and Uncle with clear Consciences and lighter Pockets then we needed, after they had laid a strict Injunction upon us to send 'em weekly Tydings how we thrive in the World. And now, behold the three Brothers parted, as if one should take the Road for *Oxford*, the other for *Plymouth*, and I for *Flanders*; whither indeed I went, and there purchased a Colours under Duke *D'Alva*, where, how I behav'd my self, I shall not trouble this Company to relate. But hearing that *Don John of Austria* was made General of the Christians against the *Turks*, away I posted with Letters of Recommendation to *Genoa*, and there arriv'd the same day that *Don John* enter'd the City; where I had presently a Company conferr'd upon me, and was Shipp'd in a Man of War, that with several others was bound to joyn the *Venetian* Fleet: By which means it came to pass, that I was present at the Battel of *Lepanto*, so advantageous to all Christendom; where among some that were slain, and others that enjoy'd the Honour of the Victory, I had the misfortune to be taken Prisoner. For *Uchali*, King of *Argier*, a famous and desperate Pirate, being grappl'd with a *Maltese*, wherein there were but three Knights left alive, and those every one fore wounded, our Ship bore up to their Relief; at what time, I forsooth, to shew my self worthy of my new Preferment, must needs be jumping into the Enemies Vessel: And this happen'd just i' the nick, when *Uchali*, a cunning Gamester, having got clear of the *Maltese*, sheer'd away from our Vessel: So that none of my Souldiers being able to follow me, *Peel-Garlick* was left all alone i' the power of the *Turks*: Who, after they had wounded me in several places, for I resolv'd they should pay dear for their Bargain, made me a Slave; and I was carry'd to *Constantinople*, where *Selim* made my Master *Uchali* his Admiral at Sea, for having so valiantly behav'd himself in the Engagement, and brought away the Flag of the Order of *Malta*: For as for his running away at length, it was not imputed to him for a Crime, because he saw the Battel was lost. After *Uchali's* Death, I fell by Lot to the share of a *Venetian Renegado*, whose Name was *Aranaga*; formerly one of *Uchali's* Slaves himself, but one that knew so well how to please his Master, that he won his very Heart, and became very Rich; but was certainly one of the cruellest Rogues that ever defy'd Humanity; afterwards also advanc'd to be King of *Argier*, whither for that reason I was carry'd: And truly I was glad I was got so near within the smell of my Native Country, fully perswaded that I should find some way or other to make my Escape; for I could not find in my heart to despair. And therefore when one Project fail'd, I presently set my Brains at work for another. And thus I spent my time, brewing every day new Designs, being shut up in one of those

those Prisons which the *Turks* call *Stoves*, where they put their Christian Slaves, as well those that belong to the King, as to particular Persons. Now the King's Slaves are never put to work, no more then are they that have once treated concerning their Ransom; however, they are kept close i' their *Stoves*, for fear they should run away like slippery Tenants, and never pay for their House-rent. For my own part, as soon as they knew me to be an Officer, it was in vain for me to plead Poverty; I was look'd upon as a Person of Quality, and put among the Slaves for whom Ransom was expected, with a Chain so light, that it only shew'd me to be upon Terms for my Liberty, and that I was not one who was long to wear it. Yet can I not say, that I was free from Hunger, and many other Miseries, besides that *Azanaga's* Cruelties continually terrify'd me. Who, besides that he was wont, for every small Offence, to hang and impale his poor Captives, had a particular Humour to cut off their Ears, meerly to pickle 'em instead of Mushrooms, for Sawce to his *Mahometan Fricassees*. But to say no more of his Cruelty, nor my own Fears, and to come to the Point, you are to understand, that the Windows of a House belonging to a very rich *Moor*, very near as rich as his Kinsman *Pluto* himself, lookt into the Court belonging to our Prison; which Windows, according to the Custom of the *Moors*, are very narrow holes, and those too clos'd with wooden Lattices. Now it happen'd one day, as I and three others of my Companions (for the rest were gone forth to work) that is to say, as four of us were trying in the Court-yard how well we could leap the Almond. Jump in our Chains, casting up my Eyes to the Window, I saw descending from the Lattice a long Reed, with a Handkerchief ty'd to the end of it, which the Hand that let it down, caus'd to dance i' the Air, as it were a signal for some one of us to come and take it. Whereupon one of my Companions went to ha' laid his Paws upon it, but then it presently mounted again out of his Reach; which he taking for a Rebuke, return'd to his Sport. Then a second try'd, and then the third, but were all tantaliz'd alike; till at length seeing the Cane descend a fourth time, I resolv'd to try my Fortune; but then it was easily seen for whom the Handkerchief was intended; for as soon as I came near the Window, the Cane fell down at my Feet. Presently I took up the Handkerchief, and as hastily untying the Knot, I found a Nest of small pieces of Money, to the value of one of our Crown-pieces. You may well conjecture I did not weep to see such an unexpected Relief in the Condition I was in, and that I should be the only Object of the Charity. And then looking up to see from whence the Blessing came, I could discover no more then only a Lilly-white Hand that clos'd the Lattice at the same time. However, we all return'd our Thanks by bowing to the Window, after the *Turkish* manner, with our Arms a cross upon our Breasts. Which we had no sooner done, but there presently appear'd out at the same Window a little Cross made of Reeds; and then we concluded, that some Lady that liv'd in that House had tak'n Compassion upon us; but why so particularly to me, thought I; and with that I began seriously to consider with my self, whether I had ever made water under the Window, or no, but could not for my life remember any such thing. Then we imagin'd she was some Christian Slave, whom her Master had marry'd. For your *Moors*, as black as they are, love white Flesh for all that. And then we thought again, that having been once a Christian, she might be so still in her Heart. But all our Divining signify'd nothing to us that were no Conjurers; and therefore we took the common Road of Enquiry. But after all the Enquiry we could make to the utmost of our Power, all that we

could learn, was only this, That it was the Habitation of a certain rich Moor, whose Name was *Agimorato*, who had been one of the chief Magistrates of *Argier*, and far richer then ever was old *Audley*; a meer Miser, born to get a Mountain o' Money, and leave it when he has done. Ceasing therefore any farther Enquiry, we only ador'd the blessed Window every Day, from whence our comfortable Benediction fell. But notwithstanding all our Eye-worship, the celestial Casement did not open again in fifteen days; so that we look'd upon our late Refreshment, as only some few heat drops of Female Charity, and despair'd that ever the blissful Window would open again. But fifteen days after, when dreaming least of any such thing, being the same all four together in the Stove, without any other Company, down came the Angelick Reed and Handkerchief a second time. Upon which, we made the same Trial, as before, but with the same Success; for still the coy Handkerchief would not suffer it self to be touch'd by any but my self, enfoldng a Present of forty Crowns of *Spanish Gold*, and a Letter written in *Arabick*, with a fair Cross at the bottom of the Writing. Upon which, we return'd to our Station, and made our Obeyfances, as before; and after I had made a sign that I would read the Letter, the white Hand vanish'd, and the Lattice of Consolation clos'd again. This Accumulation of Fortune's Favours fill'd us with new Joy and fresh Hopes: But in regard that none of us understood *Arabick*, we were at a strange Loss where to find an Interpreter, not knowing whom to trust in such a ticklish Case as this was, as being loath to hazard our selves, but much more afraid to injure our Benefactress. At length my Curiosity to understand the Depth of such an Intrigue as this, constrain'd me to trust a Renegado of *Mercia*, who pretended a great Kindness for me. So that after I had us'd all the Caution imaginable to engage him to Secrecy, and pawn'd all the Credit I had with him in Mountains of Promises, if the Success were answerable to such a Foundation laid in Miracle, I desir'd him to read me a Letter, which I told him I had found in a hole in our Dungeon. The Renegado took the Letter, and after he had read a Line or two, he ask'd me for a Pen and Ink, and a piece of Paper; all which I had ready prepar'd i' my Pocket (for Slaves that have Money may have any thing.) And then the Renegado retiring, in a short time gave me the Letter back again, and the Translation of it, with this farther Advertisement, That *Alla* signify'd God, and *Lela Marien*, the *Virgin Mary*. The Substance of the Letter was this.

'When I was a Child, my Father kept a Christian Slave in the House, who taught me the Prayers of the Christians, and inform'd me of many things concerning *Lela Marien*. This Slave is since dead, and I know she was not cast into the eternal Fire, but is with God; for she has appear'd to me twice since her Death: And both times she charg'd me to retire among the Christians, to see *Lela Marien*, who has a great love for me. I have seen out at this Window several Christians, but I must confess, I never saw any one that lookt like a Gentleman but your self. I am young and handsome, and in a Condition to transport a vast Estate along with me. Consider whether you will undertake to carry me away: It shall be your fault, if I be not your Wife; or if you will not marry me, I make no Question but that *Lela Marien* will provide me a Husband. 'Twas my self that wrote this Letter, and I would have you be careful whom you trust; no Moor, whatever ye do, who are all a Company of Traitors. For if my Father should have the least inkling of my Project, he would thrust me into a Well, and cover me with Stones. I have ty'd a Thread to the end

of

'of the Reed, with which you may fast'n your Answer. If you can meet with no body that writes *Arabick*, tell me your Answer by Signs, which *Lela Marien* will instruct me to understand. God and she preserve ye, and that Cross which I kiss as often as the Slave commanded me

It will be needless, Gentlemen, to tell ye how we were all transported with Joy when we read this Letter, since every one knew they should be the better for my Success. The Renegado too, believing it might be likewise to his Advantage, as one that could never beat it into his Head, that we had found such a Letter by Accident, but that it was purposely written to one of us Four, with great Importunity requested us to tell him the Truth, and to rely upon his Fidelity, as one that would venture his Life to procure our Liberty. And so saying, he drew out of his Bosom a small Crucifix, and swore by him that suffer'd upon it, that he would be secret to whatever we should entrust him; to which he was the rather encourag'd, because he saw so great a Probability for us all to recover our Liberty by means of the Person that had written the Letter: And he accompanied his Oath with such a Shower of Tears, and so many Marks of Repentance for his turning Infidel, that we discover'd the whole Mystery to him, and shew'd him that heavenly Window from whence our Gold'n Showers fell down. Who, thereupon, promis'd he would use his utmost Industry to learn who it was that liv'd in that House; and that when I had written my Answer to our obliging Benefactress, he would transcribe it into *Arabick* for me: The Substance of which, I remember much to this purpose.

'The true *Alla* preserve ye, Madam, and the thrice happy *Lela Marien*, who has inspir'd ye with those blessed Thoughts of turning Christian. Your Design is pious and generous; and therefore you may be confident of our Endeavours, who are all your Vassals to serve ye with the loss of our Lives. Fear not then, Madam, to write, and give me notice of what you resolve to do. We have among us a Christian Slave who writes *Arabick*, as you will find by this Answer. As for your Offer of being my Wife, I should be the most ingrateful person living, should I not accept it; and if I should not honour, while I have Breath, the Person that throws her self into my Arms. The great *Alla* and *Lela Marien* preserve ye.

Two days after, when there was no body in the Stove, I went into the Yard, where I had not staid long, before I saw the Reed appear again, to which I fasten'd my Answer. Nor was it many Hours after, before the Comfort of our Lives hung out another white Flag of Peace, which dropt, fur'd up at my Foot, with above fifty yellow Boys in it, which was so far from being any Affliction to us, that we never question'd a fertile Harvest of our Enterprizes, when water'd by such Gold'n Showers as those. The same Night our Renegado came to us, and inform'd us that the House belong'd to *Agimorato*, one of the richest Moors in *Argier*; and that to inherit all his Wealth, he had but one Daughter, who was the most beautiful Person in all *Barbary*, and had refus'd all the considerable Matches that had been offer'd her: To which he added, That in her Infancy she was bred up by a Christian Slave, who had been dead for some years. All which agreed with what we found in the Letter. Thereupon we consulted with this Renegado how to make our Escape, and carry away the lovely *Moore*. But before we came to a Result, we resolv'd to stay till we heard farther News from the fair *Zoraida* (for that we understood to be her Name) seeing

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that

that without her Assistance, all our Consultations signify'd not a Straw.

The four following Days the *Stove* was full, and so nothing was to be done; but the fifth, none but our own Number being left, our Paradise open'd again, and down dropt the Crums of Comfort wrapp'd up in clean Linnen, but never till I was at hand to take it up. For if I were making water at what time the Hand appear'd, the Hand would never let go till I had done. And this time too *Zoraida* doubl'd her Files, no less than a hundred yellow Boys, all good Men and true, together with a Letter; of which to the best of my Remembrance, these were the Contents.

'I know not which way we shall take to get into *Spain*, for *Lela Marien* has not yet inform'd me, tho I have earnestly besought her 'in my Prayers. All that I can do, is to furnish you with Gold enough 'to ransom your self, and your Companions, and for one of the ransom'd 'Captives to purchase a Bark to convey us all away. For my part, I intend to spend all this Spring with my Father and our Slaves, in a Garden 'adjoining to the Gate of *Barbazon*, near the Sea-side. Thence in the 'Night time you may take me without any Danger, and convey me 'to the Bark. But remember, my dear Christian, that you have promis'd 'to be my Husband. For if thou fail'st me, I will pray to *Lela Marien* to 'punish thee. If thou canst not confide in any person to buy the Bark, 'ransom thy self quickly, and go thy self; I know thou wilt not fail to return, as thou art a Gentleman and a Christian. Make it thy business also, 'to know where our Garden stands. In the mean time do but walk in the 'Court when the *Stove* is empty, and I will give thee what Money thou desirest. *Alla* preserve thee, dear Christian.

When our Company heard this Letter read, there was not one but offer'd, if he might be first ransom'd, to go and purchase a Bark, and as soon as he had done, to return again with all the Speed and Sincerity imaginable; and had it been possible to ha' gone with their Bodies alone, would ha' left their Souls behind 'em in pawn, till they came back according to their Words; but the Renegado, who knew that one Christian was not to believe another in these nice points, would by no means consent, that any one should be singly ransom'd, till all were redeem'd together. For that he had known by Experience, that several Slaves had been singly ransom'd to fetch Conveniences for those who tarry'd behind, in Expectation of the releas'd persons Return, who might as well have expected the Vessel hop'd for, to come by water out of the Clouds, as by Sea. Upon whom the love of Liberty, and the dread of returning into Captivity so far prevail'd, that when they were once free, they forgot there were ever any such things as Gospels or Evangelists, upon which they had sworn not to leave their Friends i' the lurch. And therefore, said he, give me the Money which you design for the Purchase of a Bark, and I will buy one here, even at *Argier* it self, under pretence of trading to *Titan*, and upon the Coast; so that being Master of the Vessel my self, and under no Suspicion, it will be easie for me to serve ye all together; especially when ye have purchas'd your Liberty by the Lady's Assistance; for then being Free men, you may go aboard without Interruption, at Noon-day. Nor do I fore-see but one Difficulty i' the matter, which is, That the Renegado's are not permitted to buy Barks, but only great Vessels to pyrate upon the Seas. But for that I have an Expedient i' my Head, which is, to take in a *Moor* of *Tagarino* for a Share both of the Vessel and Gains, and so under-hand become sole Proprietor my self, and by that means bring all our Designs to Perfection. Truly we consider'd with our selves, that Necessity had no Law; that if we

we should seem to mistrust the Renegado, to whom we had already discover'd so much, it might incense him, and force him to disclose our whole Design; not only to our Destruction, but to the Ruin of the Lady, whose Life was more dear to us than our own; so that at last we resolv'd to put our selves into the hands of God and the Renegado; and to that purpose I order'd him to Transcribe a Letter, which I had written to *Zoraida*; that we were ready to follow her Advice, which seem'd to be no less than what *Lela Marien* had inspir'd into her Breast; renewing my Promise withall to Marry her. And I commended her, to make sure of a Husband as well as of her Religion.

The next day the *Stove* was empty, and then it rain'd Handkerchers; which at several times furnish'd us with a thousand Pieces of the same colour'd Metal, that reconciles and sets all the World together by the Ears; makes Friends Foes, and Foes Friends. Which made me so in love with Handkerchers ever since, that I can never come into a Gentlewoman's Company, but I am always either snatching, or stealing her Handkercher; nor do I ever return 'em again, tho the young Ladies beg their Hearts out, and protest never so much they were presented 'em by their Sweet-hearts, or *Valentines*, or any other the dearest Friends they have i' the World. Such a passionate Affection for Handkerchers did *Zoraida's* fortunate Linnen engrave in my Memory. So that when ever I see a young Gentleman filching a Ladies Handkercher, I ask him presently, whether he were ever i' the *Stoves* at *Algier*?

But to return to my Story: At the same time I found a Note in one of the blessed Handkerchers (for I can never speak of Handkerchers without an Epithet) to let us understand, that the next *Friday* she was to go to her Father's Garden; in the mean time, that if we had not Money enough, we should but give her notice, and we should have as much as we desir'd: For that she was Mistress of all her Father's Cash. And i' my Conscience she spoke Truth: For the next Thursday the t'other thousand *Peruvians* fell down prostrate at the Toes of my Shoes; at which I never murmured i' the least, but presently with a confiding Soul gave five hundred Crowns to our Renegado, for the Purchase of a Bark. The rest of the Money I put into the Hands of a *Venetian* Merchant, of my Acquaintance, who ransom'd me for eight hundred Crowns from the King my Master; promising to pay the money upon the first Return of a Vessel, which he suddenly expected from *Italy*. For had my Friend paid down the money upon the Nail, the crafty *Azanaga* would have suspected, that he had had it a good while in his Custody, and had made use of it himself. The same Night I had another Note from *Zoraida*, to let me know, that the next day she was going to the Garden, and therefore desir'd, as soon as I should be redeem'd, to let me see her. To all which I answer'd as much to her Satisfaction, as lay in my Power.

In the mean time, I made it my business to agree for the Ransoms of my Companions, left, seeing me at Liberty, and themselves still in Captivity, they should suspect me to be forgetful of their Condition, and enter into Combinations against me. For there is no trusting to the Devil in such Cases, who takes all Occasions to work upon men in Misery, to do mischief. To which purpose, I put all the rest of my money into my Friend the Merchant's Hands, with Orders to Redeem my three Companions, at as low a rate as he could, upon his Credit: Which he soon after accomplish'd.

CHAP. XIV.

Wherein the Captive goes on with his Story.

AND now the *Renegado* within the space of fourteen or fifteen days had purchased a very good Bark, that would conveniently carry thirty Persons. And first of all, that there might be no suspicion of his Design, together with the *Moor* that he had tak'n in for his Partner, he made two or three slight Voyages upon the Coast of *Barbary*, driving a Trade in dry'd Figs; and every time he put to Sea, he never fail'd to come to an Anchor in a little Creek, within Musket-shot of *Agimorato's* Garden. And sometimes he would go ashore, and walk up to *Agimorato's* House, to beg Fruit, which the *Moor* would bestow upon him, tho he knew him not: which he did to try whether the Access to the Garden were easie or no. By which means, when he saw that his Partner wholly confided in him, that he might cast Anchor where he pleas'd, and that I and my Companions were at Liberty; he came to me, and told me, that all the business I had to do, was to pick out a parcel of sturdy Fellows, that could tug at an Oar, and would help to cut a Throat or two at a dead lift; to consider who I intended to take along with me, and then to look after the main Business, which was, to get *Zoraida* ready against the next Friday, at what time he resolv'd to be gon. As for Rowers, kind Fortune (for had not Fortune been kind, this story could never ha' gone on so cleverly) I say then again, Kind Fortune help'd me to a Crew that were out of Employment, by reason their Master staid at home from Cruising that Summer, to look after a new Ship that he had upon the Stocks; whom I order'd to stay for me such a day hard by *Agimorato's* Garden, where I would give 'em their Hire: For I knew Sea-men too well, to give 'em money before-hand. For then when I wanted 'em, I must ha' been forc'd to have hunted all the Brandy holes i' the Town, before I could ha' found 'em. And now, quo I to my *Brains*, *Brains*, if ever you will shew your selves to be *Brains*, now shew your Quickness, your Craft, your wilie Contrivance, and the Perfection of your Invention — for now am I going about a Design, that requires the Assistance of all *Lucian's* Council of the Gods, the Subtlety of fifty Bawds, the dexterity of threescore Heirefs-stealers, and the acuteness of threescore and ten marry'd Wives, that are resolv'd to Cuckold their Husbands. For I must confess, when I consider'd the hazards and difficulty of the Enterprize, I was at my Wits end. And sometimes when I bethought my self how uncomfortable young Virgins were i' that place, Despair so seiz'd upon my Spirits, that I was once about to ha' giv'n over the Design. But then, quo I to my self, I never yet heard i' my life, when a young Lady had resolv'd upon a Bed-fellow, but that she would have him by hook or by crook; and therefore, quo I to my self, sure *Zoraida* has laid all her Plots so well before-hand, that if I am not a meer Ninny, it must be impossible for me to fail. This cheer'd my Spirits, and reviv'd my Hopes again; so that I resolv'd, fall back, fall edge, to speak with her. To that purpose, two days before our departure, I ventur'd boldly to the Garden, with an Excuse ready coin'd i' my mouth, that I came to pick some green Herbs for a Sallad: And so it happen'd, that the first Attempt that I made, the first Man I met was *Agimorato* himself; who ask'd me in the Language of the Galley-Slaves, what

I look'd for, and to whom I belong'd? To whom I answer'd, That I was *Arnaut Mammy's* Slave, as being a Person that I knew to be of his familiar Acquaintance (for tho I had never convers'd with the Book-seller that resolves Cases of Conscience, yet I made no scruple to tell a Lye to a *Moor*) therefore, I say, I told him I was *Mammy's* Slave, and that I came to gather a Sallad: Wherein however there was something of Truth; for tho I only pretended an Errand for a Sallad, yet I was sure I came for the best Flower in his Garden. After that, he ask'd me, whether I had offer'd Ransom, and how much it was? And upon the same Subject put me sundry Questions, and I gave him sundry Answers. But now to the Point — For as *Agimorato* was thus gratifying his Curiosity, *Zoraida*, who saw me at first when I enter'd the Garden, appear'd her self to make it a compleat Paradise. And as the *Barbary* Ladies never scruple to shew themselves to the Christian Slaves, notwithstanding my being there, she came directly to her Father, who as soon as he spy'd her, call'd her himself. 'Slife — such a Charming Beauty, and so much Wealth as glitter'd upon the Ornaments of her Head, where she had more Oriental Pearls to cover her Hair, then she had hairs to cover; the sparkling Diamonds, and other Precious Stones about her Wrists, and on the Buskins that she wore upon her Feet, brought my very Soul to stare out at the Casements of my Eyes, and with Admiration to behold the dazzling sight. What a Devil, thought I to my self, ayles this Virgin, that has so much Beauty, and so much Wealth, to quit her Native Soyl, meely to run away with Heaven knows who, and a tatter'd, ragged, abject, miserable Slave to boot? And then was I i' my Dumps again, as one that could not imagine that such a Morfel was ever design'd for my Tooth. But then recollecting with my self, that the Celestial Bodies, who are themselves subject to Excentric Motions, govern the Humours of Youth and Beauty; and calling to mind, that once a Pris'ner in *Ludgate* became the Master of his Mistress, and so to be Lord Mayor of *London*; I did not think it reasonable to call Destiny to give too strict an Account of her Actions, but rather resolv'd to lay my self at her feet, believing she had some *Christmas* Gambol to play, and then to sit and laugh at it when she had done. Parous *Zoraida* therefore, as I told ye, came to her Father; to whom *Agimorato*, Look ye, Child, said he, this is one of my Friend *Arnaut's* Slaves, and comes to pick a Sallad for his Master. Very likely, Sir, said she; and then turning to me, and what, quo she, have you paid your Ransom then? Madam, I have, said I; and I think my Master valu'd me sufficiently, to make me pay eight hundred Crowns in Gold. I assure ye, my Friend, cry'd *Zoraida*, had you been my Father's Slave, he should not ha' parted wi' ye for twice as much. For you Christians are such cunning Dissemblers, that for the lives of us, we *Moors* can never understand your Qualities; so that ye cozen us still of above three parts of your Ransoms. Y'are all Captains and Commanders after y'are redeem'd: But while y'are Slaves, you'd make us believe your Parents were so poor, as if y' had all been begot upon Dung-hills. Madam, said I, I am not to answer for what others do; but for my part, I deal candidly with my Master, as I intend to do with all the World. And more then that, Madam, I love to be true to both Sexes, to the utmost of my ability, in what-ever I promise. Very good, reply'd *Zoraida*; and when d'ye think to be gone? To morrow, Madam, said I; for there is a Vessel in Port ready to set Sail, and I am unwilling to lose the Opportunity. Besides, I have such an eager desire once more to revisit my Native Country, and to see what are become of my Friends and Relations, that it makes me the more impatient to lay hold upon the first Occasion.

'Tis an even wager then, said *Zoraida*, that you are marry'd in your own Country. Not marry'd as yet, reply'd I; but I have pass'd my Word, to marry as soon as I come there. And is she handsome too, to whom y' have made this Promise? cry'd *Zoraida*. Madam, said I, she is so handsome, that I may safely say, I never saw a Person more like her i' the World then your self. At which words, *Agimorato* smiling: I do not wonder, Christian, said he, thou art so hasty to be gone, if thy Mistress be as handsome as my Daughter, that has not her Peer for Beauty in all the Kingdom of *Barbary*. Look upon her well, and thou wilt find it to be true what I say. But while *Agimorato* pleas'd himself to find his Daughter pleas'd with this sort of Divertisement, a Moor came running towards him in all haste to tell him, that four *Turks* had clamber'd over his Wall, and were gathering his Fruit before 'twas Ripe. Which put him into a great Disorder, as he that would have rather a' had so many Swine in his Garden, which he could ha' driven out again when he pleas'd. But the *Turkish* Souldiers were a Masterless sort of Beasts, of whom the *Moors* stood almost in as much awe, as the Christian Slaves of their Masters. Thereupon *Agimorato* order'd *Zoraida* to go in adoors, and bid me take what Salading I pleas'd, while he went to perswade those Dogs of *Turks*, as he call'd 'em, out of his Ground; leaving me and *Zoraida* together, who pretending Obedience, seem'd to make toward the House; but when her Father was out of sight among the Trees and Currant-Bushes, swiftly returning with Tears in her Eyes, And are ye going then, Christian, said she; are ye going in earnest? — I am going, said I; but, Madam, take me not for such an Infidel, to be gone, unless I carry along with me the Treasure of my Soul. Therefore I come to give ye notice, that all things are prepar'd against next *Fryday*: Manage your Business then so, as to be ready against the Time, and fear nothing — For tho you have sav'd me the Expence of a thousand Lovers Oaths and Protestations, which are often as false as Hell, never believe I'll forfeit my Credit and my Reputation to so much Love and Vertue as yours. And this I utter'd with such a Reality, and so sensibly proceeding from the bottom of my Heart, that where my brok'n Language fail'd, the very motions of my Lips and Eyes supply'd the defect of my Expression to convince *Zoraida* of my Sincerity. Inasmuch, that throwing her tender Arm about my Neck, she slowly mov'd in that posture with a trembling pace toward the House; and in that posture it was that we met *Agimorato* returning, after he had perswaded the liquorish *Turks* to quit his Garden. True it is, that we plainly perceiv'd he had descri'd the Loving Embracements of his Daughter, and I trembl'd for fear of my dear *Zoraida*. But here it was that I found that presence of mind, which always succours the Female Sex in their Amorous Contrivances. For instead of taking away her Arm, which would but have put *Agimorato* into a Jealous Passion, she clung more close to me, and resting her Head upon my Breast, gave way to the weight of her Body to fall which way it pleas'd, as if she had been in a Trance; while I on the other side made a shew of supporting her with all my strength. Presently *Agimorato* came with more speed then a Dog-trot, to see what was the matter; and finding his Daughter in that Condition, ask'd her, what she ail'd? To which she returning no Answer, Alas! poor Girl, said he, 'tis only the fright which these Dogs put her into, that has brought these fits upon her; and at the same instant he took her out of mine into his own Arms. At what time, *Zoraida*, fetching a deep sigh, with her Eyes still bedew'd with Tears; be gone, Christian, said she, be gone. Why, my dear Child, why would'st thou have him be gone? Alas! he has done thee

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no harm, cry'd *Agimorato*, and for the *Turks*, they were so honest as to quit their pilfering Design, upon my Approach. Cheer up then, my Girl, and let the Christian stay, perhaps he'll tell us a Story will make us both laugh; for the Christians sometimes are notable Praters — No, no, said I, interrupting him, let her alone, these cursed *Turks*, Sir, have put her too much out of humour to hear Stories; and therefore for my part, since she desires I should be gone, I do not think it proper to trouble her with Impertinencies. Only I beg of your Worship to give me leave to come now and then as long as I stay, and pick a Salad in your Garden. As often as thou wilt, honest Christian, cry'd *Agimorato*. With this Liberty of his so freely granted, I took my leave both of the Father and the Daughter: Who, if there be any Truth in the Imagination of Lovers, seem'd to me as if she had been parting with her own Soul, when I parted from her. For young People in love, are like your Astrologers, who believe they see *Bulls*, and *Bears*, and *Rams*, and *Lions* i' the Sky, when there are no such things. But hang a Man that has no shifts, and a Lover without his Poetical Fancies. Well! but what did I next, you'll say? Why, in the next place, being thus uncontrollable, and alone i' the Garden, I walk'd it round, survey'd every Corner, every Descent, and every rising Ground: I observ'd all the Avenues to it; all the ways out of it, and where most conveniently to attack the House, if there should be Occasion, and whatever else of that Nature might serve to accomplish our Design: And having so done, away I went to give an Account of all to my Companions and the Renegado, impatient to possess the Blessing that Fortune offer'd me in the Enjoyment of the fair *Zoraida*. Well — at length the with'd-for Day arriv'd, and we had all the Success we could expect from a Contrivance laid with so much Discretion and Consideration. For the Renegado came to an Anchor in the Evening over-against *Agimorato's* Garden, and the Rowers lay ready conceal'd, with itching Fingers to be boarding the Vessel, and cutting the *Moors* Throats, knowing nothing of my Design, but absolutely believing they were to gain their Liberty by Surprise, and downright Murder. Soon after I came with my Companions; at what time the Rowers rose out of their lurking Holes, and met us for Orders what to do. We saw Fortune favour'd us, for by this time the City Gates were shut, and all the Coast was clear a' that side. So that our first Consultation was, Whether we should first endeavour to get *Zoraida* into our Possession, or make sure of the *Moors* that row'd i' the Bark. To which our Renegado, who was by this time enter'd into our Council, made Answer, That the *Moors* i' the Vessel were most of 'em asleep, the rest in a careless Security; and therefore the best way would be to make sure of them first, that we might be absolutely Masters of the Vessel, before we went to fetch *Zoraida*. And so saying, he lead the way, and leaping into the Bark with his Scimitar in his hand; *Let not a man of ye*, said he, *so much as offer to stir, unless he be weary of his life*. The *Moors*, who had hardly the Courage of so many Red-Herrings, surpriz'd to hear their Master thunder out such big words, and seeing so many Cutlaces drawn about their Ears, not daring so much as to lay a finger upon their Arms, with which they were but ill provided neither, submitted Hands and Feet to Christian Rigour with the Patience of so many Martyrs. So that having soon bound 'em to their good Behaviour, and lock'd up their Tongues and their Throats, under the Penalties of immediate Death and Destruction, we left 'em with a Guard of one half of our Party, while the rest, together with the Renegado, went directly to *Agimorato's* Garden. Where, after we had open'd the Door,

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we went to the House without the least Noise, or being perceiv'd by any body. Only *Zoraida*, who impatiently watch'd for our coming, with a low Voice ask'd us if we were Christians? To whom I made answer, *The same*, and all your Servants, Madam; at what time, she knowing my Voice, open'd the Door and came down to us, so bedeck'd and glistering with Pearls and Jewels, that I know not whom to liken her to; and therefore I will lik'n her to no body.

I took her by the Hand and kiss'd it, so did the Renegado, and the rest of my Companions. For by Instinct of Nature in such kind of Complements, Men and Sheep are alike; what one does, they all do. Nor had it been safe for me to have stood upon Punctilio's at that time, had I been *Amadis de Gaul* himself. After that, the Renegado ask'd her where her Father was? who answer'd him, a bed and asleep. We must wake him, cry'd he, and carry him along with us, and then clear the House, for why should we leave any thing behind? By no means, cry'd *Zoraida*, I would not have a hair of my Father's head touch'd; I have fleec'd him sufficiently already, for I shall take along with me all that is of value i' the House; and therefore pray be contented without meddling with him, who will have Sorrow enough, I warrant him, when I am gone. With that, re-entering the House, before I could well persuade the Renegado not to contradict her in the least, she return'd with a Cabinet full of Gold, as much as she could lift, or rather more. At what time unluckily her Father wak'd, and hearing a Noise i' the Garden, put his head out at Window, and began to cry out *Thieves, Thieves; Christians, Christians*; which put us into a great Disorder. But the Renegado seeing the Danger wherein we were, and of what Importance it was to be speedy in the Accomplishment of a Design of this Nature, ran up presently into *Agimorato's* Chamber, with some of my Companions, while I staid below with *Zoraida*. And now it appear'd that our Renegado was in his Element when there was a Robbery to be done, and that he hunted, as Dogs do, for his own Ends. Never did Men act more cordially and vigorously like Thieves in a Burglary, while he stole the Father, and I the Daughter. For he had not been gone above four Minutes with his trusty Companions, ere they brought down poor *Agimorato* with his Hands bound behind him, and his Mouth cramm'd with a foul Handkerchief, to prevent his bawling; only they left him his Legs at liberty, because they would not be troubl'd to carry him. When the Daughter saw her Father in that Condition, she turn'd away her Eyes, and besought us to do him no harm; which was the least of our Thoughts, provided he did us none. However, it shew'd a great deal of good Nature in a Child to spare her Father's Life, tho she took his Goods. And thus having all we came for, deeming Haste and good Heels to be our surest Protectors, we made all the speed we could to the Bark, where they that staid behind, were in no less Expectation of us, as fearful of our Success; but seeing us return'd with our whole Prey, their very Hearts skip'd i' their Bellies. It was now two a Clock in the Morning when we, being got safe upon the salt water, unbound *Agimorato*, and unstopp'd his Mouth, but threatening with a thousand Oaths to slit his Wezand, if he made the least use of his Throat. Presently the poor old Man beholding his Daughter, began to sigh, but he was more astonish'd to see me hugging her so close as I did i' my Arms, and she suffering it with a conjugal Patience; and no question but he would ha' made use of his Lungs, but that the Renegado stood over him with his drawn Hanger. However, *Zoraida* fuller and fuller of good Nature still, when she perceiv'd the Vessel begin to make away, be-

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fought the Renegado to desire me for Love's sake, to set her Father and the rest of the *Moors* ashore, for that it went against her Conscience to carry her Father away, whom she lov'd so dearly, as not to rob him of all, but leave him his native Country to be bury'd in. To which I readily consented, as desirous of nothing more then to be rid of him. But the Renegado, his Craft's Master in such Exercises as these, shewing me the Danger of landing a Company of exasperated Devils, that as soon as they had their Liberty, would be calling for help, and engage the People to send after us some nimble Frigate to pick us up again for Hawk's Meat; we all agreed, and *Zoraida* no less prudent then dutiful, consented not to deliver the *Moors* till we were upon Christian Land. So that after we had recommended our selves to God, as well as we could, considering the undefiledness of our Consciences, and the Justice of the Fact we had committed, we row'd on merrily, steering away for *Majorca*. But a North-wind rising, and the Sea beginning to swell, we were forc'd to bear in to the Coast of *Oran*, and to creep along by the Shore, not without some Apprehensions (for the Guilty are always in fear) of being discover'd from *Sargel*, which lies upon that Coast, about threescore Miles from *Argier*, or else meeting with some Corsair of *Tituan*, tho should it have happen'd to be a Merchants Ship, we had not car'd; for then we had been in our own Element again, believing our selves strong enough to ha' tak'n her, and so to have added to our Plunder. All this while *Zoraida* lay with her Head i' my Lap, either unwilling or ashamed to behold her Father; and yet for all that I could hear her very devout at her Prayers to *Lela Marien* for our Prosperity. Which I lookt upon as a Sign that a little Christianity would serve her turn, to her Praise be it spoken.

Well — by this time we had row'd thirty Miles, and the day breaking, shew'd us, that we were not above thrice Musket-shot from the Land, and that all the Coast was clear, which embolden'd us to put out to Sea. But then a blustering Wind rose, that oblig'd us to clap on all our Sails, and steer towards *Oran*, running eight Miles an hour, afraid of nothing but Pirates. Under the leisure of this Gale we gave the *Moors* to eat, assuring 'em, that they were no Slaves, but that we would give 'em their Liberty as soon as Conveniency would permit; and having repeated the same to *Zoraida's* Father; Christians, said he, if I may so call ye, that act more like *Turks*, never think me so simple to believe, that after you have expos'd your selves to all this Danger and hazard to carry me away, that you will be so generous as to grant me my Liberty, especially knowing what a Booty ye have. But if you will set your Price, I will give ye whatever you will demand, to release my self and my Daughter; at least, if ye will but set Her free, who is more dear to me, then my Life, and all my Estate. And so saying, he let fall such a Deluge of Tears, as if he had been going to wash his own sooty Moor's Face white; which drew from us all that little Compassion we had; at what time *Zoraida* turning about, and beholding her Father in that State of Affliction to which she had reduc'd him, could not forbear throwing her Arms about his Neck, and weeping to see him weep; and then to see them weep, you would ha' laugh'd to ha' seen all us weeping for Company. Tho I must confess, I cannot believe that *Zoraida's* Tears were any other then Tears of Course. For should I say they produc'd any Confession to her Father, or any other signs of Repentance then what I tell ye, I should lye most incarnately. But at length *Agimorato* having wip'd his Eyes, observ'd his Daughter in all her sumptuous Raiment, and glittering with all her high priz'd Jewels, as if she had been going to a Feast: How now, Daughter,

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quo he, What's the meaning a' this? Yesterday before this Misfortune befall us, you were i' your Worky-day Clothes, and now i' the height of our Calamity you appear in all your gorgeous Gallantry, as if you were going to a Wedding? To all which Questions *Zoraida*, as well she might, was at a stand what Answer to make her Father; who at the same time perceiving the Casket of Jewels in a corner of the Bark, which he thought had been safe in his Closet in *Argier*, strangely surpriz'd, he ask'd her how that came into our Hands? But then the Renegado stepping in; Come, come, Sir, said he, Catechises are for Christians, and not for you *Moors*: In short, Sir, your Daughter is not the Daughter you take her to be: She is turn'd Christian, and she it was that furnish'd us out of your Coffers with the means to purchase our Liberty; and thinks her self happy in embracing a Religion as full of Truth, as yours is of Lyes and Falshood. Is this true, Daughter, cry'd the *Moor*? My dear Father, I cannot deny it, answer'd *Zoraida*. How! reply'd the *Moor*, turn'd Christian! A precious Religion, by *Mahomet*, that teaches a Daughter to rob and enslave her Father. I am truly turn'd Christian, answer'd *Zoraida*, but I was not the Occasion of your Captivity; nor did I think to displease ye, but only to withdraw my self, and take a comfortable Subsistence along with me, which I humbly thank ye, dear Sir, you never deny'd me; to the end I might go seek that Happiness among the Christians, which I could not find among the *Moors*. And what Happiness, confounded Devil of a Daughter, is that, quo the *Moor*? Nay Sir, you must ask *Lela Marien* that Question, reply'd *Zoraida*, she'll tell ye better then I can. Upon which, the *Moor* thinking himself derided by his own Flesh and Blood, with an incredible Dexterity hung himself headlong into the Sea, where he had perish'd without Redemption, but that his Clothes buoying him up above water, we had at length the Opportunity to hook him up again into the Vessel, half drown'd and senseless. Which so afflicted good natur'd *Zoraida*, that she threw her self upon her Father, Pearls and Jewels and all, and wash'd him again with a Deluge of Tears, as if, poor Man, a' had not been wet enough before; but alas! she thought he had been dead, and that was only to embalm him. But because those vain Complaints signify'd nothing, I carry'd her off into the Cabin i' my own Arms of Consolation, and kiss'd away those Tears that had fully'd her fair Cheeks, telling her, that Fathers were to be forgot, when Husbands were i' the case: while the Rest took so much care of her Parent for my sake, that in two Hours he was as crank again as a Body-louse. At what time the Wind changing, Fortune guided us better then we expected, to a certain Bay secur'd by a Promontory, which the *Moors* call *Cava Roumia*, or the *Wicked Christian Woman*; having a Tradition among 'em, That the Daughter of *Don Julian*, who was the Occasion of the loss of *Spain*, was bury'd there. In that Place, perceiving the Wind favourable, and the Sea grown calm, we unbound the *Moors* and set 'em ashore, contrary to their Expectation. But when we came to let down *Agimorato* into the Skiff, Wherefore is it, Christians, d'ye think, said he, that this wicked Woman is so desirous to see me at Liberty? Think ye, 'tis out of any Love or Pity that she has for me? No, no, 'tis only because she's asham'd I should be the Testimony of her wicked Designs. Don't you believe that she has chang'd her Religion, because she thinks it better then her own, but because she has heard the Women have more liberty in your Country then among the *Moors*. She has heard what Pranks the Women play there, how they go when they please, and come when they please; how they crow over their Husbands, nay, how they have choice of Gallants, and the liberty

berty too to pick and chuse; and that's the thing she'd be at, under the pretence of changing her Devotion. But Christian, said he, turning to my self, for I find thou art pretty intimate with her already, if it be thy Misfortune to have her, pad-lock her be sure, chain her, immure her, let her never see Sun nor Moon, but only Candle-light, when thou art with her; for of all Women, there are none more dangerous, nor more certain to shew a Man a slippery Trick, then your Women that counterfeit Religion to cloak their mischievous Designs. And then turning to *Zoraida*, while my self and another held him, for fear he should a' done her a Mischief; Quisrtil without shame, said he, ingrateful, and inconsiderate Offspring of my Loins, whither do thy youthful Ardours so impetuously hurry thee? Think'st thou all the *Moors* are Eunuchs but my self that gave thee life? Curs'd be the Hour I did it, and curs'd be all my Care to breed thee up. Is it for this thou fend'st me home to empty Chests and Coffers?—Here I stopt the stream of his Passion; for finding the Storm of his Rage begin to rise too high, I thought it best to order the Rowers to carry him away by main force, and put him safe ashore, knowing we should soon be out of hearing his Exclamation; for which, to tell ye the truth, in Justice I could not blame him. But he had no sooner set his foot upon dry Land, but he began to pour forth his Maledictions, like Pease out of a Sack, both against us, and all the whole Race of Men and Women for our sakes: beseeching *Mahomet* to beg of God to sink, destroy, confound and overwhelm us, Ship, and all, to the bottom of the bottomless Pit. And when he thought us out of hearing, that his Curses and Lamentations would signify nothing, he fell a' tearing his Hair, rending his innocent Beard from his Chin, and wallowing upon the Sand with such visible Marks of Depair, that we were all afraid he would lay violent Hands upon himself. But then again, the Reminders of his Affection calming the Fury of his Transports, with all his force, Return, he cry'd, dear Child, return, I pardon all thy Folly. Leave those Ravishers the Wealth which they possess, only return, the sole Consolation of a Father that loves thee tenderly, and who must die in this Desert, if thou forsak'st him. *Zoraida* heard him, but all the Comfort that she gave him, was only this, That she desir'd *Lela Marien*, who had made her a Christian, to grant him Consolation; withall, calling the great *Alla* to witness, that she could not help what she had done, that the Christians had not forc'd her away, but that she could not withstand the Charms of *Lela Marien*, who incessantly press'd her to proceed in her Design, and therefore desir'd him not to be offended. I must confess, sh' had as good ha' said nothing, being assur'd that half these words were spok'n to the Wind; only that *Zoraida* had a mind to shew her self a dutiful Child to the last Breath. For by this time we had lost sight of *Agimorato*, and now disingag'd from all farther Trouble, as we thought, we sail'd along with such a merry Gale, that made us hope we should reach the Coast of *Spain* by break of Day. But as there is no good Fortune that comes pure and neat, without some Sting i' the Tail of it, whether it were our own bad luck, or whether Heaven had heard the Curses which the *Moor* had so heartily bestow'd upon his Daughter, our Joy was not of long Continuance. For as we were in the open Sea, three hours of the Night being spent, spooming before the Wind with a brisk Gale, and all the Sail we could make, we saw by the light of the Moon, a round Vessel bearing right upon our Larboard-side, so that we had much ado to sheer clear of her. At the same time they hal'd us, and ask'd us, whence our Ship? what we were, and whither bound? All which Questions being made in *French*, the Renegado

gado would return no Answer, assuring us, that they were *French Pirates* that made no Distinction of Friends or Foes. Upon which we held on our Course without answering a tittle, leaving the other Vessel by the Lee. But they resolving not to let us go so, sent two Messengers after us iⁿ the Devil's Name, and guided certainly by his own invisible Paw. For the first Shor brought our main Mast by the board, so that it tumbld into the Sea, Sail and all: The second went through and through the Bark from side to side, and made such a wide Passage for the Salt-water, that finding our Vessel ready to sink, we call'd out for help. Thereupon they presently hoisted out their long Boat, and in a trice we had no less then twelve *French men*, with their Muskets and Match lighted, to attend us; who perceiving the Condition of our Bark, took us into their Boat, reproaching us for our Incivility; and after they had ask'd us as many Questions as they thought fit, fell a stripping us, as if we had been their Capital Enemies; for they took, without Compassion, all that we had, from us, except the Cascanet of Jewels, which the Renegado not knowing otherwise where to hide, flung into the Sea, for *Neptune* to present to some of his Concubines; chusing rather so to dispose of 'em, then that they should fall into the Hands of those that would ha' sold 'em for *Bristol-stones*, and spent the Money upon Whores and Brandy. From *Zoraida* also they took the Bracelets about her Legs and her Wrists. But I did not so much mind the loss of the Pomp and Vanity of the World, as I fear'd the rude, lawless Rogues would ha' been scrambling for another Jewel more worth then all the rest, which would ha' vex'd me to the Soul, that I shou'd ha' taken so much Pains for Sailers Leavings. But as luck wou'd have it, the Brutes were so intent upon dividing their Spoil, that they ne're minded Beauty by Moon-light. But that which put me into a deeper Consideration, was, That they consulted among themselves, whether they should not throw us all into the Sea, muffle'd up in our own Sails; for that having a Design to trade in some parts of *Spain* under *English* Colours, they were afraid we should discover the Piracy they had committed, and cause 'em to be stop't in Harbour. But the Captain, to whose share *Zoraida's* Plunder fell, thought himself so well paid for his Night's Work, that he alter'd those violent Resolutions of his Diabolical Crew, and was so kind as to give us his long Boat, and as much Victuals as would serve to carry us ashore, of which he found we needed no great Quantity, being now within ken of the *Spanish* Coast; the sight whereof did so revive our Hearts, that we forgot our late Misfortunes. Nay, more then that, the Captain being a Man of some Compassion, and out of I know not what Qualm of Generosity, believing it ungentile to leave a young Lady without any Money in her Pocket, return'd her about forty Crowns of her Gold, and would not permit the Souldiers to meddle with the Clothes that she had on. So that indeed what might we not ha' sav'd, had we been half so wise as *Waltham's* Calf, when we had time to prevent the worst. However, we were very thankful, Ile assure ye, for what we had; and so being dismiss'd, away we row'd toward the Land, and by Midnight-Moon-light got ashore. Where, as soon as we had set our Feet upon the firm Sand, we wept for Joy, and gave thanks to Heaven that the worst was no worse. After that, we fetch'd our Provision out of the Skiff, and all that Night shelter'd our selves, as well as we could, under the Covert of a Rock close by. So soon as Morning appear'd, we sent up some of our Company to see if they could discover any Towns, or Villages, or Steeples at any distance; but there was neither the one nor the other to be seen, as if we had been in a Desert. Thereupon we

we resolv'd to foot it along, under the Guidance of Fortune, till we met with something, or some Body, that might convince us we were got into an inhabited Country. Nothing griev'd me, but to see that poor *Zoraida's* feet began to blister; so that I could ha' wish'd her for the time no bigger then a Pigmy, that I might ha' carry'd her at my back, as the Gyplies carry their Bantlings. I confess, sometimes meer Tendernefs and Affection constrain'd me to take her up upon my shoulders; but then me thought, I look'd so like a Petty-Chapman, with his Potter's Shop at his back, that I could not chuse but laugh at my self; besides, that it hinder'd us from keeping pace with our Company: So that all the help we had, was to walk Arm in Arm together, like *Young Gammer*, rugging her *Young Gaffer* along, with her Elbow in his Ribs, upon a Holy-day.

In this posture we travell'd along, till we heard the tinkling of a little Bell, which made us believe that there were some Sheep feeding not far off; and looking about us, we saw a Shepherd lying at the foot of a Cork-Tree, plotting no Treason I dare swear, but at his full ease, whistling a stick with his wood'n hafted Knife. As soon as we came within hearing, we call'd to him; but he, turning his Head, and seeing the *Renegado* and *Zoraida* in their *Moors* Habit, got upon his ten Toes, and believing all the *Moors* in *Barbary* had been at his heels, fell a running as hard as his Legs could carry him; crying out, *Moors, Moors, Arm, Arm*. Which put us into a peck of troubles, well knowing the Custom of the Place. For we were afraid that this should alarm the *Cavalry*, that lay ready to scour the Country upon such Occasions. And indeed, as we fear'd, so it happen'd; for about two hours after, as we were entring into a fair Plain out of a long Heath full of Brakes and Bryars, we saw about fifty Horse-men galloping towards us in very good Order. Nevertheless we resolv'd to abide their Charge without stirring a foot, believing they could not be so inhumane to hurt us. But alas, they were more astonish'd then we, when they found instead of the *Moors* which they look'd for, a small Crew of miserable, ragged, forlorn, tatter'd Christians. What! are you, they cry'd, the terrible black Legion of *Moors*, that ha' giv'n this hot Alarm? To which I was going about to give an Answer, at what time, one of our Companions knowing the Horse-man again that ask'd the Question, Bless'd be our Guardian-Angel, said he, that has brought us hither. For if I mistake not, we are in the Province of *Velez Malaga*; and if my long Slavery has not destroy'd my Memory, you are *such a One* my Uncle. Upon which the Horse-man, after he had look'd wistly in his face, whipt from his Saddle, and embracing the young Man, 'tis very true, said he; dear Nephew of my Soul, 'tis very true, I am that Uncle, that have a thousand times bewail'd thee for dead (see now how the Story begins to thicken) and thee it is, that my Sister, and thy Mother and I have lamented and bewail'd whole hours together, believing thee buried in the Belly of some Shark or Sword-fish; but Heavens! what weeping now will there be for Joy, when all thy Friends, that are still alive, shall see thee again. When the Souldiers perceiv'd that we were Christian Slaves, they all alighted, and proffer'd us their Horses, to carry us to *Malaga*, whither it was about four miles and a half. But we refusing to ride single, they took us up behind 'em; and as for *Zoraida*, my Companion's Uncle took particular care of her. In this Equipage we were joyfully receiv'd by the People of the City, who having notice of our Arrival, came forth in heaps to meet us. But nothing surpriz'd 'em so much as *Zoraida's* Beauty, at a time when the heat of Travelling, and her joy to see her self safe among the Christians, brought such lively Colours into her Cheeks, that I may safely say without flattery, I never saw any thing more lovely in my life.

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All the People accompany'd us to the great Church, where we alighted, to return thanks to Heaven for our Miraculous Deliverance from Slavery. And I remember that *Zoraida*, as soon as she enter'd the Church, and had look'd a little about her, told us, that she saw Faces which resembl'd that of *Lela Marien*, as she had appear'd to her. 'Tis very true, said I, for those are the very Pictures of her; which I inform'd her the rather, that she might pay the same Veneration to 'em, that the Christians did. Nor was *Zoraida* so thick skull'd, as not to know what I meant; for she acted the Christian so prettily, that all the People were over-joy'd to see such a Convert.

When we came out of the Church, the rest of my Companions had Lodging appointed for 'em at Publick Houses, where you may be sure they had their Diet and Being for nothing, to tell their Stories over and over to all Commers and Goers. As for *Zoraida*, my self, and the *Renegado*, the Souldier's Nephew carry'd us all three to his Father's House, who was a Slop-feller, a very sufficient Man; and one that receiv'd, and made as much of us as he did of his own Son. There we continued six days, till our Story grew thred-bare (for Stories are like Flowers, delightful when fresh, but wither when too much breath'd upon,) nor was the Slop-feller bound to maintain us for ever. Therefore after the six days of Honey-Moon were over, the *Renegado* went to seek his Fortune; but whither, or how he intended to dispose of himself, as having now done with him, I neither enquir'd, nor car'd to know. As for *Zoraida* and my self, we liv'd upon the Liberality of the Courteous Pirate, of which I laid out some part to buy her a Mule, to ease her in Travelling; and now I am going to see whether my Father be alive, and whether my Brothers have met with any better Fortune i' the World than I did. Though I must confess, I have no reason to complain of Fortune, who tho a little too unkindly she has bestow'd her Portion upon another, has however bestow'd the Wife upon me; and the Affection of *Zoraida*, whose Beauty and Vertues I value above all the Riches in the World. But in regard this World is govern'd by Proverbs, of which there is one that tells us, *More belongs to Wedlock, than four bare Legs in a Bed*: And another, that says, *Sweet-heart and Honey-bird keeps no House*; therefore it is, that I would fain find out a way to reconcile my self with this angry, frowning, waspish World; and beg of Madam, Countess, Dutchess, Queen, Empress; nay, if Titles would please her, I would call her Saint Fortune, that she would condescend to favour me so far, as to assist me to recover my self into a condition, that I may be able in some measure, to retaliate *Zoraida* for the Losses she has sustain'd for my sake, that she may not repent her having exchang'd and abandon'd the Superfluity and Abundance of *Mahometism*, for the Poverty and Misery of Christianity. In a word, the Patience which she has shewn in all the Hardships which she has suffer'd, and all the Misfortunes that have befall'n us is such, that I cannot but consider it with Admiration. But that which is more to be admir'd than all the rest, is her ardent desire to be a Christian. So that had I receiv'd no other Obligations at her hands, her Virtue alone is that which engages me to esteem and honour her as long as I live. Nevertheless, in the midst of all my Joy to be possess'd of Her, I cannot be at rest, till I am assur'd to find some corner of my Country, where I may possess so much Felicity in Tranquillity and Peace of Mind, fearing the death of my Father; and that my Brothers, if advanc'd, have found their Preferment in some places far distant from the seat of their Nativity; or else that Fortune has been no kinder to them, than to my self. This, Gentlemen, is my Story,

Story, which if I have not rehears'd to your content, you must pardon me, because I am no Orator: Or if I have been too prolix, I beseech ye to excuse me, because I could not make it any shorter. Besides, Gentlemen, I have observ'd, that when men tell stories of themselves, they are so full of their own Conceits, and so wrapt up i' their own Thoughts, that they never mind the Errors they commit; so that while they are, as it were, playing their own Game, they make those mistakes, which they can never so curiously observe as the standers by.

CHAP. XV.

Of what happen'd in the Inn; and of other Remarkable Passages, worthy to be known.

THE Story's a good Story, quo *Don Ferdinand*, and will serve well enough over a Bottle o' Wine: But not so strange, nor so full of Accidents or Variety, that I have heard. For my Ears meet with but one change in all the whole Relation, and that was when the Pirates chang'd your Gold for ye, and gave the Lady the rest again. But gi' me leave to tell ye, for tho I ha' been a sinner i' my time, I am now and then a little queasie-conscienc'd; I do not like the Master-Spring, that gives motion to the whole Watch-work of your Discourse. And therefore, had I been the Surveyor of this Tale, I should ha' laid it upon some other Foundation. I cannot believe, the *Alcoran* it self does any where justify a Christian Daughter, under a pretended inflam'd desire of turning *Mahometan*, to rob a dearly beloved Christian Parent of all he had i' the World, and run away with a Gentleman-like manner o' man, that had not a rag to his back. 'Tis true, I ha' heard of a Christian Damsel, that so soon as her Father was dead, got the Key of his Iron Chest, and cramming five hundred broad Pieces into her Apron, in her Brother's absence, ran away with it to a Grocer, and marry'd him, and the Grocer marry'd her for lucre of the Money. But this Christian Virgin was Conscionable; she took but five hundred out of five thousand, and left her Brother the rest. But this Lady robb'd her Father of all he had i' the World, and left him nothing but a Garden, and his choice of a few Trees to hang himself, when he consider'd how his own Flesh and Blood had serv'd him. You say, she did it at the importunity of *Lela Marien*: But this is to make our Saints in Bliss, no better than the Ancient Poets made their Heathen Gods and Goddeses, meer Whores and Pilferers. For if *Lela Marien* advis'd *Zoraida* to rob her Father; nay, as far as I can hear, she took a Journey to Earth a purpose to encourage and instruct her, then was *Lela Marien* Accessary to the Crime; which can never enter into my thoughts. And therefore, Sir, the next time you tell your Story, I would have ye with the Pruning-knife of Discretion pare off some part of it, and only say, That the Young Lady, like *Pasiphae*, and several others, long'd for something that Young Ladies, pent up as the *Moors* lock up their Daughters, by instin& of Nature long for at her Years; and that fixing her Fancy upon you, no body else would serve her turn — and so go on — What think you, Mr. Curate? — Truly, my Lord, reply'd the Curate, I have been all along of your Mind; and if I were to be

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Fore-man of *Lela Marien's* Grand-Jury; I would bring her in *Ignoramus*. However, *Don Ferdinand*, perceiving *Zoraida* to colour at his Opinion, told the Captive, that since the Lady had paid so dear for her Learning, he pity'd the misfortunes of her Beauty, tho' not the disappointment of his own Expectations: And as for her Pious design of turning Christian, he was so far from discouraging her in it, that if both he and she would be pleas'd to accept his offer, and go along with him, he would prevail with his own Brother to be *Zoraida's* God-father; and would himself take care to put 'em both into such an Equipage, as should Command a Welcome to his Native Country, bestowing *Zoraida's* Beauty and Merit. Which the Captive with many endearing Complements acknowledg'd for a high favour; but whether it were that he was unwilling to trust *Zoraida* with such a Whipster as *Don Ferdinand* seem'd to be, he humbly excus'd himself, alledging his desire to return with all the speed he could, where his Heart was already gone before. However, the Curate, *Cardenio*, and the rest applauded *Don Ferdinand's* Generosity, and gave him a thousand Thanks; as if the Offer had been made to themselves.

By this time the Sun was just gone down, when a Coach and Six came thundring to the Gate of the Inn, attended by several Horse-men, that rode into the Yard, and ask'd for Lodging. To whom the Answer was, That the House was full. Full! said the Gentleman, it cannot be so full sure, but that there must be room for the Judge of the Prerogative. The Inn-keeper surpriz'd to hear the Title, modestly answer'd, That all his Rooms were taken up, but if the Judge had a Bed of his own, as he question'd not but that he had, he would spare him his own Chamber. Presently appear'd a comely graceful Person, in a long Gown with tufted Buttons, leading a young Lady in his Hand, about fifteen Years of Age, to outward Appearance, in her riding Habit, neat and fashionable; but in her own Person so fair and lovely withal, that she dazzl'd the Eyes of all that beheld her; as being nothing inferior to *Madam Dorothy*, *Lucinda*, or *Zoraida* themselves. *Don Quixote* standing at the Inn-door when the Judge alighted out of the Coach, so soon as he saw him ready to enter, 'Sir, said he, you may boldly advance into this Chamber, and stay as long as you please, tho' it be not so spacious, nor so well accommodated as it should be: But be it what it will, there must be room for Knights and Men of Learning, especially when accompany'd with so much Beauty as you lead along; to which, not only the Gates of Castles should fly open, but Rocks themselves should know their Duty, and remove, or else dissolve before her; and Mountains part asunder, or sink in to the Earth, to give her way. Then enter, Sir, this Paradise, where you shall meet with Stars fit to attend the Sun that shines in your Hand; Valour and Courage in their Perfection, and Beauty in the Highest degree of Splendour. The serious Judge, amaz'd to hear *Don Quixote's* Bombast, survey'd him with a curious Eye, admiring his Dress and Aspect beyond his Words, and finding no Body to satisfy his Curiosity, resolv'd himself to have t'other view of the Mysterious Object, when *Lucinda*, *Madam Dorothy*, and *Zoraida*, having heard the Hostess to extoll her new Guest, went to pay her the Civilities of Strangers, and invite her into their Company. And the same spreading News also brought *Don Ferdinand*, *Cardenio*, the Curate, and the rest of the Company to wait upon the Judge, as an unknown Person of Honour and Dignity, but more to behold the dazzling Beauty of the Young Lady, and Complement her into their Society. On the other side, the Grave Judge was so confounded to hear and see so much in so little time, that he had not leisure to consider where he was, or whether

whether they were Apparitions or Realities. However, he put off his Hat with both Hands, bow'd to the Right, and to the Left; and with a composed Formality, for many Complements that had been bestow'd upon him, return'd a Majestick and Brief *I thank ye, Gentlemen*: For Gentlemen he thought 'em to be, and Persons of Quality; but as for the Countenance, Actions, Accoutrements, and Behaviour of *Don Quixote*, he knew not what to imagine or conjecture. However, as much Gentlemen as he took 'em to be, the Judge, who was a Man of Experience, as one that had been Young in his time, resolv'd to prevent their Kissing-Dances with his Niece; and therefore as soon as he had tak'n his Chair at the upper end of the Table, he made a Decree i' the first place, that the Women should keep together i' the inner Room, after the *Persian* manner, as being a sufficient number to hold a Chat together, till they dropt fast asleep, and tire the best Short-hand Writer in Christendom: And that the Men should drink and confer Notes together i' the outer Chamber, as a Guard to the Ladies.

The separation being thus made, the Glass had not gone about many times, before the Slave, who had all along kept his Eye fix'd upon the Judges Face, began to have strange Fancies and Imaginations in his Head, that the Judge was his own Brother; but being unwilling to trust his own Judgment, he went forth, and enquir'd of one of the Judges Servants, what was his Master's Name, and what Country-man he was? Who, instead of answering him, ask'd him, where he was born, that he did not know Doctor — the Famous Civilian in all *Spain*, who had advanc'd himself by his Learning, as being born but of mean Parentage among the Mountains of *Leon*. By which Answer, the Captive was confirm'd in the truth of his Conjecture, that it was his Brother indeed, and the same that had chosen to betake himself to his Studies. Thereupon he took *Don Ferdinand*, *Cardenio*, and the Curate aside, and assur'd 'em the Judge was his Brother; and that he was certain of it by all the Circumstances which the Judge's Servant had told him: Moreover, that the Young Lady was not his Niece, but his Daughter; whose Mother dy'd in Child-bed, after she had brought her forth into the World. Thereupon he desir'd 'em to advise him what course he shou'd take to discover himself, and whether it would not be his best way, to try whether his Brother would acknowledge him or no; in regard 'twas the fashion of the World to disown Poor Kindred. Let me alone, quoth the Curate, to try th' Experiment; my mind gives me I shall ha' good luck, for I remember I rose with my Bum upward this Morning: Besides, by that skill in Physiognomy that I have, I do not find by the Judge's Face, that he is a Person of that haughty Humour, to despise People in misfortune.

Thereupon, Supper being serv'd in, the Slave made an Excuse to absent himself; and for the Ladies, they Supp'd i' their *Turkish Harem* by themselves. The Curate therefore watching his time, about the middle of the Repast, after several chirping Cups had gone round (for many Judges will take up their Cups pretty smartly at Meals, which causes 'em as often to sleep upon the Bench:) I say, the Curate then taking his Opportunity, and addressing himself to the Judge, who was also at the same time in a pleasant Humour; 'Sir, said he, being formerly a Slave at *Constantinople*, I had then a Companion in misfortune, that bore the same Surname as you do: 'And Ple assure ye, Sir, he was a brave stout Fellow, and one of the best Foot Officers that ever fought i' the *Low-Countries*: But the poor Man did not meet with that good Fortune which his Courage deserv'd. To which the Judge, I well know my own Sir-name, quoth he; but I pray, what was that Officer's Christ'n Name? He had two, reply'd the Curate, *Ap*

'*Shenkin*, ap *Thomas*, and was born, as he said, among the Mountains of '*Leon*, or *Prittain*, I can't tell well which. And I remember particularly 'that he told me one Story of himself, and two other Brothers that he had, 'how his Father was given to good Company, but of such a singular good 'Nature, that his Liberality purchas'd him many *Hangers on*; by which 'means finding his Estate begin to waste, he resolv'd in time to divide what 'he had left among his three Sons; giving 'em withal, at the same time 'such proper Counsel and Advice, as shew'd him to be a person that understood the World. My Companion, it seems, chose the hazardous Employment of a Souldier, and betook himself to the Field, where, by his 'Valour, he advanc'd himself to be Captain of a Foot-Company, and had 'a fair Prospect of a Colonel's Place, had not Fortune laid a Block in his 'way, at which he stumbl'd, and fell into Captivity, being taken Prisoner 'at that same famous Battle of *Lepanto*, where so many Slaves recover'd 'their Liberty. From *Constantinople*, it seems, he was carry'd to *Argier*, 'where the strangest Accident befell him that ever was known since the Creation. And here the Curate took an Occasion succinctly to give the Judge an Account of the whole Story of *Zoraida* and his Brother, till he had brought 'em to be taken and plunder'd of all they had by the *French*, who had reduc'd 'em to the lowest Abyss of Misery and Poverty. To which head'd, that since that time he had heard no News of 'em, and whether they were arriv'd in that lamentable Condition upon the Coast of *Spain*, or whether taken by other Pyrats, he could give no Account. To all this the Judge listen'd with such an Attention, as plainly discover'd him to be not a little concern'd; insomuch that when he found the Curate had quite done, the poor Gentleman, with the Tears standing in his Eyes, fetch'd a deep Sigh. Ah, Sir, quo he, you little think what News you have told me, nor how deeply you have pierc'd me to the Heart. That brave Souldier you speak of, is, or was my eldest Brother, who out of a generous Ambition, chose to serve his Prince in the Wars, which was one of those Professions my Father propos'd to our Election. For my part, I betook myself to the Law, an advantageous Study, if a man can but once get the knack on't, and learn to comply with his Superiours. I thank God, I hit it so right, that I have advanc'd my self to the Degree of a Judge. As for our younger Brother, he went to the *East-Indies*, where he has vastly enrich'd himself, and so supply'd my Father with his yearly Presents, that he is in a much better Condition to satisfy his liberal Humour than ever he was. The good old Gentleman is still alive, and prays continually to Heaven to spare him his Life, but only till he may have the Happiness to see once more his eldest Son, from whom he has never heard, since he last took his leave. And truly I wonder that so prudent a Man as my Brother, should be so long abroad, and never find so much leisure as to write one single Line, to let a tender Father know what was become of him. Alas—had we understood his Condition, he should never ha' been beholding to a ridiculous Story of *Lela Marien*, and a miraculous Reed for his Liberty: All that I fear, is this, lest those cursed *Frenchmen* shou'd ha' retaken him, and flung him into the Sea, to prevent his Discovery of their Villany. Poor and unfortunate Soul! knew I but where thou wer't, thy Misery should soon be at an end, if all my Wealth could redeem thee from the deepest Dungeon in *Barbary*. And thou *Zoraida*, no less bountiful then fair, what Recompence can be sufficient to reward thy Kindness to my Brother? What would I give to see thee? Nay, what wou'd I not give to make two such unfortunate Lovers happy to their Satisfaction, after so much Hardship and Fellow-

Fellow-suffering? All which soft Expressions dropt with such Tenderneſs and Affection from the Judge's Lips, that all who heard him were deeply sensible of his fraternal Pity.

Thereupon the Curate seeing his Design had so well succeeded, resolv'd to release the compassionate Judge from the Oppression of his Sorrows, and restore the Company to their former Mirth. To which purpose he rose from the Table, and going into the Lady's Apartment, and leading *Zoraida* by the Hand, attended by *Madam Doroty*, *Lucinda*, and the Judge's Daughter, brought her forth, and presenting her to the Judge, while the Captain stood *incognito*, to observe the Event; Dry up your Tears, Sir, said he, and enjoy your Wishes; see here the lovely Sister, whom you have so ardently desir'd to see, and there behold the Captain your dear Brother. You see, Sir, the miserable Condition to which the *French* have reduc'd 'em; which Heaven perhaps has so brought to pass, that you might have an Opportunity to exercise your Bounty. With that, the Captain ran to embrace his Brother; who having view'd him well, and finding him to be the same person, immediately threw his Arms about his Neck, while the Captain embrac'd the Judge's Waste, and both held each other so closely enfolded, that the one seem'd to be *Thistleworth-Steeple*, and the other the Ivy that grows about it. And all the while the Judge wept, and the Captain wept, which set the Company a weeping to that Degree, that you could see no Faces for white Handkerchiefs; so that had a Stranger enter'd, he would ha' sworn it had been the House o' Mourning, or that the World had been at an end with 'em. At length the Judge let go, and being ungrasp'd by his Brother, ran to embrace *Zoraida*, promising her all *Ignoramus's* Joynture, *Gownos*, *Silkoatos*, *Kirtellos*, & *Petticotos*, for her Kindness to his Brother. Then he embrac'd the Captain again, and then again *Zoraida*. To tell ye truth, the good Gentleman was so over-joy'd, that he knew not which to embrace first, nor which to embrace last. Then *Zoraida* embrac'd the Judge's Daughter, and the Judge's Daughter embrac'd her: And they two could not chuse but have the other Bout at Weeping, to shew they were of the true Female Sex. And thus you see that Tears are like the Bells, which make no Distinction between Burials and Weddings. As for *Don Quixote*, he lookt on all the while very seriously and gravely, but neither wept, nor spoke a Word, ascribing all these strange and various Events to the *Chimeras* of *Knight-Erantry*. However, he offer'd to watch the Castle, lest any Giant or other boisterous Hector of a *Belianis of Greece*, hearing what an infinite Treasure of Beauty the Castle enclos'd, might have a Design to surprize it. For which, they that knew him return'd him immediate Thanks; and for fear he should think himself slighted by the Judge, they gave the Judge a brief Account of his Humour, and told him aloud, for *Don Quixote* to hear, that he was the valiant *Knight of the Ill-favour'd Countenance*, who had promis'd to guard the Castle that Night, and to give 'em notice how the Hours pass'd, with a *Good morrow my Masters all, good morrow*. Upon which, the Judge could do no less then gravely and seriously accost him, and return him Thanks as the rest had done, for his Care and Civility. Only *Sancho*, poor *Sancho* in the midst of all this general Rejoycing, stood fretting, and fuming, and cursing to himself, to be kept so long up from his natural Rest; till at length having obtain'd his Master's Permission, he betook himself to his beloved Pack-saddle, and there laid him down to snore, with a Head less troubl'd then a sinking Banker's, you may be sure; for which he paid full dearly, as you will hear by the Sequel.

For

For now the Ladies being retir'd to their Apartment, and their Men having accommodated themselves the best they could, *Don Quixote* went out of the Inn to watch the Castle, according to his Promise. And now was all the Inn wrapp'd up in Slumber, hush'd and quiet as the Temple of Silence; when a little before day-break the Ladies were awaken'd by a well-tun'd and most harmonious Voice, especially *Madam Dorothy*, by whose side, for want of a more comfortable Bedfellow, lay the fair *Madam Clara*, for so was the Judge's Daughter call'd. It was only a single Voice, and sometimes they heard it in the Court, and sometimes in the Stable. By and by came *Cardenio* knocking softly at the Chamber-door, and perceiving all were not fast; they that are not asleep, said he, let 'em come forth and hear a young Mule-driver sing. I profess, added he, his Voice is so delicious, that 'tis enough to enchant your Ears. We have heard him, reply'd *Madam Dorothy*, with wonderful Delight. But then *Cardenio* departing, and the Voice beginning a second time, *Madam Dorothy* listen'd with more Attention, and distinctly heard the following words.

CHAP. XVI.

Relating the Story of the young Mule-driver, with other strange Passages that happen'd in the Inn.

I.

I Am a young Sailor launched of late
Into the wide Ocean of Love,
Nor long did I rove,
Ere a Frigate so gay and nimble I met,
That I fain wou'd ha' laid her aboard:
But alas! when I saw she was free
To ha' spok'n wi' me,
My sails I presently lor'd,
So willing was I to ha' come by her Lee.

II.

But then a black Storm envelop'd the Skies,
And away she tack'd with the wind in her Poop,
While I unable to fetch her up,
Soon lost the sight of my Prize.
And ever since that, my fortune unkind,
I ha' sail'd up and down,
Despairing to find
Love's Haven so known, nor his great Sea-port Town.

III.

I lookt for a Star that might ha' secur'd me,
At least, as I thought, which the Poets assur'd me,

Shone

Shone as bright as the Star i' the Tail of the Bear;
But the hair-brain'd Poets talk idle, I fear;
For I gap'd i' the Skies
For my Mistress's Eyes,
But the Devil of any such Stars were there.

IV.

What's the matter, quo I, that thus I should miss
The general Mart o' the World;
Where all men are hurld,
To Love's Markets and Fairs
With all sorts of Wares?
'Slife! let me but meet this Frigate again,
Ple hazard the Rifco of wounded or slain,
But I'll humble her Pride,
And clap her aboard, or sink by her side.

Here *Madam Dorothy*, who till then had let *Madam Clara* sleep on, after she had wak'd her, Pardon me, *Madam*, said she, for giving yee this Disturbance—which was only that you might have the Opportunity to hear the most pleasant Voice i' the World. *Madam Clara* rubbing her Eyes, and stretching out her Legs, as not being fully come to her Senses, did not well apprehend at first what her Bedfellow said; so that *Madam Dorothy* was forc'd to repeat her Excuse over again. But then when *Madam Clara* heard the Voice it self, she fell into such a strange trembling, as if the unmerciful Devil of a Quartan Ague had been rattling her tender Bones in a Temple In-and-In Box. Ah, *Madam*! said she, wherefore did ye wake me? It had been better for me to ha' slept my last, then have heard this unfortunate Songster. How, *Madam*! reply'd *Madam Dorothy*, what's the matter? Why, 'tis nobody but a rascally young Mule-driver that sings, let his Voice be never so sweet. No, no,—answer'd Mrs. *Clara*, you are mistak'n, 'tis a young Gentleman of a fair Estate, and a Person of good Quality, that comes not hither by accident—To tell ye truth, *Madam*, he's the very Person that I love above all the Persons i' the World; and if my Father were dead, as I wish to God a' were, I wou'd marry him to morrow. Alas! I ha' been lock't up, and watch'd, and guarded any time this half year, for fear I should make my escape out at the Garret-window to him—but—*Madam Dorothy* strangely surpriz'd to hear a young Girl of her years talk so feelingly of Love, and Marriage, and Garret-windows; I profess, *Madam*, quo she, I do not understand ye—pray explain your self—and let us understand who this unfortunate Musician is—but stay—He's beginning to open his Pipes again—Pray let's hear the words of his Madrigal, if we can—You shall answer me my Questions, when he has done. When you please, *Madam*, reply'd Mrs. *Clara*; and so saying, she stopp'd both her Ears with her Fingers, and sunk down under the Bed clothes to prevent the Sound from reaching her Heart, while *Madam Dorothy* listen'd with all imaginable Attention to the following Song.

In

I.

IN Chase of a Mistress I ramble, like one
 That fain would be doing as others ha' done;
 Tho' what luck I shall have, or whether I must
 Still follow by Water, or choak'd wth the Dust,
 That's more then I know; but this I am sure,
 The Doctor spoke right, whoever spoke truer,
 That a Hair of a Woman, with her Goldy-love-locks-on,
 Draws more then a Toak of Somerfet-Oxen.

II.

Then Cupid, y^e faith, for Age my own Brother,
 Be kind, as one Boy should be to another;
 Thou seest me scarce wean'd from my sweet Sugar-sops,
 Yet would I be dabling for better for worse;
 Then feed not my Passion with frivolous Hopes,
 Nor tire my Fancy with Patience per-force;
 For if bank'd iⁿ my Humour, at random I run,
 Thy Godhead's contemn'd, and I am undone.

III.

There is one thing more I must tell thee, dear Love,
 These Smithfield Bargains I ne're could approve;
 I like not my Father's Match-broaking for Me,
 As if I could not please my self better then He.
 'Tis Thou shalt direct me alone iⁿ my Wooing;
 Then assist me, dear Love, my own Humour pursuing.
 For abandon'd by thee, if at random I run,
 Thy Godhead's contemn'd, and I am undone.

So soon as the sweet Songster had made an end, Mrs. Clara began her Complaints afresh; which redoubling Madam Dorothy's Curiosity, she claim'd the young Lady's Promise. At what time Mrs. Clara embracing Madam Dorothy in her Arms, and laying her Lips to her Ear, left Lucinda should hear their Discourse; 'He that sings, said she, is the Son of a great Lord in our Country, that liv'd at Madrid over-against my Father's House. I know not how this young Gentleman came to see me, unless it were at Church (where, you know, our young Gentlemen go more to look for Mistresses, then Devotion) I say, I cannot imagine where else he should ha' seen me, for our Windows were always kept shut. However it were, see me he did, and fell in love with me, and gave me to understand as much out at a Window that lookt full upon ours; where I could stand and peep, and see him cry for madness that he could not come at me, that it griev'd my very Heart to see him. Among the rest of the Signs that he made me, he would be shewing me a Hoop-ring, and put it upon his Thumb, and then joyn both his Hands together, to let me understand that he would marry me. I was over-joy'd to think I should have a Husband; for I was pretty ripe, and young and simple tho I

were

were, I had heard of Cupid's Name: Besides, my Mother was dead, and I liv'd all alone, and me-thought a Husband was the only thing that I wanted. But the Mischief was, I could not for my life contrive a way to let him know my Thoughts. So that all the Favour I could return him, was only when my Father was from home, to lift up the Lattice and shew my Face; which put the young Lad into such a Passion; that he seem'd to be almost distracted. When my Father was to go out of Town, I know not how he came to understand it, for I am sure I ne're could have the Opportunity to tell him, as I heard, he fell sick for Grief; so that I could not be so happy as to take my leave of him, not so much as with my Eyes. But after we had been two days upon the Road, as we were entring into the Inn, where we lay last Night, I saw him standing at the Inn-Gate in the Habit of a Mule-driver, so perfectly disguis'd, that had I not always since the first time I saw him, carry'd his Portraiture in my Heart, I should never ha' known him again. I confess I was astonish'd to see him, and yet I was glad he was so near me. And he for his part, has his bugle Eyes always fix'd upon me, unless it be when I am in my Father's Company, from whom he conceals himself with all the Care imaginable. And now in this Condition I know not what in the world to do; for being so well satisfy'd as I am of his Condition, and that it is for me that he suffers all this Hardship, and travels thus a-foot, I am ready to die for Sorrow; and where-ever he sets his Feet, there do I fix my Eyes. I wonder iⁿ my heart how he stole from his Father, who loves him entirely, as being his only Heir, and all the Children he has; and a lovely Youth to boot, as you will say when you see him. More then that, all these Verses that he sings he makes himself; for he is a most curious Poet, and as I heard say, he made Verses at School before he was twelve years old. And therefore, Madam, I must tell ye, that every time I see him, or hear him sing, my Heart is at my Mouth, and all my Blood comes into my Face; which makes me ready to die, for fear lest the crafty Fox my Father should come to discover something. For tho I never spoke to the poor Lad iⁿ my life, yet methinks I know not how to live without him. And thus, Madam, I have discover'd to ye a great Secret, and as much as I know concerning this young Songster, who has so delightfully charm'd your Ears: Say no more, cry'd Mrs. Dorothy, 'tis enough, Mrs. Clara, never trouble your self, I know better what belongs to these Love-jobs then you; and if you will but let me alone, I make no question but to bring this intricate Business to such a Conclusion as so fair and honest Beginnings deserve. Alas, Madam! what happy Issue can I expect, if his Father be so rich, and so noble, as they say he is? For then will he be so far from thinking me fit to be his Wife, that he will not deem me worthy to wipe his Shoes. How! reply'd Madam Dorothy; as if it were not a common thing for Noble-men now a-days to marry Citizens Daughters! and I hope 'tis not come to that yet, for a Tradesman's Daughter to hold up her Nose with a Judge's Daughter. That's nothing, reply'd Mrs. Clara, for I ha' heard of a Judge's Daughter that has marry'd her Father's Clerk. And therefore I had rather the young Gentleman would return home again. Perhaps Time and long Absence (for we are going to settle far off in another Province) may at last wear him out of my Thoughts; tho I must confess I ha' but a bad Opinion of the Cure. I wonder iⁿ my Heart, what Match-making Devil it was that put this amorous Intrigue into our young Brains; for I dare say, both of us together cannot make nine and twenty yet; he being but sixteen, and I, as my Father saies, not full

I i

thirteen

thirteen till next *Bartholomew Fair*. At which words, the subtle Madam *Doroty* could not forbear laughing, to hear one that was so ready for a Husband, talk so like a Girl in her Sampler. Come, Madam, said she, let's sleep the rest of the Night, to morrow I hope that Fortune, who has so well behav'd her self hitherto, will make a good end of her own Comedy.

Thus all was hush'd and quiet again i'the Inn, not a Weezele stirring; only the Inn-keeper's Daughter and *Maritornes* well acquainted by this time with *Don Quixote's* blind side, were resolv'd to play him a Trick of Youth to make themselves Sport, while the Knight in compleat Armour, and a Horse-back was parading and keeping strict Watch about the Inn.

You must know then, that in all the House there was no other Window that lookt out into the Field, but only a hole i'the Wall to put Straw into the Stable. Out of which hole it was, that the Inn-keeper's Daughter and *Maritornes* perceiv'd *Don Quixote* leaning upon his Lance in a languishing Posture, and fetching such profound and dolorous Sighs, as if Death had deny'd him his last Petition for Life. 'Fair *Dulcinea* of *Toboso*, cry'd he, with an amorous and effeminate Voice, Most Sovereign Queen of Beauty, Perfection of Wisdom and Discretion, Treasury of Debonairness and Behaviour, Vertue's Exchequer, and Exemplar of whatever is honest, profitable and delightful in this World, What is now your Princely Highness doing? Voutsafes your Highness one poor Thought upon your Beauty's Slave, who thus exposes himself for your sake alone, to so much Danger, yet with so much Patience and Courage? Tell me, Goddess with three Faces, tell me what she thinks, and what she does. For my mind gives me that thou beholdest her with Envy, walking in one of the sumptuous Galleries of her magnificent Palace, or leaning over some gilded Balcony, meditating some happy means to send Comfort to my Mind, to calm the restless Disturbances of my Thoughts, and to restore Repose and Tranquility to my Soul; how she may recal me from a rigorous Death, to a Life full of Felicity; and without engaging her Honour, recompence my Services. And thou Sun, who questionless dost hast'n thy Course, not so much to restore Day to Mortals, as to behold that Master-piece of Miracles, salute her in my behalf so soon as thou seest her. But forbear by any means to kiss her Lips, when thou mak'st thy Approaches to her Person, for she's reserv'd and modest beyond Imagination; and to be refus'd a Kiss, would be a greater Disgrace to thee, then the Affront which that same wanton and ingrateful Hussy put upon thee, when she made thee sweat in running after her o're the Plains of *Thessaly*, or along the Banks of *Penens*, for I ha' forgot which of the Places it was.

In these and such like eloquent Raptures was *Don Quixote* pleasing and carressing his vain Fancy, when he was interrupted by the Inn-keeper's Daughter, who beckoning to him with her hand, and calling him with a low Voice; Come hither, I beseech ye, cry'd she, quickly, quickly, Sir Knight. Upon that the amorous Knight turn'd his head, and perceiving by the light of the Moon, that some body call'd to him from the hole i'the Cockloft, which he took, at least, for a Window with golden Bars, such as belong'd to all those Castles that his fond Imagination had built i'the Air, he began as idly to conceive, that this could be no other then the Lord o' the Castle's Daughter, who altogether charm'd, and desperately in love with his merit, importun'd him to appease the Torment of her Passion. And with these *Conundrums* in his Pate, unwilling to shew himself a Clown, he approach'd the Hay-loft, where beholding two young Damsels;

Most

'Most beautiful Lady, quo he, believe the truest Knight that ever kiss'd the Hand of the fairest Virgin, if my Bowels do not yern within me to find your amorous Passion so unhappily misplac'd. But do not blame a miserable *Knight-Errant*, who is not Master of his own Will, whom Love has enthrall'd ever since that very Moment that another became the absolute Mistress of his Soul. Pardon me, Madam, I say, a Crime that I am no way guilty of; return, I beseech ye, to your Chamber, and do not heap Ingratitude upon me by the Accumulation of your Favours. But if in any other thing then Love I may repay your Kindness, demand it boldly; for by the Lovely Eyes of that sweet Enemy of mine, whose Slave I am, I swear, if you require it, I will immediately prostrate at your Feet a thousand Giants Heads, the snaky Curls of terrible *Medusa's* hairy Scalp, the Golden Fleece, nay, the very Beams of the Sun himself.

My Mistress has no need of any of these Toys, Sir Knight, reply'd *Maritornes*. What are then your Lady's Wants, most prudent *Governante*, reply'd *Don Quixote*? Only lend me one of your fair Hands, answer'd *Maritornes*, to assuage in some measure her violent Ardour that brought her to this Window, so much to the hazard of her Life, that if her Father should but know it, he would thread her as small as minc'd Meat; or if not so, I'm sure the biggest Bit of her would be but her Ear. How! reply'd *Don Quixote*, I'd fain see that Son of a Where Father, that durst be so insolent as to touch the soft and tender Members of his enamour'd Daughter, his last end should be a most dreadful Example to all Fathers how they interrupted their Daughters Caterwawling.

Maritornes, who made no question but that *Don Quixote*, after the Oath he had so solemnly sworn, would give her his Sword-grasping Hand, reach'd out the Halter of *Sancho's* Ass; at what time the courteous *Don Quixote* raising himself upon his Stirrups, and stretching forth his naked four Fingers and Thumb, with the wrinkl'd Back and Paume thereto belonging; There, Madam, said he, behold the Hand which you require, or rather, that Flail to thrash those Oppressors that trouble the Earth. That Hand, I say, which never Lady had yet the Honour to touch, no not the who has the sole disposal both of my Body and Soul. Not that I give it ye to kiss, but to admire the Contexture of the Nerves, the knitting of these Muscles, the swelling and capaciousness of these Veins; and that you may judge of the Strength of the Arm that has such a Hand at the end of it.

We shall see that presently, reply'd *Maritornes*; and so having made a sliding Knot at one end of the Halter, she fasten'd it about *Don Quixote's* Wrist, and ty'd the other end to the Bolt of the Door of the Hay-loft, with all the Strength and Skill she had. Presently *Don Quixote* perceiving the Halter begin to pinch and gird his Wrist, By the Mass, Lady, quo he, I don't like your Bracelets; you talk of kissing my Hand, and I think you intend to rend it from my Wrist-bone. Spare it, I beseech ye, Madam, for I assure ye, 'tis no way guilty of the Torment which I cause ye to suffer; there is no reason you should revenge your self upon an innocent Member. Alas! Madam, 'tis none of my Hand's Fault, that your Heart is so tormented for love of me — If you will be playing Love-tricks, play Love-tricks — This is Horse-play, Madam; by my faith, I don't like it — and therefore if I must be your Slave, I beseech ye, bind me in another Fashion.

But these Excuses, these Complements, these Expostulations signify'd nothing; the unfortunate *Invincible* pleaded all this while to the Wind; for the two Ladies that had hamper'd him, not in the Fetters of Love, but

with his own *Squire's* Ass's Halter, were gone to make wanton Comments by themselves upon the unlucky Prank they had play'd.

All this while the poor Knight stood upright in his Stirrups, with his Arm i' the hole, and fast bound by the Wrist, in a Pannick Fear, left *Rosinante* should take a frisk from under him, and leave him to suffer a new Torment, which the Ten Persecutions never dreamt of. So that he durst not move either to the right or left, for fear of disturbing his Steed, whose Patience he knew was such, that of himself, without being switch'd or Spur-gall'd, he would stand i' the same Posture a whole Age together. Therefore after he had continu'd in this Affliction for some time, perceiving the Ladies were vanish'd, he began to think it was some piece of Enchantment, such as befell him, when the enchanted *Moor* had almost pounded him into Almond Butter i' the same Castle; and then he curs'd his own imprudent Noddle, that had expos'd him a second time to the same Snare of Sorcery and Witchcraft. Nevertheless, he tugg'd, and hawld, and pull'd with all the Strength of his Man-slaying Arm; but the more he pull'd, the faster he found the Knot, and his Flesh the harder grip'd. So that the poor Knight was forc'd to stand a Tip-toe in his Stirrups, not being able to seat himself in his Saddle, unless he should have made an absolute Divorce between his Hand and his Arm, that Nature had joyn'd together. How many times in this Condition, did he wish for that miraculous Sword of *Amadis*, which cut in sunder all the Knots of Enchantment, as you would cut a Pack-thread with a Pen-knife? How many times did he *benbore* and bejade *Fortune*, for depriving the Earth of the Succour of his wrong-revenging Arm, when the World had such emergent Occasions of his Assistance? How many times did he invoke his dear *Dulcinea del Toboso*? How many times did he call for his faithful Squire, who lying at his Ease upon the Pack-saddle of his Ass, and drown'd in sweet Sleep, had now forgot there was ever any such a Man as his Master in the number of Mortals? How many times did he implore the Aid of the two Necromancers, *Lirgand* and *Alquiff*, and call upon his dear Friend *Organda* the Sorcerers?

At length Madam *Aurora*, and the Tel tale Sun discover'd him too, hanging by one Arm, like a great Calf by one Leg in a Slaughter-house, which put him into such a strange Confusion, that he fell a roaring like two Bulls fighting for a Cow in a Meadow, and he was so absolutely convinc'd of his being enchanted, seeing *Rosinante* stand so immoveable, as if his Hoofs had been pegg'd to the Ground, that he gave over questioning, but that he and his honest Horse were to stand there in that Posture for some Ages together, without eating, drinking, or sleeping, till reliev'd by some compassionate Necromancer.

At the same time four Horse-men well arm'd, and in good Equipage, rapp'd at the Inn-Gate, as if they were in haste to be let in; which *Don Quixote* observing, that he might not be wanting however in the Duty of a faithful Sentinel; Knights, or Squires, or whatever ye are, said he, forbear knocking at the Castle-Gate. Had ye either common Sense or Manners, you might easily perceive by the stilness within, that the Constable and his Servants are fast i' their Beds; and as y' are Knights, might know, 'tis not the Custom for Castle-Gates to be open'd before Sun-rise. Pray stay therefore, as ye ought, till the Sun be up, and then we shall see whether it be safe or no for the Gates to give ye Entrance; and this he utter'd so furlily, and so tartly, as if he had fed upon *Tenksbury* Mustard all Night.

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I the Devil's Name, cry'd one of the Horse-men, what Fort or Castle is here, that should oblige us to all these Ceremonies? And therefore if thou art the Inn-keeper, prethee open the Gates, for we are in haste to bait our Horses and be gone. Dogs of Knights, quo *Don Quixote*, do I look like an Inn-keeper? I know not who thou look'st like, cry'd another, but I'm sure th'art out o' thy Wits, to call this a Castle. I say, 'tis a Castle, reply'd *Don Quixote*, and one of the best i' the Province; and there are Persons within, whose Scepter'd Hands and Crowned Heads I stand to guard. Ile warrant ye, Mr. *Scare-crow*, cry'd another of the Horse-men, some paltry Gang of strolling Players, that sometimes lewdly act the Parts of Kings and Emperors; and you, like a Clout in a Cherry-tree, stand to watch their lousie *Tinsel*!—Else I can't imagine what Crowned Heads should be lodg'd with so little noise about 'em, in such a Hovel of an Inn as this. I perceive, quo *Don Quixote*, y' are all a Company of Buffle-heads as to the Affairs o' the World, that understand so little the Miracles of Chivalry. To that the Horse-men made no farther Answer, but being tir'd with such a sort of *Bedlam Gibbrish*, fell a bouncing and thundring at the Inn-Gate with such a Fury, that they awaken'd the whole House, and fetch'd the Inn-keeper out of his Straw to open the Gates himself. But in the mean time it so fell out, that one of the Horse-men's Beasts, which happen'd to be a Mare, smelling *Rosinante*, who, poor melancholy Creature, stood as quietly as a Lamb, supporting his Master stretch'd out at his full length, as if he had been reaching at a Hen roost, made toward him with an amorous Behaviour. On the other side *Rosinante*, Flesh and Blood like other Horses, could not forbear to meet the Carelles of so loving a Mistress, which caus'd him to turn soberly about to shew his Breeding. At what time *Don Quixote* having lost his footing, had fall'n like a Pig of Lead to the ground, had he not hung by the Wrist, like a *Westphalia* Ham in an Oyl-man's Shop. 'Twas an unmerciful Twitch, you may be sure, that the whole weight of so much Flesh and Bones, enclos'd in so much Iron, gave to one small Member, and the Pain no less tormenting, while the Sinews were ready to crack: Which *Don Quixote* augmented by stretching out his Legs to feel for the Ground with his Toes, which put him still more upon the Rack, out of a vain Hope to give himself Relief.

CHAP. XVII.

Being a Continuation of unheard-of Adventures.

THE dreadful Bellowing and Out-cries which *Don Quixote* made in this unsupportable Martyrdom were such, that the Inn-keeper fear'd almost out of his Wits, open'd the Gate, and accompany'd by the Horse-men, repair'd toward the Noise, to see what was the Matter. In the mean time *Maritornes*, waken'd at the same instant by the Knight's howling, and easily divining the Occasion, steals into the Hay-loft, and having dissolv'd the Enchantment, by untying the Halter, gave the distressed Warrior his Liberty; who being releas'd, presently fell to the Ground like a Stone, in the sight of the Horse-men and the Inn-keeper, who were all very inquisitive to know the Cause of his roaring so hideously, as if all the Winds in *Lapland* had been pent up in his Guts. But so far was he from giving

giving an Answer, that being got upon his Legs, up he whipt upon *Rosinante*, shouldr'd his Buckler, couch'd his Lance, and trotting a little way up the Field to take his Career, returns upon a full speed, as if the Devil had drove him, crying out, Whoever dares maintain, that I ha' been deservedly enchanted, lyes from his Throat to the bottom of his Guts, and I defy him for the Son of ten thousand Whores; and if the Princess of *Micomicona* will give me leave, I challenge him to single Battel. The Travellers were strangely surpriz'd at *Don Quixote's* Fury, but being inform'd of his Humour, they took no farther notice of him; only ask'd the Inn-keeper, if there were not in his House a young Gentleman of about fifteen years of Age, clad like a Mule-driver, giving him all the Marks of the Youth that was up to the hard Eyes in love with Madam *Clara*. Truly, reply'd the Inn-keeper, there are such a Number of People of all sorts i' the house at this present, that I never went about to take particular Cognizance of any single Person. Presently one of the Horse-men espying the Judge's Coachman, cry'd out, he must be here without question, for that's the very Coachman that drove the Coach which he is said to ha' follow'd. Let one of us, added he, stand at the Inn-Gate, while the rest search about the House; and it wou'd not be amiss, that some body should keep riding about the Inn to prevent his Escape over the Walls. All which the Inn-keeper observ'd, but could not imagine the Reason of so much extraordinary Circumspection, only thought 'twas to find out the Lad, of whom they had given him such a punctual Description before.

By this time the Sun was mounted high i' the Sky, and the noise which *Don Quixote* made, had awaken'd all the House; so that every body began to think of getting up, especially Madam *Doroty* and Mrs. *Clara*, who could neither of 'em sleep; the one to think her *Inamorato* should be so near her, and the other, out of an eager Curiosity to see what sort of Demi-Cherubim he was.

In the mean time, *Don Quixote* perceiving the Travellers took no Cognizance of his Challenge, and that not one of 'em vouchsaf'd so much as to think him worth a Look, breath'd nothing but Rage and Indignation; and but that he was afraid to transgress the sacred Laws of Chivalry, after he had pass'd his word, had certainly attack'd 'em all four together, and made 'em know their Driver. But in regard he could not attempt any Enterprize, till he had restor'd the Princess of *Micomicona* to her Throne, he must'r'd up all his Patience, and prevail'd upon his Passion to spare the Travellers for that time. Of whom, one of the Number having by this, found the young Person they sought for, sleeping securely by the side of a Mule-driver, after he had wak'd him by pulling him strongly by the Arm; In good truth, Mr. *Lewis*, said he, I ha' found ye in an Equipage very much befitting a Person of your Quality, and this Bed is monstrously suitable to the softness wherein you have been brought up. The young Lad, not yet fully come to himself, began to rub his drowsie Eyes, and looking wistly upon the Person that held him by the Arm, knew him at length to be one of his Father's Servants; which put him into such a Consternation, that he lay for a long time like one that had lost the use of his Tongue. Mr. *Lewis*, Mr. *Lewis*, continu'd the Servant, if it be a Love ramble that y' are now upon, your best way will be to give over your Chase at present, and return home with us, unless you have a Design to hast'n your Father into the other World; for nothing else can be expected from the pining Anguish which he suffers by reason of your unadvised Absence. This I shall

shall also add, that you are safe from the Doctor's Anger, and the *Birchen-Lashes* of his Fury; for your Father believing you were fled from his *Pedagogical Tyranny*, has vow'd never to send ye to that House of Correction any more. *Hartlikins*, quo Mr. *Lewis*, how came my Father to know which way I was gone, or that I was thus disguis'd? Why, Sir, one of your School-fellows that you had made privy to your Design, was he that made the Discovery, seeing your Father in such a deplorable Tols for want of your Company. Thereupon he sent my self, and three more of his Gentlemen after your Lordship; and now how glad are we to be the Instruments of restoring ye so soon as we hope we shall, to the Embraces of a tender Father, who certainly cannot but give us Annuities for our lives, for the Dispatch we ha' made, and the Comfort we shall bring him in his old Age. But still I hope 'tis at my Choice whether I'll go along with ye, or no, reply'd young *Don Lewis*. Why sure, Sir, reply'd the Servant, I hope the Devil has not bewitch'd ye to follow this Course of life; neither can I think you can be so ungracious toward my Lord your Father—All this Discourse the Mule-driver that lay i' the Straw by *Don Lewis*, attentively heard, and gave notice of it to *D. Ferdinand* and the rest; who were by this time up and harness'd, telling 'em how the Servant call'd the young Lad, my Lord; and how they intended to carry him back to his Father, in spite of his Teeth. Which Information of the Mule-driver, together with the delicate Voice, which it was reported he had, made 'em all earnestly desirous to know who he was, with a Resolution to assist him, if any Violence should be offer'd him. And with these Thoughts they went to the Stable, where they found the young Lad and the Servant in a hot Dispute together. At the same time Madam *Doroty* whips out of her Chamber, and meeting *Cardenio*, told him in few words what she knew concerning Mrs. *Clara* and the young Songster; and he on the other side, recounted to Madam *Doroty* what had pass'd between *Don Lewis* and his Father's Servants; which he could not do so privately, but that Mrs. *Clara*, who, with itching Ears, follow'd Mrs. *Doroty* close at the Heels, over-heard him; which was such an unwelcome Breakfast to her empty Stomach, that had not Madam *Doroty* ran with all imaginable haste to support her, she had fall'n to the Ground; but as good luck would have it, she got to her in Pudding-time, and carry'd her back to her Chamber, whither *Cardenio* desir'd the fainting Lady to return, with a Promise to bring all things to rights in a short time. And now the four Servants were all got about *Don Lewis*, perswading him to return home forthwith, not allowing him time so much as to wash his Hands and comb his Head. Soft and fair, quo *Don Lewis*, my Mother stay'd for me before she had me, and my Father is like to stay for me too, till I have dispatch'd a Business that concerns my Life, my Honour, and my Soul. Upon which, the Teoman of the Bottles, and the rest of his Gang, let fall such words, whereby *Don Lewis* might easily understand they were resolv'd to carry him home like a Cloak-bag, or a Calf before a Butcher, if he would not be conformable. That you may do, cry'd *D. Lewis* when I am dead, for then I may be Stuffing proper enough for a Leathern Mail.

Thus the Dispute growing hot o' both sides, all the Men that were in the Inn, ran out to see what was the matter, *Cardenio*, *D. Ferdinand*, and his Friends, the Judge, the Curate, the Barber, and *Don Quixote* also, who seeing all that Company, thought the Castle wanted no more guarding. Presently *Cardenio*, who understood the Story of *D. Lewis* better than the rest, demanded of his Father's Servants, Wherefore they went about to carry

carry the young Gentleman away against his Will? The Reason is, cry'd they, that we may restore the old Gentleman his Father to his Wits, who is ready to run mad for his Absence. That's nothing to you, reply'd *D. Lewis*, whether my Father run mad or no; I will return when I think good my self: and if I am not minded so to do, all that you can do shall never force me. Pray, Sir, then let Reason over-rule ye, cry'd one of the Servants; but if it won't prevail with you, we must endeavour to do our Duties. Upon which, the Judge interposing, Pray, Gentlemen, said he, let's understand the bottom of this business. Immediately one of the Servants knowing the Judge by his Face, after he had made him a reverend Bow, Does not your Lordship know, said he, this young *Springal*, whose Father liv'd so long over-against your House? and yet indeed, my Lord, it is no wonder at present, considering how feately the young Gentleman has bedizon'd himself. Upon which words, the Judge looking wistly in his Face, and calling him to mind; Good God, said he, my Lord *D. Lewis*! embracing him in his Arms, What childish Whimsies are these? What Affair of Life and Death, as if purf'd by a Messenger, has clouded ye in this Disguise so much beneath your Quality? But then perceiving the Tears run down his youthful Cheeks, and that he made him no Answer, he desir'd the Company to stay a little, while he took him into a little private Examination.

Now while the Judge was thus discoursing, and laying the Law to *D. Lewis*, there happen'd a great Hurly-burly at the Inn-Gate; for it seems that two Men, who had lay'n i' the Inn that Night, finding the People of the House were all busie, wou'd fain ha' stol'n away without paying their Reckoning; but the Inn-keeper more mindful of his Bar, then of Love-stories, stopp'd 'em at the Gate; and being in a Passion, demanded his Money with so much Choler and foul Language, that the two Men began to return him Score for his Scores, and to pay him in hard Blows, which they laid on so thick, that the Inn-keeper was forc'd to cry out for help. Presently the Hostess and her Daughter ran to his Assistance; but not able to do any good, the Daughter perceiving *Don Quixote* walking about, as one that had leaft to do i' the Company, ran speedily to him, and pulling him by the Arm, Sir, said she, I beseech ye, now shew that invincible Power that Heaven has bestow'd upon ye, and help my poor Father yonder in distress, and ready to be murder'd by two monstrous Giants. Fair Lady, answer'd *Don Quixote*, with a stegmatick Gravity, and a most surly Grace, you must excuse me, for indeed my word is past, and I dare not engage in any Quarrel, till I have finish'd an Adventure which I have promis'd to undertake. All the Service I can do your Ladyship at present, is only to give your Father good Counfel. Go then to the Constable of the Castle, and bid him maintain the Combat to his best Advantage, so as not to be vanquish'd; either by fighting on, or running away, as shall be most for his Convenience. In the mean time I will wait upon the Princess of *Micomicon*, for leave to assist him; which if I obtain, as I make no question but to do, you shall see me deliver him safe out of his Enemies hands either dead or alive. Wo is me a Sinner, cry'd *Maritornes*! before you can get leave of the Princess, my Master will be in another World. Pray Ladies, answer'd he, be but so kind as to suffer me to ask that leave, which is so necessary for me to obtain. For then, what tho the Constable of the Castle should be i' the other World? Ple fetch him thence with a Wannion in spite of all the Devils in Hell; or at least Ile revenge him so dismally upon his Enemies, that Ple send 'em all to a worse Place. And so saying, he went and threw himself at *Madam Doroty's* Knees, and in the most exquisite

quisite Terms that the Romantick Raptures of *Knight-Errantry* could express, most humbly besought her to release him a minute or two from the Chains of her Service, that he might but only go and rescue the Constable of the Castle from the *Saracen-Jaws* of two inhuman Giants that were ready to devour him. To which the Princess having most graciously condescended, the Knight grasping his keen *Kil-zadog*, and covering his left-Shoulder with his Buckler, flew like lightning to the Gate of the Castle, where the two Butchers were belabouring the Constable, like two Fellows dusting an old Piece of *Arras*. But no sooner did he behold the two Combatants, but of a sudden he stopp'd short, like a Setting-dog upon the Scent of a Covey, and stood as stock-still, as if his Feet had been enchanted to the Ground; and whatever the Daughter and *Maritornes* could do, to provoke and incense his noble Passion, wou'd not stir the tenth part of an Inch. 'Tis against the Laws of Chivalry, cry'd *Don Quixote*, for me to employ my Sword in the Murder of mean and paltry Squires; and therefore call *Sancho*—the Honour of these pitiful Jobs of Revenge belongs to him. This was the Issue of *Don Quixote's* Assistance, while the two Butchers were mawling the poor Inn-keeper's Face and Eyes without Mercy: at what time the Hostess, her Daughter, and *Maritornes* enrag'd to see the Champions Courage so strangely bauk'd, call'd him ten thousand Dastards, and cowardly Rascals, fitter to drive Hogs then to be a *Knight-Errant*.

All this while the Judge and *Don Lewis* were in deep Discourse together, who being press'd by the Judge to tell him the reason of his sorry Disguise, and the Ramble he had tak'n: Sir, said he, grasping hard the Judge's hand in his own, like a person who had something that lay heavy at his Heart, and with Tears in his Eyes, My Distemper is Love, the common Plague of Youth in this World: For, having seen your Daughter, *Mrs. Clara*, while you liv'd over-against my Father's House, to be free wi' ye, Sir, her Beauty has made a Wound i' my Heart, that i' my Conscience you may lay your three Fingers in it; and therefore since only she can be my Surgeon, if you think it convenient, the Price of her Cure shall be a loving Husband in the Person of *Don Lewis*; and this is the true Reason wherefore I have thus forsak'n my Father's House, resolving to follow her where-ever she go; altho as yet, I know, she's not acquainted with my Passion, in regard I was never yet so happy as to express my Passion to her. In short, Sir, you know who I am; I am my Father's only Son and Heir, as my Mother assur'd Him, and he believes. If then you think me worthy your Alliance, make me happy at last in the Possession of your Daughter; and I make no question, but you will find in me a Son-in-Law as dutiful, and a Husband as respectful as you can desire; and as for my own Father, should he have other Designs of disposing me, that will become frustrate by my own choice; I make no question but when he sees how well I have chosen for my self, he will heark'n to Reason.

Here the inamour'd young Gentleman stopp'd, while the Judge in a strange Surprise, and not knowing what Answer to make of a sudden, as being us'd to deliberate before he gave Sentence, said no more, but bid the young Gentleman not disquiet himself; for that, if he could prevail with his Father's Servants to let him stay that Day, he would consider his Case, and contrive what was most proper to be done for his Satisfaction. Upon which *Don Lewis*, forcing the Auditor's hand to his Mouth, caref'd it with his Lips, and bath'd it with his Tears; which so mollify'd the Judge's Heart, especially knowing how advantageous a Match *D. Lewis* would prove

to his Daughter, that the Match had been made, had *Don Lewis's* Father been there to have agreed upon the Joynture.

By this time the Inn-keeper and his Guests were at peace and quiet; for tho *Don Quixote* could not prevail by his huffing and swaggering, yet he laid the Law to the Butchers with that Discretion and Moderation, that they paid their Reckoning, and quietly departed. *D. Lewis's* Servants also patiently expected the end of the Judge's Discourse, and their Master's Resolution. In a word, all things were hush'd and quiet again; or at least, there was a fair Probability of a general Peace; when as the Devil, that perpetual Coyner of Mischiefs, would have it, who should enter the Inn, but the Barber from whom *Don Quixote* had forcibly tak'n *Mambrino's* Helmet, and *Sancho* the Furniture of his Ass, by way of an honest high-way Exchange. This same Barber carry'd his Mule into the Stable, where seeing *Sancho Panca*, and calling him again to mind; Most noble Squire Thief, quo he, have I found ye at length! and then seconding his Words with down-right Blows; Restore me, Rogue, my Bason, my Pack-saddle, and the rest of my Furniture, or I'll make Mummie o' thy Bones. *Sancho* finding himself so unexpectedly assaulted, and which was worse, so scandalously abus'd with scurrilous Language, snatch'd up the Pack-saddle, for which the Barber contested, with one hand, and with the Knuckles of the other, directed his Fist so full upon the Barber's Chop's, that he unloos'd all that side of his Teeth, and made him swallow an Ounce of his Blood. For all this the Barber would not let go his hold o' the Pack-saddle, but after he had empty'd his Mouth as well as he could, bawl'd out with all his force, and made such a Noise, that the Guests ran all to the Stable to understand the reason of the Combustion—Justice, Justice, it's the King's Name, quo the Barber; here's a high-way Rogue has robb'd me, and because I challenge my Goods where I find 'em, the Villain wou'd murder me—Ye impudent Tooth-drawing Dog, cry'd *Sancho*, I a High-way-man! ye lye i' your Throat; these are the Spoils of War, which my Master fairly gain'd in Battel. *Don Quixote* beheld all this with incredible Delight, pleas'd in his Soul to see how vigorously his Squire defended himself, and offended his Adversary. And now he began to think his Squire a Man of Prowess, and resolv'd to have him dubb'd with the first Opportunity, as believing the Order would receive great Advantage by his Valour.

As for the Barber, he made a better Defence with his Tongue than with his Fists. And among other things, Gentlemen, cry'd he, this Pack-saddle is as much mine, as my Life is his that gave it me; and I know it again as well as if I had brought it into the World. There's my Mule i' the Stable, that scorns I should be tak'n in a Lye, do but try the Pack-saddle upon his Back, and if it don't fit him as exactly as ever any Lady's Stays that were made by a *French Taylor*, hang me upon the Sign-post without Doors. Nay, this was not all—for the same day I was robb'd, they took from me a bras Bason spick and span new, that had never been us'd i' this World, and cost me a hard Angel but two days before. Here *Don Quixote* could not refrain, and therefore interposing, and parting the two Combatants, after he had laid it fairly to be seen by all the Company, till the Controversie were fully determin'd; Gentlemen, said he, I am glad you are here to be the equal Judges of the gross Mistake of this worshipful Squire, who calls a bras Bason, that which was, is, and ever will be, *Mambrino's* Helmet, and which I won from him in single Combat; at what time, not only his Helmet, but his Life was forfeited to my victorious Sword. As for the pretended Pack-saddle, 'tis no concern of mine; all that I can say to it, is this; That after I had vanquish'd this Hedge bird of a *Knight-Errant*, my Squire

Squire *Sancho* ask'd me leave to exchange Harneffes, that is to say, to take the Knight's Saddle and Houffes to put upon his own Ass, which I gave him Permission to do; but how that Saddle and Houffes should come to be chang'd into a Pack-saddle, is past my Apprehension, unless it should be done by the Power of those Enchantments so frequent in *Knight-Errantry*. And now to confirm what I say, Go, Sirrah *Sancho*, go presently and fetch me the Helmet, which this Son of Infamy calls a Bason. By my new-won Honour, quo *Sancho*; if we have no better Proof then your Helmet, we shall lose our Cause: For a Bason will be a Bason; and a Pack-saddle a Pack-saddle, tho you talk till Dooms-day. Do as I bid thee, for all that, cry'd *Don Quixote*—and don't make me believe the Devil works altogether by Inchantment i' this Castle—Thereupon *Sancho* having fetch'd the Bason, *Don Quixote* holding it up in his hand; Look ye now, Gentlemen, said he, how is it possible that this *Mahometan* of a Squire should be so confident as to maintain, that this is not a Helmet? And yet by the Order of Knighthood which I profess, this is the very Helmet which I took from that brazen-fac'd Infidel, without Addition or Diminution. Yes by my Honour is it, quo *Sancho*, and ever since my Master has been the Owner of it, he never wore it but in one Combat, and that was when he set the unfortunate Galley-slaves at Liberty; and in good Sooth-law, happy was it for him that he had this Bason of a Helmet to defend his Brains from a Shower of Stones and Brick-batts that rain'd upon his Scull in that Diabolical Encounter.

CHAP. XVIII.

Wherein are decided the Controversies touching the Helmet and Pannel, with other Adventures as they really happen'd.

THIS very well, my Masters; pray tell me now what's your Opinion of these worthy, right worshipful Ruffians, that have the Impudence to out-face ye, that this is a Helmet and not a Bason? He that dares say the contrary, cry'd *Don Quixote*, if he be a Knight, then a' lyes ten times in his Throat, and I'll justifie 't; but if a Squire, he's a Lye ten thousand times, and I'll prove it. Thereupon Mr. *Nicholas* the other Barber, willing to support *Don Quixote* in his Folly, and to drive the Jest a little farther for the Divertisement of the Company; Sir Barber, quo he, addressing himself to his Brother Tooth-drawer, know that I am a dignify'd Brother of the same Trade or Mystery with your self; and as I have been admitted of the Company these twenty Years, I understand all the Instruments that belong to your Barber's Trade, from the Wash-ball and Ear-picker, to the Blood-letting Lancet and Crow's-foot. More then that, I have exercis'd in *Cripple-gate Church-yard*, and understand a close Helmet, a Morion, and a Head-piece, and the distinguishing Difference between all these three; and I do affirm, with something of Submission to better Judgments, That that same piece which the Worshipful Knight holds there in his hands, is no more like a Barber's Bason, then a Medlar's like a Lobster; and therefore, I say 'tis a Helmet, tho I must confess not so well shap'd, nor so neat and compleat, as you shall see hang up in the Halls belonging to the Houses of some ancient Families. 'Tis very true, reply'd *Don Quixote*,

Quixote, because the Beaver is wanting, which is no less than one half of the whole. The Knight speaks with Discretion, and like a Person of Judgment, quo the *Curate*, who well understood Mr. *Nicholas's* Design. *Cardenio* also, and *D. Ferdinand*, together with his Friends, agreed in the same Opinion. As for the Judge, 'twas beneath his Gravity to mind these Fooleries; besides, he had found a Match that lik'd him for his Daughter, and therefore he was plodding how to bring it about, according to Law.

God forgive me, quo the Barber, fetching a deep Sigh! how is it possible so many worthy Gentlemen should be so beetle-blind, as not to discern a Bason from a Helmet? 'Slife! 'tis enough to puzzle the most learned University i' the World. Why, had ye been all so many blind Harpers, ye might have known a Bason from a Helmet by your feeling—And now the Bason's gone, I find what will become o' my Pannel; for if the Bason be a Helmet, the Pannel must be a War-saddle by Consequence.

For my part, reply'd *Don Quixote*, I must needs confess I believe it to be a Pack-saddle; but as I told ye before, those mean things are beneath my Decision; and therefore whether it be a Pannel or a War-saddle, I shall not turmoyle my Brains. My Lord *Don Quixote*, consider I pray, reply'd the *Curate*, 'tis your Business in such like Difficulties as these, to rule the Roast with absolute Dominion. For in matters of Chivalry, there is not one in all the Company but submits to your Determination, and as they ought in Duty, are resolv'd to abide by it. By the spangl'd Spheres of Heaven, Gentlemen, quo *Don Quixote*, you honour me to a high Degree; but so many, and so strange have been the Adventures I ha' met with in this Castle, both times that I have layn here, that I dare not determine affirmatively of what I see with my own Eyes; which makes me believe that nothing but Enchantment governs this Castle. The first time I was plagu'd almost out of my Life by an enchanted *Moor*; and *Sancho* my Squire was no less tormented by an invisible Legion of the same infernal Hue. And then again, but yesterday, which is but of a fresh date, I was hung up by one Arm for two hours together, not being able to divine who the Devil should do me the Injury, unless it were the Devil himself, or some of his footy Co-partners. And now for me to undertake to unriddle Mystries so perplex'd and confus'd, would be but rashly to provoke *Beelzebub* to do me more Mischief. I have told ye my Opinion already concerning the Helmet; but as to the business of the Pannel, to decide whether it is a Pack-saddle or a War-saddle, I dare not adventure to do it. That belongs rather to you, Gentlemen; for that perhaps not being dubb'd Knights as I am, Enchantments may have no power to hurt ye, and you may be able to make a sounder Judgment of the Transactions, while the Objects shall appear without Inchantment to your Senses, what really and truly they are, not as they appear to me.

Without question, quo *D. Ferdinand*, the Lord *Don Quixote* speaks nothing but Reason; this business falls properly under our Determination; and therefore that we may proceed regularly, and upon sure Grounds, I will collect the Suffrages of every one in particular privately by himself, and so let the Plurality of Voices carry it. This was sufficient matter of Pastime to those that understood *Don Quixote's* Humour: But *D. Lewis*, his Father's Servants, and the three new-enter'd Guests, who seem'd to be Bum-bayliffs, as indeed they were, look'd upon it as a meer frolick, but knew not what to make of it.

All this while the Barber was at his Wits end, to see his Bason transfigury'd before his Eyes into a Helmet, and made no question but that his Pack-saddle would undergo ere long as bad a Change, at least, for himself.

self. And therefore 'twas not for him to be so merry as the rest, who could not forbear smiling to see how seriously *D. Ferdinand* went about collecting the Votes, and whispering every one in the Ear, with such a starch'd and compos'd Gravity, as if it had been a Concern of Life and Death. After he had tak'n the Verdicts of all that were acquainted with *Don Quixote's* Humour, addressing himself to the Barber with a loud Voice; Honest Friend, said he, the Case is this, I am weary of asking the same Question for many times, especially finding that still they make me the same Answer. For there is not one but tells me, 'tis the greatest Folly i' the World, to ask 'em, whether this be the Pannel of an Ass, or no, since 'tis so visible to all Men of Sense and Judgment, that 'tis a Saddle; and not only a Saddle, but the Saddle of a Horse of Value; and they question whether it might not have been some Mayor's, or some Sheriff's Horse, considering the Ruines of the Trappings. And therefore your only Remedy must be the mad Dog's Cure, Patience per-force. For in spite of your Nose, and let your Ass bray never so many Arguments to the contrary, this is a War-saddle, only you have made a wrangling Dispute to no purpose, and prov'd nothing.

May I never enter into Paradise, cry'd the poor Barber, if ye are not all a Company of *Ignoramus* Jury-men, as wife and as worshipful as ye are; and may my Soul no otherwise appear in Heaven, then as this appears to me to be a Pack-saddle: But *Might has overcome Right*, and so let it go. Yet after this, I am sure I am not drunk, nor have I tasted so much as a bit o' Bread to day, unless it were i' my Sleep.

Thus the Follies of the Barber caus'd no less Laughter than the Extravagancies of *Don Quixote*, who having got the Day; Come, said he, there remains now no more to be done, but that we take our own Goods where we find 'em. And so saying, he seiz'd upon the Bason, while *Sancho* carry'd away the Pack-saddle, and the discontented Barber grumbld out a thousand Curses against the Partiality and Injustice of his Jury.

But the Devil could not be satisfy'd to see a Comedy conclude so pleasantly, without any Mischief at all in it; and therefore he enters one of *D. Lewis's* Servants, who being so possess'd, would needs be spending his Verdict where he had nothing to do; quo he, like a pragmatical Coxcomb, If this were not a piece of premeditated Drollery, how the Devil can it be, that so many Persons that seem to be Gentlemen of Quality and Understanding, should be so strangely over-seen, as to mistake a Fox for a Civet-Cat? But since they both say and affirm it, there must needs be some Mystery i' the thing, or else I swear—(and with that, he wrapp'd out three or four Cannon-bullet Oathes) a Legion of *St. Francis's*, and *St. Dominic's* shall never make me believe, but that yonder's a Bason, and that there's an Ass's Pack-saddle. Don't swear so fast, quo the *Curate*, for it may be a Mule's, for ought you know. As you please for that, quo the Fellow, still I say, 'tis a Pack-saddle. Thereupon one of the *Bumms* that last enter'd the Inn, and had listen'd to the Dispute, all in a Heat and Fury to hear such a Paradox maintain'd; 'Tis as really a Pack-saddle, quo he, as ever my Father was my Father; and whoever saies, or shall say the contrary, must be either mad or drunk as a Grape. Ye lye like a Dog, reply'd *Don Quixote*; and with that, heaving up his Lance, which he always carry'd in his hand, he made such a dismal Blow at the Bailiff's Pate, that had he not skip'd for his Life, the Knight had laid him sprawling at his Feet, where half the Lance lay in Splinters upon the Ground already, with the Fury of the Stroke. Upon which, the rest of the Bailiffs seeing the bad Entertainment of their Com-

Companion, fell a-tearing their ungodly Throats for the Constable. Their Yauling and Bawling brought out the Inn-keeper, who being one of the worshipful Fraternity, hasten'd to their Relief, with his rusty Basket-hilted Rapier, and sides with his Brethren. *D. Lewis's* Father's Servants fearing his Escape, withdrew to secure their Charge. The Barber perceiving the whole Inn in a Hurly-burly, desirous to take the Opportunity, runs away to regain his Pack-saddle, while *Sancho* suspecting his Design, was no less diligent to secure his own Right. In the mean time *Don Quixote* draws, and with his keen *Kil-zadog* attacks the *Bumms*. And now the Devil's Sport begins. *D. Lewis* entreats, desires, commands his Guardians to run and assist *Don Quixote*, *D. Ferdinand*, and *Cardenio*, who by this time were all engag'd in his Quarrel. The Curate bawls out a thousand *For God-sakes, Gentlemen*; the Hostess squall'd, her Daughter squeal'd, *Maritornes* howl'd; Mrs. *Dorothy* trembl'd; *Lucinda* quak'd; Mrs. *Clara* quiver'd; the Barber cuff'd *Sancho*, and *Sancho* maul'd the Barber. On the other side, *D. Lewis* perceiving himself held by the Waist-band of his Breeches by one of his Father's Servants, for fear he should make his Escape, gave him such a Salute full i' the Mouth, for his Sauciness, that he sent four of his Teeth to chew over his Meat again in his Stomach. *Don Ferdinand* tramp'd one of the Bailiffs under his Feet, as if he had been treading Grapes in a Wine-Trough; and *Cardenio* laid about him like *Garagantua* himself, while the Inn keeper in vain invoc'd all the Justices o' the *Quorum* i' the County. So that the whole Inn was in a hellish Disorder, where nothing was to be heard but Out-cries, Lamentations, Howling, Yelling, clashing of Swords, and a Loathsome Noise of Thwacks, Thumps, Buffets, Bastinado's, Knocks, Drubs, and Whirrets; besides a thousand disgraceful Dogs, Rogues, Thieves, Murderers, Villains, Sons o' Whores, Hoyday—as if Hell it self had been let loose—You would ha' sworn t'had been the Devil's own Bear-Garden.

In the midst of this Chaos and dreadful Confusion, *Don Quixote*, whose Memory never fail'd him so long as he kept his Scull whole, began to bethink himself of the Mutiny that happen'd in *Agrimant's* Camp; and believing himself engag'd in the thickest of that fatal Medley, with a roaring Voice that made the very Beams of the Inn shake; Hold a while, cry'd he, sheath your Swords, and give ear to my seasonable Admonitions, as ye value the Preservation of your Lives. Such was the Terror of his Voice, that as if the *Grand Signior* himself had spoken, they all stopp'd of a sudden, and prick'd up their Ears in Expectation of all the Proverbs in *Erasmus*; at what time *Don Quixote* proceeding: 'Have I not told ye, Gentlemen, quo he, that this Castle is enchanted, and that 'tis possess'd with a whole Legion of Devils? Now to confirm what I say, do but observe with your own Eyes, and then tell me whether that damn'd Squabble that happen'd in *Agrimant's* Camp, have not squeez'd it self in among us. Do but observe how, at that time, one fought for a Horse, another for a Doxy; one for an Eagle, another for a Crow; one for a Greyhound, another for a Setting-dog; just as we now cut and hack one another, yet neither know for what, nor who are our Friends, nor who are our Foes. Pray, therefore, you Mr. Judge, and you Mr. Curate, come higher; let the one be King *Agrimant*, and the other King *Sobrin*; and do you endeavour to reconcile us. For before *George* and the seven Champions, 'tis a shame that so many Persons of Quality, as here are now, should fight and kill one another for Helmets and Pack-saddles.

The Bumbailiffs not at all acquainted with *Don Quixote's* Raptures, and who had been rudely Rib-roasted by *Cardenio*, *D. Ferdinand*, and his Friends, were

were all for Revenge, and would hearken to no Accommodation. But the Barber was for a Truce, in regard his Pannel was broken, and his Beard almost all torn from his Chin. *D. Lewis's* Servants were easily persuaded, well knowing how much it concern'd 'em to mind a business of far greater Importance. And *Sancho* gave over as soon as he heard his Master's Voice, like a virtuous and obedient Servant. Only the Inn keeper could not suppress his Choler, breathing the utter Extirpation of that impertinent Dotard, that did nothing but disturb the Peace of his Inn, and plague him with continual Brawls and Quarrels. However, at length the Riot was appeas'd, or at least, there was a Cessation of Arms; the Pack-saddle continu'd to be a War-saddle, and the Bafon to be a Helmer, and *Don Quixote* fancy'd the Inn to be a Castle, as before, without Controul or Contradiction.

Thus by the indefatigable Pains of the Judge and the Curate, Peace being concluded, and all become Friends, or at least seeming so to be, *Don Lewis's* Servants renew'd their Importunities to him, that he would be pleas'd to return home to his Father; at what time, while *D. Lewis* was holding the Servants in suspense, and considering how to be rid of 'em, the Judge taking *D. Ferdinand*, *Cardenio*, and the Curate aside, gave 'em an account of what *D. Lewis* had discover'd to him, and desir'd 'em to give him their Advice what was fit to be done. Thereupon they all agreed, that *D. Ferdinand* should make known to *D. Lewis's* Servants who he was, and promise to take the young Gentleman home along with him, where he should be receiv'd and entertain'd according to his Quality; for that they found *D. Lewis* fully resolv'd not to see his Father as yet, unless they carry'd him whom Piece-meal. Nor durst the Servants resist, when they understood *D. Ferdinand's* Dignity, and the Resolution of *D. Lewis*; so that they concluded among themselves, that three of 'em should return back to give an Account of their Journey to his Father, and that one should tarry behind to wait upon the young Gentleman. And thus the Authority of *Agrimant*, and the Prudence of King *Sobrin*, pacify'd all Disorders, and ruin'd the dreadful Structure of Contention and Division, which the Devil had rais'd.

But *Satan*, that profess'd Enemy of Concord, disdain'd to see his Building thus demolish'd, and himself mock'd, and robb'd of the Fruit of his Labours, while he was but only stepp'd aside a little way, to sow a Handful or two more of Dissention in another Place, resolv'd to try one trick more before they parted, to set 'em all together by the Ears, as they were before. Thereupon he whispers one of the Bailiffs i' the Ear, who being no *Ignoramus* i' the Devil's Language, both understood, and was easily persuaded by him. Besides, he had been soundly thrash'd by *Don Quixote*, who, it seems, had particularly taken him to task, and Revenge was sweet; and this was another Motive besides the Devil's Temptation. Remembering therefore what the Devil had told him, he pulls his Letter-case out of his Pocket, and there among other Papers, finds a Chief Justice's Warrant against *Don Quixote*, upon a Complaint made for rescuing several condemn'd Rogues from their Keepers, who were to carry 'em to the Sea-side, in order to their Transportation. Having open'd his Warrant, he read it very leisurely, at the end of every Line, staring *Don Quixote* i' the Face, and still comparing the Lineaments of his Countenance, with the Description made of his Physognomy i' the Warrant. By which means being at length fully assur'd, that he was the Person intended in the Warrant, he darted himself upon *Don Quixote*, like a Lyon upon his Prey, and catching him by the Collar, held

held him so fast with his Thumb upon his Wind-pipe, that he hardly gave him Liberty to breath, crying out at the same time, Take notice, Gentlemen, that by Virtue of this Warrant, I seize this Fellow here; he's a Thief and a High-way-man, and therefore I charge ye i' the King's Name, to assist me. The Curate read the Warrant, and found it true as the Bailiff said. But the Knight finding himself so rudely handl'd by a Scoundrel, and call'd Thief and High-way-man beside, fell into such a prodigious Rage, that you might have heard his very Bones grind one against another in his Skin; and notwithstanding the hold which the Bailiff had of him, he clapt both his hands with that Violence to the Bailiff's Throat, that he had certainly strangl'd him without the help of a Lute-string, had not his Companions come all to his Rescue. Thus, while some took *Don Quixote's* part, and the Inn-keeper ran to help his Brethren, here was the Devil to do again. The Hostels seeing her Husband engag'd in new Broils, exalts her hideous Voice, while her Daughter and *Maritornes* put in for two upper parts, enough to ha' frighted the Devil out of a Body possess'd. Heavens bleesus, cry'd *Sancho*! beholding this new Combustion, certainly my Master spoke Truth, when he said this Castle was enchanted; nay, more then that, I believe all the Devils in Hell are broke loose, that a Man can't have an hours rest i' this damn'd Hole. Well—— at last *Don Ferdinand* parted *Don Quixote* and the Bailiff, to the great ease of both, who were mutually grasping each other's Throats, with a murderous Design. Nevertheless, the Bailiffs demanded their Prisoner, and requir'd Aid to bind him, and deliver him up into their hands as the King's Prisoner, a High-way-man, and a Risler of Travellers. On the other side *Don Quixote* laugh'd at their seizure of his Body, and with his usual Gravity; 'Hark ye me, Caitiffs, and Scum of the Earth, said he, Do you call him a 'High-way-man, and a Risler of Travellers, that sets at liberty poor People in Chains; delivers distressed Captives, succours the afflicted, and rescues the oppressed? Infamous Rascals! whose abject Cowardise, and Understanding not equal to that of a Dormouse, renders ye unworthy that Heaven should impart to your Knowledge the Vertue of *Knight-Errantry*, or convince ye of the Sin ye commit, or Ignorance ye are in, for 'not adoring the Shadow, much more the personal Assistance of a Magnanimous *Knight-Errant*. One word more, Scoundrels of Bailiffs! not Officers of Justice, Robbers, under pretence of Authority, tell me who that Justice was, that was so bold to sign a Warrant against a Knight of my Order? Some ignorant Wharfinger or other, who never understood that *Knight-Errants* are no Game for Justice to hawk after; that they acknowledge no Judge or Tribunal i' the World: that they have no other Laws but their Swords, nor obey any other Statutes, Edicts, or Ordinances, but their own Will. What impertinent Justices of the Peace, continu'd he, was that, who was so ignorant, as not to know that there is not any Title of Nobility can claim so many Priviledges, Prerogatives, and Exemptions, as are due to a *Knight-Errant*, the very moment that he is dubb'd, and devotes himself to that illustrious, tho' laborious Calling? What *Knight-Errant* ever paid Customs, Subsidies, Taxes, or Tolls, Knight-Baroner's Fees, Royal Aid, or Hearth-money? What Taylor ever askt him Money for making his Clothes? What Constable ever refus'd him Entrance into his Castle? Or who ever ask'd a *Knight-Errant* to pay a Cook for his Meat and Drink? Where is that King or Prince that has not always giv'n *Knight-Errants* free Admittance to their Tables? Or where is that Lady that has not been charm'd with their Merit, and submitted to their Valour?

'lour? Lastly, where was ever, is, or will be that *Knight-Errant* that has not himself alone a Strength and Courage liberal enough to bestow four hundred Bastinado's upon four hundred miscreant *Bumms*, if they dare be so hardy as to accept of his Kindness?

CHAP. XIX.

Containing the notable Adventure of the Bailiffs, and declaring withal, the horrible Wrath of the most Noble Don Quixote.

WHILE *Don Quixote* was defying Law and Justice after this raving manner, the Curate endeavour'd to persuade the Bailiffs, that *Don Quixote* was out of his Wits, as they might rationally judge themselves, as well by his Actions as his Words; and therefore that they would have no Thanks for their Labour, to seize and hurry away a mad Man to the Trouble of those that would as soon release him for a Lunatick, as he was. To which the Fellow that had the Warrant, made Answer, That it was not for him to judge, whether he were a Fool or a Knave, but only to execute his Warrant; which when he had done, let the Judges give him a hundred Discharges, 'twas nothing to him. I hear ye, and understand ye, quoth the Curate, however for this one time you shall not carry him away; neither do I believe that he himself will suffer ye to do it, for you'll find him a rough piece a' Flesh, a' my word. In short, the Curate knew so well how to preach to the Bailiffs, and *Don Quixote* committed so many Extravagancies at the same time, that the Bailiffs had been madder then he, had they not submitted to the Curate, and concluded to return a *Non est inventus* upon the Writ. Thus was *Don Quixote* secur'd from one of the greatest Perils that ever had like to ha' befall'n him in this Life: And the Bailiffs of their own accords, undertook to make an Accomodation between the Barber and *Sancho*; who ready to eat one another, still continu'd their Malice and Hatred, and fain wou'd ha' had the t'other Brush. But the Bailiffs being a sort of Retainers to Justice, the two embitter'd Enemies could not refuse their Mediation, wherein they behav'd themselves with such an unusual Equity, give the Devil his due, that both Parties submitted to their Determination, if not fully contented, yet in some measure satisfy'd; the Pannels being both exchang'd, but neither the Halters nor the Girts. And as for the Helmet, the Curate gave the Barber two Shillings for it, causing him to sign a general Release, at the same time, to the Knight, of all Actions, or Causes of Action, Suits, Endictments, Prosecutions, &c. from the beginning of the World to the Day of the date.

These two important Quarrels thus decided; the next thing was to send away *D. Lewis's* Servants back to their Master, leaving only one to attend the young Gentleman; which the other three were easily perswaded to do; first, because they could not help it; and secondly, because they left him in safe hands. So that Mrs. Clara, finding that at length she should have the Company of her beloved *Smock-face*, was so over-joy'd, that she look'd as fresh as a Rose in June, and seem'd ten times handsomer then she did before. As for *Zoraida*, who understood not the Reason of things, for want of understanding the Language, she observ'd her Female-Companions,

and when they laugh'd, she laugh'd; when they were sad, she was sorrowful. And in Cases of Difficulty, she watch'd the Motions of her Captives Eyes, as your Dancing-horses observe the Hand and Switch of their boyish Pedagogues.

There was only one thing more to be done to procure a perfect Reconciliation, which was, to satisfy the Inn-keeper for *Don Quixote's* Actions of Battery. For the Inn-keeper observing the Composition which the *Curate* had made with the *Barber*, demanded Satisfaction for his *Boracho's* and his Wine, and like a true *Captain* of a *Vintner*, brought in his Bill double the Sum, staring and swearing, that neither *Rosinante*, *Sancho*, nor his Ass should stir, by Virtue of an Enchantment call'd an Attachment, that he had laid upon 'em, till he was paid the utmost Farthing. To which the *Curate*; Men of no Conscience, quo he, (as but few *Vintners* are) must not be their own Carvers; and so taking the Bill, and making an equitable Deduction upon every Item, he procur'd of *D. Ferdinand* to lay down the Money, and order'd the *Vintner* to acknowledge the Receipt of his Bill to *Don Quixote*, with an *All's paid, and y' are welcome, Sir*. Thus was a *Pyrenean* Peace a second time concluded, and the Dissention and Slaughter in *Agramant's* Camp exchange'd for the Repose and Tranquility of *Augustus's* Reign, as *Don Quixote* himself most learnedly observ'd. And all the People in the Inn observing that this Miracle was wrought by the Prudence of the Peace-making *Curate*, and the Liberality of *D. Ferdinand*, they return'd to both their most hearty Thanks.

And now *Don Quixote* finding himself disingag'd from all manner of Quarrels or Combats, either for his own Honour, or in his Squire's behalf, began to bethink himself once more of the Adventure which he had undertaken, and that it was now high time to accomplish it. Full of these Thoughts he went and threw himself at *Madam Doroty's* Feet; who with no less Humility, unwilling to receive his Addresses in that humble Posture, made him a Sign to rise; which he observing, and being got upon his Legs, 'Most Noble, and most Illustrious Lady, said he, there is an old, old Proverb that tells us, *Diligence is the Mother of good Fortune*; and Experience teaches us, That in all Undertakings of Moment, Pains and Vigilance surmount the greatest Difficulties. The Truth of which appears in nothing so much as in War, where a watchful Care to prevent the Designs of the Enemy, frequently gains a complete Triumph, before the other has time to defend himself. I speak this, most Excellent Princess, because it seems to me, that our stay in this Castle is not only to no purpose, but may also prove greatly to our Disadvantage. For who knows, but that by this time the Giant *Pandafilando* may by his secret Spies have got Intelligence, that I am hast'ning to his Destruction; and so taking the Opportunity of the time which we loose, he may have fortify'd himself in some Castle, which all the Strength of my indefatigable Hands, and boistrous Shoulders shall not be able to demolish, either by tearing out the Stones one by one, or shoving it down all at once, in forty Years; to the great Disappointment of my Honour, and your Happiness. Therefore, I say, let us prevent his Designs by our Diligence and Speed; let us then make haste and be gone; for the longer it is before I come to grapple with your Enemy, the longer it will be before you obtain your Desires.

Here *Don Quixote* stop'd and said no more, but with a compos'd Gravity awaited the Princess's Answer; who with a set Countenance, and Expressions accommodated to the Knight's Humour and Language; Most Invincible Knight, said she, your eager Desire to relieve me in my Misfortunes, obliges me

me for ever to acknowledge your Favour, which I could not expect from any Deserts of my own, but as you are a courteous Knight, to whom it belongs to succour the Distressed and Neccessitous: Propitious Heaven accomplish both our Wishes, to the end I may be in a Condition to let you see there are Women in the World that know how to be grateful. As to what concerns my Departure, I am ready at this Instant, as having no other Will but yours; dispose of it therefore as you please your self, for you may be sure that she who has entrusted in your Hands the Interests of her Kingdom, and the Defence of her Person, can have no ill Opinion of your Prudence and Conduct.

In the Name of all the Twelve *Cesars*, let's away then, reply'd *Don Quixote*; and since so great a Princess condescends to this Humility before me, let's not lose the Opportunity to recompence her Lowliness, by an Exaltation equal to her Dignity, and a Restoration to her Hereditary Throne. Then *Madam* let's not stay one minute longer, *Delays breed Danger*; but hang Danger, 'tis Honour spurs me on. Danger! what's that?—'Slife! Heaven never created that thing, nor Hell e're saw that Monster, that could ever scare *Don Quixote*—Saddle *Rosinante*, *Sancho*—pannel thy Ass—and get ready the Queen's Palfrey—That done, we'll only take our leave of the Constable and these noble Knights—and then Giant, have at thee—Come, *Madam*, your Hoods and Scarfs, where are they?

Ah! Master, Master, cry'd *Sancho*, shaking his Head, there's more Knavery i' the Village than every body thinks of; I beg pardon of all virtuous Ladies for so saying. What Knavery, Dog, Slave, Traytor, reply'd *Don Quixote*? What Knavery in any Village, or in all the Cities of the World, can there be to my Dishonour? Nay, Sir, quo *Sancho*, if y' are angry, Sir, I'll bung up my Mouth. All that I had to say, was only to ha' told ye what I thought my self oblig'd to tell ye, as being your Squire, and what a faithful Servant ought to tell his Master. Say what thou canst, reply'd *Don Quixote*, but not a Syllable to cool the Ardour of my Resolution. If Fear possess thee, go hang thy self; for my part, I know not what Fear is, but when I behold it in the Countenances of my vanquish'd Enemies. As I'm a Sinner to Heaven, Sir, y' are out of the way. All that I intended to ha' said, is only this—Here's a Lady, forsooth, that pretends to be Princess of *Micomicon*, when she's no more Princess of *Micomicon* than my Mother that's dead and bury'd. For if she were such a great Princess, as she saies she is, she wou'd never lie smacking and slabbering the Snout of one i' this Company, as she does, to my Knowledge, in every Hole and blind Corner, where they think they are not seen. *Sancho's* Clownery fetch'd the Blood into *Madam Doroty's* Cheeks, which her Modesty could not prevent. For true it was, that *D. Ferdinand* would sometimes privately attempt to reap some part of the Harvest of their mutual Amours; which, *Sancho* who was all Chastity himself, having spy'd by chance, thought such a Familiarity rather became a Curtesan, than the Queen of a great Kingdom: Besides that, she had promis'd her self to his Master upon the Recovery of her Throne; and therefore he was of Opinion, that his Master might deserve the first Cut for so great a piece of Service. However, *Madam Doroty* thought it not fit to take any Cognizance of *Sancho's* Information; she could answer the Allegorical Knight, but not the down-right dunstable Squire: And therefore *Sancho* proceeding; That which obliges me, Sir, to this Freedom, is this; That I do not think it reasonable, after we have rid hard, fed hard, lain hard, and suffer'd all the *Hards*, but drinking hard, for I expect nothing but an empty Celler, and that's the hardest thing of

all; I say, after you ha' slain this same dismal Giant, and laid him as dead as a Pilchard at the Princess's Feet, as ye call her, a *Bragadosbio* here prickt up in an Inn, shall enjoy the Fruits of all our Labour and Travel: And therefore I say there's no such haste to saddle *Rosinante*, and the Queen's *Palfrey*, nor to pannel my As—no, no, let them that have a mind to the Hare, beat the Bush themselves—'Twas ne're a good time since young Women gave themselves to Idleness—and therefore let every Whore to her Spinning-wheel, and let us to our Victuals.

Which of the Muses shall I now invoke to aid me to express *Don Quixote's* unexpressible Wrath, when he heard this insolent Discourse of his Squire. So terrible it was, that with a Face like *Mount Aetna*, casting forth Fire from his Eyes, and breathing forth nothing but Smoke and Smother from his Nostrils, with a Voice of Thunder, and his Words crowding out of his Mouth so thick, as if he had been born in Nutting-time. 'Ye Baker-legg'd, Squint-ey'd Hopper-ars'd, Monky-fac'd, ignorant, stupid, unmannerly, ill-bred, faucy, foul-mouth'd, muttering Puppy, Whelp, Hell-hound, Ribbal, Rogue, Hedge-bird, Hang-dog, Caitiff, Mongrel, Bruit, are these Blasphemies for thee to utter i' my Presence, and before these illustrious Ladies too? How durst thy low'd Imagination harbour such abominable Thoughts as these? Get out o' my sight, thou Sink of Falshood, Store-house of Iniquity, Magazine of Imposture, Furnace of Mischief, Privy-house of Calumny, and perfidious Enemy of all Breeding and good Manners. Be gone, I say, under Pain of my just and heavy Indignation, least, after I have tormented thee, like another *Ravillack*, I crumble thee to Atomes, and scatter thy irreligious Dust to the four Corners of the World. And having so said, he knit his Brows, and survey'd every Point of the Compass with a grim and direful Aspect, and with his right Foot stamp'd at that rate, that the very Earth trembl'd again; evident Signs of the implacable Fury that inflam'd his Bowels.

These dreadful, terrible, dismal, furiband Menaces so amaz'd, confounded, and dismay'd the poor disconsolate *Sancho*, that *Benengeli* does not scruple to say, That he wish'd with all his heart, the Earth would have open'd to have swallow'd him up; and not knowing what other Course to take, he shrugg'd up his Shoulders, and like a Dog that had stole a Pudding, slunk from his enraged Master's Presence. But the prudent Madam *Doroty*, who had sufficiently study'd *Don Quixote*, to know his Humour, by way of Attonement; Never, said she, Sir Knight of the Ill-favour'd Countenance, let the Follies of your Squire provoke your Passion to so high a degree. Perhaps he might have Reason for what he said, and it may be look'd upon as a Mark of his good Nature and his Conscience to boot, that he attempted to advise ye for your own good, which frees him from any premeditated Intention to prejudice my Reputation. And therefore we are to believe, as you have already said, that questionless there is nothing but Enchantment in this Castle; and through this same Diabolical Delusion it was, that *Sancho* spoke as he did against my Honour.

Now by the Omnipotent *Mars*, the God of bloody Battel, cry'd *Don Quixote*; your Highness has found it out—My life for yours some Necromantical, Satanical Vision has troubl'd the Senses of this miserable Sinner, *Sancho*; and has caus'd him to dream those Dreams, which nothing but Enchantment could have inspir'd into his Brains; for I know too well the Simplicity and Innocence of that silly Wretch, to think he has Wit enough to bear false Witness against a Worm. It must of necessity be as you say, reply'd *D. Ferdinand*, and therefore it behoves your Honour, my Lord

Lord *Don Quixote*, to grant him your free Pardon, and restore him to the Bosom of your Favour, as he was before this villanous Vision embroil'd his Understanding. I pardon him, cry'd *Don Quixote*; and with that, the Curate going to seek for *Sancho*, brought him again into his Presence; who immediately prostrating himself at his Master's Feet, begg'd that he might have his hand to kiss, which his Master reach'd him forth with a singular Affability, and then giving him his Benediction to boot; Son *Sancho*, said he, now never question what I have told thee so often, that all things are manag'd by the Devil and Enchantment in this Castle. I do believe it, reply'd *Sancho*, nay, I will swear it too, whenever I shall be subpoena'd: For I find that I speak at this time, as if I were enchanted my self. Only I except the business of the Blanket, for I'm sure there could be no Enchantment in that, where every thing was done according to the ordinary Course of Nature. Mistake not in that, as in all the rest, reply'd *Don Quixote*; for had it not been so, I had certainly reveng'd thy Quarrel, and would do it still; but I could not do it then, neither can I do it now; and the Reason is, because I know not upon whom to fix my Revenge, where all I encounter are only invifible Bodies. This made all the Company inquisitive to know what *Sancho* meant by the Blanket. Upon which the Inn-keeper having given a true and faithful Relation of the whole matter of Fact, the Story set the whole Company a laughing, but it put *Sancho* into such a Passion, that he had like to ha' fall'n foul upon the Inn-keeper, had not his Master once again assur'd him, That it was nothing but an Act of Enchantment; to which *Sancho* was constrain'd seemingly to submit, for diverse politick Considerations. For he was not such a Fool yet, as to believe his being toss'd i' the Blanket, to be an Illusion; his own Sufferings convincing him, that it could be nothing else but a piece of Malice executed by mortal Men, compos'd of Flesh and Bones.

Two whole Days had this good Company now spent i' the Inn, and therefore deeming it high time to depart, they consulted which way to get *Don Quixote* home, without giving *D. Ferdinand* and Madam *Doroty* the trouble to ride out of their way, in pursuance of the Frolick of restoring the Princess of *Micomicon* to her Kingdom. To which purpose many Inventions were propounded, but at last they concluded to agree with a Waggoner that was coming along upon the Road, to carry him home in his Waggon; and how to get him in, they contriv'd in this manner. They made a kind of a strong wooden Cage, so large that a Man might either sit or lie in it at his own ease. Which done, *D. Ferdinand* and his Friends, *Cardenio*, *D. Lewis's* Servants, the Bailiffs and the Inn-keeper, being every one in several Disguises, according to the Curate's Direction, as chief Manager of the Design, enter'd *Don Quixote's* Chamber, like so many Goblins, who being retir'd to rest himself after his toilsom Extravagancies, lay most sweetly folded in the Arms of *Morpheus*, little dreaming of the Trap that was preparing for him. In this Condition they swath'd his Arms and Hands to his Sides, and ty'd his Legs, as you see in your Crape-Shrowd Signs, to prevent all manner of Horse-play.

They had no sooner finish'd their Work but *Don Quixote* wak'd, and finding himself unable to stir Hand or Foot, and besides that, being surrounded with such a strange Guard of Goblins and Hobthrushes, he was strangely confounded in his Imagination; but being fully waken'd by his Fears, he call'd to mind that he was in an enchanted Castle, and now thinking himself in the middle of all the whole Legion; his Breech made

made Buttons, as being in a deadly Quandary what they intended to do with him, especially perceiving himself so absolutely at the Devil's Mercy. *Sancho* beheld all this, the only person of all the Company undisguis'd in his Habit; and so far too in his Senses, as to believe there was a Design upon his Master, not of Enchantment, but of Wagery, if 'twere no worse. But having been so dimly snubb'd by his Master so lately before, he durst not say a Word, till he could make some Discovery whither the Contrivance tended: Besides, he saw his Master was quiet, and wherefore, thought he, should I disturb him. Indeed *Benengeli* the Historian saies he began to stink a little; which was the Reason that the *Goblins* hasten'd to send for his Close-stool; where, after they had nail'd him so fast, that 'twas impossible for him in his Condition to break loose, unless he would ha' ventur'd the Death of *Bajazet*, they took him upon their Shoulders. But just as they were going out of the Chamber, they heard a Voice, like the found of a deep Base, roaring through a *speaking Trumpet*, which made 'em set down their Load again, to give Attention to the thundering Utterer, who rumbl'd forth these Words:

'Sir Knight of the ill-favour'd Countenance, wonder not at thy Captivity, for 'tis no more than what by Fate's Decree must needs befall thee, to the end the desperate Adventure, wherein thy matchless Courage has engag'd thee, may the sooner be accomplish'd. The end of this renowned Adventure shall be known, when the furious Lion of *Mancha*, and the Milk-white Turtle of *Toboso* shall delight each other with the Busses of Matrimony, and humble their Princely Necks under the tender Yoke of Wedlock. From whose Embraces shall spring two Lions Whelps, whose rampant Claws shall trace the unimitable Foot-steps of their invincible Father. And this shall be before the lovely Chacer of the fugitive Nymph in his natural and rapid Course, has three times parlied with the Northern Constellations, and bless'd the *Samoeds* with Day-light. And thou the most noble and obsequious Squire that e'er handl'd glittering Sword, that ever wore Spade-beard upon his Chin, or Sence of Smelling in his Nostrils, grieve not to see thus hurry'd away before thy Eyes, the Flower and Cream of Chivalry-Errant; for before a certain number of Moons, thou shalt behold thy self exalted to that sublime Degree, that thou shalt seek, and yet not find thy self; while thou enjoy'st in peace the absolute Infallibility of thy Lord's most faithful Promises. Once more I assure thee, in the Name of the fam'd *Incantress Telladami-dlya*, that thy *Herculean* Labours shall not remain un-recompenc'd; but that thou shalt find all thy past Sufferings water'd with the fertile dew of thy long expected Wages and Sallary. Go then, Celestial Squire, pursue the Foot-steps of thy most valiant and enchanted Knight; for it behoves thee to attend him, till both of ye attain the Goal prescrib'd by Destiny; and now because I am allow'd to say no more, farewell; while I return to Regions far remote, unknown to all the World beside.

Toward the end of this Prophecie, Mr. *Nicholas* slacken'd his Tone with such an Oracular Delivery, that they who were privy to the Imposture, began themselves to be surpriz'd, and aw'd by an Illusion of their own Contrivance; so easie it is for Superstition to couzen it self. But as for *Don Quixote*, all his Fears were scatter'd by the vain Promises of the delusive Oracle; for he had presently forg'd a Pick-lock for all the dark Sayings of it, and had found it out. most happy Man now he, in his fond Imaginations, that the time was shortly coming, that should tie him to

his dear and well-beloved *Dulcinea*, with the Weaver's Knots of lawful Matrimony, whose fertile Womb should bring into the World a Race of young Lions, to the perpetual Honour of *Mancha*. And believing all this with as implicate a Faith, as he did his Books of *Knight-Errantry*, he fetch'd a deep Sigh from the bottom of his *Diaphragma*, and with a loud and sonorous Voice; 'O thou, cry'd he, whoe're thou art, who hast fore-told me these glad Tidings, conjure, I beseech thee, in my Name, the sage *Necromancer* that manages my Affairs; not to suffer me to perish in this Prison wherein they have enclos'd me, till I see those incomparable Promises thou hast made me successfully fulfill'd; and then I shall glory in my Captivity, and rejoice in the Chains that fetter my Arms, so far from thinking this a place of Hardship to which I am confin'd, that I shall esteem it more soft then the delicious Down of my Nuptial Bed. And for the Pains thou hast tak'n to cheer and revive my disconsolate Squire *Sancho*, I return thee hearty Thanks; having that Confidence in his Fidelity and Affection, that he will never forsake me, no not in my lowest Adversity; for that tho Fortune should be so froppish, as to deny me the Power of conferring upon him the promis'd Island, he is secur'd of his Salary by a Mortgage I ha' made him. Which Bounty and Goodness of his Master so mollify'd *Sancho's* tender and affectionate Heart, that he bow'd his head, and beslabber'd both his Master's hands; for one he could not singly kiss, as they were coupl'd together. But the *Goblins* being in haste would not admit of long Complements, but at the same time took up the Cage, and having heav'd it up into the Waggon, fix'd it there among the rest of the Lumber.

C H A P. XX.

Containing several Occurrences.

Don Quixote seeing himself thus engag'd and perch'd up i' the Waggon, after a short brown Study and Examination of his Memory; 'I have read, said he, a hundred Books of *Knight-Errantry* i' my time, but I never read, nor saw, nor heard that ever enchanted Knights were carry'd after this manner, and at the lazy rate that these heavy, and sloathful Animals travel. For they were wont to be whirl'd away i' the Air with an unspeakable Swiftnes, envelopp'd in some dark Cloud, or in a fiery Chariot, or upon a Hippo-Griffin, or a *Pacolei's* Horse, or some such kind of swift Monster, and not in a paltry West country Wain, tugg'd along by a pin-buttock'd Team of sluggish cloven-footed Oxen; (I with the Waggoner's Hoofs may not be of the same shape.) How confoundedly asham'd am I now, to sit here with a Company of Country Trulls going to the next good City to be pick'd up for Whores and Serving-maids? But it may be, *modern Chivalry* and *Enchantments* do not observe the ancient Laws and Customs; and perhaps, because I am a new Knight, and the first that in this Age has reviv'd the Exercise of *Chivalry-Errant*, for a long time quite bury'd in Oblivion, they have invented, for my sake, new sorts of Enchantments, and new ways to coach their enchanted Knights. What think'st thou, Friend *Sancho*? I know not what to think, reply'd *Sancho*, for I never read so many Books of *Knight-Errantry*, as your Workshop

ship has done ; but this I dare swear, that all these Goblins that surround us, are no *Catholicks*, as we are, nor go to Church as we do. *Catholicks*, ye Fool! quo *Don Quixote*, How should they be *Catholicks*, and serve God, who are only Spirits that have dress'd themselves in human Shapes, a purpose to do me this Kindness. But if thou hast a mind to be convinc'd of the truth thy self, feel 'em, and handle 'em, *Sancho*, and thou shalt find 'em to be nothing but Air, that have only the Appearance of Bodies. God's-fish, Sir, if that be all, I ha' handl'd 'em already, with a Witness; and this fame very Devil that gives you all this Trouble, I can tell ye, is one that has more Flesh than Sawce, he's as plump as a Partridge; nor do I believe he maintains those smooth Cheeks of his, by feeding upon the Wind; besides another Property which he has, quite different from all the Properties of Spirits, I mean your Inn-haunting Spirits. For whereas they always smell of Sulphur, and Brimstone, and *Assa fetida*, this Devil smells of Amber and Musk half a League off. This he spoke of *D. Ferdinand*, who being a great Personage, and still i' the Fashion, or it might be for other Reasons best known to himself, went always richly perfum'd. Ne're wonder at that, Friend *Sancho*, quo *Don Quixote*, for the Devils are cunninger than thou art aware of; and tho' 'tis true, they generally smell of Brimstone and Gun-powder, yet they can deceive the Nose as well as the Eye. And therefore it is, that this Devil, knowing what a prying Devil thou art, has perfum'd himself with Amber and Essence of Jessomy, that thou shouldst not take him to be what he is.

During this Discourse between the Master and the Man, *D. Ferdinand* and *Cardenio*, fearing lest *Don Quixote* should discover the Cheat, resolv'd to hast'n his Departure. To which purpose they order'd the Host to saddle *Rosinante*, and pannel *Sancho's* Ass; and the Curate agreed with the Bailiffs to accompany the enchanted Knight to his own Village. *Cardenio* fasten'd the Bason and the Target to the Pommel of *Rosinante's* Saddle, the Bason a' won side, and the Target o' t'other; withal, giving order to *Sancho* to lead the Horse, and ride before upon his own Ass, while the two Bailiffs rode by the Waggon.

But before the Oxen set forward, the Hostess, her Daughter, and *Martines* came forth to take their leave of *Don Quixote*, pretending a more than ordinary Sorrow for his Misfortune. 'To whom *Don Quixote*, Grieve 'not, most illustrious Ladies, said he; such Accidents as these are always 'entail'd upon the Calling which I profess; and if they did not beset me, 'I should not think my self a true *Knight-Errant*; for that the like Misfortunes never happen to Knights of little Fame, and mean Reputation, 'who live unthought of in that Obscurity where they bury themselves. 'Therefore such Mishaps as these are the Inheritance of Knights renowned, 'whose Valour and Vertue is both envy'd and fear'd by several Princes; 'and other Knights, who, not able to surmount, or equalize their Merit, 'basely and treacherously seek their Ruin. But Vertue is of her self so 'powerful, that in despite of all the Magick that ever *Zoroastres* invented, 'she vanquishes and subdues all Obstacles, and displays her glorious Beams 'upon the Earth, with equal Lustre to the Sun in Heaven. Pardon me, 'Ladies, I beseech ye, pardon me, if ever through Ignorance, or unwittingly I offended Persons of your Quality; for sure I am, that of my own 'Knowledge and Malice afore-thought, I never injur'd a Fly. And therefore let me beg your Prayers to Heaven for my Deliverance from this unsanctify'd Imprisonment, wherein I am thus enclos'd through the Treachery of some malicious *Necromancer* envious of my Glory; from whence when

'when my good Fortune and your Devotion shall have set me free, I shall 'never forget the Favours I have receiv'd in your Castle, so deeply engrav'd 'in my Remembrance, that time shall never deface those Acknowledgments that oblige me to repay with the utmost of my Services, either a 'foot or a horse-back, the several Kindnesses you ha' done me.

While *Don Quixote* was thus complementing the Ladies of the Castle, as he call'd 'em, the Curate and Mr. *Nicholas* took their leaves of all the Company, both the Men and the Ladies, more especially of Madam *Dorothy* and Mrs. *Lucinda*, with whom they had been some time longer acquainted. On the other side, *D. Ferdinand* engag'd the Curate to give him a weekly Account of his Patient *Don Quixote*, making no question, but that there still remain'd some pleasant Conceits behind, which would be sufficient matter of farther Divertisement; and being desirous withal to hear the end of such a merry piece of Extravagance, much more delightful and profitable then either the *Weekly Packet of Advice*, or the *History of Gresham Colledge*.

And now being just ready to depart, the Inn-keeper presented the Curate with the rest of the Papers which were in the Cloke-bag, where he found the History of the *Curious Impertinent*, for that he believ'd the Owner, that Poet-like, had pawn'd his Wit for his Reckoning, would never call for 'em again. The Curate thank'd him, and presently looking 'em slightly over, cast his Eye upon one short Manuscript, entitled, *The History of Rinconet and Cortadillo*, which he thought could not be amiss, since the *Novel of the Curious Impertinent* had pleas'd so well. Soon after, the Curate and Mr. *Nicholas* took Horse, with their Faces mask'd, for fear of being known by *Don Quixote*, and follow'd close behind the Waggon, which was guarded as we told ye before.

Thus this illustrious Train jogg'd on with a grave and majestick Pace; a Pace that seem'd to boad our *Hero* all future Prosperity and Triumph, by the stately March of the Procession: The Priestess of *Cybele* never rode with more Solemnity, when drawn by her two Sons to the Temple. As for *Don Quixote*, he lay all along at his Ease, leaning his Head against the wooden Bars, with his Hands ty'd, and his Legs stretch'd out, so silent, so quiet, and so patient, that you wou'd ha' sworn some Knight-Templar's Tomb had been removing, Spikes and all, out of some Cathedral to the Place of his Nativity.

In this Posture they had measur'd about two Leagues, till they came to a Valley where the Waggoner would needs have baited his Horses; but being inform'd by Mr. *Nicholas*, that there was another Valley a little farther, where there was both more and better Grass, he drove on. At what time they were over-tak'n by six or seven Persons well mounted, and who, by their haste, seem'd desirous to get to their Inn in good time. Both Parties gave each other the time o' the day; but then the chief of the Company, who seem'd to be a Prebend of some Cathedral at least, by the Respect which the others gave him, observing such an orderly Procession, which he had never seen in his Life, and a Man enclos'd in a Cage, could not forbear to ask the meaning of the Solemnity, and what monstrous *Canary-Bird* it was, so safely lock'd up i' the Cage; believing, because he saw the Sheriffs Officers, that he was some desperate High-way-man, whom they were carrying in that manner to Jayle. Sir, said the Bailiff, you must e'en ask the Knight i' the Cage himself, for we know nothing o' the matter. But there was no need o' that; for *Don Quixote* having heard the Question started; Sir Knights, in short, quo he, Did ye ever

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read,

read, or d'ye understand any thing of *Knight-Errantry*? For if ye do, then will ye easily apprehend the Reason of my Misfortunes—But if ye don't, 'twill be an idle thing for me to trouble my Brains to better your Information with Mysteries above your Reach. Why, truly honest Friend, reply'd the Prebend, I ha' been a young Man i' my time, and then I study'd *Knight-Errantry* much more then either *Keckerman* or *Burgersdicius*, to my Praise be it spoken; and therefore if that be all, you cannot impart your Distresses to a Person that may do ye more Kindness. You say very well, reply'd *Don Quixote*; then know that I am shut up i' this Cage by Inchantment, through the Malice and Treachery of some cursed *Necromancer*; Vertue being always more vigorously persecuted by the Wicked, then belov'd and supported by honest Men. I am a *Knight-Errent*, not in the number of those, of whom Fame takes little Cognizance, and less Care to eternize their Memories; but of those that in despite of Envy her self, and all the Magicians of *Persia*, the *Brachmans* of *India*, the *Gymnosophists* of *Ethiopia*, and the Figure-casters of *London City*, leave their Names, and their Exploits engrav'd in the Temple of Immortality, to serve as Rules, Examples and Models for all *Knight-Errants*, who ever intend to climb the Pinnacle of Honour won by feats of Arms. 'Tis very true, reply'd the *Curate*, the Lord *Don Quixote* is enchanted in this Waggon, not through any Fault of his own, but by the wicked Contrivances, Surprize, and unjust Violences of those that repine at his Valour and his Vertue. This is the *Knight of the Ill-favour'd Countenance*, of whom you must have heard ere now, whose Heroick Exploits, and unheard of Achievements will remain to Posterity, inscrib'd in durable Marble, and eternal Brass, maugre all the Attempts of Malice to deface, or Envy to tarnish their unspotted Glory. The Prebend and his Company were so amaz'd to hear that the Parson at Liberty should talk at the same extravagant rate as the Man i' the Wooden-Cage, that they could not tell what to imagine of such a piece of Distraction. But *Sancho* having heard the whole Discourse, full of Discontent, mad in his Mind, disturb'd in his Thoughts, and therefore resolving to unfold a Mystery so prejudicial to his Interests; Gentlemen, quo he, I have a weak Conscience, and therefore offended or pleas'd, 'tis all one to me, I'm resolv'd to tell ye the whole Truth. Now the Truth is, That my Lord *Don Quixote* is as much enchanted, as my Mother was enchanted when my Father begot me. He has all his Senses entire, and his Judgment sound; he eates and drinks, sleeps and talks, and goes to Stool like other Men, and as he did before he was put i' the Cage. Which being so, how dare they pretend to make us believe him to be enchanted? As if I did not know, that they who are enchanted never eat, nor sleep, nor talk, and yet I'll venture the Price o' my As, that do but put my Master to't, and he shall out-bawl ten young *Nisi prius* Counsellors. And at the same time addressing himself to the *Curate*; Ah, Mr. *Curate*, Mr. *Curate*, said he! do you think I don't know ye, or understand whither your Enchantments tend? You may hide your sweet Countenance as long as ye please, I know ye as well as I know my own As; and through all your Visors, and your *Masquerades*, I am not such a Fool, but I can discover your Cheats and Deceits, your Wiles, and your Tricks. But I find now where the Wind blows; where Envy reigns, there's no abiding for Vertue; where Poverty and Scarcity, there can be no Munificence. Now the Devil take the Devil, and God pardon us all together, you for your Sins, and me for mine. For had it not been for your Worship, pox o' your Preferment, my Master had ere now been marry'd to the

the Princess of *Micomicon*, and I had been a Count at least, as being the smallest thing I could expect from the Liberality of the *Knight of the Ill-favour'd Countenance*, and the Merits of my own Services. But I find the Wheel of Fortune turns more swiftly round, then a Mill wheel; they who yesterday fate upon the Pinnacle, lie to day i' the Durt. I am only troubl'd for my Wife and Children, who will be strangely disappointed in their Hopes, to see me return home no more then a poor Groom, when they expected me no less then a Vice-roy, or the Governour of some great Island. I only preach this, Mr. *Curate*, to your Dry-vinity, to mind ye of being a little conscionable in abusing my Master, for fear of being call'd to a strict Account both in this and the other World, for the good which you prevent him from doing, as well in succouring the Afflicted, as in punishing the Violence of unjust Oppressours. Prate-raft, keep your Breath to cool your Porridge, quo the *Barber*, what, are you one of your Master's Fraternity? By the Lord *Harry*, I cou'd find i' my Heart to have thee enchanted too, and coop'd up with thy Master, as a *Member of Chivalry*. Your Changelingship is with Child of an Island, I hear—but I'll send ye a Midwife, y' faith. I am with Child by no body, reply'd *Sancho* in a deadly Chase, nor am I to be got with Child by any person living, tho' 'twere the King himself: Tho I am poor, I am honest; I am an old Christian, and out of Debr. What if I do desire an Island? There are Parsons and Barbers too have been more extravagantly desirous then so—I tell ye—every Man is the Son of his own Works; and therefore he that is a Man, may be a Pope for ought any body knows, much more easily the Governour of an Island, especially when my Master has won so many, that he shan't know where to bestow 'em. Therefore, good Mr. *Barber*, rule your unruly *Tonsor's* Tongue; we are not now talking of Wash-balls and Razors—We understand our selves a little, God be thanked, and we can tell the difference between *Peter* and *Peter*; not all Fellows at Foot-ball, good Mr. *Barber*. As for my Master's being enchanted, as ye call it, there's one above knows all things; and therefore let it rest, and say no more of it, lest the more you stir it, the more it stink. The *Barber*, fearing *Sancho's* Discoveries, thought it his wisest Course to make him no Answer. And the same Fears possessing the *Curate*, he led the way before with the *Prebend*; and as he rode along, gave him a full Account of the Mystery of the Cage: He also inform'd him of the Condition of the Knight, his manner of living, and his Inclinations; succinctly recounting to him the Beginning and Cause of his extravagant Dotages, and how they were getting him home, with a Resolution to try whether his Follies would admit of Cure.

The *Prebend* and his Company listen'd with Admiration to the Story of *Don Quixote*; and when the *Curate* had made an end; In good sooth, Sir, said the *Prebend*, I find your Books of *Knight-Errantry* and your Romances, are not only unprofitable, but also very prejudicial to a Common wealth; and tho I began to read almost all that are printed, I could never yet find i' my heart to read any one quite through; for me-thinks 'tis still the same thing, and there is nothing to be learnt more in one then in another. The whole Composition and Stile resembles that of the *Milesian* Fables, which are only a Company of idle Stories made only for Pastime, far different from those moral and significant Apologues, contriv'd as well for Instruction as Delight. I would fain know what Neatness or Proportion there is of the parts to the whole, or of the whole to the parts in a Picture, where a young Stripling of seventeen, with a back-blow divides a

vast Giant i' the middle, tho' as tall as a Steeple, with as much ease as to chop a pick'd Gerkin in halves? Or who can believe that a single Knight should be able to vanquish a million of Enemies, without losing a Drop of Blood? And is it not a wonderful thing, that a great Queen, or the Heiress to an Empire, should at first sight entrust all her weighty Concerns with the first *Knight-Errant* she meets with? What man that was born with a Grain of Sense, can be so stupid, as to read with any delightful Satisfaction, a Story of a Stone Tower full of Knights that swam as nimbly in the Sea, as a Fourth-rate Frigate with a fresh Gale; and that this Tower was seen upon the Coast of *Genoa* in the Evening, but by break of Day next Morning should be landed in *Ethiopia*, or the *East-Indies*, or some other Country which *Ptolemy* never heard of, nor *T. Coriata* ever travell'd. It may be said, that these Authors designing nothing but Fable, are not oblig'd to such a strict Observation of *Decorum*; as if a Lye could be pleasant that does not in some measure border upon Truth; or that Adventures could be delightful, where there is not something disputable and seemingly possible. For Fables ought to be so compos'd, as to win upon an unbelieving Reader, by rendering Impossibilities only difficult, levelling the mountainous height of Difficulties, and by keeping the Mind in a charming Suspence, where Wonder and Delight walk, as it were, hand in hand together: which is the Perfection of a Romance, and never to be met with, but where there is some Shadow of Probability. I never saw that Book of *Knight-Errantry* wherein the Body of the Fable is truly compos'd and set together with all its Members, so as to make the middle cohere with the beginning; but rather consisting always of so many misshap'n Limbs, as if the Author had design'd the framing some strange Monster or *Chimera*, rather than any proportionate Figure: And besides that, their stile is harsh and barbarous, their Adventures are incredible, their Amours lascivious, and their Lovers indiscreet. They are tedious in their Description of Combats, ignorant in their Geography, and impertinent in their Discourses. In a word, they have neither Learning, nor Art, nor good Conduct; and therefore fit for nothing but to be exterminated out of a Christian Common-wealth, as unprofitable and prejudicial to the Publick.

The *Curate* having listen'd with Attention to the *Prebend*, and finding him a Man of Sense, told him, He was clearly of his Opinion; and withal, that out of a particular Aversion to Books of *Knight-Errantry*, he had caus'd all *Don Quixote's* numerous Legends to be burnt; as also after what manner he had brought 'em to their Tryal, and condemn'd them to the Fire; the Reasons why he had repriev'd some few, and what was *Don Quixote's* Fancy upon the loss of his Library; which was Sport alone for the *Prebend* and his Company. However, reply'd the *Prebend*, after all that I have said concerning these Books, there is in a right Management of a probable Romance, a large Field for a person of Wit and understanding to exercise his Parts, whether in the Descriptions of Tempests, or Shipwracks, or well-fought Battels, or in the depicting forth a great Captain, with all those admirable Qualities that make him such, as Vigilance, Fore-sight, Eloquence, Prudence, and Experience in Counsel, Quickness in Execution, and Presence of Mind in Danger; or at other times in describing some mournful and tragical Event, sometimes some pleasing and unexpected Adventure; sometimes some illustrious and beautiful Lady, with all her Ornaments of Chastity, Discretion, and Reserv'dness; at another time, some noble Knight, courageous, active and liberal; and by and by another, no less

less haughty, insolent and rash; at another time, some prudent and moderate Prince, that only seeks the good of his Subjects, and shews himself always ready to reward their zealous and affectionate Services. Upon these Subjects an Author has a great Advantage to shew his Learning in all manner of Arts and Sciences, in Philosophy, Morality, and Politicks, while he attributes to his Hero's, the Wit and Eloquence of *Ulysses*, the Piety of *Aeneas*, the Valour of *Achilles*, the Friendship of *Euriolus*, the Valour and Prudence of *Cesar*, the Clemency of *Augustus*, the Truth of *Trajan*, the Fidelity of *Zopyrus*, and the Wildom of *Cato*; and in a Word, adorns and furnishes 'em with all those pregnant Grandeurs of a humane Soul that render a man illustrious i' the World. For by this means, in a pure and natural Stile, and with an Invention and Art still careful to preserve *Decorum* and Probability, he may be able to weave a lovely Tissue of several Varieties, and a perfect Picture that will not fail, both to please and instruct, which are the ends that set him at work.

C H A P. XXI.

Wherein the Prebend pursues his Discourse upon Books of Knight-Errantry.

YOU charm me, Sir, with your Discourse, reply'd the *Curate*; and therefore certainly they deserve more severely to be blam'd, that neglect the Rules which you have prescrib'd, and which have rendred so famous the two Princes of *Greek* and *Latin* Poesie. I must confess, reply'd the *Prebend*, I had once a kind of Temptation to write my self a Book of *Knight-Errantry*, according to the same Rules; and I had compos'd some fifteen or twenty Quires; and to try whether this Beginning answer'd my Expectation, I shew'd 'em not only to some Persons that were capable to judge, and were passionate Admirers of that Romanick way, but also to some others that were no less ignorant, and had a *Gusto* for nothing but Extravagancy, who nevertheless both equally applauded what I had done. However, I forbore to proceed, in regard that besides that it did not seem consentaneous to my Profession, I find that the number of Fools far surpasses that of the judicious; and tho' it be much more advantageous to a Man, to be commended and esteem'd by the small number of the Learned, then it is disadvantageous to be scorn'd and slighted by the innumerable Number of Ideots, yet I was unwilling to expose my self to the Censure of the blockish Vulgar, that particularly seek their Pastime in such sorts of Books. But nothing more oblig'd me to discontinue, then to see that the Comedies of our Times are all such a Company of ridiculous Farces, without any Rule or *Decorum*, and yet should be so applauded and humm'd up, as they are; nay, and it is come to that pass too, that the very Poets and Actors will tell ye, that nothing else will please the Stage, the Generality of the Spectators not enduring any thing of Art, or regular Invention. Therefore, thought I, why should I go about to break my Brains, and lose my time in studying Rules and Precepts to no purpose? Sir, reply'd the *Curate*, you have touch'd upon a Point that has reviv'd in my Thoughts an old Animosity, which I have always had against the Comedies of our Times, no less then the inveterate Enmity which I have always

always born against *Knight-Errantry*, and all its Abettors. For whereas Comedy, as *Tully* tells us, ought to be a Mirrour of human life, an Example and Pattern of good manners, and a Representation of truth, it is now become a meer Huddle of Extravagancy, countenancing open Debauchery upon the Stage, and farc'd with little else then Lewdness and Obscenity. What can be more ridiculous, then to tell us of an Infant newly born in the first Scene of the first Act, and in the next Act to bring him in fighting a great Battel? Within the space of two Musicks, a sucking Baby and a great Commander? What more impertinent then that of the Play of *Adam and Eve*, where *Grannam Eve* is brought in with two or three Waiting-maids attending her, when there was ne're a Woman but her self i' the World? What more silly and ridiculous then to introduce a Lacquy speaking like an Orator, or a Page like a Privy-Counsellor? to make a Prince talk like a Porter, or a great Empress like a Chair-woman? Others there are that cannot write a Play without two or three Devils in it; and those too brought in by Head and Shoulders. And some there are that fill their Scenes with antick Dances and Mummery, fitter for a Booth then a Stage; as if they design'd rather to tickle the Fancy of youth with wanton and lascivious Postures, then to reform the Vices of the Age by deliberate and well meditated Instruction. Others there be, who observing neither Time nor Place, lay the Scenes of their first Act in *Europe*, of the second in *Asia*, of the third in *Africa*, of the fourth in *America*; but then what pity 'twas, that the World should want a fifth Quarter for the Conclusion? What a Gallimaufry and Mixture of Fable with Historical Truths? What a Confusion of Nations, Characters and Times, we meet with in others, which causes the Composers to lie at the mercy, even of the most ignorant of their Auditors? All which proceeds from hence, that the Poets write not now adays for Honour and true Applause, but for Gain, and the Profit of the *third Day*; and therefore they are constrain'd so to write, as that their Studies may please the Purchaser, who else will return his Ware upon his Hands, to the disastrous Disappointment of all the Trades about the Town that belong to eating, drinking, and cloathing, who had trusted the poor Comedian, or more lamentable Tragædian, in hopes of being paid by the Muses.

While the *Prebend* and the *Curate* were thus discoursing together, the *Barber* made bold to interrupt 'em, telling the *Curate*, that now they were come to that lovely Valley, where he had told 'em they might with so much Pleasure repose themselves, while the Waggoner gave his Oxen a cool Sallad of green Grass. I like it well, quo the *Curate*, and at the same time ask'd the *Prebend*, whether he would be pleas'd to alight? Which the *Prebend* readily consented to do, no less taken with the Prospect and Pleasantness of the Vale, then with the *Curate's* Discourse; and withal willing to understand something more of the Humour and Story of *Don Quixote*. Thereupon the *Prebend* order'd one of his Servants to ride away to the Inn, and see what was to be had; but being better inform'd that one of his own Mules was gone before better furnish'd with Provision then the Inn would afford, he bid the same Servant carry the Horses to the Inn, and fetch back the Mule; which was done with all convenient speed.

All this while *Sancho* finding that the *Curate* and the *Barber*, for whom he had as much kindness as a Whore for a Whipping-post, gave him no farther interruption, but that he might freely discourse with his Master, being got as near as possibly he could to the Cage; Master, said he, for the

the discharge of my Conscience, I must needs tell ye what I think of your Enchantment. These two men that travel along with us, with their Masks upon their Noses, are the *Curate* of our Parish, and Mr. *Nicholas the Barber*; and I'll be hang'd now, or at any other time when you please, if this be'n't a Plot meerly of their Contrivance to carry ye away thus in a Cage-Errant, because your famous Exploits throw Dust i' their Eyes. From whence I conclude, that you are no more enchanted then my Ass, but only bubbld and made a Fool of. For Proof of this, Sir, give me leave to ask you one Question, and if you do but answer me as wisely as I expect, I'll make the cheat as plain as the Nose i' your face. So that if after I ha' done, you believe your self enchanted, I shall then believe your Brains to be turn'd i' your Scull. Ask what Questions thou wilt, Son *Sancho*, reply'd *Don Quixote*, I'll answer thee as punctually as my Confessor. Tho as to those persons, who thou say'st are our Parishioners, the *Curate* and the *Barber*, they may indeed seem to thee to be so; but that they are those very real persons, I would not have thee believe no more then thou dost in *Mahomet*. Pin thy Faith therefore, if thou lovest me, upon my Sleeve; for to do otherwise in this case, is of dangerous consequence, and believe that these two persons who appear to thee in the likeness of our two Neighbours, are most certainly my confounded Inchanters, that have assum'd the Shapes of those two honest men a' purpose to delude thee, and throw thee into a Labyrinth of Imaginations, whence thou wilt never be able to disintreague thy self, tho thou hadst the Clue of *Theseus*, and so to raise in me the Spirit of Revenge against two innocent People, that never meant me harm; or else to puzzle my Understanding, that I should not be able to find out who 'tis has done me this Mischief. For look thee, friend *Sancho*, on the one side thou amusest my Brains with a Story of the *Curate* and *Barber*, whereas on the other side, I find my self here enthrall'd, yet am assur'd that all the *Curates* and *Barbers* i' the World, nor any other power, not altogether supernatural, no not *Tamerlaine* himself, could have so engag'd me; which I am the rather bound to believe, because my Enchantment is of a nature quite different from all that ever I read of enchanted Knights in any History that ever I saw. And therefore banish that idle Crotchet out of thy head, that inveigles thee to think those persons to be what thou say'st they are. For they are no more the *Barber* and the *Curate*, then I am the *Turk* and the *Devil*. And now ask what Questions thou wilt, I'll answer thee till to morrow Morning. Mercy deliver me, cry'd *Sancho*, with a Voice of Admiration. Is it possible your Worship should have such a thick Scull and so little Brains, as not to understand what I tell ye to be true? Why then I tell ye, you do the *Devil* an injury; he has no hand, no not so much as a finger i' this Plot—'tis all a Contrivance of mortal Men, to your Infamy and Disgrace; and I'll prove it to be no Enchantment, as clear as the Sun at Noon day. Now then, tell me, Sir, as you hope for Deliverance out of these Barricado's, and as you expect one day to see your self enfolded in the Arms of *Madam Dulcinea*—Prethee *Sancho*, cry'd *Don Quixote*, interrupting him, what a Racket dost thou keep? Have I not promis'd to answer punctually to all thy Demands?—Tell me then without bouncing or mincing the matter, but sincerely and faithfully, as persons ought to speak that make profession of Arms in the Quality of *Knight-Errants*—VWhy then assure thy self, reply'd *Don Quixote*, that I do renounce not only the Father, but the Mother of Lyes—But for the love of Heaven, either begin, or make an end before thou begin'st; for in good sooth, *Sancho*, thou tire'st me

to death with thy Circumlocutions and Preambles— Why then, Sir, quo *Sancho*, secure as I am of the goodness and truth of my Master, I ask ye, Sir, tho with all Reverence and Modesty, whether, since you were as you believe, enchanted in that Chicken-Coop, you never had, through the motions of Nature, Desires *micurient* or *cacaturient*, as they say? I understand not, *Sancho*, what thou mean'st, reply'd *Don Quixote*, prethee explain thy self in Language less mysterious. That's strange, quo *Sancho*, not understand at your years what 'tis to be *micurient* and *cacaturient*! why, 'tis the first thing we are perfect in at School— I ask you then in plain *English*, whether you never had a desire since your Engagement, to go where you can send no body of your Errand? Oh, ho— *Sancho*, hast thou smelt me out? Now I understand thee— Yes, in good sooth-law, have I— and now thou putt'st me in mind on't, the Bolts of my Tail are none of the fastest at this very instant— Quickly, dear *Sancho*, tell the Devil my urgent Occasions— and bid him lend thee the Pad-lock or a sheet of clean Paper— or if thou can'st, get two— for I fear one wont be enough—

C H A P. XXII.

Containing the excellent Discourse between Sancho Pancha and his Master Don Quixote.

IS it so, quo *Sancho*? then y' faith, Master, I have ye upon a fair Hank, as they say. This is that which I more eagerly long'd to know, then ever young Woman long'd for green Apricots. Come on, Sir, then i' the second place, Can you deny the usual Answer to the common Question, *What ails such a one, that neither sleeps, nor eats, nor drinks*? Don't they presently cry, such a one's bewitch'd? Whence I conclude, that they who neither eat, nor drink, nor sleep, nor go to my Nuncle's House upon the necessary Occasions of Nature, are bewitch'd— But as for them that have these pressing Occasions, as your Worship has at this time, they that would eat if they had it, would drink if they could get it, and still answer to the purpose, 'tis impossible they should ever be enchanted— Thou say'st very true, *Sancho*, reply'd *Don Quixote*; but how oft have I told thee, that there are several sorts of Inchantment, and it may be, that process of time has alter'd the manner of Incantation; so that it may be the fashion now, that they who are enchanted, may have all those Desires that I have, which formerly they that were in the same Condition, had not. And this being so, there is no arguing against the allow'd Alteration of Custom, nor drawing Conclusions from what was done in past Ages. In short, therefore, it is a thing ramm'd into my Brains, that I am enchanted, and that's sufficient for the Discharge of my Conscience: For were it not for that, it would be a sore Burden upon my mind, like undigested Sturgeon upon a weak Stomach, to lie here like a Squirrel in a Lady's Pocket, buried in Sloth and Cowardise, while so many miserable and unfortunate People roar out in all Corners of the Earth for my Favour and Assistance. Nevertheless, reply'd *Sancho*, for the more assured security of your Soul hereafter, I would desire you to endeavour your Liberty, and to free your self from this ridiculous Captivity; to which purpose

pose I engage the utmost of my Assistance; nay, and it shall cost me a fall but I'll bring it to pass too— for I would fain see your Worship once more upon the Back of *Rosinante*, who to me seems as much enchanted as your self; such is his profound Sadness and Melancholy, not to be cur'd, but by your bestriding him again, in search of new Adventures. If we fail in our Enterprizes, you ha' time enough, I warrant ye, to return to your wooden Jail; and then if you are so accurs'd of Heaven, and I so bewitch'd with the Simples, to fail i' my Design, I swear upon the Faith of a true and loyal Squire, and let me die the death of ten thousand drown'd Kittens, if I don't shut my self up along with ye, and live or starve with your Worship, as the Devil of an Inchanter shall think fit to dispose of our Bodies. Look thee, friend *Sancho*, reply'd *Don Quixote*, that thou may'st see 'tis no fault of mine, I give thee ample Commission to do thy utmost, and begin with the first Opportunity. But I fear me, poor *Sancho*, thou art only going about to water a Stake, and that like an ignorant Physician, thou art mistak'n in thy Judgment concerning the Cause of my Distemper.

This was the politick and learned Discourse between the *Knight-Errant* and his Squire, till the slow-pac'd Oxen arriv'd where the *Prebend*, the *Curate*, and the *Barber* were alighted. Presently the Waggoner unpang'd his draught Oxen, and set 'em a grazing at their own freedom; when *Sancho*, seeing those dull Animals enjoying their liberty, desir'd the *Curate* that his Master also might be permitted to come forth of his Cage, and stretch his Legs, at least tho it were but for so long time as the Beasts themselves were unyok'd; which if he refus'd to do, he assur'd him his Prison would not be so sweet and clean as became the Lodging of such a worthy Knight as his Master. The *Curate* understood what *Sancho* meant, and for answer; Friend, said he, when I was a Boy, and us'd to ask my Master leave to go forth, I did it more to play the Truant, then for any occasion I had. And therefore I fear this is only an Excuse of thy Master, and that when he is once out, he will gad so far out of our sight, that we shall never see him again. He be his Security, reply'd *Sancho*, and I likewise, reply'd the *Prebend*, provided he will swear by his Knighthood, not to stir beyond those Limits we shall prescribe him. By the Faith of a virtuous *Knight-Errant* I swear, reply'd *Don Quixote*, who listen'd attentively to all they said, altho my Oath be needless, seeing they who are enchanted have not the Power to do what they please themselves, but are at the Disposal of the Inchanter, who by his Art can nail their Toes invisibly in such a manner to the Earth, that they shall not be able to stir a hair's breadth in three Ages together; or if they should endeavour to make their Escape, can fetch 'em back i' the Devil's name. So that, Gentlemen, added he, you may safely release me, or else you must be forc'd to remove to another Post; for to deal truly wi' ye, my Occasions are very urgent, and I will not be answerable for offending your Noses, after a fair Warning. Thereupon the *Prebend* took him by both his hands, ty'd as they were, and assisted him out of the Cage, to the unspeakable Joy of the poor enthrall'd Knight. Thus being unbound, the first thing he did, was to stretch his Limbs, which were not a little stiff, you may be sure. Which done, he went immediately to *Rosinante*, and giving him three or four claps o' the Buttock; Mirror and Flower of all Steeds-Errant, quo he, mauger all these Misfortunes of ours, I trust in God and his blessed Mother, that we shall both behold our selves e're long in that same happy Condition, which both our hearts

desire ; Thou prancing under thy Lord and Master, and thy Lord and Master mounted on thy sturdy Chine, performing those Achievements, which my fortunate Stars portended at my coming into the World. And having so said, *Don Quixote* and his Squire retir'd to a Thicket at some distance from the Company, where the Knight having eas'd himself, and *Sancho* done the Duty of a cleanly Squire, they both return'd again; the Knight much sweeter and lighter then he had been for some hours before, and the Squire over-joy'd that his Endeavours had prov'd so successful.

At the same time the *Prebend* could not forbear gazing upon the Knight; and after he had with a diligent Eye observ'd the motions of every particular Member, and defcanted to himself upon every word that drop'd from his mouth, he stood amaz'd at such an extravagant piece of Madness, that left a Man his Senses, and his Judgment in every thing else, but unhors'd all his Reason when he came to talk of *Knight-Errantry*: Inasmuch that the compassionate Church-man pity'd the Misfortune of the poor Gentleman; and therefore desirous to try whether all his Eloquence and Arguments could reclaim him; after every one had taken their Places upon the green Grass, addressing himself to *Don Quixote*; Is it possible, Sir, said he, that such a witless, unfavoury, and impertinent Study, as that of idle Romances, should have that Operation upon a man's Senses to deprave his Understanding to such a degree, as to believe himself enchanted, with other *Chimera's* of the same Nature, as far from Reason, as the Lye it self is from Truth? How is it to be imagin'd, that there should be any person i' the World so simple as to think that ever there were such a number of *Amadis's*, such Legions of *Knight-Errants*, so many Emperors of *Trebizond*, *Guy's of Warwick*, *Felixmarts of Hyrcania*, *Bevis's of Southampton*, and *Valentines and Orsons*; so many Lady's-Errant, so many Serpents, so many Dragons, so many Giants, such Variety of Inchantments; so many Defies and Challenges, such unheard-of and impossible Encounters, such Shoals of Squires, Counts, enamour'd Princeesses, and *Amazonian* Tiltresses in man's Apparel; in a word, such a confus'd Heap and *Babel* of Trash and Extravagance, as swell the Folio's of *Knight-Errantry*?

I must confess, that when I read 'em, while I look'd upon 'em to be no other then Fables and Fictions, they were a kind of a pleasing Pastime to me; but when I seriously consider'd what they were, curs'd insipid Lyes, and Improbabilities, there was not one which I did not think deserv'd to be thrown into the Fire, as being a Company of Impostors that abus'd the Credulity of the ignorant Vulgar, and sometimes disturb the Brains of men of Sense and Judgment; of which I find in your self an unfortunate Example, by such Studies to be reduc'd to that Condition, that your Friends are constrain'd to secure ye in a Cage, and carry ye about the Countrey like some *African* Monster to be shewn at Market-Towns for Six-pence a piece. For Heaven's sake, Mr. *Quixote*, take Compassion upon your self, call home your wandring Reason, and make use of that Prudence and that admirable Wit, which God has giv'n ye, to chuse a more noble and profitable sort of Study, wherein to employ your serious Thoughts. But if your Inclinations are so ravish'd with War-like Exploits, and prodigious Actions, apply your self to real and authentick History, where you will find those Miracles of Valour, that not only surpass all Fable, but ev'n human Belief it self. What a preposterous thing it is, that Men should addict themselves to the Invention of so many fictitious Hero's, as if Vertue it self were a Fiction, and a thing that could be only practis'd by

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such Romantick Champions; or that her most noble Instructions were only to be sought for among the Rubbish of Lyes and Fables? Would you read the Stories of great Men, Greece offers ye an *Alexander*, *Rome* a *Caesar*; *Carthage* a *Hannibal*; *Portugal* a *Viridatus*; *Spain* a *Gonsales*, a *Diego Garcia*, a *Perez de Vargas*, and several others; *Great Britain*, a *Black Prince*, and a *Harry the fifth*; all of 'em so many Portraitsures of heroick Vertue, which affect the Reader at the same time with true Admiration, Delight, and a noble Emulation to follow their Examples. This, Mr. *Quixote*, is a Study to employ a Wit so towering as yours; by this means you will become well read in authentick Story, in love with Vertue, better'd in Goodness, refin'd in your Manners, valiant without Foolhardiness, and wary without Cowardise, to the Honour of God, your own Profit, and the Renown of *Mancha*, as I understand, the Place from whence you derive your noble Original.

Don Quixote listen'd with an extraordinary Attention to the *Prebend's* Discourse, and perceiving at length that he made a full Stop, after he had star'd him wistfully for some time i' the Face; Mr. *Prebend*, quo he, you ha' made, as you think, a very fair Speech, and all your Oratory, I find tends to persuade me, that there never were any *Knight-Errants* i' the World, that all Books and Stories of *Knight-Errantry* are false, fabulous, unprofitable and prejudicial to the State; that I did ill to read 'em, worse to believe 'em, and still worse to imitate 'em, by taking upon me the severe and laborious Profession of a *Knight-Errant*. You repeat my Sense precisely, reply'd the *Prebend*— You added likewise, cry'd *Don Quixote*, that these Books have done me much wrong, that they ha' turn'd my Brains i' my Scull, which is the reason I am put i' this Cage; and that it would be better for me to read serious and allow'd Histories, as you call 'em, at the same time both profitable and delightful. Your Memory fails not in the least Particular, reply'd the *Prebend*— Very good, quo *Don Quixote*— And now, Mr. *Prebend*, the Devil take me, if I don't believe your self to be the enchanted Person, and the mad Man, that has dropt his Wits in a Mill-dam. For what greater Proof have you for many things that you impose upon the World, but only the general Belief? Upon what grounds do you, Mr. *Prebend*, justify the numerous Fardle of your Legends, and the strange Miracles repeated in 'em, when you are not certain there ever were any such Persons i' the World; nor are there any Witnesses of the Wonders which they are said to have wrought. And yet your Catalogue of *Saints* far exceeds the *Ephemerides* of *Knight-Errants*, and their Actions are altogether as incredible as those of *Amadis de Gaul*, or *Greece*; besides the innumerable number of Reliques, Baptists Heads, pieces of the Cross, Nails, *Veroniques*, &c. more then *Atlas* and *St. Christopher* were able to stand under. As for Example, the Cross is suppos'd to be but one piece of Timber, and that not of the choicest Wood neither, and yet how many Snattocks of it shall we meet with, some of Cedar, some of Juniper, some of Cypress, &c. Then for the Nails, which could not be above four or five that were at first canoniz'd, Heavens! how they are increas'd! *Hannibal* had not more Rings at the Battel of *Canne*, nor does *Bromigham* make so many in a Year, as you shew Nails of all sorts and sizes; and so many *Napkins*, that had one man fold 'em all, he must ha' been the richest Linnen-draper i' the World. Now I desire but fair Play, that the Authors of my Books may be believ'd to be Authors of what they wrote, as well as yours. If your Books are generally receiv'd, so are mine; and more then that, acknowledg'd to contain such real Truths, that

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he who denys the matter of Fact, deserves the same Punishment for a Heretick, to which you sentenc'd your own Books, when you threw 'em i' the fire. For, in short, to perswade me there were never any such persons i' the World as *Amadis*, or any of those other Knights so loudly fam'd in Stories of Chivalry-Errant, is to tell me the Sun does not shine, or that Winter's hot, and Summer cold: Y' had as good make me believe, that the History of the Princess of Florence and Guy of Burgundy were false; or what befel *Fierabras* upon the Bridge of Mantible, in the time of *Charlemagne*; tho I dare swear both to be as true as that I was like to ha' befoild my self just now i' th' enchanted Cage. For if these be Lies, then there never was any *Hector*, no *Achilles*, no *Trojan War*, no *Twelve Peers of France*, no King *Arthur of Britain*, who still lives i' the Shape of a Crow, and is still expected to return to his Throne; no *St. George for England*, when the Signs of *St. George* almost in all the Towns of that Countrey, convince men to the contrary; and the Defeat of that strange *Dragon* which was then pregnant, and so was slain both her and her Issue, is demonstrated by the Extirpation of all Dragons ever since, that the thing was true. You may as well deny, that *D. d'Alva's* Face is not to be seen upon all the Jugg-pots in *Holland*, or *Monfieur D. Ancr's Quidlibets* in all the Taverns in *France*. Nay, more than all this, you may as well condemn for Fables the Amours between *Sir Tristram* and *Queen I-fond*; or those between the fair *Guinever* and *Sir Lancelot du Lake*, when there be persons alive that remember they have seen the Lady *Quintaniona*, who had the Gift of tasting Wine beyond any Wine cooper in *London*; and the Story is so true, that I my self who speak the words, remember, that my Grandmother by the Father's side, when she saw any of those venerable Matrons that look a little red about the Nose; Look, Child, quo she, that Lady's like the Lady *Quintaniona*; whence I infer, that she must needs ha' seen her, or at least her Picture, which could ne're ha' been drawn, had she not been alive. As vain it is to contest the History of *Peter of Provence*, and the fair Lady *Magdalene*, when the *Pin* with which he govern'd his wooden Horse that carry'd him i' the Air, is still to be seen i' the King's Armory. Which *Pin* was as big as the Thill of a Waggon; by the same token that it stands within a quarter of a yard of *Babie's* Saddle, which the valiant *Cid's* Back side has warm'd full often. At *Roncevaux* also you have *Orlando's* Heart, as big and as thick as one of those pieces of Timber ye call *Girders*. You may likewise, if you will, but 'twill be to no purpose, deny the History of the three *Bold Beuchamps*, of whom the one kill'd the King of *Bohemia*, the t'other slew a Giant, and the other fought for the King's Daughter, and won her. Which was so true, that the Butchers of *London* would see no other Play at the *Fortune*, by their good Wills, but that, for several years together. Will any man presume to deny, that *John of Mello* was no *Knight-Errant*, and that he did not fight in *Burgundy* with the famous Lord of *Chargny*, and at *Basil* with *Henry of Remestan*, and lambasted 'em both? What think ye of the Challenges, and bloody Adventures of *Peter Barba*, and *Gualter Quixada*, from whom I my self am lineally descended by the Male-line? He spit in his Face that shall tell me to my Teeth, they are Tales of roasted Horses, when 'tis known they sent the Sons of the Count of *St. Paul* to the Devil. Nor will he be a Friend to himself, that provokes me, by telling me, that *D. Ferdinand* of *Guevara* did not go to seek Adventures in *Germany*, where he fought with the Lord *George*, a Knight of high Quality, and so well rubb'd his Bones, that he confess'd he was never so rubb'd in his

his life: with a thousand more renowned Feats of Arms perform'd by Christian Knights in all parts of the World, not to mention the *English Knights of Jerusalem*, that slew whole Armies to day, and begot whole Armies to morrow: And all these things so true and authentick, that but to question their Verity, would betray the greatest madness that ever was incurable in *Bedlam*.

The *Prebend* astonish'd to hear what a confus'd Gallimawfry of History and Fable *Don Quixote* jumbl'd together, and his wonderful Memory in repeating whatever almost had been written in *Knight-Errantry*; I cannot deny, said he, but there is something of Truth in what you say, especially concerning the *Knight-Errants of Spain*; and I agree wth ye, that there were *Twelve Peers of France*, but in good sooth I cannot give credit to all that *Archbishop Turpin* has written. All that I believe, is this, That they were certain Knights made choice of by the *Kings of France*, and call'd *Peers*, for their equality both in Prowess, and in Birth, at least they ought to have been such; for I dare not swear for the evenness of the Scales in that Particular. Neither will I deny, but that there might be such men i' the World, as the *Cid*, or *Bernard de Carpio*, or *Guy of Warwick*—S'life, Sir, quo *Don Quixote*, his Tomb's to be seen to this day i' the Town where he liv'd—Pardon me, Mr. *Quixote*, cry'd the *Prebend*, I do not deny, but that there might ha' been such Mortals upon Earth, but that they perform'd those miraculous Achievements, which they are said to have done, I am somewhat tender how I make an Article of my Faith. But as to the *Horse-pin* you speak of, that is to be seen i' the King's Armory with *Babie's* Saddle, let me die, if I don't begin to think my self blind, since you have affirm'd it; for I could never see this Pin, as big as you say it is; tho I must confess, I ha' seen the *Cid's* monumental Saddle several times. Upon my life, Mr. *Prebend*, 'tis there, reply'd *Don Quixote*; by the same Token, they had put it in a Leathern Case to preserve it from the Dust. There's it then, quo the *Prebend*—shame take th' unmannerly Rascals, that ne're would shew me such a Rarity, else how could I possibly divine what was in a Leathern Case. But grant it were there, I am not bound to believe the Stories of all your *Amadis's*, or of the ragged Regiments of all your other Scaperloitring Knights, that were never heard of, but in those fabulous Legends that so amuse the World, upon whom be the Hangman's Benediction, *in sempiternum*; and to which, how a Person of your exquisite Parts and Endowments should give so much credit, is to me a greater Wonder, then all the seven Wonders of the World put together.

C H A P. XXIII.

Containing the pleasant Dispute between the *Prebend* and *Don Quixote*.

THIS a very pleasant business indeed, reply'd *Don Quixote*, that Books printed with Licence and Approbation, and applauded by all the World, high and low, old and young, rich and poor, learned and simple; I say that these Books, notwithstanding all this, should be nothing but a Heap

Heap of Lyes, and feigned Inventions, and yet that Truth should appear so naked as she does, to her very Smock, in every Page, with all her Circumstances attending about her, as the Names of the Fathers, Mothers, Uncles, Annts, Countrey, Kindred, and Age of the Knights, many times under the very Clerk and Minister's Hands, their Exploits, and the Places where they perform'd 'em day by day, as exactly as a Seaman's Journal. For Heaven's sake, Sir, and as ye expect Preferment i' the Church, stitch up your Lips for ever, rather than utter such a piece of Heresie; and say I advise ye as a Friend. Or else, at your leisure times (and leisure enough you have, according to your lazy mode of reading your Sermons) read 'em once more over again, and then tell me what greater Happiness there can be i' this World, then to see appear before your Eyes of a sudden, a wide Lake of Pitch, boiling like a Bell-founder's Furnace, full of Neuts, Adders, Toads, and other poisonous Creatures, no less venomous, then terrible to the Sight: by and by from the midst of this same todgie, smoaking Caldron of the Devil's *Water-gruel*, you hear a soft, melodious; screaming, skreeking, mournful Voice address to your self in these words; 'Sir Knight, who e're thou art, that view'st this dreadful Lake, and would'st enjoy those unspeakable Treasures conceal'd beneath these pitchy Waves, now shew the Grandeur of thy Courage, and like another *Drake*, shoot 'this same flaming Gulf; else th'art a Daftard, and a white-Liver'd Coward, unworthy to behold th' inestimable Wonders enclos'd within the seven Towers of the seven *Fairies* here below this Lake of Hell's infernal 'Jelly-broth: and then the Voice ceasing, the Knight, all Fire and Tow, without any humming and hawing, or considering the cur'd Risco he runs, but trusting to his Iron Enclosure, and only recommending himself to God and his ador'd Mistress, fetches a Jump, and darts himself head over heels down through the seething Puddle; and straight, before he knows where he is, or cares a straw what becomes of him, he finds himself in the midst of a spacious Plain, cover'd with a thousand sorts of odoriferous Flowers, and a thousand times more pleasing to the Sight, then all the *Asparagus*, or *Mulberry-Gardens* i' the World. On the other side he views a delightful Forest, where the Verdure of millions of beautiful Trees, and all of different Natures, charm his Eyes; at what time an infinite number of little Birds with painted Wings of various Colours, hopping from Branch to Branch, all naturally singing *Walsingham*, and whistling *John come kiss me now*, enchant his Ears. In another part he discovers a pleasing Rivolet, whose purling Streams of liquid Chrystal, bedimpl'd with Pearls and Silver, gently glide o're Sands of Gold. There stands a sumptuous Fountain of Speckl'd Jasper; a new Wonder of Art, adorn'd with Statues that seem to talk, and bid ye welcome. There you enter a cool *Grotto*, where the confusion of Muscles, Cockles, Periwinkles, Mother a' Pearl, Coral, and Oak-moss, far exceeds the vain toil of young Ladies at Boarding-Schools; representing *Neptune's* Dining-room hung about with *Tritons* and *Syrens*.

By and by he discovers a stately Castle, the Walls of which are of massie Gold, the Battlements of Diamonds, the Gates of Jacinths; In a word, such an admirable Structure, that the meanest of the Materials are of Rubies, Carbuncles, Pearls, and Emeraulds: and while he is gazing upon this miraculous Pile, a numerous Train of young Ladies, with graceful pace, come forth from one of the Gates of the Castle, and all so fair, so beautiful, so gorgeous in their Attire, as would inflame a Statue, and warm the frozen Blood of the most zealous Anchorite. But then! what then!

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Then she that seems to be the Princess of the Castle, and Mistress of all the rest, advances forward, and with a submissive and respectful Modesty, takes the bold Knight by the hand, and without speaking a word, leads him into the sumptuous Palace; where, having caus'd him to be stripp'd to the naked Skin by her Damsels, just as he was when he came out of his Mother's Womb, they put him into a delicious Bath, and rub him all over from head to foot, before and behind, with precious Essences, and odoriferous Pomatums; and having wip'd him dry, first they put him on a Shirt of Cobweb Lawn fit for the Queen of *Fairies*, all perfum'd. Which done, another Damsel comes and casts about his Shoulders a magnificent embroider'd Mantle, worth the *Metropolisses* of three great Kingdoms. Then they carry him into another Room of State, of which the Furniture surpasses Admiration; where first they bring him in a large Bason of Gold, emboss'd and studd'd with Diamonds, a Sea of Essence of Amber, Orange, and Jessomy-water; then seat him in an Ivory Chair, where all the Damsels attend and wait upon him with an exact and profound Silence. But then who can recount the Variety and Delicacy of the Viands? Who can express the charming Excellency of the Musick all the while the costly Banquet lasts; yet neither they that play, nor they that sing are to be seen. The Table being clear'd, while the Knight stretch'd out at his ease, sits picking his Teeth, of a sudden a Lady incomparably more beautiful then any of the rest, seating her self down by him, takes him about the Neck, and having kiss'd him some three or four hundred times with her rosie Lips, informs him what Castle it is, tells him she is enchanted, and implores his Assistance, with a thousand other miraculous Accidents, which then amaze the Knight, and astonish the Readers hereafter. And thus you see how the Stories of *Knight-Errantry* create both Pleasure and Wonder.

Therefore, Mr. *Prebend*, be rul'd by a Fool for once; read these Books over again, and you shall find how insensibly they exorcise that Devil of Melancholy, and rock the troubl'd Soul into the pleasing Extasies of Mirth, and true Content; so that let a man be never so churlish, and ill-natur'd, they are able to rectifie and cultivate his Inclinations. For my part, I do assure ye, Sir, since 'twas the Will of Heaven to make me a *Knight-Errant*, of a cowardly, froppish, niggardly, stingie, boarish Lobcock, I am become valiant, affable, courteous, complaisant, liberal, generous, indefatigable, and patient to that degree, as to endure without the least murmuring or repining, all the Imprisonments and Enchantments that ever beset a Knight of my Profession. And tho you see me at this time penn'd up in a wooden Frank, like a Boar against *Christmas*, I despair not however, but within these few days, by the strength of my Arm, and the Favour of Heaven, to ascend the Throne of some great Kingdom, that I may be able to sow i' the Field of the World, those Vertues of Liberality and Acknowledgment, that I am forc'd at present to keep hoarded up in my Breast. For who that is poor, can be munificent, tho he had the Soul of a Prince? Since Acknowledgment in Desire, is but a dead Vertue, like Faith without Works. And therefore I could wish, that Fortune once in her life would be so kind as to help me to an Empire, that I might be in a Condition to enrich my Friends; especially this poor Squire of mine, who is the honestest Fellow i' the World, and upon whom I would fain bestow an Earldom, as being a thing that I promis'd him two or three times i' my Cups, (and what I promise when I'm merry, I always love to perform when I'm sober) tho I confess I much question his Ability for so great

great an Employment. Oh, Sir, quo *Sancho*, do you but get the Earldom, and ne're trouble your head about my Capacity. I warrant ye, I'll govern it, take you no farther care—I have heard 'em talk of a sort of People that let out their Lands to Farmers, and these Farmers improve and till those Lands, as if they were their own, while their Landlords live at their ease, gutling and swilling up their Revenues without any farther Trouble or Perplexity of mind. Just so by my faith will I do, I find no difficulty i' the matter, 'tis as easie as pissing; I'll farm out my Government, and eat and drink my Rents like any Prince, and so let the World turn round or stand still, I'll never busie my head. Judge you now whether I am capable to govern an Earldom. You say very well, friend *Sancho*, reply'd the *Prebend*; but as to what concerns the Administration of Justice, you ought not to be so indifferent; that's the Earl's main business to look after, and which requires great Prudence and Judgment to manage; and above all, an honest and virtuous Intention to determine rightly and justly which is to be the beginning and end of all his Actions. For as God ne're fails to favour Truth and Sincerity, so he ranverses the crafty Designs of the Wicked.

I understand not your Gibberish Philosophy, cry'd *Sancho*, but I know how to govern an Earldom; and an Earldom I would fain have as soon as I could, for I have a Soul and a Body as well as other men; and I would be as absolute in my Earldom, as a King in his Kingdom: I would do what I list; and doing what I list, I would follow my own Humour; and following my own Humour, I would be contented; and being contented, I should ha' nothing more to desire; and having nothing more to desire, What-a-devil would a Man have more? Only let's have the Earldom, and then farewell till I see ye again, as one blind man said to t'other. There is no false *Latin* in all this, reply'd the *Prebend*, however there is much more to be said upon this very Subject of *Earldoms*. I know not what there is more to be said, quo *Don Quixote*, interrupting him, but this I am sure of, I go according to the President, and follow the Foot-steps of several Knights of my Profession, who, to reward their Squires, have made 'em Lords of Islands and Cities; to go no farther then *Amadis de Gaul*, who made his Squire Earl of the *Swimming Island*. Which being so, with as little Scruple of Conscience may I give *Sancho* an Earldom; he being one of the best Squires that ever attended upon a *Knight-Errant*, and had he been born in former Ages, might ha' been a Pattern to all his Successors.

While the *Prebend* was admiring at the strange and deep Impressions which the Study of *Knight-Errantry* had made in *Don Quixote's* Fancy; and no less at the Simplicity of *Sancho*, who thought his Master could ha' giv'n him an Earldom with as much ease as some men play away a Mannor, the Servants return'd from the Inn with the Provision-Mule; who having spread a Carpet upon the Grass, under the shade of certain Trees, for once the Company made a shift to sit down like *Turks*, and fall too like *Christians*. But they had not been long at their Repast, before they heard the found of a little Bell among the neighbouring Bushes, and by and by they saw a black and white Goat dance out of a Thicket, speckl'd with yellow Spots, pursu'd by a Goat-herd endeavouring to stop her with all the flattering and caressing Language imaginable. But the Goat having taken some distaste, and unwilling to be re-taken, ran directly to the *Prebend* and his Company; where being stopp'd, the Goatherd having caught her by the Horns, began to expostulate with the dumb Animal, as if 't had been the

the rational Goat that gave *Jupiter* suck; 'Ah wanton fugitive, cry'd he, 'ye spotted Slut, whither art a jumping my Dear? what has frighted 'thee my Child? is't because thou art a Female, and lovest to be gadding, 'ha? Come *Nanny*, come *Nanny*, go along with me, where thou shalt be 'safe among the rest of thy Companions: what dost thou think will be 'come of them, who art their Guide and Mistress, if thou runn'st a rambling a' this manner?

The *Prebend* was extremely pleas'd with the Goat-herd's Courtship, and therefore desir'd him not to be so hasty to carry back his Goat. Friend, said he, if she be a Female, as thou say'st she is, you ought to let her have her will; for if she have a mind to have her Fegaries, thou'nd find it a hard task to hinder her—Here, here, come and eat a bit, and drink a Cup of Wine to cool thy Passion, while the poor Goat lies down and rests her self—And so saying, he gave the Goat-herd the Leg of a cold Rabber, which the Goat's Sweet-heart took with a Countrey Congy; and after he had drank, with a *b'y'er leave Geontlemen*, to all the Company, Don't ye think, Geontlemen, quo he, tho'che sbeak a thick manner to thick Bieast, that ch'am a meer Glown, as they zay. What ch' ha' zaid to the Bieast, ch'a' zaid, and there's more in't then you are aware on, Geontlemen—Ch'am a Glown, 'tis drue, but che' gnou how to sbeak to Geontlevoke, as well as to Bieasts. I am apt to believe it, reply'd the *Curate*, for I know by Experience, that Contemplation oftimes seeks the lonely Mountains, and Wildom is no stranger to the homely Cottage—At least, Gentlemen, changing then his rustick Dialect, they may sometimes harbour, quo the Goat-herd, Men of Reason and common Understanding—And therefore if it ben't a piece of Rudeness to intrude into your Company, and that you'll be pleas'd to hear me but a quarter of an hour, I'll tell ye a Story to confirm the Truth of what the Gentleman has said. Friend, quo *Don Quixote*, undertaking for the whole Company, i' my Conscience, I smell either a *Knight-Errant*, or something of an Adventure in your Story; which if there be, I'll lend ye my Attention with all my Heart, and so I dare assure ye will these Gentlemen, whom I take to be all great Admirers of Novelty and Curiosity; and therefore you have no more to do, then to begin as soon as you please.

God speed ye, Gentlemen, quo *Sancho*, a hungry Belly has no Ears; and therefore give me leave to retire to yonder Brook with my share, where I intend to stuff my Guts for three days: Squires and Ships must be vittl'd, or else they'll do no Service. Besides, I have often heard my Master tell me, that your *Knight-Errants* Squires must lose no Opportunity to fill the Wallet of their Stomachs, which will afterwards have leisure enough to digest its Load; in regard that many times it is their hard Fate to enter into a wide desert Forrest, out of which they cannot get out again in five or six days; so that if a man be not well ballasted before hand, he may be Food for the Crows, for want of Food for himself. Very well argu'd, *Sancho*, quo *Don Quixote*, go where thou wilt, eat what thou can'st, and prudently put the rest i' thy Breeches. For my part, I have an Appetite soon satisfy'd, and therefore having fed my Body, I am now for feeding my Mind, as valuing the Banquet of a good Story, beyond all the costly Viands of an Emperor's Table. We are all of the same mind, reply'd the *Prebend*, and with the same Earnestness expect the first Course. With that the Goat-herd stroaking his Beloved upon the back; Lie down by me a while, my pretty motley Fool, quo he, the Day's not so far spent, but that we ha' time enough to return to the Herd. Upon which, they say, the intel-

great an Employment. Oh, Sir, quo *Sancho*, do you but get the Earldom, and ne're trouble your head about my Capacity. I warrant ye, I'll govern it, take you no farther care—I have heard 'em talk of a sort of People that let out their Lands to Farmers, and these Farmers improve and till those Lands, as if they were their own, while their Landlords live at their ease, gutling and swilling up their Revenues without any farther Trouble or Perplexity of mind. Just so by my faith will I do, I find no difficulty i' the matter, 'tis as easie as pissing; I'll farm out my Government, and eat and drink my Rents like any Prince, and so let the World turn round or stand still, I'll never busie my head. Judge you now whether I am capable to govern an Earldom. You say very well, friend *Sancho*, reply'd the *Prebend*; but as to what concerns the Administration of Justice, you ought not to be so indifferent; that's the Earl's main business to look after, and which requires great Prudence and Judgment to manage; and above all, an honest and virtuous Intention to determine rightly and justly which is to be the beginning and end of all his Actions. For as God ne're fails to favour Truth and Sincerity, so he ranverses the crafty Designs of the Wicked.

I understand not your Gibberish Philosophy, cry'd *Sancho*, but I know how to govern an Earldom; and an Earldom I would fain have as soon as I could, for I have a Soul and a Body as well as other men; and I would be as absolute in my Earldom, as a King in his Kingdom: I would do what I list; and doing what I list, I would follow my own Humour; and following my own Humour, I would be contented; and being contented, I should ha' nothing more to desire; and having nothing more to desire, What-a-devil would a Man have more? Only let's have the Earldom, and then farewell till I see ye again, as one blind man said to t'other. There is no false *Latin* in all this, reply'd the *Prebend*, however there is much more to be said upon this very Subject of *Earldoms*. I know not what there is more to be said, quo *Don Quixote*, interrupting him, but this I am sure of, I go according to the President, and follow the Foot-steps of several Knights of my Profession, who, to reward their Squires, have made 'em Lords of Islands and Cities; to go no farther than *Amadis de Gaul*, who made his Squire Earl of the *Swimming Island*. Which being so, with as little Scruple of Conscience may I give *Sancho* an Earldom; he being one of the best Squires that ever attended upon a *Knight-Errant*, and had he been born in former Ages, might ha' been a Pattern to all his Successors.

While the *Prebend* was admiring at the strange and deep Impressions which the Study of *Knight-Errantry* had made in *Don Quixote's* Fancy; and no less at the Simplicity of *Sancho*, who thought his Master could ha' giv'n him an Earldom with as much ease as some men play away a Mannor, the Servants return'd from the Inn with the Provision-Mule; who having spread a Carpet upon the Grass, under the shade of certain Trees, for once the Company made a shift to sit down like *Turks*, and fall too like *Christians*. But they had not been long at their Repast, before they heard the sound of a little Bell among the neighbouring Bushes, and by and by they saw a black and white Goat dance out of a Thicket, speckl'd with yellow Spots, pursu'd by a Goat-herd endeavouring to stop her with all the flattering and caressing Language imaginable. But the Goat having taken some distaste, and unwilling to be re-taken, ran directly to the *Prebend* and his Company; where being stopp'd, the Goatherd having caught her by the Horns, began to expostulate with the dumb Animal, as if 't had been the

the rational Goat that gave *Jupiter* suck; 'Ah wanton fugitive, cry'd he, 'ye spotted Slut, whither art a jumping my Dear? what has frighted thee my Child? is't because thou art a Female, and lovest to be gadding, 'ha? Come *Nanny*, come *Nanny*, go along with me, where thou shalt be safe among the rest of thy Companions: what dost thou think will become of them, who art their Guide and Mistress, if thou runn'st a rambling a' this manner?

The *Prebend* was extremely pleas'd with the Goat-herd's Courtship, and therefore desir'd him not to be so hasty to carry back his Goat. Friend, said he, if she be a Female, as thou say'st she is, you ought to let her have her will; for if she have a mind to have her Fegaries, thou'lt find it a hard task to hinder her—Here, here, come and eat a bit, and drink a Cup of Wine to cool thy Passion, while the poor Goat lies down and rests her self—And so saying, he gave the Goat-herd the Leg of a cold Rabber, which the Goat's Sweet-heart took with a Countrey Congy; and after he had drank, with a *b'y'er leave Gentlemen*, to all the Company, Don't ye think, Gentlemen, quo he, tho'che sheak a thick manner to thick Bieast, that ch'am a meer Glown, as they say. What ch' ha' zaid to the Bieast, ch' a' zaid, and there's more in't then you are aware on, Gentlemen—Ch'am a Glown, 'tis drue, but che' gnaw how to sheak to Gentlemen—Ch'am a Glown, as well as to Bieasts. I am apt to believe it, reply'd the *Curate*, for I know by Experience, that Contemplation oftimes seeks the lonely Mountains, and Wisdom is no stranger to the homely Cottage—At least, Gentlemen, changing then his rustick Dialect, they may sometimes harbour, quo the Goat-herd, Men of Reason and common Understanding—And therefore if it ben't a piece of Rudeness to intrude into your Company, and that you'll be pleas'd to hear me but a quarter of an hour, I'll tell ye a Story to confirm the Truth of what the Gentleman has said. Friend, quo *Don Quixote*, undertaking for the whole Company, i' my Conscience, I smell either a *Knight-Errant*, or something of an Adventure in your Story; which if there be, I'll lend ye my Attention with all my Heart, and so I dare assure ye will these Gentlemen, whom I take to be all great Admirers of Novelty and Curiosity; and therefore you have no more to do, then to begin as soon as you please.

God speed ye, Gentlemen, quo *Sancho*, a hungry Belly has no Ears; and therefore give me leave to retire to yonder Brook with my share, where I intend to stuff my Guts for three days: Squires and Ships must be vittl'd, or else they'll do no Service. Besides, I have often heard my Master tell me, that your *Knight-Errants* Squires must lose no Opportunity to fill the Wallet of their Stomachs, which will afterwards have leisure enough to digest its Load; in regard that many times it is their hard Fate to enter into a wide desert Forrest, out of which they cannot get out again in five or six days; so that if a man be not well ballasted before hand, he may be Food for the Crows, for want of Food for himself. Very well argu'd, *Sancho*, quo *Don Quixote*, go where thou wilt, eat what thou can'st, and prudently put therest i' thy Breeches. For my part, I have an Appetite soon satisfy'd, and therefore having fed my Body, I am now for feeding my Mind, as valuing the Banquet of a good Story, beyond all the costly Viands of an Emperor's Table. We are all of the same mind, reply'd the *Prebend*, and with the same Earnestness expect the first Course. With that the Goat-herd stroaking his Beloved upon the back; Lie down by me a while, my pretty motley Fool, quo he, the Day's not so far spent, but that we ha' time enough to return to the Herd. Upon which, they say, the intel-

intelligent Creature, as if she had understood his Language, laid her self down at his feet, and looking wistly in his Face, seem'd to bid him proceed, which he did after this manner.

C H A P. XXIV.

Containing the Goat-herd's Story.

ABOUT three Leagues from this Valley, in a small Village but one of the richest in all these parts, there liv'd a wealthy Farmer, well-belov'd, and in great Reputation among all his Neighbours, tho more for his Virtue and good Qualities, than for his Estate. But his chiefest Happiness was a Daughter, beautiful, discreet, and modest beyond compare. This Damfel was not above sixteen years of Age, when the Report of her Perfections spread it self over all the neighbouring Villages, and at length arriv'd in distant Cities, inflaming the young Sparks to that degree, that they came far and near to behold this matchless Master-piece of Nature. On the other side, her Father had a watchful Eye over her, as being the only Treasure i' this World, which he most highly priz'd; tho indeed his Care was needless, she being of her self so reserv'd and wary of her Honour. Nor was it without reason, for being an Heiress to a considerable Competency, the Fame of her Beauty, and her Father's Acres, drew a mighty Resort of young Whippers to the House; some passionately enamour'd of her Person, others in love with her Fortune, and others with both together; some i' their lac'd Coats and Point-Cravats, some of meaner Rank, with red and blew Ribbands under their Chins, of all Sizes and Professions; so that in the midst of so much Variety, the poor man was extremely troubl'd where to fix, well-knowing his Daughter could have but one at a time. Among this numerous Croud of Pretenders, I was one who had not the least reason to hope well for my self, as being of the same Village, well known to her Father to be descended of honest Parents; besides that, he understood both my Estate, and my Age; and then again, I was lookt upon i' the Countrey to be no Fop. All which put together, contributed very much to the Conclusion of the Match. But there was at the same time another Lad i' the same Town, hopeful and handsom, and indeed my equal in every thing; who making the same Applications that I did, made the Father totter in his Opinion what to say, or what to think, finding us both fit Matches for his Daughter. In this Confusion he determin'd to leave it wholly to the fair *Leandra's* choice (for that was the Name of the Damfel) that he might not seem to impose upon her Affection. I know not what Answer *Leandra* made him, but this I'm sure of, that the Father still put us both off from time to time, neither condescending nor refusing, but pretending to both, that his Daughter was not of Years yet ripe enough to marry. Therein doing like a prudent Father, in propounding a good Choice, but leaving his Daughter to please her self. By the way you are to understand, that my Rival's Name was *Anselm*, and mine *Eugenio*, two of the chief Persons concern'd in this Story that begins with Love, but ends a little oddly.

Now while we were thus kept at the Stave's end in a Dilatory Suspence, there came to the Village a certain young Swash-buckler, whose Name was *Thomas of Waltham*, the Son of a ravenous Pettifogger, that liv'd in

in the same Hamlet. This *Thomas of Waltham*, at twelve Years of Age, ran away from his Father, and having rambl'd *Flanders* and the Low Countries, where he pretended to put his Cheats upon the Duke of *Luxemburgh* and the Prince of *Orange*, twelve years after that return'd home again in the Habit of a Souldier, but so bedizon'd with Glas beads of a thousand Colours, set in Branches of *St. Martin's Wier*, that he made a more glistering shew i' the Sun, than a Prince of *Guinney*; and these Beads he so well knew how to chop and change, and put others in their places, that he seem'd to have a new Suite for every Day i' the Month. The Countrey People, who are naturally malicious, and when they have nothing to do, become as envious as the Devil himself, could not be content to admire, but set themselves to examine diligently this same odd sort of Jay-like Bravery. And at length by strict Observation found, that he had no more than three different Suits of Apparel of ordinary Stuffs; but he had so many fantastick Tricks and Inventions to disguise 'em, that you would ha' sworn he had had a Duke's Wardrobe. He would usually sit upon a Bench under a spreading Oak that grew in the Village, and there make long Relations of his Adventures, and his famous Achievements; there was not any part of the World where he had not set his feet; not a considerable Battel had been fought, wherein he had not been present; he had kill'd more *Moors* than all *Barbary* contain'd; he had fought more Duels than all the *Bullies* in *London*, in every one of which he had still come off with Victory. Then he would pretend to shew us the Scars of Wounds, which tho they could not be discern'd, yet he made us believe they were the Shots and Slashes which he had receiv'd in several desperate Encounters; he was so arrogant, that he would *Dick* and *Tom*, and *Thou* and *Thee* his Superiours with an unusual Insolence, boasting that his *Arm* was his only Parent, and his *Achievements* were his *Pedigree*; and that being as he was a Souldier, he was not inferior to the King himself. Besides these rare Qualities, he could sing a little better than a Countrey Parish Clerk; he had a Voice like a Bird call'd a Swine, and scrap'd upon a Violin like a Countrey Fidler. But his chief Excellency lay in his Poetry, for he had his Rhymes ready upon all Occasions, as if he had emulated the great Fame of Poet *Ninny*; and if a Wench did but fart in her sleep, would scribble ye two or three Sheets upon the Subject in a Quarter of an hour; so that he furnish'd the whole Village with wast Paper for a long time.

Now this *Thomas of Waltham*, this Bugle-merchant, this *Gusman*, this Braggadoshio, this Huff-snuff, this Doggerel-Rhymer, did the more fair then wife *Leandra* behold from a Window of her Father's House, and was presently smitten; the Souldier's invisible Weapons immediately wounded her Heart; his Pedlar's Trinkets dazzl'd her Eyes; she was charm'd with his Rodomontado's, she look'd upon him as a second Sir *Eglamore*, took every thing for Gold that glister'd, and the Devil owing her a particular Shame, she fell so desperately in love with this same Son of Ostentation, that she became his Prisoner before he had the confidence to summon her to a Surrender; and as no Intrigue in Love is carry'd on so smoothly as that, where the Gallant is favour'd by his Mistress, 'twas a Match between *Leandra* and *Thomas of Waltham*, before either of us had the least Suspicion of it; for *Argus* himself, had he been sent to watch her, would ne're ha' suspected such a Thief as he. In short, the business being thus suddenly concluded, and the time appointed, the precious *Map of Modesty* makes up her Fardle, (for still you must know, that in such Cases as these the Father always

entrusts his beloved Darling with the Keys of his Treasure) ta kēs one of the Old Man's best Geldings, and away she troops as fine as Pins could make her, with she hardly knew whom, she scarcely knew whither.

An Accident so unexpected strangely surpriz'd the whole Village, which was presently all in an Uproar; the Father tore his Beard from his Chin, while poor *Anselm* and I, amaz'd, distracted, confounded, and overwhelm'd with Despair, were ready to hang our selves in our own Garters, for Grief and Sorrow. Presently *Hue and Cry* was sent after the two Fugitives with all the speed imaginable; and the Officers, partly for love of the Old Man, partly well paid before-hand, us'd such diligence, and made such haste, that in three days they found *Leandra* stript to her very Skin (for *Thomas* of *Waltham* was rid away with all the rest, but her Maiden-head, not thinking it safe to stay the taking it along with him.) In that Condition, only with an old Coat left her in Charity to hide her Nakedness, they brought her back to her Father, to whom she confess'd that *Thomas* of *Waltham* had deceiv'd her, got her good Will, and perswaded her to go along with him to the *Devil's Arse i' the Peak*, or some place or other where he had vast Preferments, and where she should be the Lord knows what. By which means abusing her easiness and the Confidence she had in him, he carry'd her the same Night to the Cave where they found her, and where the *Raggamuffin*, after he had stript her, left her to condole her Folly and Misfortune, without offering any other Violence to her Body. Which was a difficult thing to believe of a lustful, rough-hewn young *Gusman* as he was. But *Leandra* made so many Protestations of the Truth of her *Paramour's* Continency, that her Father over-joy'd he had her again unplunder'd of her most inestimable Jewel, forgave her all the rest of his Losses. However, the same day she appear'd, she vanish'd again, being privately convey'd away to a safer Lock and Key then his own, in a Nunnery distant some few miles off, hoping that time would obliterate the Miscarriage of her imprudent Heat.

'Tis true, that they who had only a Neighbourly Kindness for the Maid, were willing to accept her Youth for a satisfactory Excuse of her Vanity, and improvident Rashness. But they who were well acquainted with her Wit and Discretion in other things, rather blame the natural Inclination of Women, which is fickle and humourfome.

As for *Anselm*, ever since *Leandra's* first disappearing, he is fall'n into a deep Melancholy, sits musing and picking a' Straws, like a Changeling; and 'tis thought 'twill come to that in time, that we shall see him sitting upon the High-way in a long Coat and a clean Bib, begging the Charity of Travellers. And for my own part, that lov'd her dearly, and perhaps may have a Kindness for her still, I am in such a Quandary, that I know not whether I shall ever see the Female Sex more: Which has made me retire into this Valley, where I feed a Herd of Beasts, as wanton as Women; but more easie to be rul'd. How many Curses have I bestow'd upon that Son of a Whore *Gusman*? How many times have I blam'd the Carelessness of *Leandra's* Father, that had not a stricter Watch over her? Nay, how many times have I bestow'd a kind Malediction upon *Leandra* her self, for her Folly and Indiscretion? But all signifies not a Rush; so that I know not whether I should abide here any longer, were it not to behold the Folly of others. For you must know, these Mountains are full of *Leandra's* *Inamorato's*, as if *Arcady* were remov'd hither; at least, these desert Hills are become the Habitations of such a number of puling, whining Lovers, as may justly give these Groves and Thickets the Title of

Fools

Fools Paradise. Here is nothing else to be heard but *Leandra's* Name. One Shepherd calls her Fanstactick and Light; another, Easie and Imprudent; some accuse and justify her, all in a Breath; some talk of her Beauty, others bemoan her Absence, others blame her for all the Misfortunes which they suffer; almost all despise, and all adore her; some complain of her Cruelty that never saw her i' their lives; and others are jealous of her, that never had any Occasion; for she dispos'd of her Body before any one could claim an Interest in her Heart. Here sits one upon the Cliff of a Rock, with his Arms a-cross, and his Hat over his Eyes, bewailing his Misfortunes; there sits another by the side of a purling Stream, invoking Heaven to witness he knows not what himself; there lies another leaning upon his Elbow at the foot of a shady Tree, breathing out loud Complaints to the silent Air, against a person that never did 'em any harm, God knows. The Trees, for ought I find, are the only Sufferers, as being daily wounded and gash'd to make way for *Leandra's* Name. And thus the Name of *Leandra*, that I dare say, never dreams of any of these her raving Admirers, bewitches and enchants 'em after the strangest manner i' the World, while they live continually in Hopes and Fears, yet know not what to hope, nor what to expect.

But among the whole Crowd of these Fopdoodles, there is none so frantick as my Rival *Anselm*, who having the most just Complaints of any but my self, to make, and perhaps not without reason, does nothing all day long but bewail her Absence, when he knows the way to her again; and if that be all he has to except against, I dare say, might be a welcome Guest to her Father, who would be glad to see his Daughter's Reputation stitch'd up again upon any Conditions. For my part, I think I take a wiser Course, for I spend my time in exclaiming against the Inconstancy of Women, the Fallhood of their Promises; and in laughing at the Folly of their Actions, their Scorn and Contempt of those that truly love 'em, and their fantastick Choice of Fools and Knaves. And then come the Descants of the World, when she's sent home again to her Parents, without a Rag to her Tail— She was told on't— but she would not be advis'd by her Friends— She might have had an honest Gentleman— but she would needs have a Royster— and now she may thank her unpity'd self— And this, Gentlemen, was the meaning of those words which I talk'd to my Goat, when I follow'd her to this place, for which I have but a very small Respect, as being a Female, tho she be one of the fairest in my Herd. I know not whether my Story may have answer'd your Expectation, however, if you please to go along with me to my Cottage hard by, I will endeavour to repair the Injury I ha' done ye, with a short Collation of Cheese, and Milk, and Fruits of the Season, which perhaps may be more acceptable.

CHAP.

C H A P. XXV.

Containing the quarrel between Don Quixote and the Goat-herd, and the rare Adventure of the Penitents, which cost him the Sweat of his Brows to accomplish.

THE Story pleas'd the whole Company, especially the *Prebend*, who highly applauded the Goat-herd's Elocution; who was now no more in his Thoughts the Clown and Rustick which he took him to be, but a Person literate, and of excellent Sense; of whom the *Curate* had reason to say, That the desert Mountains were not always without Men of Wit, and such as knew the World. Therefore they repaid him with all the Civilities and kind Offers imaginable: but *Don Quixote*, more liberal than any of the rest, Truly, honest Friend, said he, were I in a Condition to undertake an Adventure, I would make it my business to serve ye, without delay. For I would go immediately and tear *Leandra* out of the Nunnery, where, without question she is detain'd against her Will; and in despite of the Abbess, and all the Monks and Nuns under Heaven, would surrender her into your hands, to dispose of at your own pleasure; observing however, the Laws of Chivalry-Errant, which do not permit the least Injury to be done to Ladies. But I hope in God, the Malice of a villainous Inchanter will not always be so powerful, but that another *Necromancer* better affected, will deliver me out of his Clutches, and then I will secure ye both my Favour and Assistance, according to the Laws of my Profession, which oblige me to the Relief of those that are oppressed.

The Goat-herd, who had as yet taken little notice of *Don Quixote*, hearing him utter such *Romantick* Bombast, view'd him from head to foot, but finding neither his Habit, nor his Physiognomy correspondent to his Offers, he turn'd to the *Barber* that sat next him, and whispering him in the Ear; Sir, said he, who is this person that talks at this extravagant rate? I never saw such a strange Creature in my life. 'Tis a sign you live in a Forest, quo the *Barber*; who should it be but the famous *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, the Flail of Oppression, the Revenger of Injuries, the Protector of Ladies, the Ribroaster of Giants, invincible in Battel? This, quo the Goat-herd, is just like what we read in your Books of *Knight-Errants*, who were all such a sort of Desperado's. But for my part, I am apt to think you are only merry with the Gentleman, as one that has empty Lodgings to let in his Coffard. Ye damn'd insolent Son of thirty Tinkers, cry'd *Don Quixote*, 'tis thou art the Skimmer-scul'd Rascal—I have a thousand times more Brains than the carted Bawd thy Mother, and all thy Bitch-whelp'd Generation; and so saying, he took up a Six-penny Loaf that stood upon the Table, and flung it with such a malicious fury at the Goat-herd's Head, that the hard Crust had almost levell'd his Nose with his Face, and loosen'd all his Fore teeth. The Goat-herd not understanding such kind of Railery, and as hasty to return Civility for Civility, never minded Table cloth, nor the Squeezing of Tarts as flat as Pan-cakes, but flew upon *Don Quixote*, and catching him by the Throat, had throatl'd him without mercy, had not *Sancho*, taking him by the Shoulders, pull'd him backward, cross the Collation, upon Dishes, Pots, and Glasses, among the Relicks and Orts of the *Prebend's* good Cheer.

On

On the other side, *Don Quixote* finding himself free, threw himself again upon the Goat-herd, who being thus unequally beset, two for one, with his Face and Eyes all bruise'd, and *Sancho* still laying on like a *Loathbury Brazier*, felt about for one of the Carving-knives to have tak'n a fatal Revenge, by tapping the Breast and Guts of Knight and Squire both at once. But the *Prebend* had warily caus'd those unlawful Weapons to be remov'd out of the way; so that 'twas only a desperate kind of Counter-scuffle, where neither Dish nor Cup could stand still, but the Salutations were so rude and unmannerly, that tho the Meat was well dress'd, the Guests were all raw, and the Blood ran about their Chaps, as if they had been *Cannibals* feeding one upon another. And as yet the Goat-herd had the worse, till the *Barber* willing to see a little fair Play, gave him an Opportunity to get upon *Don Quixote*, who then bestriding the Knight, ply'd him so fast with his Knuckles, that he was even with the *Hero* for the Blood which he had lost before; and now you'd ha' sworn they had both put on their Visor-Masks to hide their own handy Work; Dust and Blood had so bemoyl'd their Faces, where their Eyes were no more to be seen for the Rainbows and Swellings that usually accompany such kind of Horse-play. The *Prebend* and the *Curate* were ready to burst; the Bailiffs hoop'd and hollow'd, clapp'd their hands, and with Halloos, and to him Lion, there Brindle, set 'em on as they do Mastiffs in the Street. Only *Sancho* was as mad as a March-Hare, to find himself held by one of the *Prebend's* Servants, to prevent his helping the Knight his Master.

Now while this *Bear-garden* Sport made all the rest of the Company merry, but the two Combatants, who lay bartering one another with an unspeakable Antipathy, what animates to fight at other times, did here dissolve the Fray. For by and by they heard the sound of a Trumpet so sad and doleful, that it enforc'd their Ears to a more then ordinary Attention. But it wrought upon none so much as it did upon *Don Quixote*; who, tho he lay full fore against his Will under the Oppression of the Goat-herd's Body, more then moderately bruise'd and pound-ed, and unable to relieve himself, yet was his Spirit of Revenge at that time willing to submit to that of his Curiosity. And therefore *Brother Devil*, quo he; for other then a Devil thou canst not be, that hast both Valour and Strength to equal mine; prethee let's make a Truce, and leave off this same Butcherly Boxing; I am quite weary of it—besides that, I am perswaded the dolorous Sound of this same Trumpet calls me to the more noble Recreation of killing out-right. Upon which the Goat-herd, no less weary of pounding, then being pounded, presently gave off; at what time *Don Quixote* getting upon his Legs, after he had shook his Limbs and wip'd his Face, turn'd himself toward the place from whence the sound came, and presently spy'd descending down the side of a Hill several People clad in white, which others readily discern'd to be a Cluster of Penitents, but *Don Quixote* strongly fancy'd to be Devils in Masquerade. Now it seems there had no Rain fall'n all that year, which made the Country People think it convenient to implore the mercy of Heav'n by a devout Procession to a Hermitage that lay at the foot of the Mountain. But *Don Quixote* no sooner beheld the strange Habillments of the Penitents, but he imagin'd it to be some desperate Adventure which he was to undertake, as being the only *Knight-Errant* in the Company. And that which confirm'd him in this reverend piece of Dog-tag, was an Image cover'd with Mourning, carry'd by the Penitents, which

which he took to be some forlorn Princess, which those Miscreants, and disloyal Knights had ravish'd away by force, and were hurrying to some dismal Castle of their own. Full of these Imaginations, he buckles on his Armour, shoulders his Buckler, and having mounted *Rosinante* with no less speed; Now, Lords and Gentlemen, quo he, be patient a while, and you shall see how vastly it concerns the whole World, that there should be persons like my self, that make Profession of *Knight-Errantry*. Now I say, the Hour is come, that you, beholding my courageous Actions in setting at liberty this captive Lady, shall acknowledge the high Honour that is due to the Lambasters of the *Wicked*. And so saying, he clapp'd his Heels to *Rosinante's* Sides, as having lost his Spurs, and putting on a good round Gallop (for in all this true History you never read, that ever *Rosinante* trotted) rode directly toward the *Penitents*, who little dreamt of the Storm that was coming, while they were praying for Rain. And all this, notwithstanding the vigorous Endeavours of the *Prebend* and *Curate* to restrain him, and little regarding *Sancho's* Exclamations, who yauling incessantly after him, cry'd out, Where the Devil are ye posting, Master *Don Quixote*? Does *Beelzebub* himself possess ye, thus to send ye a tilting against the Catholick Faith? Don't ye see 'tis only a Procession? and that the Lady which they carry upon that same Pedestal, is the Image of the blessed Virgin — Upon my life y' are distracted — Master — Master — Hey — Master — Master come back i' the Devil's Name, and don't ride headlong to Hell. But *Sancho* worry'd his Lungs in vain; for his Master was so bent upon delivering the Lady i' the Mourning, that he would not ha' return'd back, no, not for the Pope himself, nor all the Perswasions of the whole Council of *Trent*.

Stopping *Rosinante*, therefore, within twenty Paces of the Procession, with a hoarse and furious Tone; Hold Rake-hells, cry'd he, that under sacred Vestments, disguise the worst of Miscreants, attend and heark'n to my Words — The first that stood still, were those that carry'd the Image; at what time one of the four Priests that sang the *Letanies*, beholding *Don Quixote's* extravagant Garb, the meagre Ribs of *Rosinante*, and several other ridiculous Circumstances, which he observ'd in the menacing Champion; Friend, said he, if you have any thing to say to us, speak it quickly; for all this while these poor People are scourging their own Flesh, and we have no leisure to hear a long Discourse. Why then, reply'd *Don Quixote*, in short — Pray release that fair Lady, whose disconsolate Looks and Tears sufficiently declare, that you have done her some ungracious Injury, and that you are hawling her away from her Parents and Kindred, against her Will. For my part, I came into the World to prevent such Violences as these, and cannot therefore in Honour consent to let ye pass, till ye have restor'd her to her desir'd Liberty.

There needed no more to confirm those People, that *Don Quixote* was no wiser than his Father had begot him; so that they could not forbear laughing in his Champion-like Face: and it is to be fear'd, that one was so bold as to bid him troop about his own Business, like a Fool as he was — But this was to set a lighted Match to a Barrel of Gun-powder — For *Don Quixote* enrag'd to see himself derided, made directly, with his Sword drawn, toward the Image. At what time one of the persons that carry'd it, leaving his Employment to the rest of his Companions, ran to meet the menacing *Hero*, with one of the Forks that

sustain'd

sustain'd the Pageant when it rested in any place: Which, tho the mighty Champion slit in two pieces with the first Blow of his Sword that he struck, yet with the other half that remain'd, the stout Opponent return'd the Knight such a use of Admonition upon the right Shoulder, that his Buckler not being bound to take care of both sides, the Violence of the Randan-Rub fetch'd him from his Steed to the Ground, where he lay jerking with his Legs at first, like a Capon newly Neck-twisted, and by and by became as motionless as the Image he fought to deliver.

Sancho, who still follow'd his Master, came in puffing and blowing just at the *God-speed* of this unfortunate Mischance; and seeing the dismounted Knight in that bad and disastrous Condition, cry'd out to the Countryman to hold his hand, for that his Master was a poor silly enchanted Knight that never did any body harm in his life. However, 'twas not *Sancho's* Intercession that stopp'd the Countryman's Fury, but his own Fears; for he perceiving that *Don Quixote* lay like a Dormouse in a Box of Cotton, not so much as wagging Hand or Foot, verily believ'd he had murder'd him; and therefore tucking up his long Gown about his Waste, for Expedition-sake, he fell a' running, as if the Constable and all his Watch had been at his Heels.

By this time the *Curate* and the *Prebend*, with all the rest of *Don Quixote's* Company were come into the end of the Fray; upon whose Approach, the *Processioners* beholding the Bailiffs with their Swords and Pistols, and conceiving Revenge i' their heated Countenances, clust'rd together about the Image, and lifting up their Veils, the *Penitents* with their *Scourges*, and the *Priests* with their *Torches*, resolv'd to abide the Assault, and defend themselves and their Idol, as well as they could. But Fortune order'd the Business better than they could expect, to the Advantage and Satisfaction of both Parties. For while *Sancho* lay stretch'd out at his full length over his Master's Body, most dolefully lamenting and bewailing him for dead, the *Curate* happen'd to be known to the *Curate* of the *Procession*, which presently dispers'd all Fears and Jealousies on both sides; so that the *Curate* having given his Brother Parson a short Account who *Don Quixote* was, they went all together, *Penitents* and all, to see if he were within the Cure of *Spruce-bear* and *Irish-slate*, or no.

But when they came near the Thing that seem'd to lie for dead, like one of the Knights of *Jerusalem* i' the Temple-Rounds, there they found *Sancho* with the Tears trickling down his Cheeks as big as counterfeit Pearls, and making his Master's Funeral-oration in these Words: 'Bright Flower of Chivalry, quo he, by Ignominious Cudgel thus laid low, a Sacrifice to a damn'd Sexton's Wrath; farewell eternal Honour of thy Race, not only *Mancha's* Darling, but the whole World's Glory, now by thy death become like a defenceless Orphan, expos'd to the Rage and Violence of wicked men, that fearless now of thy chastizing Arm, will ravish Vertue, and set Justice naked with her Heels upward. Liberal above a thousand *Alexanders*, who for eight Months Service only, hadst enrich'd me with one of the best Islands i' the World! O thou that wert humble to the Proud, and lofty to the humble, that frightedst every one, of all afraid; daring in Danger, tame Sufferer of Affronts; a Lover of Shadows, the Scourge of Oppressors, and Enemy of Penitents, as Oppressors of themselves! In a word, a *Knight-Errant*, and then what Tongue of Mortals can say more? But only farewell Master, farewell Islands, farewell all the World.

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These loud Moans and Lamentations fetch'd *Don Quixote* again to himself; at what time, after a long and profound Sigh, which was the first Sign he gave of Life; He that is absent, quo he, from Thee, most peerless *Dulcinea*, can never be other then miserable— Help me, dear *Sancho*, once more into the *Inchanted Chariot*, for I am not in a Condition to besstride unruly *Rosinante*— Oh— *Sancho*— *Sancho*! never was a Tavern-bisket crack'd into so many pieces, as my Shoulder-blade— I have no more use of my right Arm, then a joynted Baby— With all my heart, reply'd *Sancho*, I am still ready to assist my dear Master— And so, Sir, let's e'en return home to our own Village, where we may at leisure consider of some other Adventure, more to our Honour and Profit. Thou say'st well, answer'd *Don Quixote*, 'tis Prudence to weary the malicious Influences of the Stars. Upon which words, the *Prebend*, the *Curate*, and the *Barber* fail'd not to strike while the Iron was hot, and having sooth'd him up in his provident Care of himself, return'd him into his enchanted Cage, where they laid him forth upon a Truss of Hay, to the great grief of *Rosinante*, who at that time did not a little envy him his Cushion.

Thus the Procession went on in good order; the Goat-herd retir'd, after he had tak'n leave of the Company, and the Bailiffs were paid and dismiss'd by the *Curate*. The *Prebend* also embrac'd the *Curate*, and after he had obtain'd his Promise to give him an Account of *Don Quixote's* Cure, pursu'd his Journey. And thus the *Curate*, the *Barber*, *Don Quixote* and *Sancho*, were left alone with *Rosinante*, who among so many Hurly-burlys had shew'd no less Patience then his Master. So that now the almost-dismember'd Knight being laid at his ease, as we said before, upon his Bottle of Hay, discreetly strew'd under his bruised Bones, the Waggoner drove on according to the *Curate's* Directions; and at the end of six days, according to the grave pace of those lazy Animals, happily arriv'd at *Don Quixote's* Village; into which they made their entry at high Noon, upon a Sunday, of all the Days i' the Week. Presently Men, Women, and Children came forth to see the Man i' the Cage; but when they knew their old Landlord and Acquaintance, Joy and Admiration put 'em into such a fit of hooping and hollowing, enough to ha' wak'd the seven Sleepers three years before their time. In the mean while, a little Boy ran to carry the News to *Don Quixote's* Niece and *Governante*, telling 'em, That their Uncle and Master was come home, laid upon a Bottle of Hay, but so lean and disfigur'd, that he hardly knew him again.

'Twou'd ha' griev'd your Heart to ha' heard the Lamentations of his Kinswoman, and his old Maid, when they saw him— Lord! Sir, cries one, What makes ye come home thus in a Cage? And then she thump'd her Breast, and water'd her Cheeks, like a Nurse at a Funeral. Was there ne're a Stage-Coach, cries 'other, to be got, but that you must be thus cag'd home, like a wild *Swedish* Cat? The Devil take all those Diabolical Books of *Knight-Errantry*, cries the Niece— Is this the fruit of Adventuring, cries the Maid? The Lord bless me with that little Wit I have, and no more— And all this, and a great deal worse they repeated, when they saw him creep in a-doors, like one that had shatter'd his Bones from the top of a Pear-tree. Presently comes *Sancho Pancho's* Wife (for the News flew like a fir'd Rocket) and meeting her Husband, Well, quo she, and how does the Ass? Better then his Master, quo *Sancho*. The Lord be Prais'd

prais'd for that, i' the first place, quo his Wife— But prithee, Husband, tell me, quo she, What hast got all this while by thy *Squiring*? Hast brought me home e're a new Petticoat? or any Shoos and Stockins for the Children? I ha' brought none of those Trifles home, quo *Sancho*, but I ha' brought things of greater value. Now thou chear'st my Heart, quo his Wife, prithee let's see those things of Value. I will shew thee at home, reply'd *Sancho*; in the mean time be satisfy'd, good Wife; for if it be our good Fortune to take another frisk, as I hope we shall, thou shalt see me in a short time Governor of an Island, I say of an Island, and that one of the best Islands in the World; none of your paltry Islands of thirteen to the Dozen. Pray God thou best *John*, Husband, quo she— But what dost mean by an Island, *Sancho*, for I don't understand your hard Words? Why look ye, quo *Sancho*, Tell a Mare a Tale, and she'll let a Fart— 'Tis not for Asses to lick Honey— Thou shalt understand what I mean time enough, when thou shalt wonder to hear thy self call'd nothing but Lady and Madam, and see all thy Slaves and Vassals bowing and cringing about thee, with their Hats off— What dost think on't?— won't these be brave new-Petticoat-days?— I' the mean time, good dear *Joan Pancho*, not a word o' the Pudding— stay till the time comes, and make no Brags— 'Tis enough, that what I tell thee's true— And therefore believe thy nown *Sancho*— Only by the way let me tell thee, There's no such Pleasure i' the World, as to be a Squire to a *Knight-Errant* that goes a Nutting after Adventures— 'Tis true indeed, that all we meet with, do not always succeed— Of a hundred, not fourscore and nineteen hit right— I know it by Experience, Wife— thanks be to God, I ha' try'd it— I ha' been toss'd in a Blanket— I ha' been thrash'd till my Bones ha' rattl'd i' my Skin, like a Bag of Chess-men— Nevertheless, 'tis a most pleasant life to ride a hunting, as we do, in chase of that Whore Fortune— over Rocks, over Mountains, through Desarts and Forests, to visit Castles, and lodge at Inns, without paying the Devil a Cross to the Sot of an Inn-keeper, that gives us the best Dyer and Lodging he has.

Thus *Sancho* mus'd his Wife, while *Don Quixote's* Niece, and his Maid undress'd him, and put him in his old Bed, where he lay casting a melancholy Look, sometimes upon the one, sometimes the other; yet not knowing either them or himself. At the same time the *Curate* laid a strict Charge upon the Niece to take care of her Uncle, but above all things, narrowly to watch him, to prevent his making a third Escape; telling her withal, what a deal of Pains and Trouble it had cost him to get him home again. With that the Niece and the Maid began again to lift up their Voices; they thunder'd out a thousand Maledictions against Books of *Knight-Errantry*; and besought of Heaven to confound, and send to the very Center of the Abyss the Authors of so many Lyes and Impostures. In short, they made it their business diligently to watch the good Gentleman, continually alarm'd with Fears and Jealousies, lest they should lose him again, as soon as recover'd; which unhappily not long after fell out accordingly, notwithstanding all their Industry and Diligence.

The End of the First Part.



Don Quixote's Encounter with the Players page 339.



Don Quixote's Adventure of the Lyons page 363.

THE
SECOND PART
OF THE
LIFE and ATCHIEVEMENTS
Of the most Ingenious KNIGHT,
Don Quixote
DE LA
MANCHA.

PART II. BOOK I.

CHAP. I.

Containing the manner of Don Quixote's third Escape.

CID Hamet Benengeli recounts in the second Part of this History, and the third Escape of Don Quixote, that the Curate and the Barber were above a Month before they would Adventure to give him a Visit, for fear of recalling to his Memory what in time they were in hopes he might have clean forgot. Nevertheless, they fail'd not every day to see his Neece, and his old Maid, to whom they gave a special Charge every time they came, to be careful of their Nurserie, and as well to divertise him with their Company, as to recruit his Body with wholesome Diet, proper to comfort the Heart and Brain, where lay his chiefeft Distemper. To which they answer'd, That all the Mad-houses about London could not be more tender of him, then they both were, and wou'd be; so much the rather, because they observ'd a strange Amendment in him, and that he would many times talk as rationally and discreetly, as the President of a Synod. This was joyful News to the Curate and Barber, who look'd upon it as a good Effect of the Inchantment they had themselves divis'd. Thereupon they determin'd to give

give him a visit, and make tryal themselves of the Progress of his Cure, which, however, they thought impossible. And because they would not wake a sleepy Lion, they agreed not to speak a word of *Knight-Ernantry*. With these Resolutions they enter'd his Chamber, where they found him sitting up in his Bed, in a Waistcoat of green Bays, with a Turban-fashion'd Cap upon his Head, but with his Skin so wither'd and fallow, and so Dog-lean, that he look'd like the Picture of Death it self. Nevertheless, he was very glad to see his Friends, thank'd 'em very civilly for their kind Visit, and like a man in his perfect Senses, gave 'em an Account of his Condition as rationally as a Colledge-Doctor, and made 'em an Answer to all their Questions pertinently and discreetly, beyond their Imagination. After they had thus prattl'd, for some time, of ordinary Matters, they fell at length upon State-affairs, and began to discourse of Government, reforming sometimes this bad Custome, sometimes another Grievance, and establishing new Laws, as if they had been the *Solons* of the Age. Upon all which Subjects *Don Quixote* reason'd with that Gravity, that Discretion, that Knowledge, as if he had been Privy-Counsellor to *Charles the Great*, and so to all his Successors; inso much that the *Curate* began to think him once more a rational Creature. Nay more, his Neece and old Maid, who were present at all these Discourses, wept for Joy, and could not forbear to give thanks to Heaven, the one to see her Uncle, the other to find her dear Master had so cleverly recover'd his Understanding. For between the *Curate*, the *Barber*, and *Don Quixote*, they had so new minted the Government, as if they had made a Stamp a purpose for it, and had refin'd the Common-wealth into another *Utopia*.

But the *Curate*, astonish'd at this sudden Change, was resolv'd to see whether *Don Quixote's* Senses were Musquet-proof against the most dangerous Tryal of all; and therefore, notwithstanding his first Resolutions, not to open his Lips about *Knight-Ernantry*, he told him there was great News at Court, how that the *Grand Signior* had rais'd a vast Army, and no body knew where the Tempest would fall. However, all Christendom was alarm'd, and that the King was providing to secure *Malta*, and the Coasts of *Naples* and *Sicily*. The King, reply'd *Don Quixote*, does like a prudent Warriour; for by that Precaution he prevents the Surprizes of his Enemy. But if he would take my Counsel, he should take another Course, which I am apt to believe he little thinks of at this present; which, nevertheless, would be much the safer way. Scarcely had the *Curate* heard *Don Quixote* speak, but he shrugg'd up his Shoulders, and shaking his Head; Alas, poor Gentleman! quo he, I find thee out already; and I am much deceiv'd, if thou art not now more Fool than ever. Thereupon the *Barber*, who was clearly of the *Curate's* Opinion, desir'd *Don Quixote* to let 'em understand what sort of important Counsel his might be. Certainly, said he, the King has so well consider'd, that yours can deserve no better then to be rank'd among those impertinent Admonitions that are usually given to Princes, much like the Frenzies of that great Statefwoman, *Hannah Trapnel*. Mr. *Soapbuds*, quo *Don Quixote*, 'tis neither Frenzie, nor Impertinency, but Ponderosity it self. May it please ye, Sir, I thought no harm in what I said, quo the *Barber*, only we find by Experience, that most of these kind of Projects that are offer'd to his Majesty, are either impossible, or ridiculous, or to the Detriment of the King and Kingdom. But mine, reply'd *Don Quixote*, is neither ridiculous, nor impossible; but politickly invented, thoroughly weigh'd, and the easiest

easiest thing in the World to be put in Execution. However, quo the *Curate*, methinks your Worship is too chary of it. Frankly then I must tell ye, reply'd *Don Quixote*, I should be very loath to tell it you to day, for the Lords of the Council to be inform'd of it to morrow, and so another shall go and reap the Fruits of my Invention. For my part, quo the *Barber*, I swear by my Mother's Chastity, to tell neither King, Queen, Rook, Pawn, nor Knight, or any Man or Woman that lives upon the Earth, of it. An Oath, Sir, that I learnt out of the Vicar's Tale; in the Preface to which, he tells the King who it was that robb'd him of his hundred Pieces, and his ambling Mule. I know nothing o' the Story, reply'd *Don Quixote*, but I rely upon the Oath, because I believe Mr. *Barber* to be a Man of Honour. Let him be what he will, quo the *Curate*, in this Case I'll be his Surety, that he shall be as silent as a red Herring. And who shall be Bailifman for you, Mr. *Curate*, reply'd *Don Quixote*? *Super verbum Sacerdotis*, quo the *Curate*, which obliges me to all the Secrecy in the World. I the Name of *Bethlem Gabor*, then, quo *Don Quixote*, what has the King to do more, then to make publick Proclamation only for all the *Knight-Ernantry* of his Kingdom, to appear upon a prefix'd day, at Court? For tho there should meet but half a dozen, there may be one among 'em, singly of himself sufficient to destroy the whole Power of *Turky*. For mark what I say, Gentlemen, and take me along with ye. Perhaps you may think it a miraculous thing for one Knight alone to defeat an Army of two hundred thousand men, as easily as if they had all, being joyn'd together, but one Head; and yet you see Histories are full of these Prodigies. Cud's life! 'tis a thousand Pities, that the famous *Don Belianis*, with a Pox to me, for I'll curse no body else, is not alive in this Age; or any one of that innumerable Throng of the Race of *Amadis de Gaul*; for were but one of them now living to meet these *Mahometans*, y' faith I would not be in their Coats. He would so handle 'em without Mittens, that not a Sutler should return to *Constantinople*. However, patience awhile, God will provide for his People, and raise up one, it may be, who, tho he have not the Reputation of the *Knight-Ernantry* of former Ages, yet may be no way their Inferiour in Courage. God knows my heart, I say no more. Let me die, quo the Neece, if my Uncle ha' not still a hankring after *Knight-Ernantry*. 'Tis very true, reply'd *Don Quixote*, a *Knight-Ernantry* I am, and a *Knight-Ernantry* I will die; and let the Turk land where he please, when he pleases, and with all the Power he can make, once more I say, God knows my heart. I beseech ye, Sir, quo the *Barber*, gi' me leave to tell your Worship a Story of an Accident that happen'd not long ago, not far off, very pertinent to our Discourse at this time. Good leave have ye, quo *Don Quixote*, go on a God's Name; for I'm a great Lover of Stories to the purpose. With that, the *Barber* thus began:

There was in the Hospital of *Bedlam* a certain Person, whose Relations had put him in for no other Reason, but because he was mad. He was only a Batchelor of Art, tho had he been a Doctor, many are of opinion, he might ha' been mad enough for all that. This Batchelor in some few years, weary of his Confinement, believing himself so well recover'd, that he might well deserve his Liberty, wrote to some Noble-man in great Authority, beseeching him for the Love of God, to release him out of his Misery, since he was so well come to himself; only his Relations kept him in still, to enjoy his Estate, which they had got into their Possession. The Noble-man, perswaded by his Letters, sober and well penn'd, that what he alledg'd was true, gave order to his Secretary to inform himself of the

Governours, whether what the Batchelor wrote, were real or no: Moreover, that he should himself discourse him, with an absolute Design, if he were fully recover'd, to order his Liberty. Thereupon the Secretary went to the Keeper of *Bedlam*, and ask'd him in what Condition the Batchelor was? Who made Answer, That he was as mad as ever; That, true it was, he would sometimes talk like a Man of Reason and Sense, but still at the end of the Story he would relapse into his former Extravagancies, as he might try himself, if he pleas'd to take the Pains. Thereupon the Secretary requesting the Favour, he was carry'd to the Mad-man's Chamber, where he discours'd the Lunatick a full hour together, without perceiving the least Disturbance in his Brains imaginable. On the other side, he utter'd so much Reason, and deliver'd himself with so much Wit, and so discreetly, that the Secretary was fully convinc'd of his Recovery. Nay, he went so far as to make a plausible Complaint against the Keeper, alledging, That to please his Relations, and for the sake of those Presents, which they continually sent him, he represented his Prisoner to his Friends that came to see him, as one that was still a Mad-man, only that he had now and then some few lucid Intervals. But after all, that his greatest Enemy was his Estate, which his Friends unwilling to restore him, would not acknowledge him to be in his right Senses, tho' they knew better things. In short, he discours'd at that rate, that the Secretary believing the Keeper to be a *Canary-Bird*, and his Relations to be no better than they should be, resolv'd to take him along with him to his Lord, that he might be able to satisfy himself of the Truth of the whole matter. The Keeper labour'd all he could to persuade the Secretary to quit his Design, desiring him to have a care what he did; assuring him, that the Batchelor was mad, and that all he would get by the Bargain, would be only the trouble to find himself mistaken. But the Secretary persisting in his Resolution, and the Order which his Lord had procur'd, being positive, the Keeper was fain to return the Mad-man his Habit, and to deliver him into the Hands of the Secretary, to do with him as he pleas'd.

The Mad-man now stript of his *Bedlam-Weeds*, and finding himself restor'd to the number of Rational Men, begg'd the Secretary's Permission, that he might only take leave of his late Companions in Affliction. To which the Secretary readily consented, desirous as well to see the rest of the mad Folks, as to observe a little more narrowly the Humour of his releas'd Captive. In his Rounds, the Batchelor by and by came to a Chamber that was fast lock'd, and where lay a man that was as mad as mad could be, only he had his *lucida Intervalla* now and then; to whom, Adieu, Brother, quo the Batchelor, I am just going home, thanks be to God, that has restor'd me to my Senses; only I call to know what Service I can do thee abroad. I hope God will be as merciful to thee, as he has been to my self. In the mean time use the means, pray to him, and trust in him. For my part, I shall not fail to send thee many a hot Bit: For 'tis my Opinion, that all our Madness proceeds from Stomachs empty of Viſuals, and Brains full of Air. Eat, therefore, drink, and be merry; for this depending in Misfortune, is but a lingering way of dying.

Just over against this Apartment lay another three sizes madder than he, who lifting with an envious Attention to the Batchelor's Discourse, starts up in a great Fury out of his Straw, where he lay as naked as a Virgin that has put off one Smock to put on another, and all enrag'd; Who's that, quo he, that's going away so well recover'd, and so wife? 'Tis I, Brother, reply'd the Batchelor, 'tis I, Brother, that have no longer need of Whey and

and Butter-milk, thanks be to God. Parson, quo the Mad-man, take heed what thou say'st, and let not the Devil deceive thee; return to thy Chamber, and stay there, for fear thy Friends be troubl'd to bring thee back. He warrant thee, Brother, for coming here any more, quo the Batchelor. I know my self, as sound in my Intellects as a Bishop, and therefore 'tis time for me to leave my place free for some new Collegiate. You are sound you say—farewell, quo the Mad-man; but by the eternal *Jupiter*, whose Majesty I represent on Earth, for this very same Crime alone, and no other, in suffering thee to be releas'd out of this Colledge, I intend to take such a severe Revenge upon this City, that they shall have cause to remember it in *secula seculorum*. Thou think'st, poor brainless Parson, 'tis not in my power; but thou shalt find that I am the mighty *Jupiter*, that grasp the Thunder-bolts of Heaven in my Hands, and in the twinkling of an Eye, can reduce the whole World into Ashes. But I will not punish the ignorant, silly People so severely; I will be more merciful, I will only shut up the Flood-gates of the Skie, so that there shall not fall a drop of Rain upon the City, nor the Suburbs, nor the Countrey twenty Miles round, for three years together, counting from this very Day and Moment that I make this solemn Protestation, till the particular Expiration of every day inclusively. Thou free, thou sound, and in thy Senses, and I here mad, distress'd, and chain'd to my Straw! By my Thunder, let me be hang'd and damn'd, if it rain a Spoon full in all that time. The Batchelor having heard the Mad-man rave at this rate, turns to the Secretary, and taking him by the Hand; Sir, said he, never let the Menaces of this Mad-man trouble ye; for— if he be *Jupiter*, and will not let it rain, I am the Sun that draws up the Clouds into the Skie, and it shall rain when I please, and where I please in spite of his Teeth. Oh— Mr. *Phaëbus*! cry'd the Secretary, you speak very well; however, i' the mean time 'twill not be safe to provoke my Lord *Jupiter*, stay i' your Chamber to day, and we'll come to morrow, or next day to fetch ye away, when Monsieur *Jupiter* is in a better Humour. The Keeper, and the People that were with him, could not forbear laughing; only the Secretary was not a little troubl'd to find himself so cheated by a Mad-man. In short, the Batchelor being disrob'd again, was sent to his Chamber; and so my Tale ends.

Well! Monsieur Barber, quo *Don Quixote*, and this at length is your Tale, which you say was so pat to the business, and which you could not forbear telling for the Heart, Blood, and Guts of ye! Oh— Signior Wash-ball, Signior Wash-ball! How blind must he be, that can't see through a Mill-stone? Does not your worshipful *Logger-head-ship* know, that all Comparisons made between *Wit* and *Wit*, *Beauty* and *Beauty*, *Courage* and *Courage*, are odious? Good Mr. Barber, I am neither *Jupiter* nor the Sun, neither do I pretend to be one of the Sages of the Age; all that I aim at, is only to make the World to understand the Prejudice it does it self, in not endeavouring Might and Main the Restoration of contemn'd and slighted *Knight-Erantry*. But after all, I find, that this unfortunate and paltry Age is unworthy that vast Advantage, which former Ages enjoy'd, when *Knight-Errants* took upon themselves the Defence of Kingdoms, the Protection of Ladies, the Relief of Widows and Orphans, the Reward of Virtue, and the Punishment of violent and lofty Oppressors. Knights now adays are for their soft Garments of Tissue and Silk, and not for ponderous Cuirasses and Coats of Mail; they had rather stand i' their Shops perfum'd and perriwig'd, measuring a yard of *Bombazine*, or *Paul Methin's* Cloath, then meet an Enemy; they had rather lead up

City Company into the *Artillery-ground*, with their Half-pike carry'd after 'em by a Foot-boy, then coap an Adversary in the Field. Where are any new adays, that will leave their Feather-beds to take a Nap i' the open Air, armd from head to foot, and expos'd to all the Inconveniences of Heat and Cold? Where are any now, that without stirring from their Scirrups, only leaning their Heads against the uneasy Pillow of their Lances, strive, as it were, to out-brave Sleep, Drouth and Hunger, and a thousand other Discomforts of Life? I say again, Where is that Knight at this time of the day, who, after he has clamber'd Mountains, and travers'd Forrests and Desarts, finding himself upon the brink of the Sea, where there is no other Vessel to be had, but only a small Wherry that has neither Sails, Masts, Oars, or Sea-men, without any *Shilly-Shally's*, throws himself hand over head into the Boat, consulting nothing but his Courage, tho he sees the Sea all in an Uproar, one Wave mounting him to the Skie, and another tumbling him down to the bottom of the deep; yet all this while th' undaunted Knight sits his Boat as firmly as his Saddle, as if he knew not what Danger was; and by and by, when he least expects it, finds himself three thousand Leagues from the place where he first embark'd; and skipping ashore, like a Taylor from his Shop-board, in a strange Countrey, performs those extraordinary Achievements, that deserve to be engraven i' Brass, as an Eternal Monument of his Renown. But now Effeminaey, and paltry Laziness, and the Theory of Custard-Encounters are the Vertues *A la mode*, that triumph, unpunish'd, over Labour, Vigilancy, and the true practice of Arms, that only flourish'd in the Age of Gold, and among *Knight-Errants*. But give me leave to ask ye, Where d'ye find more Honour, or more Courage, then in *Amadis de Gaul*? Who more prudent, then *Palmerin of England*? Who more affable then the *White-Tyrant*? Who more a Courtier then *Lisnart of Greece*? Who more hack'd and hewn, or a greater *Hewer* and *Hackster*, then *Belianis*? Who more undaunted, then *Penton of Gaul*? Who more daring, then *Felixmart of Hyrcania*? Who more prudent, then *King Sobrin*? Who more invincible, then *Orlando*? Who can compare, for Valour and Courtesie, with *Rogero*, from whom the Dukes of *Ferrara* are descended, according to *Turpin* in his *Cosmography*? All these Knights, and a great many more that I have i' the Budget of my Memory, were *Knight-Errants*, the Glory and Ornament of Chivalry; and such as these are they, whom I would advise the King to make use of, if he aim at his own good, and to save Charges; and then let the *Turk* kiss where he fate a *Saturday*. However it be, I am resolv'd not to keep House, whether the Secretary come to fetch me out, or no; and whether *Jupiter* will send Rain or not, 'tis not a *Fart* matter to me. And now, Mr. *Tonsor* of *Epsom*, you find that I understand your worshipful Tale.

Truly, Sir *Don Quixote*, quo the Barber, I had no design to displease your Worship, God is my Witness, and therefore I hope you will take nothing amiss that I ha' said. Whether I take it amiss or no, reply'd *Don Quixote*, you are not to be so saucy as to examine me. Let that pass, quo the Curate; and as I have hitherto been a Hearer only, without interrupting your Discourse, pray give me leave i' my turn, to be satisfy'd in one Scruple, which *Don Quixote's* words have skewer'd into my Conscience. Speak on, Mr. Curate, quo *Don Quixote*. Why then, Sir, reply'd the Curate, I cannot, for the Soul o' me, be perswaded, that any of this whole Troop of *Knight-Errants* which your Worship has muster'd together, were ever i' the number of Men that were born of a Woman without sheets;

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but only the Reputation of being one that pleas'd his Mistresses. And therefore the celebrated *Ariosto*, that had a great Kindness for her, extoll'd her Beauty, and flatter'd her more then ever Lady was flatter'd in a *Dedication* to a *Play*, when he found what a Choice she had made for her self, seems to ha' been asham'd of her, and concludes her Story with these two Verses :

*But how she came to be a Prince's Miss,
I' the next Age you'll know, but not in this.*

Whether this were spoken by way of Prophecie, I cannot tell (for Poets formerly, as still they pretend, were taken to be a sort of Sooth-sayers) but this is certain, that in process of time there was a Poet or Poetaster that wrote a Poem, and call'd it *Angelica's Tears*, perhaps for the rarity of the Subject; for it may so happen, that a Whore may live to repent; and another wrote a Panegyrick in Praise of her Beauty and Modesty, peradventure well hir'd by some of her natural Issue, who were unwilling their great Grandmother should lie under so foul a Scandal. I wonder, and like your Worship, quo the *Barber*, that no body ever writ a Satyr against her, since she was so bad as you say she was. I make no question, reply'd *Don Quixote*, but *Sacripant* or *Orlando* had done it, had they been Poets. For it is the fashion among despis'd Lovers to rail upon their Mistresses, tho to tell ye true, 'tis an unhandfom piece of Revenge, and beneath a generous Spirit. However, I never heard of any Libel that ever came forth to *Angelica's* Disadvantage, tho she were one that always made Mischiefs where e're she came. That was a wonder indeed, quo the *Curate*— But here they were interrupted by a Noise below i' the Court, where the Niece and the old Maid were ringing a *Billings-gate* Peal, as loud as two Saints Bells—which made 'em listen to hear what was the matter.

CHAP. II.

Of the pleasant quarrel that happen'd between Sancho and Don Quixote's Niece and Governante.

THE Occasion of the Noise, it seems, was this; that *Sancho Panza* knock'd at the Door, and endeavour'd to force his way into the House, desiring to see his Master. But *Don Quixote's* Niece and Governants at the same time oppos'd him with all their Might; ye idle Varlet, ye Pumpkin-headed Rogue, they cry'd, ye shan't come within these Doors—for you are he, and none but you that debauch my Uncle, and put him upon all his impertinent Rambles—Get ye home to your own Kennel, with a murrain, and don't trouble us wi' your Visits. *Pandress* to *Satan*, quo *Sancho*, thou art deceiv'd above half in half; for if any body be debauch'd, 'tis I am the Person; 'tis I that ha' been lead the Devil's Dance from Post to Pillar, upon Promises of more Butter then Bread, and not your Master; 'twas he that inveig'l'd me from my Wife and Children with his colloquing, and dissembing, and fair Promises of an Island he would give me—and I think a blind Man would be glad to see't. Hell consume thee, and all thy Islands together, reply'd the Governants—what should such a greedy

greedy Gut-curd do with Islands, unless they were made of Bag-pudding, to eat 'em—Be gone, ye hungry, beggarly Rakeshame, be gone, ye Gorbelly'd Cur—I don't mean Islands to eat, but to govern, quo *Sancho*, and that far better then any four of the King's best Mayors of his Corporations. Govern where thou wilt, quo the Maid, thou come'st not within these Doors, thou Bundle of Iniquity, and Sack-full of Mischiefs—work ye lazy Rogue, work, and ne're trouble your head about Islands. The *Curate* and the *Barber* were ready to kill themselves with laughing at this pleasant Dialogue. But *Don Quixote* fearing lest *Sancho* should grow mutinous, and blunder out in his Passion some Discoveries prejudicial to his Reputation, order'd the cholerick Governants to govern her Tongue, and let him in. Thereupon *Sancho* enter'd victoriously, and the *Curate* and the *Barber* took their leaves of *Don Quixote*, despairing of his Cure, finding him still so bewitch'd to his Dreams and *Deliriums* of *Knight-Errantry*. When they were out a' doors, Well, Neighbour, quo the *Curate* to the *Barber*, now shall we see that this Knight of ours, when we least think of it, will leave us i' the lurch for another Fegary. I expect no less, quo the *Barber*; i' the mean time, however, I would give a couple a Testers to hear the wife Discourse at this juncture between the Cuckow-brains of a Knight, and the Jobber-nole of a Squire; for indeed the Master's Madness without the Servant's Impertinency, were not worth a Straw. Patience, quo the *Curate*, I'll warrant ye an exact Account from the Niece and the Maid, for their itching Ears I'm sure will be list'ning. In the mean time *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* having lock'd the Chamber door, thus interparly'd.

Thou dost very ill, *Sancho*, quo *Don Quixote*, to report, as thou dost, that I entic'd thee from thy Dog-hole of a Cottage, knowing that I left my own House at the same time, a Palace, in comparison of thine. VVe went out both together, we travell'd both together, and we run the same Fortune, and the same Hazards both together; now if thou hast been tof'd in a Blanket once, I ha' been thwack'd and pounded a hundred times, and that's all the Advantage I have had above thee. 'Twas but Justice, reply'd *Sancho*, seeing that by your own Confession, Rubbs and Misfortunes, Slashes and dry Basting belongs properly to the *Knight-Errants*, and not to their Squires. Thou deceiv'st thy self, *Sancho*, reply'd *Don Quixote*, according to the old Verse, *Quando caput dolet*, &c. I understand no Language but my own, Sir, quo *Sancho*. I'll tell thee then, reply'd *Don Quixote*; when the Head akes, the rest of the Body is never well at ease: So then I being thy Master, I am also thy Head, and thou art one of my Members, as being my Servant: whence it follows, that if I am well swaddl'd at any time, much of the Pain will fall to thy share; as if thou art soundly cudgell'd, I must in like manner be sensible of thy Sufferings. It may be so, quo *Sancho*, and yet when I was tof'd i' the Blanket, my Head was a' t'other side the Wall, beholding me vaulting, and cutting Capers i' the Air, regardless of my Affliction; why did not you come in and take your share? Oh, *Sancho*! reply'd *Don Quixote*, thou art greatly mistaken; for at that very time I was more troubl'd in Mind, then thou wert tormented in Body. But leaving this Discourse till another time, and more leisure to rectifie what has been done amiss, prithee tell me, *Sancho*, what do the Neighbours talk of me? What do they say of me i' the Village? What Opinion has the Nobility of me? How do the Knights discourse of my Valour, my Exploits, and my Affability? What do they think of my Design to restore to its ancient Luster, the almost-forgotten Order of *Knight-Errantry*? In a word, without any Consideration of Flattery or Respect, tell me truly and sincerely

sincerely, like a true and faithful Servant, what thou hast heard. For I would have thee to know, *Sancho*, that if Princes were inform'd, as they ought to be, of the naked Truth, by men of unbyas'd Vertue, Tranquility and Peace, Justice and Abundance, would bless the World, and this Iron Age of ours, by a miraculous Philosopher's Stone, would be chang'd into an Age of Gold. Remember this Advertifement, friend *Sancho*, to speak the Truth, without apparelling and disguising her Beauties; for she's a Lady that always ought to be seen naked. That I shall do from the bottom of Heart, reply'd *Sancho*, provided you will not bee offended, if I tell what I heard, just as I heard it, and no otherwise, and present ye Madam Truth as naked as ever you saw Lady i' your Life. Upon my Honour, quo *Don Quixote*, nothing shall offend me, speak freely, and without Circumlocution.

In the first place then, Sir, you are to know, that your Neighbours take ye for a perfect Mad-man, and me for a man, that at best, has not over-much Wit. The Gentlemen say, that your Worship, vent'ring beyond the Limits of Gentility, have assum'd to your self most arrogantly the Title of *Don*, and have Dubb'd your self a Knight with two Acres of Land, a Tatter before and another behind. The Knights take Pepper i' the Nose, to see that your Gentlemen think themselves equal with them, especially your Gentlemen Squires, that mend and lam-black their own Shoes, and are forc'd to beg a Needle-ful of course Yarn to darn their own Stockins. All this, nothing concerns me, reply'd *Don Quixote*; for thou know'st, I always wear good Cloaths, and never patch my Breeches. True it is, they may be a little out at Elbows sometimes, or want a Skirt, but that's the fault of my Armour that loosens the Stitches, and rubs out the Cloath. Then *Sancho* proceeding, as for your Valour, your Courtesie, your Exploits, and your great Design, the World speaks variously. Some say he's mad, but a good merry-conceited Fellow—others, that he's valiant, but his Luck's naught—others, that he's affable, but damn'd impertinent—In a word, they spend so many several Verdicts upon us, that they leave neither you nor me a sound Bone in our Skins. Hark ye me, *Sancho*, the more eminent Vertue is, the more she's expos'd to Calumny. Few of the great men of this World could escape her venomous Teeth. *Julius Cæsar*, that valiant and prudent Captain, was lookt upon as ambitious, and reproach'd for his Luxury, and Effeminacy in his Habit. *Alexander* was accus'd for a Drunkard and a Debauchee; that *Hero*, who for his renown'd Atchievements well deserv'd the Name of Great. *Hercules*, after he had consum'd himself in restless Toil, and Labours incredible, was bespatter'd with the Titles of voluptuous and lascivious. 'Twas reported of *D. Galaor*, the Brother of *Amadis*, that he was so huffy no body could keep him Company; and of *Amadis* himself, that he would cry like a Child. And therefore, my dear *Sancho*, I never mind the Quips and Girds of Malice, if they gall my Reputation no more than these; being satisfy'd she deals no worse by me then she did before by those unblemish'd and renowned Warriors. *Body o' my Father*, quo *Sancho*, you say well, if this were all—but the Devils in 'em, they don't stop here: Why, what can they say more, reply'd *Don Quixote*? More! quo *Sancho*—Cuds-foot, Sir, why we are still to flea the Cat's Tail, you have had nothing yet but Cream of Almonds and white Bread. But if y' have such a Desire to hear what severe Sentences are daily pass'd upon ye, I'll bring ye one presently that shall give ye a full Account, without missing a Tittle. For here's *Bartholemew Carrasco's* Son, who makes it his Business to visit all the noted Coffee-houses about the City, twice a day, newly

newly come to Town with a Sack-ful of News. And he tells me, your Life is already in Print, under the Name of the Most Ingenious Gentleman, *Don Quixote de le Mancha*. He saies, I am in too by my own Name of *Sancho Pancha*, and that they have jumb'l'd in Madam *Dulcinea del Toboso* by Head and Shoulders; nay, and as if the Devil had been their Intelligencer, they have crowded in some things too, that were only private Discourses between you and I; how the murrain they should come to know 'em otherwise, I can't for my Soul imagine. Assuredly, reply'd *Don Quixote*, it must be some Necromancer that has writ this Story—for they are here, and there, and every where, like Satan himself. How should he be a Necromancer, quo *Sancho*, for young *Corrasco* tells me, he writes his Name *Cid Hamet Hen-en-baken*? That's an Arabian Name, reply'd *Don Quixote*. That may very well be, quo *Sancho*, for they say, your Arabians are great Admirers of Hen and Bacon; if they don't, I'm sure I do. And thus, friend *Sancho*, thy Belly has put thee out; for thou art indeed within a mile of an Oak of the Name, which is *Benengeli*, not *Hen-an-baken*, you Logger-head, if I mistake not; and *Cid* signifies Lord. I never stand upon Names, quo *Sancho*, but if you desire to hear young *Corrasco's* News, I'll bring him hither flying.—Prithee go, *Sancho*, cry'd *Don Quixote*, for my Victuals will do me no good, till I understand the Truth of this matter. With that, *Sancho* ran down Stairs, and returning in a short while after, brought young *Corrasco* along with him; and now how pleasantly they chatted you shall hear i' the next Chapter.

C H A P. III.

Containing the learned Discourse between Don Quixote, Sancho Pança, and the young Corrasco.

ALL the while *Sancho* was gone, *Don Quixote* thought every Minute a thousand years, till he came again. He sat like one that had been studying the Philosopher's Stone, muling, and dreaming, and wondering who the Devil this Person should be, that had finish'd and printed the Story of his famous Atchievements, ere the Blood of his Enemies had scarcely done reaking upon the Blade of his Sword. But at length he concluded it must be some Necromancer who had wrought this Miracle, either as a Friend to extol his great Exploits, above whatever yet had been perform'd by the most famous Knights that ever pranc'd upon the Ball of the Earth; or else as an Enemy, to disparage the Merit of his noble Actions, and debase 'em below the most pitiful Orchard-Robberies of the meanest Squires; tho, quo he to himself, I do not remember that ever the little Hen-roost Attempts of Squires, were ever recorded in the Book of Fame. But let it be what it will, if the Book were printed, he thought it could not chuse but be magnificent, lofty, and true, since 'twas the History of a Knight-Errent. This was his Consolation for a while; but then agen, when he consider'd, that the Author had given himself the Title of *Cid*, and consequently must be a Moor; reflecting, I say, that the Moors were all a Company of Mountebanks and Chymists, then he was ready to hang himself, fearing lest the Historian should have been too lavish in talking of his Amours, to the Prejudice of his illustrious Lady *Dulcinea del Toboso's* Chastity;

stity; and mortally dreading, lest the Historian should ha' forgot to extol his own Fidelity, and the *Decorum*, and Reserv'dness, which he had always observ'd in his Passion for her; and how he had always slighted Empresses, Queens, and Ladies of all sorts of Qualities, and kept all his wanton and lascivious Inclinations at a Bay, for fear of tarnishing his Loyalty to his beloved Damsel.

Plung'd over head and ears in these melancholy Fancies, *Sancho* and the young *Corrasco* found him; at what time he seem'd to wake out of a Dream, to receive the young *Schollar*, whom he complemented with all the Civility imaginable.

This *Corrasco*, tho his Name were *Sampson*, was none of the biggest in Body, but an anointed *Crackrope*, about four and twenty years of Age, lean and pale, but witty, and a notable Fellow for Bantring, as they call it now adays. He was round-visag'd, flat-nos'd, and wide-mouth'd, all the Signs of a wicked and scurrilous Disposition, and of one that would never scruple to abuse his Friend, so he could make Sport for himself, as he plainly discover'd, when he saw *Don Quixote*. For immediately he threw himself upon his Knees before him; and after he had humbly beg'd the Favour to kiss his Highness's Hands, My Lord *Don Quixote*, said he, by the holy Order of Priesthood, you are certainly the most famous and renowned *Knight-Errant* that ever was, or ever will be through the whole extent of the Universe. All the Blessings of Paradise be upon *Cid Hamet Benengeli*, for writing the History of your valiant Exploits; and may he never want *Claret*, as long as he lives, that translated it into *English*, for the Delight and Pastime of Male and Female. And blest are we, that the Copy comes out now in Peace and Quietness; for there had like to ha' been a foul Stir about it, while one *Bookseller* claim'd one Limb of your *Lordship*, and another another. Is it true then, reply'd *D. Quixote*, that my Life is in Print, and that a *Moor* has writ it? 'Tis very certain, my Lord, reply'd *Corrasco*; and that I believe there has been printed already in several Languages above twelve thousand Volumes at *Lisbon*, *Valencia*, *Barcelona*, *Antwerp*, *Coleen*, *Paris*, *London*, &c. and I don't believe that any other Books will be printed for these seven years together. Truly, quo *Don Quixote*, one of the greatest Happinesses that can befall a Man i' this World, is to see himself in good Esteem and Reputation in the World. For Esteem and Reputation, quo the young *Schollar*, I'll assure ye, my Lord *Don Quixote*, you ha' won it above a hundred Pikes length, from all the *Knights-Errant* that ever were. And the *Moorish* Author, and his Translators have been very industrious to set forth your Character with all the Ornaments that can give it luster, your Undauntedness in Danger, your Constancy in Misfortune, and Patience in suffering Wounds, Buffets, and Batinado's, and your Reserv'dness and Continency in your Platonick Amours between your self and the most Illustrious *Madam Dulcinea del Toboso*. *Bodkins*, quo *Sancho*, I never heard her call'd the *Illustrious Madam* before, but only *Madam Dulcinea*; and therefore certainly that must be a fault: i' the History. That's a small Mistake, if there be no worse, quo the *Schollar*—Well—but *Signior Corrasco*, quo *Don Quixote*, which of all my Achievements and Adventures does the History most take notice of, and lay its greatest stress of Remark upon? Why, truly my Lord, quo *Corrasco*, in this the Judgments and Opinions of Men are divided; some cry up the *Adventure of the Windmills*, which your Highness took for so many *Morgantes* and *Afcaparts*; some, that of the *Fulling-mills*: Others extol to the Skie that other, when you fought with the two *Armies*, that afterwards prov'd

prov'd to be two Flocks of Sheep, where you wrought Miracles. Others are Tooth and Nail for the Adventure of the dead Corps that was carrying to *Segovia*. Others will lay ten pound to a Crown upon that of the *Galley-Slaves*: some are mad to pawn their very Souls upon that of the *Benedictine Giants*; but the more prudent fort are ready to make affidavit, that the Adventure of the *Biscaymer*, ought to be engrav'd in Marble, above all the rest. I beseech ye, Mr. *Schollar*, quo *Sancho*, is there no mention of the Adventure of the *Carriers*, when our precious *Rosinante* long'd for the forbidden Fruit? There's every thing in, reply'd the *Schollar*, the Author has left nothing out, not so much as honest *Sancho's* dancing *Trenchmore* i' the Blanket. I did not dance i' the Blanket, quo *Sancho*, for I danc'd i' the Air, to my grief be it spoken; and therefore that's another Lye. Certainly, quo *Don Quixote*, there is no History i' the World where you shall find one man to be always prosperous, much less any Story of *Knight-Errantry*; where many times you meet with nothing but Crosses and Misfortunes. 'Tis very true, reply'd *Corrasco*, and therefore there are some who have read your Life, that very much blame the Author for being so careful to inventory that infinite number of Drubbs, and Rubs, and Ribroafings, that you have receiv'd with Cudgels, Candlesticks, and Pitch-forks, from Carriers, Mule drivers, and Penitents, in several desperate Encounters. However, quo *Sancho*, 'twas Truth of History. Why, truly, Mr. *Schollar*, quo *Don Quixote*, they might as well ha' been left out, now I think on't; for Actions that neither impair, nor alter the History, are better bury'd in silence, then continu'd to Posterity, if they redound to the Prejudice of the Lord of the Story. Assuredly, *Aeneas* was never so pious as *Virgil* makes him, nor *Ulysses* never so wise as *Homer* describes him. I believe it, reply'd *Corrasco*; but 'tis one thing to write like a Poet, another thing to write like a Historian. 'Tis sufficient for a Poet to report things as they ought to be; but a Historian must relate Matter of Fact, as it was really transacted, without swerving from the Truth, upon any Pretence whatever.

If the worshipful *Moor*, quo *Sancho*, be so conscientious in telling of Truth, I hope, among all the Showrs of Batinado's that fell upon my Master, he has not forgot mine; for they never took measure of my Master's Shoulder, but they were always so kind to take the same measure of my whole Body to boot. But 'twas no wonder, that, since 'tis his own Rule, that if once the Head akes, all the rest of the Members should suffer. Y'are an unlucky, dissembling Knave, *Sancho*, reply'd *Don Quixote*; for now, Sirrah, I see you can find a Memory, when y'ave a mind to't. How the Devil should I forget the Swadlings I ha' suffer'd, that are not well out o' my Ribs to this Hour? Hold your prating, *Sancho*, quo *Don Quixote*, and let Mr. *Corrasco* proceed. You speak very seasonably, reply'd the *Schollar*, for with all these Interruptions, we shall ne're ha' done. Yet I must needs say this for honest *Sancho*, that he is no such contemptible person, as being the second i' the Story; and some there are, who had rather hear his impertinent Prattle, then all the learned Discourses of his Lord. Tho some there are agen, that take him for a Cully, at least, a very credulous *Simpleton*, to believe his Master spoke a tittle of Truth, when he offer'd him the Government of an Island. Forbear, Mr. *Schollar*, quo *Don Quixote*, what I said, I said; and what I said, I intended; but this it is, I find that *Sancho* has not sow'd his wild Oates, there's a Glimmer in his Touch-box still; however, Age and Experience may fit him in time for a Government, at least, by that time I have one to give him. Fore George, Sir,

quo *Sancho*, that Island which I cannot govern at this Age, I shall never govern at the Age of *Methuselah*; but the Mischief is, we ha' Brains enough, but we want the Island. Well, but leaving this business of the *unfortunate Islands*, I am very glad, Mr. Schollar, that the Historian is so kind as to remember me, and so to speak of me, as not to give me an ill Character: For, by the Faith of a Christian, had he said any thing that did not become an *old Christian*, as I am, I should ha' rung him such a Peal, that the Deaf should have heard me. I confess, quo the Schollar, as silly, and as illiterate Fellows as thou, have wrought greater Miracles then that, i' this Age. *Miracle me no Miracles*, quo *Sancho*, let every one have a care what he writes concerning other Men, and not put down at random, right or wrong, whatever comes into his Noddle. The main fault found with this History, quo the Schollar, is this, That the Author has thrust into it, by Head and Shoulders, the Novel of the *Curious Impertinent*; not that the thing is ill writ, or badly invented, but because it has no coherence with the Story of *Don Quixote*. P'elay my life, quo *Sancho*, the Son of a Whore has made a Gallimawfrey of my *Master's Life*, and crowded *soul and clean*, *Higgledy-piggledy*, into his Cloak bag. Pox take him, quo *Don Quixote*, Ple be hang'd if the Fellow be't some *Narrative-writer*, or one of those that scribble the Lives of Great Men, now-a-days, as soon as the Breath is out of their Bodies, in abominable Six-penny *Duodecimo's*. And thus has this *Dogbolt* undertaken my Story *Habnab*, like the Painter, who being ask'd, What he painted? answer'd, What comes next to hand—— and when he had made a mishapen Cock or Bull, was forc'd to write in *Gothick Letters*, *This is a Cock*, or *This is a Bull*. And so I fear me, my Life will require another confounded Commentary of *witless, festive Notes* to explain it. Trouble not your self for that, Sir, quo *Corrasco*, for the Gentleman has taken a world of Pains, and made every thing so plain, that a Boy of twelve years of Age may understand what he means. Nay, 'tis come to that already, that if the People do but see a lean, scragged Jade, scarce able to draw one Leg after another upon the Road, they presently cry, *There goes Rosnante*. Pages already Dogs-ear it, Boys read it, young Ladies make themselves merry with it; Gentlemen understand it, old Men applaud it; there's hardly a Dining-room Window, where you shan't find a *Don Quixote*; when one leaves him, another takes him up. In a word, 'tis a History that pleases all sorts of Sexes and Ages, as being a Book, wherein there is nothing that borders upon *Aristotle's Problems*, nor so much as a profane Thought. Otherwise it were not a true History, quo *Don Quixote*; and we know, that false Historians deserve the same Punishment as the Coiners of counterfeit Money. Nor do I know why the Author should stuff his History with Tales of a Tub, that are nothing to the purpose; as if there had not been matter sufficient for the Exercise of his Wit, had he only confin'd himself to my Designs, my Sights and Tears, my Encounters, my Penances, &c. which, I'm sure, would ha' made a Volume bigger then all *Tostatus's Works*, or the *Book of Martyrs*. In my Opinion, Mr. Schollar, 'tis not so easie a thing as men imagine, to write a History, or any Book whatsoever, which requires a solid Judgment, and a ripe Understanding. To speak wittily, and write pleasantly, belongs to great Wits. The pleasantest Part in a Play, is the Fool's, and yet he must be no Fool, I'm sure, that acts that Part. On the other side, History is a sacred thing so far as it contains Truth; for where Truth is, there God himself is also: and therefore, for those that make Books, equal in number to Fritters upon a *Shrove-Tuesday*, I cannot conceive

ceive their Compositions can be worth a Straw. There is no Book so bad, quo the Schollar, but something useful may be pickt out of it. That's true, reply'd *Don Quixote*, yet oft it happens, that Men who have gain'd a Reputation for doing well once or twice, lose it again when they come to print often. The reason's plain, quo the Schollar, for the more they write, the more they are pry'd into, and examin'd. All your great Poets and famous Historians are still subject to the Censures, ev'n of such as never could put Pen to Paper i' their Lives. That's no wonder, quo *Don Quixote*, for there are many Divines, not worth a Rush in a Pulpit, will judge incomparably of another man's Sermon. All this is Truth, reply'd *Corrasco*, and therefore I could wish these *Momus's* and Censurers would be more merciful, and less scrupulous in examining the Motes of that same *Sam*, whose Works they calumniate; and that they would consider, tho *Homer* sometimes may seem to take a little Nap, How many a tedious hour consum'd his Lamp? How many a live-long Night he kept himself awake, to bring those famous Works of his to light? For many times it may so happen, that what those morose Censurers reprehend for Faults, may be rather Perfections; like Moles, which, tho they are Blemishes i' the Skin, yet sometimes add to the Beauty of the Face. Besides that this is certain, let a man be never so eloquent, never so learned, never so just, it is impossible for him to please all the World. And that, I fear me, quo *Don Quixote*, will be the Fate of my History, to please but few, there being but few wise Men to read it. But the number of Fools, reply'd *Corrasco*, is without number, and they from high to low, from rich to poor, admire your Story. Only some there are, who tax the Author for want of Memory, or defect of Intelligence, because he does not give us an Account who 'twas that stole *Sancho's Grizle*; only we find by the Story, that the Ass was stoll'n, and yet by and by, we find him riding the same individual Ass again, not knowing how he came by her; enough to make a man think that *Sancho* stole her himself again. Then they say, that the Author forgot to tell us what *Sancho* did with the hundred Pieces in Gold, he found i' the Cloak-bag upon *Sierra Morena*. Mr. Schollar, quo *Sancho*, I am not in a Condition at present to cast up Accompts, for I find a gnawing at my Stomach; and such is my Constitution, that if I don't repair the Detriments of Concoction every two hours, I shall waste like a stale Lobster, and grow as lean as a Hermite——. When I ha' din'd, I am for ye,— that is, when I ha' satisfy'd Nature, I'll satisfy you, or any man that wears a Head, either as to the loss of my Ass, or the true laying out of the hundred Pieces, or let the Demand be what it will—— And so, without saying a word more, or expecting any Reply, away he went. *Don Quixote* desir'd the Schollar to stay and take a Colledge-Commons with him, to which he added a couple of Pigeons more then usual, by way of *Exceedings*. The young *Corrasco* accepted his Invitation, and staid. All Dinner-time they discours'd of *Knight-Errantry*, and the Schollar observ'd the Knight's Humour exactly; after that, they took a Nap for Digestion's-sake, till waken'd again by *Sancho's* Hobnails, they prepar'd for a second Colloquie.

CHAP. IV.

Wherein Sancho satisfies all the young Schollar's Queries, with other things profitable to know, and fit to be related.

Sancho Panza being now return'd, and beginning where he left off, Mr. Schollar, quo he, you desire to know when, and where, and by whom my As was stoll'n. To which I answer, and say, That the same Night that we fled to avoid the *Hue and Cry*, which we had just reason to fear would pursue us, after those two cursed Adventures of the Galley-Slaves, and the dead Man, that was going in peace to his Grave, my Master *Don Quixote* and I betook our selves into the thickest, and most unfrequented Part of all the *Black Mountain*: where he resting his Head against his Lance, and I, without alighting from my nown dear *Grizle*, wearied with our late Encounters and Baffinado's, fell fast asleep, and slept as soundly as if we had been stretch'd out upon two Feather-beds, especially your Friend and *Sancho*. For to say Truth, the Devil had hung such a Weight upon my Eye-lids, that the Thief, whoe're he was, had leisure enough to support the four Corners of the Pack-saddle with four stout Stakes, and then to lead away the As from between my Legs, without being perceiv'd by me i' the least. Which is no new thing, nor 'so difficult to be done; for so it seems the Country-fellow's Horse was stoll'n from under him in *Bartlemew-Fair*; and thus was *Sacrapant* also robb'd at the Siege of *Albraca*, of a Steed that cost him fourscore and fifteen Pound, by the great Thief *Brunel*, the Horse being fairly stoll'n from betwixt his two Thighs, as he bestrid'd him. At length I wak'd, but with my stirring, and stretching my self i' my Pack-saddle, down came the Stakes, and down came I all a t'one side upon the hard Stones, w' the Pack-saddle upon me. Presently I look'd for my As, but no As was to be found—Woe is me then! how thick the Tears fell from my Eyes as big as *French-beans*, and I made such a dreadful Lamentation, that if your Historian has forgot it, I would not give him a brass Farthing for his Dedication. Some few days after, attending upon *Madam*, the Princess of *Micomicon*, I knew my As again, and the Fellow that rid her, in the Habit of a *Gypsie*, who was one of those wicked *Rake-bells*, that my Master and I had sav'd from the Gallies. This is not the Mistake of the Historian, quo the Schollar, but only that he sets *Sancho* upon the same As's Back that was lost, before he gives us Intelligence of his being found. As for that, reply'd *Sancho*, if the Historian be more Beast than my As, how can I help it; but it may be, 'twas a Fault of the Printer. 'Tis very probable, quo *Corrasco*; but now i' the second Place, What became of the hundred Pieces, did your Master and you divide?

No, quo *Sancho*, my Master, I'd ha' ye to know, scorns Money—I spent 'em my self upon my self, my Wife and Children—they ha' far'd well ever since—for I must needs say this for my Wife, she loves her Belly better than her Back—and that's the reason she takes so patiently my late Rambling and scaperloiting after my Master *Don Quixote's* Tail—For had I come home with empty Pockets, as I went out—Heaven knows whether I had not been in *Holofernes's* Condition before now—I am sure, at least, one house could ne'r have held us, besides the loss of both the Drums of my Ears. And now if y' have any thing more to say to me,

I am here ready to answer the King in Person; for what has any body to do, whether I brought home, or not brought home, whether I spent or not spent—and therefore, pray spare your Quips and your Quirks, good Mr. Schollar, for if all the Thumps and Thwacks that I ha' receiv'd i' these Rambles, were valu'd but at Ha'pence a piece, and I to be satisfy'd in Money for every one, a hundred and a hundred Pound in Gold more would not pay for the tenth part; which I wish Mr. Curate had for his share—Come, come, Mr. Schollar; He that will meddle with all things, may go shoe the Goslings—but let every man take his own Nose by the end, and not be so busie to mistake black for white, or white for black—every man is as God made him, and sometimes a great deal worse. Truly, friend *Sancho*, quo the Schollar, your Proverbs are very sententious, and I shall take special care that they be recorded by the Author in his next Edition.

How, quo *Don Quixote*, will the Author print a second Edition? Yes, Sir, quo the young *Corrasco*, and would fain put out a second Part too—But he saies, he cannot find it, neither does he know where it is—so that for this same very reason, and for that 'tis generally said, That second Parts are seldom worth reading, I fear me, we are like to see no more of it. And yet abundance of People that love Mirth, and hate Melancholy, cry out—More *Quixote's* Fegaries—More *Quixote's* Fegaries—let but *Don Quixote* appear, and *Sancho* talk—'tis as good as a Play at any time.

And how stands the Author affected, quo *Don Quixote*? Fully resolv'd, Sir, quo the Schollar, as soon as he has found what he seeks for, to furnish it up, and publish it immediately; more for his own Profit tho, then for any Kindness to your Worship. Nay then—quo *Sancho*, if the Author seek his own Gain, he's like to write a fine History, by fore-George; rather like your Taylors upon an *Easter-Eve*, that stitch with hot Needles and burnt Silk to make haste; we shall have a Huddle of *Flim-flam*, and *Trim-tram*, that will never hang together—But let Mr. Moor have a little Patience, and my Master and I will furnish him, my life for his, with Matter sufficient of all sorts, as well successful and unfortunate, as between both, not only to make a second, but a hundred Parts more, if his leisure will permit him; surely he thinks we do nothing but sleep in a Hay-mow—but let him come to the point—and see whether we fail him. In short, Mr. Schollar, if my Master *Don Quixote* would have taken my Advice, we had been i' the Field before now, redressing Wrongs, and subduing Oppression, as all *Knight-Errants* are oblig'd to do.

Scarce were *Sancho's* last words out of his Mouth, but they heard *Rosinante neigh*; which *Don Quixote* took for such a lucky Omen, that he resolv'd to take t'other Ramble within three or four days at farthest. To which purpose he discover'd his Resolutions to the young *Corrasco*, desiring his Advice which way he should steer his Course. If you will follow my Advice, reply'd *Corrasco*, you will do well to take the Road for *Saragossa*; where within, these few days, upon St. George's Festival, there is to be a most famous Tilting Bout, and much Honour to be won, if you can but bear away the Bell from the *Arragonian Champions*; for that done, you ham-string all the other Champions i' the World. Moreover, the young Schollar applauded his Design, yet admonishing him withal, not to be too free in exposing himself to Danger, but to be a good Husband of his life, which was none of his own, but theirs that stood in need of his Succour and Assistance in their Afflictions and Distresses. That's the very thing

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now, Mr. Sampson, let me be hang'd if it ben't, quo *Sancho*, that makes me sometimes ready to run mad; for my Master, I'll assure ye, will make no more, when he's i' the Humour, to set upon a hundred armed Men, then old *Marriot* would ha' done to have encounter'd a dozen roasted Chickens. Cuds-me-life, Mr. Schollard, there's a time to assail, and time to retreat, and not to be always St. *George*, and have at thee, bold *Dragon*. For if my Memory don't fail me, I ha' heard my Master *Don Quixote* himself say, That Valour lies just i' the middle between Cowardise and Rashness: which being so, I wou'd not have him run, when there's no need: On the other side, I wou'd not have him venture his Flesh, but when he's sure to get the better. But above all things, I wou'd have my Master to understand, That if he intends to take me along with him, the Bargain's to make upon this Condition, That he shall fight all the Battels, Rancounters, Encounters, Skirmishes, Duels, Quarrels, and On-sets himself; and that I am only to look after his Cloaths, the Wine, and the Victuals, wherein he shall find I'll serve him as diligently as a *Fairie*; but for me to draw my Sword against *Carriers* and *Mule-drivers*, because they are no *Knight-Errants*, in good sooth-law, I beg his pardon——'tis a thing I shall never consent to; and I think I do fairly to tell him before-hand. For my part, Mr. *Sampson*, 'tis not Fame and Honour that I covet, nor do I care to be thought a second *Orlando*, but only to be renown'd for one of the most faithful Squires that ever follow'd the Heels of *Knight-Errant*. And if after all my Services, my Master *Don Quixote* will be so kind as to bestow upon me one of those Islands he talks of, I shall be his humble Servant, and thank him; but if he does not, why then, naked I came into the World, and 'twill be no such great matter if naked I return to the Dust. It may be, the Bread I shall eat without a Government, may taste as well as if I were the greatest Governour i' the World. And what do I know, but that the Devil is providing me one of these Governments for a Stumbling-block to give me a Fall, and dash out my Teeth? I was born *Sancho*, and *Sancho* I intend to die. Nevertheless, if Heaven would bestow an Island or a Province upon me, without any Trouble, or running any Hazard, I am no such Fool neither, God be thanked, to refuse a good thing when 'tis offer'd me; according to the Proverb, *When the Cow's given thee, ne're refuse to lead her home by the String*. In truth, friend *Sancho*, quo the young *Corrasco*, thou speak'st like an Oracle. But be patient, *Patience is a Plaster for all Sores*; Trust in God and thy Master, my Lord *Don Quixote*, and he'll gi' thee, not only an Island, but a Kingdom. I am afraid, as soon one as t'other, so God help me, quo *Sancho*; and yet let me tell ye, Mr. *Sampson*, should my Master give me a Kingdom, he should not find it thrown into an old Sack; for I have felt my own Pulse, and find my self, thanks be to Heaven, sufficiently strong, and healthy to govern either a Kingdom, or an Island, which he pleases; and this I ha' told my Master a hundred times. *Sancho*, cry'd *Corrasco*, *Honours change Manners*; have a care, that when you come to be a Governour, you do not grow proud, and forget your own Mother. That's good Advice indeed, quo *Sancho*, for those that were born among Hogs, but not for such, whose Souls are cover'd four Fingers thick with your old Christian Fat, as mine is. Men of my Condition scorn to be proud or ungrateful. Stick to thy Principles, *Sancho*, quo *Don Quixote*, the *Proof of the Pudding's at hand*; for, if I mistake not, I have a Government just now i' my Eye. But, Mr. *Corrasco*, added he, pray tell me, Are you a Poet?——if you are, I would desire ye to make me a Copy of Verses upon the Subject of my Departure, which you may call *D. Quixote's Farewel*

Farewel to his Mistress, Madam *Dulcinea del Toboso*; and I would have it be an *Acrostick*, if you please, that is, for every Verse to begin with the Letters of her Name. Why, truly Sir, I am none of the best Poets in Europe, of which there are a very few now adays, God knows, no, not above three and a half in all your Poetical Countries, as *Italy*, *France*, and *England*, put 'em all together; however, I'll endeavour to satisfy your Lordship; tho the Task will prove the more difficult, because there are seventeen Letters in the whole; so that if I make four *Stanzas* of four Verses a piece, then there's a Letter too much; and if I make five *Stanzas*, then there will be three too little; but I'll endeavour to smother one, and so it may do well enough. By any means, Mr. *Corrasco*, reply'd *Don Quixote*, make 'em so, that no other Woman living may pretend the Verses were made for her. After this, they concluded to be gone within eight Days. *Don Quixote* also enjoin'd the Schollar to be secret, and not to say a word either to his Niece, his old Maid, the *Curate*, or Mr. *Nicholas* the Barber; who would be sure to use their utmost Endeavours to put a stop to their generous Design. *Corrasco* promis'd not to open his Lips to any Soul living; and so having begg'd of *Don Quixote* to give him an exact Account of his Misfortunes and Success, took his leave, and departed. And *Sancho* at the same time went to make all necessary Provisions for his Journey.

CHAP. V.

Containing the pleasant Discourse between Sancho Panza and his Wife, &c.

THE Translator of this History, when he came to look over this fifth Chapter, would needs have it to be down-right *Apocrypha*, because it introduces *Sancho* speaking in a more lofty Style, and after a more scholastick manner, then could be expected from such a stupid *Ignoramus* as he; and because he talks of matters far above his Understanding. However, he would not leave it out, believing it to be his Duty faithfully to follow his Original.

Sancho then, saies he, came home so blithe, and so merry about the Eyes, that his Wife beheld him with a joyful Aspect, as far as she could see him. So that when he came near; *Husband*, quo she, you look as pert as a *Pear-monger's* Mare; what is the Occasion of your Mirth, my Heart? I should be much more merry, dear Chuck, quo *Sancho*, were I not so well pleas'd as I am. You speak Riddles, *Husband*, quo his Wife, I don't understand ye—for I am no such Fool yet, to think a Man would be discontented, if he could help it. Why, know then, my dear Honey, quo *Sancho*, I am over-joy'd because I am going to serve my Master *Don Quixote* again, who is resolv'd upon a third *Frisk* in chase of Adventures; and I for my part, think 'tis better to go along with him, then to lie starving at home; for who knows, Wife, but we may find another Bag of Gold, as big as that we ha' spent?—On the other side, it grieves me to leave my sweet Swotterkin, and my poor Children, the Pledges of our Youth; for to tell thee Truth, I take no delight to lead a Goat's life in clambing over Mountains, and jaunting over Forrests—So that if Heaven had been so kind to have

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granted me a small Estate, that I might but eat Bread dry-shod at home, I wou'd ha' renounc'd these Wild-goose Chases after Knocks and Bastinado's— But Misfortune has otherwise dispos'd of my short time i' this World— And these are the Hopes, and these the Sorrows that make me both joyful and disconsolate at the same time. In good faith, quo *Teresa*, y'are got so deep into your *Knight-Errantries*, that ye talk above my Element. The God above understands me, quo *Sancho*, and that's sufficient. In the mean time, Honey, take care for these next three days, of my dear *Grizelpate*, that she may be in a Condition to bear Arms; double her Ordinary, look out my Pack-saddle, and let it be mended— for in short, we are not going to a Wedding, but to compass the Earth; to meet with Giants, and Dragons, to encounter Hobgoblins, and to hear nothing but roaring, and rumbling, and bellowing, and howling, and yelling, which, nevertheless, will be all but meer Scare crows, if we don't meet with your cursed *Carriers*, and enchanted *Moors*— Dost understand me, Wife? I make no question, reply'd *Teresa*, but that *Squires-Errant* do not eat their Master's Bread for nothing; only I beseech God to preserve thee from all Mischances. Truly Wife, quo *Sancho*, did I not think thou should'st see me in a short time, Governour of an Island, I my Conscience I should fall down dead immediately at thy feet. Not so, my dear Love and Joy, quo *Teresa*; Let the *Pullet* live, tho she ha' got the *Pip*; only live, and let all the Governments i' the World go to the Devil. Thou cam'st out of thy Mother's Womb without any Government that I know of, thou hast liv'd without a Government hitherto, and without a Government thou may'st be carry'd to thy Grave, when it shall please God. How many People are there i' the World that live without Governments, and yet live at Ease and Content? The best Sauce i' the World, is Hunger; and therefore the Poor always eat with a good Stomach. But to the purpose, Husband, if it should be thy good luck to get a Government, prithee don't forget thy poor Wife and Children: Consider that our Son already numbers fifteen, and I think 'tis time for him to be sent to School, especially if his Uncle design him for the Church. Then for your Daughter, I am perswaded a Husband wou'd not scare her out of her Wits; for, if I am not mistaken, she longs as much to be marry'd, as you do for a Government. For what saies the Proverb, *Marry your Daughter betimes, lest she marry her self*; and 'twere better she were ill bestow'd, then be a Miss, tho 'twere to two Lords at a time. Hark thee me, my dear Wife, quo *Sancho*, upon the Faith of a man believe me now, the second day after I come to my Government, it shall be my business to marry our Daughter, and to match her so well, that she shall be, at least, a Lady all over the World. Prithee now, good Husband, none of your *Ladiships*, I beseech ye, — *Like Blood, like good, and like Age make the happiest Marriages*. Let her have plain Neat's-leather and Sarge— and for lac'd Shoes and fine Petticoats, they are fitter for Ladies. — She that never was at the Dancing-School, how ridiculously would she behave her self in her Silks and her Sattins? What fine Discoveries wou'd she make of her Swine-ferving Breeding? Th'art a Fool, quo *Sancho*, I'll send her to a Boarding-School but for two Years, and thou shalt see how strangely she'll alter. Prithee let her be but a Lady, and let all the Gossips i' the Town be hang'd, if they please— I warrant thee, Woman, she'll do well enough i' the Countrey. I say still, Husband, quo *Teresa*, *Let every one measure himself with his own Ell*. 'Twould be a very pleasant thing indeed for us, to go and marry our Daughter to a Lord, for him, in a short time, to be always upbraiding her, and calling her

Madam

Madam Hog-wash, Gillian a' Croydon, and Pig-driver's Daughter— No, no, Husband— I'll ne're marry my Daughter to such fine Folk, by our blessed Lady, not I— I han't bred her up, I hope, as I ha' done, to throw her away at length. No, no, *Sancho*, do thee bring me Money, and let me alone wi' my Daughter— There's young *Dick Tree*, old *Tree's* Son, I find him beginning to smirk upon the Wench already, he's an honest Fellow, and her Match— and then we shall have Parents, Children, and Grandchildren, and God's Blessing always among us; marry her the Lord knows where, and we shall see our Son-in-law and Daughter, the Lord knows when— Marry her at Court among Lords and Ladies, and then she'll understand no body, and no body will understand her. Wife of *Barabas*, and Beast of the Forrest, quo *Sancho*; why, without Rhime or Reason, should'st thou thus obstinately dissuade me now from marrying my Daughter to one that shall make her a Jointure of eight hundred a Year, and get me Lords for my Grandchildren besides?— Suppose the Lord her Husband dies, dost think eight hundred a Year wont maintain her as long as she lives? Besides, she'll live near, and save something by House-keeping in his life-time. I have heard my Grandfather say, *That he that will not, when he may, when he fain would, shall have nay*— Shall we, when Fortune knocks at the Door, shut her out?— No, no, when the Wind blows fair, let's take the Advantage of the Gale— and let's hold Opportunity by the Forelock, before she turn her Tail— [This Huddle of wise Sayings, and some others out of *Sancho's* Mouth, made the Translator take this Chapter for *Apocrypha*] Then *Sancho* proceeding; *Bruit*, said he, what Injury will it be to thee, for me to get a Government, and raise our Fortunes? What Harm will it be to thee, for me to marry my Daughter to a Lord, and make thee thy self, Woman, a Lady; and then thou may'st come to Church, and lean over the Gallery upon thy Velvet Cushion, in despite of all the giggling Ladies i' the County? Why, what a God's name, Woman! wou'dst always live i' the same Posture, neither lower nor higher, like a Picture i' the Hangings? Fy— fy— talk no more on't; I say, little *Sanchia* shall be a Countess, speak till thy Caul burst. Husband, quo *Teresa*, have a care what thou say'st; I am afraid these Earldoms will be the ruine of your Daughter. You may make her a Dutches, or a Princess, if you can, but I'll never give my Consent. For my part, I was always a Lover of Equality— I was christen'd *Teresa*, without any Additions of *Madam* or *Madamoisell*— my Father was call'd *Gaffer Cascayo*, or *Gaffer Stone*; and my Name's *Teresa*, or *Margery Pansa*, because I am unfortunately your Wife; otherwise my Name might ha' been still *Margery Stone*; but where the Kings are, there are the Laws. However, either of these single Names content me, without being lac'd with any Additions. By him that made me what I am, I'll be as he made me, and no otherwise— I'll be no body's Laughing stock— I'll give no body cause to cry out, when they see me, Look, look— she that kept Hogs i' the Stubble t'other day, she that went to Mass with an old Napkin pin'd about her Head, look, how she struts it in her Cloth a' Gold *Manteau* turn'd up with Velvet— What! no less then a whole Silkman and Milliner's Shop upon her maingy Back at one time! Lord bless us! What will this World come to! No, no, by my faith-law, God grant me my five or six Senses, or as many as I have, and I'll tie up their Tongues from quipping a' me i' this fashion, I'll warrant 'em— that is, I'll give 'em no cause, and then let 'em speak, if they can. You may go, Husband, and be a Lord, or a Go-

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vernour, or a *President*, or what you please, by the Parent of my Mother, your Daughter and I will not stir an Inch from our Station— let them seek for Jointures, that cannot work with their ten Fingers. For my part, I had rather have a broken Leg, than a Crack i' my Reputation— And therefore, Husband, march you, and your *Don Quixote* together, to your Islands, and your Governments, and don't study Contrivances to debauch your poor Daughter; tho after all's done, I wonder how your Master came to be a *Don*; for I'm sure, neither his Father, nor Grandfather were any more than Headboroughs of the Hundred. May I be roasted, Wife, if I don't believe thou hast got a Familiar i' thy Belly— The Lord blefs thee for a Woman, what has all this Stuff that thou hast twist-ed together, thy *Cascayo's*, thy Cloath a' Gold Mantaus, and thy Prefidents, to do with what I ha' said? *Ninny-hammer* and *Shallow-brains*, as thou art, for I can call thee no other, since thou canst not understand Reason— For should I ha' told thee, that thy Daughter was to throw her self from the top of the Monument, or to trot about the World like a *Gypsie*, or a *Bess-a-bedlam*, then I should not ha' blam'd thee for being troubl'd; but if in less then two *Hits* of a Tap-ball, I make her a Countess; if I fetch her from the Straw, to sit under a Canopy, and to set her Bum upon more Velvet Cushions then all the Empreßes of *Morocco*, why shouldst thou be against it? Oh! Husband, Husband— quo *Teresa*, 'tis because of the Proverb, Husband, *That that covers thee, discovers thee*— No body minds the Poor, but all Eyes are gazing upon men in Grandeur and Authority— if a poor man become wealthy and great, it sets all Tongues a grumbling and back-biting; and the worst is, that when they once begin, they never leave off. Oh, but my dear *Teresa*! I tell thee things that thou never heard'st of i' thy life; nor do I speak of my own Head, but what I heard from one of our *Lent-Preachers*, who told us, if my Memory fail me not, That what we see daily before our Eyes, take a deeper root in our Remembrances, then things that are past and gone. [And this Discourse, so far above *Sancho's Genius*, was another, and one of the strongest Arguments to perswade the *Translator*, that this Chapter was not *authentick*.] And therefore, quo *Sancho*, proceeding in his Philosophy, when we see a man sumptuously habited with a great Rope of Lacquies, hanging like Onions at the Tail of his Coach, we pay him Respect in spite of our Teeth; tho we remember him formerly to have been but a Foot-boy, or at most, a *Clerk's Clerk* himself; and his present Condition causes us to forget his former Poverty; and how mean and base soever his Parentage were, we look upon him what he is, and not what he was. Let him have been found in a Church-porch, if after he comes to Preferment, he shews himself liberal and courteous, he deserves as much esteem as if he had been a Lord of five hundred years standing; and that all the Records of his Pedigree i' the Herald's Office, were Worm-eaten with Age.

I don't understand a Tittle what you say, Husband, reply'd *Teresa*, and therefore e'en follow your own Inventions, and don't break my Brains with your Retricks and Philosophies— but if y' are so *devolv'd* to do as ye say— *Devolv'd*, Wife! what's that?— you should say, *resolv'd*— I speak like a Schollard, my dear Honey-suckle— For the Lord's-sake, Husband, quo *Teresa*, Schollard me no Schollards, I speak as God-a-mighty taught me— and for hard words, I give all my share to Mr. *Curate*— only this I ha' to say farther, That if you are so mad to be a Governour, pray take your Son *Sancho* along with ye, and teach him to be a Governour after you are dead. For 'tis but reasonable for Parents to teach their

their Children their Trades. When I am fix'd i' my Government, quo *Sancho*, I'll send for him by the Post, and send thee Money withal— for there is no body, but will lend Money to a Governour— and do thou provide him such Cloaths, that he may appear not what he is, but what he ought to be. Well, well, Husband, for that take you no care— do you but send Money, and I'll make him as fine as a Parrot. So then, Wife— 'tis concluded, you say, between us, quo *Sancho*, that our Daughter shall be a Countess.

Mercy a' my Soul i' the meantime, cry'd *Teresa*, for I'm sure my Daughter's first *Lady-day*, will be the last of my life— However, do what you please— you Men are the Masters, and we poor Women must bear our Curse of Obedience, tho our Husbands are no better then Cowcumbers. And so saying, she fell a' weeping, as if her Daughter had been breathing her last Gasps— But *Sancho* appeas'd her with a Promise to delay her Preferment as long as he could with conveniency. And having so said, away he posted to *Don Quixote* to receive Orders for his Departure.

CHAP. VI.

Containing what pass'd between Don Quixote, his Niece, and his Maid; which is one of the most important Chapters in the whole History.

WHILE *Sancho Pansa* and *Teresa Cascayo*, or *Margery Stone*, his Wife, were thus no less eagerly then impertinently arguing the Case, *Don Quixote's* Niece and Maid were at their Wits end. They saw the good old Knight was as full of his Frenzies as ever, and was resolv'd upon a third Frolick; and therefore they us'd their utmost Endeavour to perswade him to the contrary: but all they could do, was but *bafting of Stones with Butter*.

Among other Arguments which they us'd to bring about their Design, the Governess adventur'd to use this threatening Language; Sir, quo she, if you will not be rul'd, but will needs run a rambling again, like a *Jack with a Lanthorn* in a Winter-night, and still be vagabonding from your Family, in search of *Hobgoblins* and *Fairies*, to make your self a Laughing-stock to all the World; I'll never cease petitioning both God and the King, till I either prevail for cure, or get ye lock'd up in *Bedlam*, for a Mad-man, as ye are. *Joan*, quo *Don Quixote*, what Answer Heaven will give thee, I know not; neither can I tell what the King will say to thee, but this I know, that if I were in his Majesty's place, I would ne're be troubl'd with a quarter of those impertinent Sheets of gilt-Paper that are deliver'd to Princes every day; and therefore, as it is one of the greatest Vexations they have, to hear this idle Story, and t'other *Flim-flam*, I hope the King will be so kind to himself, to make thee stay till he has nothing i' the World else to do. But, I beseech ye, Sir, quo the Maid, pray tell me, Are there no Knights at Court? Yes, without doubt, reply'd *Don Quixote*, several— as well for the Ornament of the Court, as to set forth the Luster of Royal Grandeur— Why then, quo the Maid, would it not be better for you to be one of those Knights, then thus to run a *Robinhooding*, as you do. Hear me, *Joan*, quo *Don Quixote*, all Knights cannot be Courtiers, neither can they, nor ought all Courtiers to be *Knight-Errants*; there

there must be of all sorts i' the World; and tho there were no other but Knight si' the World, yet should there be a great difference between Knights and Knights. For Courtiers, without so much as stirring over their Thresholds, or quitting the Court, travel all the World over with their Eyes, surveying the Maps, without Labour or Expence. But we that are the true *Knight-Errants*, really and truly roam and wander over Hill and Dale, Night and Day, Summer and Winter, expos'd to Heat and Cold, Hunger and Thirst, and all the Hardships that Nature can endure. We not only behold the Pictures of our Enemies, but meet 'em arm'd Cap-a-pe, at every turn, and every hour, never standing upon Trifles, or the Laws of Duels, or examining whether our Lances or Swords are of an exact Size, or no; whether our Enemies have any Charms about 'em, or any privy Armour on; nor ever regarding whether the Sun be in our Faces, or upon our Backs, nor any other Punctilio's or Ceremonies observ'd among single Duelists; things which thou understand'st not, but I perfectly do. And yet I would have thee know thus much however, That every *Knight-Errant* is so far from being afraid to meet ten Giants, whose heads are as high as the Clouds, their Thighs like the Tower of *Babel*, and their Arms like Masts of Ships; their Eyes as big as Millstones, and burning like Glass-house Furnaces; I say, a *Knight-Errant* is so far from being afraid of meeting ten of these Giants, that he meets 'em with a settl'd Countenance and undaunted Courage, he assails 'em, closes in with 'em, and if it be possible, vanquishes and murders 'em all in an Instant, tho arm'd at the same time with the Scales of a certain Fish, much harder than an Adamant; and laying on, instead of Swords, with dismal Hangers, thirty foot long, and seven foot broad, sharp as Razors, and all of Steel of *Damascus*, or else with Iron Maces as big as the Monument; such as I ha' seen full often to my cost. This, *Joan*, I ha' told thee, to shew thee the difference between Knights and Knights. And in truth, I could wish, that all Princes knew how to make the Distinction, and that they understood a little better the Merit and Importance of *Knight-Errants*, among whom, as we may read in their Lives, there have been some that ha' sav'd not only one, but many Kingdoms at a time. Oh, Sir, quo his Niece, shaking her head— have a care what ye say— For is it not plain, that all the Stories of *Knight-Errants* are nothing but a company of Lyes and Fables; and if they are not burnt by the hand of the common Hangman, yet are they so branded and stigmatiz'd for Falseness and Imposture, that they deserve to be so. By the living *Jupiter*, quo *Don Quixote*, all inflam'd with Rage and Choler, wert thou not a Woman, and my near Kinswoman, I would lash thy bare Buttocks, as bad as ever the *Doctor* lash'd his Maid, for uttering such unheard-of Blasphemies! What! such a little pitiful Arseworm as thou, that canst hardly tell nine, to be so bold and audacious as to censure *Knight-Errants*! What would the great *Amadis de Gaul* ha' said, had he heard thee prate at this rate? And yet I am apt to believe he would ha' pardon'd thee, for he was one of the most affable and courteous Knights of his time, and a great Defender of Ladies. But you might ha' lit into the hands of one that would ha' yerke'd your *Bumfiddle* for ye, y' faith, my dear Niece; and therefore have a care next time how ye talk such Bugg's Words, as these. For all Knights have not the same Moderation, nor are they all of the same mettle; for some are of Gold, and others of Copper, yet all seem to be Knights. Nevertheless, we our selves have a Touchstone to try 'em by. For you have some base Rascals that leave no stone untun'd

untun'd to seem Knights; and some Knights of Quality there are, that ride Post to the Devil, on purpose to stifle the Lustre of their Birth. Some are advanc'd by their Ambition and Vertue. Others there are, that sink under the Burthen of Effeminacy and Vice; and between these two sorts of Knights, it requires a great Judgment to make a right Distinction, for they both carry the same Title. Bless me! cry'd the Niece, in truth, Uncle you are so learned, that I believe, for a need, you could step into a Pulpit, or at least, could hold forth upon a Stall. And yet for all that, you have so little Wit, as to think your self still a young man, that are as crazy as a rotten Post, that ye are strong, when I durst venture to blow ye down with one Blast o' my back-side my self; that you can set things to Rights, when ye bend i' the back, like the Sign of the *Dolphin*— And then you say y' are a Knight— I'de fain know who the murrain made you a Knight— I'm sure the King never did; for Knights must have great Estates— and I am certain you ha' little or none to speak of.

Niece, quo, *D. Quixote*, thou say'st very right as to the business of Estates; and therefore to add to thy Knowledge, I have a good mind to tell thee somewhat more than ordinary concerning Pedigrees. All the Pedigrees i' the World may be reduc'd to four sorts. Some men there are, who are born of obscure Parentage, yet raise themselves by degrees to sovereign Dignity. The second sort, being born to Royal Eminency, preserve and maintain their Grandeur without any decay. Others there are born Noble and illustrious, that unravel themselves into nothing; like Pyramids that having a spacious and large Foundation, lessen by degrees, till they vanish with an imperceptible Point. The last sort far more numerous than any of the rest, are they, whose Extraction being mean, or at least, not very remarkable, they so continue, neither rising higher, nor falling lower. Of the first we have a notable Example in the *Ottoman Race*, who deriving their Original from a poor and miserable Shepherd, have advanc'd their Dominion to the highest Pinnacle of Grandeur. A great number of Princes, born successively to fair Inheritances, and preserving their Estates within their ancient Limits, without Enlargement or Diminution, are an Example of the second sort. And for the third sort, that have ended in a Pyramid, we have a thousand Examples; all the *Pharaohs*, and *Ptolomys* of *Egypt*, the *Cæsars* of *Rome*, together with that infinite Crowd of *Median*, *Assyrian*, *Persian*, *Grecian*, and *Barbarian Monarchs* and *Princes*, of whose Race there are not any now left i' the World; or if happily any might be found, we should find 'em in very mean and low Condition. I have nothing to say of the common sort, that only serve to make up the number of the Living, neither ambitious of Fame, or understanding what Merit is.

From what has been said, Girls, you may see, that there is a great difference between the Races of Men, and that only those Families are great and illustrious, where Wealth, Magnificence and Vertue most eminently appear. I say Vertue, for that a Person of high Birth, without Vertue, seems more vitious than another person; and for that he who is rich, and not liberal, may be truly lookt upon as a most miserable Creature, that possesses without Enjoyment. Now the poor Knight has no other way to shew that he is a true Knight, but by his Vertue. It be-hoves him therefore, to be affable, courteous, humble, just, without Pride, without Malice; and by that means, tho he give little, as having but little to give, his private Liberality will be as much esteem'd as theirs that are profuse with Ostentation before a Multitude; and possessing all those

those noble Qualities, there is no body but will believe him to be of illustrious Parentage, and pay him that Respect, and those Honours which are due to his Merit. I must inform ye farther, Girls, that there are two ways for men to enrich and advance themselves, by Learning, and by Feats of Arms. Now for my part, I find my self more inclin'd and adapted for military Employments, as being born under the Influence of the Planet Mars; for which reason, in Compliance with my Stars, and my own Inclinations, I am resolv'd to follow that Profession in despite of all the World; and therefore you torment your selves in vain, to resist the Decrees of Heaven, and to oppose my own Destiny, my own Reason, and my own Desires. I know that *Knight-Errantry* is accompany'd with infinite Hardships; yet on the other side, I understand the infinite Benefit and Glory that attends it. I know that Vertue leads us through a very stony and narrow Path, and that the Road of Vice is broad and spacious, leading us, with all its Charms, to Death Eternal; whereas the narrow way of Vertue, full of Thorns and Briers, and difficult to pass, guides us to Immortal Life: according to that of the Poet:

*Through this same narrow Path, with Cares oppress'd,
At length we climb to our Immortal Rest.
They Heav'n renounce, who think the other Way,
More easie, leads 'em to the Seats of Day.*

Blessed Lady! my Uncle's a Poet too, quo the Niece, he knows all things, and can do every thing—Nay, I'll hold a Wager, if he would but undertake it, that he could build a Cathedral with as much ease, as a Bird-cage. Ah, my dear Niece! reply'd *Don Quixote*, I could safely swear, that were it not for this *Knight-Errantry*, that transports me, as it does, quite beside my Senses, there is nothing which I durst not undertake to perform, nor any Curiosity that could scape my hands, especially quilted Balls and Tooth-pickers.

But here their farther Discourse was interrupted by *Sancho*, who rapp'd at the Door, like a Constable, and made a noise, like *Tom a Lincoln*, to be let in. Upon which the *Governante* slipp'd out of the way because she would not see him, for she hated him with a mortal Hatred. The Niece open'd the Door, while *Don Quixote* stood with his Arms expanded to receive him, and having embrac'd him, as the Devil hugg'd the Witch, they lock'd themselves once more into the Chamber, where their Discourse was no less pleasant then what they had before.

CHAP. VII.

*Containing a second Colloquie between Don Quixote and his Squire,
with other most famous Adventures.*

NO sooner did the Governess perceive that *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* had lock'd themselves in together, but she presently surmis'd their Design, and not doubting but the Result of this same private Interview, would prove no less then a fix'd Determination to take another Vagary, she flung her Scarfe about her Neck, and like a Wench posting to a Cunn-

ning Man, away she trots as penfive as a Girl that had lost three Silver Spoons, to find out young *Corrasco*, whom she thought to be the most proper person to check her Master's unbridl'd Frenzie, as being a Man of Wit, and one of *Don Quixote's* new Acquaintance. Having found him out, with a black Pot in his hand, and a Pipe in his Mouth, tho somewhat shy, for fear of being arrested, she fell at his feet all in a cold Sweat. What's the matter, Mistress Governess, quo *Corrasco*? What dismal Accident has befall'n thee, that brings thy Soul, to this Affright, to the very root of thy Tongue? Nothing, Mr. *Sampson*, quo the Maid, nothing else, but that my Master's departing, he's departing, there's no help for't. How, departing! What dost mean, quo *Sampson*? Is he fall'n into an Apoplexy? No, no,—quo the Governess, he's only leaving his Senses, and departing from his Wits—He's going for't other broken Shoulder—God forgive me for saying so, I wish he might break the one half of his Neck down Stairs. The last time, he was brought home athwart an Ass, like a Calf before a Butcher, from head to foot as black as my Hood, with the Knocks and the Bruises his Playfellows had given him. And the second time, forsooth, he came riding home in a Waggon, shut up in a Cage—Lord blefs me! I wonder'd what strange Beast it was—and who shou'd it be, but my monstrous Master—for I never saw a man so monstrously batter'd, and shoulder-sprain'd i' my life. He might well say he was enchanted, for I'll be hang'd if his Mother that bore him, cou'd ha' known him; a' look'd as yellow as the back side of a Parchment-skin, with his Eyes so bury'd in his head, that to fetch 'em back again, it cost me twenty dozen of Eggs, God knows as well as my poor Hens, that could tell the Truth, were they able speak—There's no need of Witnesses for that, quo the Schollar, all the Parish knows thou wert never given to lying—But, Mrs. Governess, d'ye fear nothing else but your Master's Escape? Nothing else! quo the Maid; why, is not that enough?—If that be all, quo Mr. *Sampson*, let me alone, do you only go home, and get me something hot for my Supper—You may also, if you can, say the first four Staves of the *Nunc dimittis* backward, as ye go along—

Sure you ha' drank a Cup too much, Mr. *Sampson*,—Say four Staves of the *Nunc dimittis* backward! why, my Master's Pain lies in his Head, and not in his Teeth—I know what I say—don't you dispute with me that ha' been a Reader of a Parish, till I could read there no longer, tho *Sunday* were a privileged-Day—I say, don't you dispute with me, but go home, and do as I bid ye—The *Governante*, thus snubb'd, return'd home as fast as she could trudge; and young *Corrasco* went to consult the *Curate*—of which we shall give ye a farther Account by and by—

In the mean time, *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* being alone in their Retirement, had a long Conference, which the Story relates after this manner:

Sir, said *Sancho*, I have at length brought it to that pass, that my Wife is dissolv'd to let me attend your Worship where-ever ye go—*Dissolv'd*! *Sancho*, Wilt thou never speak English? thou shou'd'st say, *resolv'd*. Sir, quo *Sancho*, this is now the second or third time that I ha' warn'd ye of your Captiousness at my Pronunciations, especially when you understand what I mean. If ye don't—then you may say, *Sancho*, the Devil take thee, speak plain—Then if I don't explain my self, you may distract me—for I am not so infocible as you think for—

Now the Devil take thee, *Sancho*, if I understand thee at this time—

Distract thee! — and thou art not so *infocible*! What a' pox is all this Gibberish? — Why, Sir, quo *Sancho*, *infocible* signifies a man that is — as a man should say — not given — so and so — *Infocible* is — what d' ye call that word — puh — 'tis at my Tongue's end — you understand me, Sir — By all my Progenitors, less then ere I did, quo *Don Quixote* — Why then, quo *Sancho*, there's an end of the Discourse — for I can speak no better, and so farewell Island. I guess, quo *Don Quixote*, thou wouldst say, thou art not so indocible, but that thou art able to learn, if I instruct thee — I'll hold my life, quo *Sancho*, you understood me at first, but only you had a mind to puzzle my Brains w' your Impertinencies, meely to hear me knock your fine words out a' joint. 'Twas the least of my Thoughts, I assure thee, quo *Don Quixote* — but prithee tell me — What saies *Teresa*?

Teresa, quo *Sancho*, bids me make sure work w' your Worship — She tells me, That *Paper speaks, when Beards never mag*; That *'tis good to be sure* — That *a Bird i' the Hand's worth two i' the Bush* — That *he that lives by hope, dies breaking a' wind backward* — That *one Hold-fast, is better then two I'll give Thees* — Better my Dog dirty, then no Dog at all — 'Tis true, Women and Fools Bolts are soon shot, but sometimes they speak reason. I believe so too — quo *Don Quixote*; but prithee go on, *Sancho*, for thou talk'st monstrous sententiously to day —

I say, quo *Sancho*, as you know better then I, that no body knows who shall live, nor who shall die; that a man's here to day, and gone to morrow — That as soon goes the *Lamb to the Spit, as the old Weather* — In short, we cannot promise our selves to live an hour longer then God has appointed. For Death is deaf, and when he knocks at the Door, he's in post-haste — nor Force, nor Intreaties, nor Crowns, nor Miters can prevail with him for one minute's delay — at least, if we may believe our Preachers. All this is truth, *Sancho*, quo *Don Quixote* — What wouldst infer from hence? Why, Sir, quo *Sancho*, I think 'tis very requisite you and I should understand one another, and that we should agree upon a certain Sum to be paid monthly so long as I shall have the Honour to serve your Worship — and to be paid in Money — not in Recompences, with a Bond for Performance of Covenants — For these Recompences always come slow, or scarce are worth accepting, or else never come — but God bless Me with what is my own. In a word, I would be glad to know what I get, be it little or more. A Hen sits upon one Egg, as well as upon twenty — Sixteen Farthings make a Groat, and four Groats make sixteen Pence; *Many littles make a mickle* — and while a man gets, he can never lose. However, should it so fall out, tho it be a thing that I never expect, or hope for, that your Worship should give me the Island you ha' promis'd me, I am not such an ungrateful *Pinch-penny*, but that I am willing to discount upon the Revenue for what Wages I receive.

Friend *Sancho*, quo *Don Quixote*, a Cat is oftimes as good as a Rat — You say very true, quo *Sancho* — but I hold a Wager your Worship would ha' said, That a Rat is as good as a Cat — However, 'tis all one since I find your Worship understands me — So well, quo *Don Quixote*, that I ha' div'd to the very Bottom of thy Thought-bag — and can see without a Prospective-glass whither all thy musty Adages and Proverbs tend. And indeed, because th' art a poor fellow, I should never scruple to pay thee thy Wages by agreement in dry Money, but that I could never discover in any History of the meanest *Knight-Errant*, that ever they pay'd their *Squires* either by the Month, or by the Year, or indeed, that they ever pay'd

pay'd 'em any Wages at all. That which I can remember is only this. That their *Squires* serv'd 'em in hopes, and that many times when they least expected it, Fortune seating her self in their Master's Laps, and chucking 'em under the Chin, presently they found themselves recompenc'd with an Island, or a County, or some such kind of Trifle. If therefore you think good to serve me upon these Terms, and these Expectations, you may, if not, *beso las manos*, fare ye well — For I must not, for love of your sweet Countenance, ranverse all the Customs of ancient Chivalry. And therefore, *Sancho*, go home again, tell your Wife my Resolution, and so advise together; if either she or you, or both, dislike my Proposals, however let's be still Friends, and so part. While there's a Cummin-loaf i' the Dove-coat, the Pigeon-house shall never want Customers. Nevertheless, *Sancho*, let me tell ye, fair Hopes are better then Misery in Possession: And 'tis ill wasting your Bait upon Gudgeons, when you may hope to catch Carps. I speak this to let you see I can piss Proverbs as well as another: and so in one word for a thousand, if you will trust Fortune as I do, you may; if not, God bless thee, and make thee a Saint; no question, but I shall find *Squires* enow, less faucy, less talkative, and more obedient then ever thou wert —

Sancho was Thunder-struck when he found his Master so indifferent; for he thought verily *Don Quixote* could ne're ha' piss'd without him. Now while he was in this same Agony of Melancholy and Despair, in dropt *Corrasco*, together with the Niece and the Governante, who follow'd him close to see what Method he would take to dispossess *Don Quixote* of his Devil of *Knight-Errantry*.

He was no sooner enter'd, but he embrac'd *Don Quixote's* Knees, and with a loud and serious Tone; Choice Flower of Chivalry-Errant, quo he, most radiant Light of War, chief Honour and Glory of thy Nation, I beg of all Saints, and all Souls, that whoever shall oppose thy generous Resolution of a third Ramble, Prosperity may never bless 'em; may they be unsuccessful in Woing, and never get their VVives with Child; and then turning to *Don Quixote's* Maid, 'Twill be in vain, Mrs. Governess, quo he, to say the *Nunc dimittis* backward any more: For Heaven has decreed, that my Lord *Don Quixote* must return to the famous Exercise of Chivalry-Errant; and I should act against my Conscience, should I not encourage him my self, to make known the Strength of his Arm, and the Vigour of his invincible Prowess, which he cannot forbear to do, without defrauding the miserable of his Assistance, without injuring the Widow and the Orphan, and exposing the Honour of Ladies and Virgins, whose Bulwark and Support he is; and without breach of all the Laws of that incomparable Order, which Heaven so potently supports for the general Good and Safety of Mankind. Courage, my Lord *Don Quixote* — proceed, most valiant Hero — and if you want a Squire, I am here ready to serve your magnificent Grandure, as deeming it the greatest Honour that the World can bestow upon me.

Hark ye there, *Sancho*, quo *Don Quixote*, turning toward his Squire, I told thee I should never want *Squires*. Thou seest who offers me his Service, no less then a University Schollar, a Reader, and an Instructor of Youth to boot; one that has suffer'd much by Hunger, Cold, and Drouth, yet nimble, young, and healthy; and which is more then all the rest, one that whatever he knows, never tells any body but Friends. But Heaven forbid, that I shou'd rob the Church of such a Member, or the Liberal Sciences of such a Pillar and Support. Let him live, and like another *Orpheus*,

live to tame Beasts in *Luigate* or the *Fleet*, where his vast Knowledge may be of greater use. For my part, any Squire shall serve my turn, since *Sancho* thus forsakes me—

Ple go, Ple go, cry'd *Sancho*, all in Tears and Blubbing, like a Widower of three hours standing— 'T shall ne're be said of me, quo he, *No longer Pipe, no longer Dance*; I am not come of an ungrateful Race, and I am thoroughly satisfy'd in the great Desire you have, and how your *Worship* makes it your study to do me good. And if I did ask your *Worship* for Wages, 'twas only to please my Wife, who, when she sets upon a thing, all the Devils in Hell cannot satisfy her, till she has her Will; but since God has made me a Man, Ple be a Man at home too, as well as in other places; and if she wont be quiet, Ple nail her up in a Barrel a' Tenter-hooks, and roll her down *Mauvern Hills*, before Ple be plagu'd with her. And therefore, Sir, you have now nothing more to do, but to make your Will; but be sure to make it without a power of Revocation, and then let's be gone as soon as you please. Alas, my dear Master! don't you believe but I am ready to follow ye to all the four Corners of the Wind, and to signallize my Fidelity and Care of your Person, above all the Squires-Errant, that ever were recorded in immortal Story.

Thereupon *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* embrac'd again, and became as good Friends as ever; and so with the Approbation, and good liking of young *Corrasco*, who was now *Don Quixote's* Privy-Councillor in Ordinary, it was concluded, that *Don Quixote* should be gone within three days, which they reserv'd for themselves to provide all things necessary for their Journey; more especially a whole Helmet and Vizor, which was the only Apurtenance to a *Knight-Errant*, which *Don Quixote* wanted at that time. Happy man he, in knowing *Corrasco*, who presently told him where there was one to be had, a sound and well-temper'd piece of Mettle, only 'twas somewhat rusty with lying.

The Niece and Governess were so strangely startl'd to find that *Signior Corrasco* had deceiv'd their Expectations, that they curs'd him to the bottomless *Gehenna*, tore their Hair, claw'd their Faces, and set up such a howling and yelling, as if they had foreseen *Don Quixote's* certain Death, and all the fatal Disasters of this same third Vagary. But *Corrasco's* Design, to tell ye the truth, after he had consulted the Curate and the Barber, was to furnish the Author with new matter for a second Part, wherein I think he did very well.

And now all things being in a readiness, and *Sancho* having pacify'd his Wife, the two *Hero's* set forward i' the dead time of the Night, unknown to any living Soul, but only *Corrasco*, who would needs accompany the worthy Knight about half a League upon his way. Which done, the Schollar besought *Don Quixote* to give him an Account from time to time, of whatever befell him, whether good or bad. *Don Quixote* gave him his hand upon't, and then they both embrac'd, and took their leaves, the Schollar returning back to the Village, and the Knight continuing his Journey for the famous City of *Toboso*.

C H A P. VIII.

What befel Don Quixote going to visit his Lady Dulcinea.

NOW blessed be the mighty *Alla*, cry'd *Cid Hamet Benengeli*, at the Beginning of this Chapter, repeating his Benediction no less than three times, when he heard the News that *Don Quixote* and *Sancho Panca* had once more taken the Field. For now, quo he, Readers of this Story may expect a second Part of the matchless Achievements, unheard-of Discourses, and surprizing Adventures of that famous Baron of *Mancha*; enough, if it were possible, to drown all his former Transactions. But let 'em both live together, and let these his last Feats of Arms begin from his first putting foot in his Stirrup for *Toboso*, as the former began in the Plains of *Montiel*.

The Renowned *Don Quixote* and the faithful *Sancho* were no sooner parted from the Schollar, but *Rosinante* began to neighie, and *Sancho's* Grizzle to sigh and bray; which the Knight and the Squire took for happy Omens of their Success; tho to say truth, the sighings and brayings of serious Grizzle, far exceeded *Rosinante's* Mirth; whence *Sancho* concluded, That this third Frisk would prove much more to his own, than his Master's Advantage. I confess, I do not believe he grounded his hopes upon any Knowledge which he had in *Judicial Astrology*, or that he had been to enquire of *Saffold the Necromancer*; only 'twas a piece of Superstition which he had learnt among the old Women, That if his Ass stumbl'd, or tript, or fell down, he wou'd ha' given his best Sunday's Coat, that he had not stirr'd out of his House all that day; for he was wont to say, That stumbling or falling, were only Signs of ripp'd Soles and broken Ribs; and tho he were a Cods-head, he was not much out of the way in this.

Friend *Sancho*, quo *Don Quixote*, the Night comes on apace, so that I doubt me, 'twill be dark before we can reach *Toboso*. However, thither it is that I intend to go, before I undertake any Adventure, to receive the Benediction, and take my leave of the most incomparable *Dulcinea*, being assur'd after that, of being successful in all my Enterprises; for nothing renders a *Knight-Errant* more valiant, and more fortunate in all his Undertakings, then to find himself belov'd and favour'd by the Lady of his best Affection. I am apt to believe it, quo *Sancho*; but I'm afraid you'll find it a difficult thing to see Madam *Dulcinea*, and talk with her, at least, in a place proper to give ye her Benediction, unless she should throw it ye over the Mud-wall of the Court, where I first saw her, when I carry'd her the News of your Gambols, and freakish Pranks i' the midst of the *Black Mountain*.

Thou art infinitely mistaken, my poor silly Friend, quo *Don Quixote*— Mud-walls of a Court, dost call 'em, where thou saw'st the peerless Paragon of Beauty and Gentility! why, thou art blind, Man— they were the gilded Balconies, or else the sumptuous Galleries of some magnificent Palace. It may be since alter'd, quo *Sancho*, but as far as I could then discern, it was a perfect ordinary Mud-wall, at least, if I ha' not lost my Memory. Be't what it will, quo *Don Quixote*, thither 'tis we must go; and provided I may see her, let it be over the Wall, or through a Window, through Chinks or Lattices, for which way soever the least Beam of her Beauty reaches my Eyes, it will so enlighten my Understanding, and fortify

tifie my Heart, that no mortal will be able to match me for Prudence and Valour. Good faith, quo *Sancho*, when I beheld this same Sun of a Lady *Dulcinea*, methought it did not shine so bright as to cast forth any Rays or Beams at all that I could see—but perhaps it was because she was sitting of Wheat, which caus'd such a thick Cloud, as obscur'd its Brightness. Wilt thou never beat it out of those stupid Brains of thine, *Sancho*, quo *Don Quixote*, that Madam *Dulcinea* was sitting a' VVheat, an Employment so much beneath her Quality and Merit? Surely thou hast forgot our Poets Verses, who telling us how the four Nymphs that he saw ascend from the chrystal Streams of *Tagus*, spent their time; brings 'em in sitting upon the Grass, and working those rich Embroideries of Gold and Pearl, which there he describes with so much Art and Learning, as if he had been Master of *Embroiderers-Hall* himself. And so, no doubt, was *Dulcinea* employ'd when thou beheldst her, but that some damnable Enchanter, envious of her Glory, cast a Mist before thy Eyes, or so dazl'd thy sight, as to take one thing for another. VVhich makes me fear, that the Author of my History is one of those malicious Wizzards that will never give me a good word, but only sport with my Fame and Reputation to divertise himself with Lyes and idle Stories, far remote from truth. Oh, Envy, Envy!—thou mortal Poison of bright shining Vertue, and inexhaustible Source of infinite Mischiefs. There is no other Vice, friend *Sancho*, but has something pleasing in it self; but Envy trails always at her heels, Disfention, Madness, Treachery, and Disorder.

This is that which I mortally dread, quo *Sancho*; for I dare say, that in that same Story which Neighbour *Corrasco* has seen of our Lives, my Honour is expos'd like a Curtesán set upon her Head naked, and then kick'd down Staires. And yet upon the faith of an honest Squire, I never spoke ill of any *Necromancer* i' my life; nor have I Wealth enough to be envy'd. 'Tis true, I am a little malicious now and then, and that I do talk at random sometimes, yet I was always counted more Fool than Knave. And were it only for this, That I believe in God and the Catholick Faith, and am a mortal Enemy of the *Jews*, the Historians ought to take Compassion upon me, and spare me i' th' their Libells——. But before-*George*, let 'em say what they can, naked I came into the World, and naked I must go out; I neither win nor lose; and therefore I say again, let 'em write their worst, I care no more then the great *Turk*—nor will I give 'em, *begar*, what the Cat left i' the Malt, to make 'em hold their Tongues.

This puts me in mind, quo *Sancho*, of what besel a famous Poet of our Times, who having made a smart Satyr against all the Ladies of the Court, whose Names were up, forbore to name one, as not being certain whether she were fit to be put in his Catalogue or no; who not finding her self in the List, made a great Complaint to the Poet, and ask'd him, What Injury she had done him, that he should leave her out of his Roll? Desiring him withal, to enlarge his Satyr, and put her in, according to her Merits, or else she would claw out his Eyes. Thereupon the Poet went on, and gave her a Character with a Vengeance, to the great Satisfaction of the Lady, who was glad to see her self in Print, tho it were at the Expence of her Honour. I must tell thee, *Sancho*, this desire of Honour, and to be talk'd of hereafter, is a bewitching thing. VVhat caus'd *Horatius* to throw himself arm'd into *Tiber*? What made *Mutius Scaevola*, with that undaunted Patience, hold his Hand in the burning Flame till it was consum'd to Ashes? What encourag'd *Curtius* to throw himself headlong into the gaping Earth? What made *Cesar* pass the *Rubicon*, after so many unlucky Omens?

Omens? By the Lord *Harry*, I don't know, quo *Sancho*. And now to come to modern Examples, What made a small number of *Spaniards* under the famous *Cortez*, being landed in the new world, to sink their Ships, to deprive themselves of all manner of Safety, by flight? 'Twas all to get Honour, *Sancho*; Honour that spurs us on to all great Actions, and inspires us with Resolution to contemn the most surprizing Terrors, and even Death it self; and all in hopes of a determin'd Fame, that ends with the Subversion of this world. VVhereas we Christian *Knight-Errants* combat rather for that eternal Honour enjoy'd in Heaven, then for that vain Renown that shall perish with the world's Conflagration. In killing Giants, we aim at the overthrow of Pride. And in our daily war against our Passions, we combat Envy by Generosity, Anger by Humility, Gluttony and Drowsiness by Temperance and Vigilancy, Incontinency by that inviolable Fidelity which we observe in our very Thoughts toward our Mistresses; and Sloth by continual Travel through the world, in search of all Adventures, which, together with the Name of Christians, may acquire us the Character of Illustrious and Renowned Knights. And these, *Sancho*, are the Steps, by which we mount the Pinnacle of Honour.

I understand, Sir, to a hair's breadth, quo *Sancho*, every Tittle you have said. But still I would fain be resolv'd one Doubt that strangely perplexes the inside of my Skull. What is't, Son *Sancho*, reply'd *Don Quixote*? speak, and I'll endeavour to release thee from thy Anguish. Why then, Sir, quo *Sancho*, pray resolve me——those *Julius's*, *Augustus's*, and all the rest of those eterniz'd and immortaliz'd Champions you have number'd up, all dead so long ago, where are they now at present? The Heathens, answer'd *Don Quixote*, are, without all question, in Hell. The Christians, if they were good Christians, either in Paradise or Purgatory; at least, if their Friends were so remiss as not to be at the Charges of having 'em pray'd out; tho I cannot believe such great Personages as they could want either Money or Friends upon such an emergent Occasion. So far, so good, quo *Sancho*. Now then for the Sepulchers where these great Lords lie interr'd, be there any Silver Lamps still burning therein? Are they hung about with Crutches, broken Legs and Arms, Wax-heads and Glass-Eyes, or with what are they hung? The Tombs of the Idolaters, answer'd *Don Quixote*, were for the most part, magnificent Temples; *Julius Caesar's* Ashes were set upon the top of a Pyramid, all of one Stone of a prodigious bigness, which they call at this day, *St. Peter's Needle*. The Sepulcher of *Adrian* the Emperor was a great Castle as big as a large Village, formerly call'd *Adrian's Mole*, now the Castle of *St. Angelo*. Queen *Artemisia* lay'd her Husband in a *Mausoleum*, so large, so magnificent, and so singular for the Curiosity of the VVorkman-ship, that it was accounted one of the seven VVonders of the world. But never any of the Tombs of the *Gentiles* were adorn'd with Hair-cloths, Hour-glasses, and Death's-heads, or any other Offerings that signaliz'd 'em for Saints.

Thus far we are right, quo *Sancho*; now pray, Sir, tell me, which is the greater wonder, to raise a Man from the dead, or to kill a Giant? The Question's easily answer'd, quo *Don Quixote*, certainly to raise a Man from the dead. Then Ple be with ye presently, quo *Sancho*: For then we must believe the Fame of those that raise the dead, restore sight to the blind, and heal the lame, before whose Tombs we daily behold infinite Crowds of devout People continually kneeling and adoring their Reliques, must be much more glorious both in this and the other VVorld, then that of all your Heathenish Emperors, and all the *Knight-Errants* that ever were born.

born. I grant it, quo *Don Quixote*. Very good, quo *Sancho*, and now expect a sparring Blow—— for if the Bodies of the Saints are allow'd such Privileges and Prerogatives, as ye call 'em, to have their Chappels continually burning with Lamps, and with the Approbation and Leave of our holy Mother the Church, to have their Smocks, their Petticoats, their Huckle-bones, their Hollow-Teeth, their Combings, the Bridges of their Noses, Tips of their Ears, with a thousand other Reliques preserv'd in Gold Boxes, and to have their Shrines ador'd and enrich'd with the Offerings of Emperors, Kings, and Princes, to the immortalizing their Fame, and the Propagation of Christian Devotion—— And what of all this, quo *Don Quixote*, what's your Inference—— Why I infer from hence, that it would be our best way, our nearest way, and our safest way to turn Saints. For by that means we shall acquire that Fame and Immortality, which we aspire to at a far cheaper Rate, and with the ten thousandth part of the Trouble. 'Twas but yesterday, or t'other day, or I cannot tell when, that two *Carmelite Fryers* were canoniz'd, and you cannot imagine the Prefs of People that crowded to kiss the Iron Chains that they wore about their Waists, instead of Girdles; and with their Handkerchiefs to touch their Reliques, which, I warrant ye, were lookt upon with more Veneration, then *Orlando's* great Sword that hangs up i' the Kings Armory. So that for ought I see, 'twou'd be much better to be a Fryer of some begging Order, then one of the most valiant *Knight-Errants* that ever slew Giant. Two dozen of Lashes bestow'd by a man's own self upon his own Shoulders, are more pleasing to God, then two thousand Blows lay'd on with Heart and good Will upon Dragons Scales, or the insensible Backs of *Hobgoblins*. *Sancho*, quo *Don Quixote*, thou say'st very well; but we cannot all be Monks—— there are many ways which God makes use of to bring his Elect to Heaven. *Knight-Errantry* it self is a religious Order; and there are *Knight-Errants* in Heaven. *St. George*, *St. Taffey*, *St. James*, *St. Andrew*, *St. Patrick*, *St. Martin*, *S. Christopher*, with a hundred more that I could name. However, quo *Sancho* I have heard say, there are more Fryers in Heaven then *Knight-Errants*. That may very well be, quo *Don Quixote*, for where there's one *Knight-Errant*, there are ten thousand Fryers of all sorts.

In such Discourses as these, the two Adventurers spent that Night and the next Day, without encountering any Occasion to signalize their Vertue, at which *Don Quixote* was very much disgusted. But at length the next day toward Evening, they discover'd the famous City of *Toboso*, which our Champion no sooner discover'd, but his Eyes run over with joy; whereas *Sancho*, on the other side, became very melancholy, and much disturb'd in his mind, because he knew not the House where *Dulcinea* liv'd, and had never seen the fair Lady in his life, no more then *Don Quixote*. So that the one was mad till he saw her, and the other ready to be-foul himself because he had not seen her. However, *Don Quixote*, notwithstanding the heat of his Desires, would not make his Entry in the day time, but stay'd till 'twas night, for the more Solemnity of the Business.

CHAP. IX.

Which, when you ha' read, you will see what is in it.

IT was now near the hour of Midnight, when *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* descended from a little Hillock, and enter'd *Toboso*. There was no body stirring i' the Street, but a profound Silence every where, while every body was a-bed, and fast asleep, with their Legs stretch'd out at their full Ease. Only the Dogs kept a filthy noise, and with loud Acclamations, after their manner, welcom'd the noble Champion to Town. The Hogs grunted, the Asses bray'd, and the Cats were at their loud Musick upon the Tiles. Which made altogether such a Confusion of Discords, that *Sancho* trembl'd, and fill'd th' inamour'd Champion's Pate with a thousand inauspicious Conundrums. Yet in the midst of all his Terrors, *Sancho*, quo he, ride on, the Devils are at *Barley-break*; however, shew me the way to *Dulcinea's* Palace, perhaps she may not yet have left off playing at Cards, and so we may chance to speak with her before she retires to her Rest—— *Body of Phœbus*, quo *Sancho*, what Palace do ye mean? The Palace where I saw her, was no more then a Cottage, and one of the meanest in all the Village—— Ple lay my life, quo *Don Quixote*, thou mer'st her coming from the *Womens Parliament-house*, as they call it—— and yet I dare say, hadst thou seen it within, 'twas all over gilded, with Seats of Cedar, and richly perfum'd—— VVell, Sir, quo *Sancho*, suppose I am mistaken, and that *Madam Dulcinea's* House be a Palace, d' ye think this is a time a night to find the Gates open? And would ye ha' me go and knock at such an unseasonable hour as this, to alarm all the Town? VVhy, what! ye are not going to a Bawdy-house sure, that you think to be let in at all hours! Come, come, take my Advice, let's to the next Inn, and rap up the Folks that make it their Trade to be disturb'd i' their sleep, and not go to visit Ladies like Bears—— First, I say, let's see where the Palace stands; quo *Don Quixote*, and when we ha' found it, I know what to do—— But stay—— methinks I have a Glimmer i' my Eye of something large and spacious, 'tis a Structure too, and doubtless must be that same Palace which we hunt for.

Ride on, Sir, then, quo *Sancho*, tho I'll first see it with my Eyes, and feel it with my ten Fingers, before I cease to be an Infidel in this Particular. Thereupon *Don Quixote* led the way, and having rode about two hundred Paces, he arriv'd just under the Steeple of the Parish-Church. We are mistaken, *Sancho*, cry'd he, this is the Church. I see 'tis reply'd *Sancho*, and I wish to God we have not found our Graves i' the Yard; for 'tis a confounded ill sign, and bodes no good to mistake Churches for Palaces i' the Night; especially when I told ye, that this Lady's House stood in *Turnagain-Alley*. Dunderhead, accurs'd of Heaven, quo *Don Quixote*, when didst thou ever see a Royal Palace built in an Alley? Sir, quo *Sancho*, all Countries have their particular Customs, and perhaps it is the Custom of the Princes of *Toboso* to build their Palaces in small narrow Streets—— And therefore let me alone, I'll try what I can do to find out this Dog-hole of a Palace—— it may be, I may meet with it in some Chink or other, unless the Devil ha' swallow'd it—— Pox take it, for me, for putting us to all this trouble—— Speak reverently,

rently, Sirrah, quo *Don Quixote*, of my Mistress and her Palace, if thou intend'st to live in peace.

I beg your Pardon, quo *Sancho*, tho to say truth, you'd make a Saint swear— For how d'ye think I should be able to find our Mistress's House, that I never saw but once i' my life, when we ride as it were in an Oven for darkness; and you your self cannot find it that ha' seen it a hundred times.

Guds my Dignity, quo *Don Quixote*, this Fellow will make me mad by and by; why ye brute, ye Heretick, I never saw the matchless *Dulcinea* i' my life, never set my foot in her Palace, but only fell in love with her upon the loud Report that flew abroad, of her being one of the most beautiful and lovely Princess's in the World. Oh, now I understand ye, Sir, quo *Sancho*! and gi' me leave to tell ye, if you never saw her i' your life, y' gude faith, no more did I neither. How can that be, reply'd *Don Quixote*? Didst thou not tell me thou saw'st her winnowing of Wheat, when thou broughtst me the Answer of the Letter I wrote her? The Curse of my Grannam possesse him, for me, that knows Madam *Dulcinea*, any more then the great Turk. *Sancho*, quo *Don Quixote*, there's a time to droll, and a time to be serious— because I say that I never saw the peerless *Dulcinea* i' my life, which is true; is it for you, Sauce-box, to say, you never saw her, which is a damn'd Lye?

In the midst of these Quandaries and Disappointments, by and by they heard a man and two Horses coming towards 'em, and by the noise of the Plough which the Horses drew along, they guess it might be some body that was going a' field to his Day-labour; and all the way what should the Fellow sing, but the Ballad of *Chivey-Chace*.

*With that an Arrow forth he drew,
And feather'd it so fetuously—*

Sancho, quo *D. Quixote*, I'll be hang'd, if we meet with any good luck this Night: Dost hear what this Boar sings? What then, quo *Sancho*? VVhat has Earl *Douglas*, or Earl *Piercy* to do with us, or we with them? By this time the Plough-boy being come pretty near 'em; Good morrow, Friend, quo *Don Quixote*, which is the Princess *Dulcinea*'s Palace? Sir, quo the Plough-boy, I am but a stranger i' the Town, where I have serv'd a good wealthy Farmer, not much above a Fortnight— But look ye, Sir, go to yonder House with the Pale before it, and there lives the Curate and the Clerk, who are the likeliest Persons i' the Parish to tell ye where this Princess lives; tho I don't believe any such Princess lives hereabout, unless she be some person of Quality that may be a Princess indeed in her own House. 'Tis a thousand to one, quo *Don Quixote*, we shall find the Lady we inquire for, among that sort of Ladies— 'Tis very likely, quo the Boy; and so saying, *Tapp*, quo he, to his Horses; and without staying for any more Questions, fell a singing his Ballad again to the Musick of his Horses Bells.

Sancho perceiving his Master dissatisfy'd with the Plough-boy's Answer, and very much disorder'd in his Countenance; Sir, said he, you see 'tis broad day, for Heaven's sake let's not sit here to be star'd at, as if we were drying our selves i' the Sun; either betake your self to some good house, or else to some VVood without the Village, where you may sit and pick Strawberries, while I return and enquire from House to House, and Door to

to Door, where this Palace is wherein your Mistress lives. Certainly I must be curs'd i' my Mother's VVomb, if I don't find it, supposing it to be above Ground. And when I ha' found it, I will go to her *Highness*, and tell her that you are here hard by, and then in most humble manner beseech her, that you have the Liberty to pay her a Visit, and that it may be so contriv'd as to be done without Prejudice of her Honour.

By my Dignity, *Sancho*, quo *Don Quixote*, thou hast spoken a thousand Sentences in three words; I approve thy Advice, and therefore let's go i' the first place, and find out a convenient place of Retreat. VVhich done, thou shalt return to find out, see, and deliver thy Embassy to this same Queen of Beauty, from whose Discretion and Courtesie, I ha' reason to hope for Favours more then wonderful. *Sancho* fate upon Thorns till he had got his Master out of the Town, for fear he should discover the Trick he had put upon him in counterfeiting the Answer which he carry'd him from the Lady *Dulcinea*, when he was i' the *Black Mountain*; so that he led the way, and put on at a more then usual rate, till after about two miles riding, they came to a VVood, where *Don Quixote* alighted, with a Resolution to stay till *Sancho* had met with his dear *Dulcinea*: In which Negotiation several Accidents fell out, that require new Attention, and a strong Belief.

CHAP. X.

Containing a Relation how Sancho found out a way to enchant the Lady Dulcinea; with other Passages no less certain then ridiculous.

DON Quixote being thus retir'd into a Chest-nut Grove, not far from *Toboso*, order'd *Sancho* forthwith to be gone, and not to return till he had spoken to his Lady, and obtain'd leave, that the Knight, her Beauties Captive, might be permitted to kiss her Hands; and a positive Promise to vouchsafe him her Benediction, from whence alone he could hope for prosperous Success in all his Enterprizes. All which *Sancho* chearfully undertook to perform, and oblig'd all his Fidelity to bring him back as good an Answer as he had brought him before.

Go then, my Son, reply'd *Don Quixote*, and have a care of being daunted when thou approachest the bright Rays of that Sun of Beauty. Happy, O happy thou, above all the Squires upon Earth, whose fortunate Bliss it is, to behold at once all the Treasures of the Terrestrial Globe, enclosed in one Person; forget not, I intreat thee to engrave in thy Memory the manner of thy Reception, whether she change Colour upon thy delivery of thy Embassy; whether thou observ'st any Commotion or Disturbance in her Countenance, when she hears my Name; whether she seem to sit in her Chair of State, like one that fate upon itching Powder; if she rise up, whether she stand sometimes upon one Leg, and sometimes upon another; whether she repeat three or four times the Answer that she gives thee, letting thee go, and then calling thee back; then she nods thee a Farewel, and then she cries, *but stay Friend*, and then she repeats her Answer agen, and then she dismisses thee—and thou art half way down stairs, and then she calls thee agen; and then lifting her Lilly white Hand to her Head,

she scratches a little where it does not itch, and then she repeats her Answer agen. In short, observe her Eyes, her Lips, the Tone of her Voice, and every Motion and Gesture of her Body; for by the true and faithful Account which thou giv'st of these things, shall I be able to penetrate the Secrets of her Heart, and to understand whatever it imports me to know, in reference to the happy Success of my Amours. For I must tell thee, *Sancho*, if thou dost not know it already, that the outward Motions, Gestures, and Actions of Lovers, are the most certain Discoverers i' the World of the inward Passions of the Heart. Go then, *Sancho*, and enjoy a better Fortune than thy Master; and may kind Heaven grant thee such Success, as may be welcome to a person that sits between the two Stools of Fear and Hope, in this same forlorn Solitude wherein thou leav'st me.

I flie, quo *Sancho*, and return in a Trice; in the mean time, Sir, let your Thoughts at rest—S'lfe, Sir! a *Knight-Errant* with a Heart no bigger than a Filberd! cheer up, and stand to your Pan-pudding—*Faint heart never woo'd fair Maid*—Where there's dry'd Meat, there can be no want of Vittles—And then agen;—*The Hare leaps out of the Bush, where we least look for her*—I speak this, because that if I can't find Madam *Dulcinea's* Palace to day, I may find it tomorrow—And when I ha' found her, I'll bring her to Reason, or I'll make her fly up with Jackson's Hens. For the Passion a' Patience, away then, quo *Don Quixote*, and mayst thou prove as successful in my business, as thou art in finding out Proverbs ready pick'd upon all Occasions.

This said, *Sancho* shew'd his Master his back parts, and switching his beloved *Grizzle*, made all the haste he could to the Town. In the mean time *Don Quixote* kept his Saddle, resting himself upon his Stirrups, and leaning his Head against his Lance, top full of pensive and confus'd Imaginations. Nor was *Sancho* less tormented in his Brains than his Master, not knowing what Course to take to satisfy his extravagant Fancy. No sooner therefore was he got out of the Wood, but turning his Ass about, and perceiving his Master quite out of sight, he alit; and laying himself down at the foot of a Tree, thus began to dialogue with himself.

Brother *Sancho*, quo he, can you now imagine whither your Worship is going? Is it in search of any Ass thou hast lost? No—What is't then thou art drawing dry foot after? Only a Princess—only a Princess that surpasses both Sun and Moon for Beauty and Brightness—Well—and where dost think to find this only Princess, *Sancho*? Where! why in the great City of *Toboso*—And who employs thee? why, the famous Knight, *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, the Hot-presser of Oppressors, that gives Drink to the hungry, and Meat to those that are a-dry. So far thou art right, *Sancho*; and dost know where she lives? Not I, before *George*—but my Master says she lives somewhere in a great Castle, or else in a Royal Palace—Didst ever see her by any Accident i' thy life? Neither I nor my Master neither, so God help me. But suppose that the People of *Toboso*, believing or suspecting that thou camst to inveigle their Princesses, or spirit away their Daughters, should decently noat thy Shoulders with Oyl of Faggot-stick, till they left thee nere a sound Rib to hoop in thy Bowels, dost think they would do well, or no?—Why, truly were I to be Judge in another man's Cause, I might perhaps be a'their side. On the other side, I am apt to think, that when they came to consider I was only a Servant, and that what I did, I did by Command, they would not be so liberal of their Cudgel grease. Never trust to that, my dear *Sancho*; the People of *Mancha* are a surly Generation of Men, and will endure no

Tricks

Tricks to be put upon 'em. By the Lord *Harry*, if they smell thee out once, 'twill behove thee to have Shift of Skin and Bones—Ware Hawk—ware Hawk—Why shouldst thou go about to search for more feet than the Cat has, to gratifie another? And perhaps when all's done, I may as well find *Dulcinea* in *Toboso*, as *Joan Whackum* in *London*. No—no—I renounce thee, *Satan*, I renounce thee—'Tis the Devil has put me upon this Employment, and would fain ha' me pounded like Beef-Steaks, to make me tender for his Supper—but I defie thee, *Satan*, I defie thee.

After these Expostulations, *Sancho* ponder'd awhile, and then beginning afresh; But yet they say, quo he, there's a Remedy for all things but Death, under whose Yoke we must all submit when our time comes. Therefore, *Sancho*, never despair, nor go about to throw the Helve after the Hatchet. This Master of mine, by a thousand Signs that I ha' seen, is a Mad-man, fit to be lockt up in *Bedlam*; and to deal ingeniously with thee, *Sancho*, I think thou art, within a quarter of a Yard and a Nail, as great a Fool as he, to serve him as thou dost, unless it be for the Proverb's sake, *Trim-tram, like Master like man*; and another as good, *Show me thy Company, and I'll tell what thou art*. Now then my Master being mad—and so mad that he mistakes many times black for white, and white for black—as when he took the Windmills for Giants, and the Flocks of Sheep for Armies, 'twill be no difficult matter to make him believe the first Country Girl I can meet with, to be the Princess *Dulcinea*. If he will not believe me, I'll swear it; if he swear agen, I'll swear faster than he. If he stamp, and stare, and tell me I lye; I'll stamp, and stare, and tell him he lyes; and thus I'll so out-face, and out-stare, and out-swear him, that he shall either have such an ill Opinion of me, as never to send me any more of his first of April Errands; or else believe, and then I'll swear it, that some of those *Necromancers* that envy his Happiness, have transmogrify'd the glorious and matchless *Dulcinea* into some Doll Common or other, on purpose to despise him.

This Contrivance restor'd Peace to *Sancho's* troubl'd Thoughts, believing now he should have all desir'd Success in his grand Affair. Thus therefore calm'd and quieted, he stay'd till the Evening, thereby the more to amuse his Master; at what time he descri'd at a distance three Countrey Wenches upon three young ragged Colts, directing their Course to the place where he lay. The Author saies nothing whether they rid side-ways, or astraddle; nor does he say, they were drest i' their Holy-day Habit, like Wenches that were coming from Market, which is not material to the Point. But this he saies, That so soon as *Sancho* discover'd the Girls, away he rode back to his Master in post haste; whom he found i' the same Posture that he left him, breathing out his Amours in Sighs and Lamentations. Ah, my dear friend *Sancho*, quo he! and is long lookt for come at last? P'rhe Name of Prophecie, What News? What News? Are we to mark this day with a black or a white Bean? With neither, Sir, quo *Sancho*, but let it be a red Letter Day, in Characters fairer than *This Indenture*, and more welcome than *St. John's*, or *St. Michael's* to the wanting Landlord. Why then, *Sancho*, quo *Don Quixote*, it seems thou bring'st us good News. Good News! quo *Sancho*, such News never came to an eldest Son of his Father's sudden Death. You ha' no more to do, but to trot gently into the open Fields, and by that time you have rid four Bows shots, you will meet Madam *Dulcinea* coming to gi' ye a Visit, with two of her Damfels—Holy Father, quo *Don Quixote*, What Angel's Voice is this I hear, friend *Sancho*? Dost tell

tell me truth, or dost thou in kindness abuse me, thinking with false Joys to intoxicate my Sorrows? What shall I get by that, Sir, quo *Sancho*, to tell you a Lye, and be found out the next Minute? There's neither Pleasure nor Profit i' that, Sir; And therefore don't sit talking there, but ride on a way-bit, and you'll see her coming; I mean the Princess your Mistress, array'd and bedeck'd like her nown self— She and her two Damsels are all three but so many glittering Ingots of Gold. And then for Diamonds, Rubies, and Pearls, they hang about their Shoulders in Clusters, like red and white Grapes upon a clambring Vine——— Gud's-lid, I wonder how they and their Horses are able to bear 'em— their dishevell'd Hair hangs down in Curls to their very Waistes, like so many Sun-beams sporting with the Wind: and more then all this, they are mounted upon three *Gambolling Hags*, as sleek as the Back of an Eel, and worth their weight in yellow Gold——— *Gambolling Hags!* ye Block-head——— quo *Don Quixote*——— *ambling Nags* thou mean'st——— Slife! should the Princess hear thee talk so like a Clown, she'd take me for some Cheesemonger rather then a Man of Honour——— Well! quo *Sancho*, *Gambling* or *Ambling Hags*, or *Nags*——— there's no such great difference that I see——— but let 'em be *Hags* or *Nags*, I am a Pagan if I ever beheld such beautiful Creatures as those that ride upon 'em, especially Madam *Dulcinea*, who, by Guds-nigs, would ravish a *Mahometan*.

Come on then, my dear *Sancho*, quo *Don Quixote*, let's away——— and for these happy Tidings thou hast brought me, I freely bestow upon thee all the Spoils of the first Adventure we shall meet with; or if that content thee not, then take the three Colts of my three Mares that are now ready to foal, upon the *Town Common*. I like the Colts, quo *Sancho*, but for the *Spoils*, they may cost your Worship dear, and be worth nothing.

And now they were got into the open Plain, at what time they discover'd the three Countrey Girls within a Stone's throw. Upon which, *Don Quixote* casting his Eyes towards *Toboso*, and seeing no other then these three *Tatterdemallions* upon the Road, strangely dejected in Spirit, quo he to *Sancho*, Was the Princess come forth of the City, when you left her? How d' ye mean *forth of the City*, quo *Sancho*?——— Where be your Eyes? i' the Nape of your Neck? I see nothing, *Sancho*, quo *Don Quixote*, but three tatter'd *Scrubs* upon three ragged Colts.

Now God deliver me from the Devil, quo *Sancho*, what a Winter Fog ha' you before your Eyes, that you cannot discern three *Nags*, as you call 'em, I protest as white as Snow, from three ragged Dun Colts! Why then, quo *Don Quixote*, I'll give thee leave to pill off my Beard, if it be so——— Body a? *Cesar*, they are either ragged He-colts or She-colts, or else I lye, as sure as I am *Don Quixote*, and thou *Sancho Pancha*; and I dare swear it, should there be occasion.

I think the man's betattl'd, quo *Sancho*——— I say, make haste——— snuff your Eyes——— ride up to the Princess quickly, and ere she come too near us, pray go pay your Homage, like a man of breeding, to the Lady of your Affections. And so saying, *Sancho* himself, kicking with both Heels, hastens up to the Wenches before his Master, alights from his Ass, and after he had stopp'd the foremost Colt, holding the Collar in his hands, and falling upon his Knees; Great Princess, quo he, both Queen and Dutchess of Beauty, vouchsafe to cast an Eye of Favour upon yonder Knight your Slave and Captive, whom the very sight of your illustrious Presence has petrify'd into a cold and senseless piece of Marble, without Pulse or Motion, as being daunted, dismay'd, and dazl'd with the Luster of your Majesty. I am *Sancho*

Pancha.

Pancha, his Squire, and he himself the wand'ring, scaperloitring Knight, *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, otherwise call'd the Knight of the ill-favour'd Countenance.

By this time the enamour'd Knight being alighted also from his Horse, had clapp'd himself down upon his Knees by his Squire, like devout *Man and Wife* in a Tomb i' the *Chancel*; but perceiving his Goddess to be no other then a fusty *Joan Ruggle*, a meer blubber-cheek'd, swarthy, flat-nos'd, greasie *Trugmullion*, he found himself in such a strange Aversion to Female Adoration, that he could not so much as open his Lips. On the other side, the Wenches no less astonish'd to see two men in such different Guises, upon their Knees, and stopping the poor Colts, were in a Peck of Troubles. But at length, the boldest, and the foremost of the three, unwilling so to be pray'd out of her Maiden-head, and not liking the Frolick; Gentlemen, quo she, pray rise and go about your Business, and let us go about ours, for we are in haste; we have Hogs to serve, and Kine to milk, and our Dames expect us at home———

To whom *Sancho*; Most illustrious Princess, quo he, and Lady in common of *Toboso*, how can a Heart so hard and cruel, dwell within so fair a Breast, and not relent to see the Prop and Pillar of *Knight-Errantry* kneeling at the feet of your most glorious Highness?——— Hoy-day! What ha' we got here tro? quo the second——— These Purse-proud *Cockneys* think they may abuse us Countrey Girls at their pleasure, as if we could not return 'em a *Rowland* for their *Oliver*——— No, no, y' are i' the wrong Box, y' fackins——— Here are none for your turn——— If ye are so hot, the Town's before ye———

Rise, *Sancho*, quo *Don Quixote*, for now I find my cursed ill Fortune persecutes me still with her accustom'd Malice, and has damm'd up all the Passages that should convey Contentment to my miserable Soul that lingers in this frail Trunk of mortal Flesh. But oh! thou living Sun of human Beauty, Master-piece of Heaven, and only Remedy that can cure this afflicted Heart which adores thee; tho the villainous Enchanter that continually disturbs my Rest, have now cast Mists and Clouds before my Face, and hides those peerless Beauties from my sight alone, under the foul disguise of rural Deformity; disdain me not however, but look upon me with a glance of Pity and Affection; at least, if not by the same Power transform'd into some ugly Shape, that may render me frightful to thy All charming Eyes——— Thou seest, Celestial Princess, both my Submission and my Zeal; and be assur'd my constant Heart will never fail to pay the Homage due to thy divine Beauty, mauger all the Artifices of my inveterate Foe.

Marry-gap, Mr. Smell-smock, wi' your *Lyricum fancies*, quo the Countrey Wench——— What's all this for? In short, Sir, you do but waste time——— we are all, I think, bespok'n already; for my part I am——— And therefore I beseech ye, ride on, Sir, wi' your Gridiron-cheeks——— you seem to be very old, and I'm sure y' are very ugly——— nor indeed do we understand your high Language. She had no sooner spoken the words, but *Sancho* let her pass, over-joy'd that his Stratagem had so well taken.

On the other side, Madam *Dulcinea*, no less glad to be thus rid of her troublesome Gallant, and fearing pursuit, with a Pin thrust through the end of her Withie-wan, so betickl'd the Colt's Buttocks, that the resty young Jade, unaccustom'd to such kind of smart Instigations, fell a kicking and flinging so outrageously, that the Girls of the Pannel breaking, down came the pretended Princess. Presently *Don Quixote* ran to help her up, and

Sancho

Sancho to mend her Furniture; which being done, and all things made fast again, the amorous Knight went about to have taken his *enchanted Mistress* in his Arms, with an Intention to have re-seated her upon her sumptuous Side-saddle, as *Sancho* had sworn it to be: but the fair Lady getting up at the same time, took a run, and laying her hand upon the Crupper of the Colt, at one Jump leap'd cleverly into her Pannel, where she fate as fride, like the Queen of the *Amazons* her self.

By this Air, quo *Sancho*, our Lady Mistress is as nimble as a *Titmouse*. Let me die, if I don't think her fit to teach the best Horsemen in *Morocco* to mount their *Barbaries*. See how she smokes it away, and without Spurs makes her young Palfrey run like a Grey-hound; her Damsels of Honour too, are as notable Whippers as she—fore-George, they fly like the Wind: For indeed they rid for their lives, not daring to slacken their pace, till they were got out of the Reach of two such Saint-like Wooers, understanding neither their Devotion, nor their Courtship.

Don Quixote pursu'd 'em as far as he could with his Eyes, and when they were quite out of sight, *Sancho*, said he, What dost think of the confounded Malice of these damn'd Enchanters, thus to deprive me, Caitiffs as they are, of the greatest Happiness i' the World, to have seen the peerless *Dulcinea* in her natural Shape and Glory? Certainly I was born to be the very Example and Mark of Misfortune it self, against which these Vermin are employ'd to shoot all the Arrows of her Hatred. Nor were these Traitors content to transform the matchless *Dulcinea* into a deformed Puzzle of a Country Wench, but they must take from her that lovely Scent too, which is peculiar to Ladies of her Quality, who always smell of Amber and Arabian Perfumes: Inasmuch that when I went to embrace her to lift her up again into her Saddle, as thou call'st it (for I cannot beat it out of my head, but that it was no more than a Pannel) such a rank Hogo of Garlick and raw Onions invaded my Nostrils, as had like to ha' taken away my Breath.

Dregs of Mankind, then, cry'd *Sancho*, in a terrible Passion, Scoundrels of Inchanters, Oh, that I might have the pleasure once to see the whole Rabble of such *Imps of Satan* threaded together upon one String, and hung up a smoaking like Herrings at *Tarmouth*! Was it not enough for ye to change those Eyes of my Mistress, brighter than *Aurora's*, into Acorns? her Golden Tresses into a red Cow's Tail? Was it not enough for ye to alter the whole Frame and Form of her Body, but that you must be meddling with her Breath, and alt'ring the steam of her Flesh, which was sweeter than the Morning Exhalations of Roses, by which we should ha' known her to ha' been the Person we sought for, tho' under Disguise? And yet for all this, I must confess, the Lady *Dulcinea* never appear'd to me to be deformed, but rather on the other side, methought I never saw a more lovely Creature i' my life; by the same token she had a Mole upon her right Lip, which gave root to seven or eight hairs of a deep *Norway Red*, about two fingers long, looking like so many strings of Gold Wire.

According to the Doctrine of Moles, quo *Don Quixote*, the Lady *Dulcinea* having such a Mole upon her Lip, should have such another upon her Thigh; tho' I must tell thee, *Sancho*, the hairs thou talk'st of, are too big to grow upon Moles. By the life of *Pharaoh*, quo *Sancho*, 'tis true as I tell ye—there they were, and they look'd too, as if she had brought 'em along with her into the World; but I must needs say, they are very becoming. That I believe, friend *Sancho*, reply'd *Don Quixote*; for Nature could not add to *Dulcinea's* Features any thing but what was the Perfection of

of her Workmanship: so that those Moles were no Deformities in her, but bright and glittering Stars that augmented the Lustre of her Beauty. But prithee tell me, *Sancho*, that which appeared to me no other then a Pannel, was it a *Pillion*, or a Side-saddle? It was a Side-saddle, an't like your Worship, with an inestimable Imbroidery, by this fair Skie, worth half a Kingdom. How the Devil came it to pass, quo *Don Quixote*, that I could see nothing of all this? Well! I have said it, and must say it as long as I live, I am the most unfortunate among Men. Upon that, the *Crackrope* of a Squire could hardly forbear laughing to see how artificially he had gull'd his credulous, and All-to-be-fascinated Master, which he glory'd in till his dying Day, as one of his chiefeft Master-pieces.

At length, after several other Discourses of the same nature, they mounted again, and took the Road for *Sarragosa*, whither they hasten'd to be present at one of the most pompous Festivals that is solemniz'd in that City. But they met with so many Adventures and Rubs by the way, which by reason of their Novelty: their Strangeness, and their Curiosity, must not be left out.

CHAP. XI.

Containing the prodigious Adventure of the Chariot of the Officers of Death.

BUT tho' *Don Quixote* were got a Horse-back, yet was he so o'rewhelm'd and doz'd with Melancholy to see himself so despitefully fool'd and baffl'd by these villainous and Caitiff *Necromancers*; more especially in the late Transfiguration of his high-born Princess into a *Country Wastcoteer*, without any possibility, of himself, to dissolve the Incantment, that his Senses quite forsook him. In which disconsolate Condition he rode in a careless Posture, with folded Arms, and the Reins of his Bridle thrown upon *Rosinante's* Neck. Who, as he was a Horse of great Understanding, finding himself without any controul, at his full liberty, and tempted by the goodness of the Grass, took his opportunity (as any other ingenious Horse wou'd ha' done) to graze four mouthfulls, and step two steps forward to the next fair Tuft, as one that thought his Master in no great haste. Which his faithful Squire perceiving, Sir, said he, 'tis not for Beasts to be sad, but only for rational Men; yet men that suffer their Reason to be overcome by their Sorrows, make Beasts of themselves. Recollect your self therefore, and ride wi' your Bridle i' your hand, like a Man: Wake, Sir, wake by any means, and shew your self a *Knight-Errant*—S'lfe Sir, you jog along more like a *Hartford-shire Tanner*, then a Lady's Champion. What a Devil's the matter? Are ye dreaming of a dry Summer?—I ne're beheld a man so mop'd i' my life—I'd rather *Beelzebub* should carry all the *Dulcinea's* i' the world a' pick-back to Hell, then lose one single *Knight-Errant*, more worth then all the Incantments and Transmogrifications upon Earth—

Peace, *Sancho*, peace, reply'd *Don Quixote*, not a treasonable word more against the enchanted Princess *Dulcinea*. 'Tis I am the sole occasion of her Misfortune—Curs'd be those Hell-hounds of Enchanters that envy my Glory, and deprive me of my Felicity. By *Cuds-liggers*, reply'd *Sancho*,

'tis a sad case ; nor do I think there is that Heart so hard in mortal Breast, that would not melt to see how strangely the Lady's alter'd—— Well mayst thou say so, *Sancho*, quo *Don Quixote*, for thou hast seen her in all her Lustre, when her Beauties dazl'd all the world, and shone without a Cloud ; when no Inchantments dimm'd thy Eyes, as they did mine. But alas ! 'tis I alone that prove the fatal Consequences of their dangerous and venomous Effects. By the way, *Sancho*, I must tell thee, thou didst not make a right use of thy Eyes neither, by the Description of this Lady's Beauty, which thou madest me. For thou told'st me, if I forget not, she had Eyes of Pearl—— for Eyes like Pearl, are more properly to be ascrib'd to the Fish call'd a *Guilt-head*, than to a Lady. Wherefore I rather believe, that *Dulcinea's* Eyes are like Turquoises, or green Emeralds, which are arch'd over with two celestial *Rain-bows* instead of *Eye-brows*—— and therefore keep the Pearls till thou com'st to her Teeth. For assuredly, *Sancho*, thou wert mistaken, and took'st her Teeth for her Eyes. That might be, reply'd *Sancho*, for I was then as much dazl'd with the sight of her Beauty, as you were troubl'd just now at her Deformity. But it behoves us to leave all things to God, who both foresees and knows whatever is to happen in this same Vale of Tears, this wicked world, where there is nothing without a mixture of Malice, Imposture and Villainy.

In the mean time, Sir, there is a thing newly come into my Head, that troubles me more than all the rest, which is this, That when you have vanquish'd a Giant or a Knight, and then command 'em to present themselves at the feet of the Lady *Dulcinea*, where aduce this poor Knight or Giant shall find her, or how we shall be able to direct 'em ?—— Methinks I see the *Tom-ladles* already at their Duties, *saunter*, *saunter*, gaping and staring, wi' their hands i' their Pockets, and enquiring through all the Streets of *Toboso*, for the Lady *Dulcinea*, who, it may be, has met 'em five or six times full *But*, and yet are they still to seek ; for they know her no more then they knew my Father deceas'd.

Perhaps, reply'd *Don Quixote*, the force of the Inchantment may not extend to *Giants* and *Knights* that are vanquish'd—— But we'll try the Experiment upon the next that we luckily light upon.

I like your Design very well, Sir, reply'd *Sancho*, for thereby we shall find out the Truth, whether the Enchanters are in fault, and whether they conceal my Lady's Beauty from you alone, or no—— for then it is Malice fore-thought in them ; and 'tis you that suffers, and not she. So then if our Mistress as well as we can ; and we can take no better course then by seeking out new Adventures, which will draw off our Thoughts another way, till Time, the best Physician i' the world, shall perfect the Cure.

Don Quixote was just about to have return'd him an Answer, when he descri'd upon the Road a kind of a Cart, like a *Hay-cart*, that carry'd a Company of People in strange and different Habits. He that seem'd to be the Carter, was a most hideous *Hobthrust*, enough to scare a hundred *Knight-Errants*. In the next place, as the Cart drew nearer and nearer, he discover'd a Resemblance of *Death* with a human Countenance. On the one side of *Death* stood an *Angel* with large expanded Wings of divers Colours ; on the other stood an *Emperor* with a Crown that seem'd to be of Gold. At the feet of *Death* lay the *God of Love*, with his Bow and his Arrows, only he was not hood-wink'd. Next to these there appear'd a Knight compleatly arm'd from head to foot, only that instead of a Helmet

he

he wore a Hat with a large Plume of Feathers ; nor were these all, there being several other persons, which like the rest, were variously disguis'd.

So strange a Spectacle as this, surprizing our valiant Champion, put him into a cold Sweat, and his hair stood an end with that force as to lift up his Helmet two inches above his Scull ; and as for *Sancho*, you might ha' smelt him with the Wind i' your Teeth, above a Furlong and a half. But *Don Quixote* in a trice returning to himself, discover'd all the marks of Joy imaginable in his Eyes, not doubting but that Fortune offer'd him an Opportunity to perform Miracles in a more then ordinary Adventure. With this inward Incouragement he advances, and like one resolv'd to expose himself to all the Dangers that could threaten Mortality, posting himself before the Cart ; *Gee-ho-man* or *Devil*, quo he, with a surly menacing Tone, tell me, at thy Peril, who thou art, whither thou art going, and who all these Inhabitants of some other World are, that ride in thy Cart, which seems to be rather *Charon's Boat*, then a terrestrial Tumbrel ?

Sir, quo the *Devil*, very calmly and civilly, we are a Company of poor *Comedians* that Yesterday, being *Corpus Christi* day, acted the Tragedy, call'd *The Parliament of Death*, behind yonder Hill, and now are going to play the same over again this Evening in the Village you see before us ; and we go in our Habits to save the labour of new attiring our selves. That young man represents *Death* ; that other, an *Angel* ; that same Woman, who is the Poet's Concubine, plays the *Queen*—— There is one that personates an *Emperor*, and there is another plays the *Souldier's Part*, and I, Sir, am the *Devil* at your Service, one of the chief Actors i' the Play, for I speak the Prologue ; if you have any other Questions to ask me, pray proceed ; for as I am the *Devil*, I understand the whole Plot ; and I must tell ye farther, that our Poet is one that makes all the chief Plays for *Bartlemew* and *Southmark Fairs*—— He has been a little down i' the world hitherto, but he hopes to mend his Fortune at one time or other——

By the faith of a *Knight-Errant*, cry'd *Don Quixote*, when I first saw this Tumbrel, I thought some strange Adventure had been offer'd me—— but now I find there is no trust in outward Appearances. Drive on, honest Friends, drive on in peace, go act your Play ; and if I can do ye any Service, believe me ready to assist ye with all my heart—— for I ha' been a great Admirer and Reader of Plays and Masks, from my very Cradle.

No sooner were the words out of his Mouth, but the Fool in the Tragedy, having stay'd a little behind, overtook his Fellows : He was clad in a red and yellow Coat, hung about with little Bells, with a Stick in his hand, at the end of which were ty'd three large blown Bladders full of blew Beans. This Fool, coming near *Don Quixote*, fell a skipping and leaping after his antick fashion, and all the while kept fencing with his Stick, and thumping the Ground with his rattling Bladders, which made such a Confusion of sounds, that what with his Bladders, and what with his Bells, that *Rosinante*, till then the patientest Horse alive, scar'd out of his Wits, took his Curb in his Teeth, and notwithstanding all the Rider's Skill, fell a frisking, curvetting, and running, as if the Devil had sent post for his Master.

Sancho fearing some Mischiefe would befall the best of Champions, skips from his Patient Grizzle, and runs with all the speed he could to help him ; but before he could come near, by many a Bow's shot, *Rosinante* had made a false step, (for he was troubl'd with Corns) so that both Horse and Rider had

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done

done all their tumbling Tricks, and were both come to the Ground before his Approach. On the other side, the *Knave* of a *Fool* perceiving *Sancho's* Ass without a Master, leaps into the Pannel, at what time the dull Beast, awaken'd with the Thumps of his Bladders, and the ringing of his Bells, took such a female Fright, that away she ran toward the Village, as swift as a Hare in her first Course.

Sancho, with incredible Sorrow, beholding his Master's Fall, and the Flight of his Ass, was in a great Quandary whether to bend his Succour. But at length, good Nature over-ruling, notwithstanding his unexpressible Affection for his Ass, he determin'd in favour of his Master. To whom, after he had help'd him up again, and fix'd him in his Saddle; Sir, said he, the Devil is run away with my Ass. What Devil, quo *Don Quixote*? The Devil that was hung with Bells, quo *Sancho*. Chear up, *Sancho*, quo *Don Quixote*, I'll fetch him again, let the Devil lock him up in the darkest and deepest Stable he has in all his lower Regions. Follow me only to the Cart, I'll unharness all their *Trumpery-druggers*, I warrant thee—Thou shalt have 'em all, *Sancho*, to recompence thy loss—

Joy be wime, quo *Sancho*, there's no need—Temper your Choler, I beseech ye, Sir—the Devil has abandon'd my Ass, and the poor Creature is returning back again. I knew the loving Soul would never leave me, if once he could get his Liberty. And true it was what *Sancho* said; for the Devil and *Grizzle* it seems had been shewing their Tumbler's Tricks, in imitation of *Don Quixote* and *Rosinante*: And then it was, it seems, that *Grizzle* getting up first, scudded back to her dear Master, and the Devil was fain to foot it to the Village.

I care not for that, reply'd *Don Quixote*, I'm of opinion, 'tis fit to chastize the Insolence of this Devil, tho' 'twere only to make him an Example; and if I can't light upon him, I'll be reveng'd upon the first I meet, tho' 't be the Emperor himself. I beseech ye, Sir, let it alone—there's nothing to be got by meddling with these *strolling Interluders*: For tho' they are Fellows condemn'd by the Statute-Law, yet they find more Friends than honest People. I knew one of these *Stage-treppers* sent to Prison for two Murders, and yet he escap'd without paying a Farthing. I tell ye, Sir, all the loose, idle, extravagant, lawless Part of the world esteem and adore 'em for the Pastime and Sport which they make; and therefore since we have our Ass again, let 'em go and be hang'd for a Company of Vagabonds as they are.

No—quo *Don Quixote*, were't for nothing else, 't shall ne're be said, I was afraid of the Devil, tho' all Mankind took his part: and with that, he spurr'd after the Cart, which was now got pretty near to the Village, crying out, T' your Prayers, Vagabonds—T' your Prayers, Varlets—I'll teach such Bruits as you are, to be civil to the Beasts that carry the honourable burden of a *Knight-Errant's* Squire.

These loud Threats of *Don Quixote's* assuring the Players of his fell Intentions, presently *Death*, the Emperor and the *Angel* leap'd out of the Cart, and joyn'd with the Devil; nay, *Cupid* himself and the *Queen* adventur'd to hazzard their Persons in the common Calamity. And thus entrencing themselves altogether, on the other side of the Waggon, well stor'd with the usual Ammunition that stony High-ways afford in such cases, they resolv'd upon Self-preservation and Defence. *Don Quixote*, on the other side, perceiving 'em so well prepar'd, and so courageously determin'd, stopp'd his Career, and sate considering with himself, how he might attack this formidable Battalion, with least danger to his person;

at

at what time *Sancho* having overtak'n him, and perceiving how advantageously the Enemy had posted themselves; Sir, said he, I don't like this Adventure by no means—and in my Judgment, 'tis a meer madness to undertake it—for what defensive Arms have you to keep off a Showre of Stones and Brick-bats, unless you could walk with the great Bell of *Lincoln* over your head? Have not you had a enough of these Broils to your cost? and will you agen be singly encount'ring a whole Army, where an Emperor fights in person, attended by Death himself, and assisted by good and bad Angels?—Lastly, consider that tho' they be all Emperors, Princes, and Angels, yet there is not so much as one *Knight-Errant* among 'em.

Sancho, quo *Don Quixote*, I ne'er found thy Advice worth a Button, till now; 'tis very true what thou say'st, and I must alter my Resolution; for indeed I ought not to draw my Sword against any one living that has not been dubb'd a *Knight-Errant*. And therefore, *Sancho*, 'tis thy business to revenge thy self upon these Rakefames of Comedians for the Injury done to thy *Grizzle*; however, I'll stay to encourage thee, and give thee wholesome Advice. Sir, reply'd *Sancho*, 'tis not for the Professors of Christianity to think of Revenge—a true Christian must forgive and forget. And as for my poor *Grizzle*, who is as peaceable as my self, I shall be able to accommodate the business well enough with her, and persuade her to reason; for I know her humour so well, that she'll be better contented with one Measure of Oats, than with all the Revenges 't the World. Nay then, good *Sancho*, discreet *Sancho*, Christian *Sancho*, patient *Sancho*, if that be thy Resolution, let's leave these idle Apparitions, and proceed in search of more important Adventures, of which, methinks, we should meet with great Variety in this Country. And so saying, he wheel'd off, ridding the Players of a thousand Fears, and putting an end to the most dreadful Adventure of the *Chariot of Death*, at the same time; thanks to the sage and prudent Counsels of *Sancho Pancha*, whose Name be eterniz'd in History for so pious and glorious an Action.

C H A P. XII.

Containing the strange Adventure that befel the valiant Don Quixote with the gallant Knight of the Wood.

THE next Night, which was the Night that follow'd the fatal Day wherein *Don Quixote* encounter'd the *Chariot of Death*, the Knight and the Squire repos'd their weary Limbs; and then it was that *Don Quixote*, at *Sancho's* Perswasion, made a short Supper upon such Provision as *Sancho's* new Wallet afforded. Now while they were feeding, Ah, Sir! quo *Sancho*, had not I been a fine Fool to ha' chosen for the Reward of my News, the Spoils of your first Victory, instead of your three Colts? Faith, Sir, I shall say't as long as I live, *He that waits upon Fortune, is never sure of a Dinner*—Come, come, *A Sparrow in hand, is worth a Bustard upon the wing*.

All this is very true, quo *Don Quixote*, yet hadst thou let me alone, thou hadst had by this for thy share an Emperor's Crown of Gold, and *Cupid's* painted Wings; for I would ha' torn 'em from the Shoulders of his

his Deity-ship, and thou shouldst ha' worn 'em thy self. And what then, quo *Sancho*? I hope you are not so simple to think me such a Child to be pleas'd with Gewgaws; or to believe that Emperors in Plays are crown'd with pure *Lombard-street* Gold. And what should I ha' got by all their *St. Martin's* Trumpery?

Sancho, quo *Don Quixote*, I don't believe all to be Gold that glisters; however, I would not have thee think the worſe of *Comedians* or *Comedies*, which are of great use in a Commonwealth, as being the Looking glasses that represent to our sight the Beauties and Deformities of Virtue and Vice; in them we behold all the Actions of human Life; nor is there any thing that more truly shews us what we are, or what we ought to be. Prithee, *Sancho*, tell me, Didst ever see a Play where Emperors, Kings, Popes, Knights, and Ladies of all sorts and sizes, Clergy and Laity, Gentle and Simple are brought upon the Stage? One acts a Russian, another a Cheat, another a Baud, another a Divine, another a Lawyer, another a Souldier, another a Fop, and another a fond Lover—— But when the Play's done, and the Actors have chang'd their Habits, they are all as they were agen, hail fellow well met. All this I ha' seen, quo *Sancho*. Why thus, quo *Don Quixote*, all men living, i' their turns, act their Parts in the same manner upon the grand Stage of the World, till at length comes Death, entering at the last Scene of our Lives, strips us of all our Honours, and Characters of Distinction, and lays us all equal in the Grave—— Bless me, quo *Sancho*! what News you tell me! as if I had never seen a Game at Cheſs, where, as long as the Play lasts, every piece of Wood does its Duty under several Names of *Kings*, *Pawns*, *Rooks*, and *Knights*, and when the Game's over, they are all put higgledy-piggledy into the Bag together agen, without any difference, just as you say we are laid up, like the Lumber of the World, in the Bowels of the Earth. I think, *Sancho*, quo *Don Quixote*, thou grow'st wittier and wittier every day then other—— Oh, Sir! quo *Sancho*, you may be sure I learn something every moment by keeping you Company, else I should be the very ſt Dunce in Nature—— Those Lands must be very barren indeed, that never yield any Crop, when they are well dung'd and manur'd—— I mean, Sir, that your Discourses have been the *Dung* which you have spread upon the *barren Soil* of my *Understanding*; and the *Time* that I ha' spent in your Service, has been the *Tillage*, which I hope has so well manur'd me, as to bring forth Fruit worthy the *Husbandman's* Pains.

Don Quixote was so pleas'd with *Sancho's* Learning, that he laugh'd to excess beyond his accustom'd Gravity—for he thought him extremely improv'd—nay, sometimes was so astonish'd at his Notions, his *Similes*, and his Proverbs, that he thought him half inspir'd, and began to think him fit to govern not only an Island, but all the *Turkiſh* Empire; tho many times, tistrue, the *Squire* would make a Trip, when he soar'd too high above his Capacity, and come tumbling down from the Mountain of Simplicity to the deep Abyſs of Ignorance, as you may have already found, if you have observ'd the Story as ye ought to do.

In these and such like Discourses it was that they spent the most part of the Night, till *Sancho* was willing to let fall the *Port Cullices* of his Eye-lids, which was the Phrase he us'd, when he had a mind to go to sleep. Thereupon he unhalter'd his *Grizzle*, and took off her Pannel, leaving her at her full Liberty to feed and fill her Belly. But as for *Rosinante*, he only took off his Bridle, for that *Don Quixote* had expressly forbid him to meddle with his Saddle, where, and whenever it were that they slept in the

the Field; it being an ancient Custom prudently establish'd, and inviolably observ'd by all *Knight-Errants*. And therefore, *guard a—* touch not the Saddle for your Ears. I cannot say, but that the *Squire* might slacken the Girths a little to give the Horse more freedom to eat his Vittles; and if it happen'd that *Rosinante* laid himself down and roll'd in a Cow-turd at any time, it was but only *Sancho's* bestowing a small Curse upon him, and cleaning the Knights Furniture agen. And now you may be sure, that neither *Rosinante*, nor Madam *Grizzle* made any scruple whose Grass it was they eat, but lovingly fell too, and fed like Horses upon what Nature had spread before 'em.

And indeed it was a wonderful thing, the Friendship and Kindness that was between Madam *Grizzle* and *Rosinante*, inſomuch that Tradition informs us, how that the Author of this History compos'd several Chapters upon that Subject, tho he would not insert 'em in his Book, for fear of breaking the Laws of *Decorum*. Yet some few touches to shew the unparallel'd Amity between two dumb Creatures, could not escape him; where he writes, That these two matchless Brutes (if they might be call'd Brutes, and not rather rational Animals) took a most singular delight to scrub and lick one another; and that when they were weary of that Pleasure, *Rosinante* would lay his long Neck over *Grizzle's* Crest, and thus they would stand with their Eyes fix'd upon the Ground, in a deep Metaphysical Contemplation for three whole Days and Nights together, unless disturb'd, or that Hunger compell'd 'em to a Divorce. Some say the Author did not scruple to compare their Friendship to that of *Nisus* and *Euryalus*, or *Pylades* and *Orestes*; which if it were so, deserves a universal Admiration, to the shame of men, that so ill observe the Rules of Friendship one among another. Nor must we blame the Author for comparing the Friendship of Beasts with that of Men; for that the Beasts themselves have been men's Inſtructors and Tutors in many other things of great Importance; while the *Stork* taught 'em the use of *Clysters*; *Dogs*, the benefit of *vomiting*; *Cranes* gave 'em an Example of *Vigilancy*; *Ants*, of *Providence* and good *Husbandry*; *Elephants*, of *Honesty*; and *Horses* of *Loyalty*. But to return to the Story——

No sooner were these two peerless Examples of cordial Affection thus turn'd to Grass, but *Sancho*, stretch'd out at full length under a spreading Oak, fell fast asleep; while *Don Quixote*, leaning his careful Head againſt the stump of another smaller Tree, fetch'd a short Slumber, which perhaps might have continu'd somewhat longer, had he not been waken'd by a noise behind him, which made him start up of a sudden, like a Hare frighted out of her Form; at what time he saw two men a Horse-back, of which the one, as it were, letting himself down from his Saddle, like a Bundle of Feathers from an Upholdſterer's Garret, cry'd to the other, Alight, Friend, and let us unbridle both our Horses—— here's excellent feeding for 'em; besides that, the Silence and Solitude of the place seems most agreeable to entertain my amorous Thoughts. And having so said, he laid himself down upon the Grass, yet not so easily, but that his Armour made a rattling, which caus'd *Don Quixote* presently to think he had met with one of his Brethren.

Upon that, away he goes to his *Squire*, and having wak'd him with three or four Tuggs by the Elbow, *So-ho, Sancho*, quo he, whispering him i' the Ear—— I spie an Adventure—— God send us good luck, quo *Sancho*; but where's this worshipful Adventure, I would fain know?—— Look yonder—— Doſt not ſee a Knight lying all along upon the Grass?—— I'my Conſcience

Conscience he is a Man of Sorrow, for I saw him throw himself upon the Ground with such a Negligence, as if he had been regardless of his Bones, whether he broke 'em or no—— And what of all this, quo *Sancho*, why must this be an Adventure? I do not say 'tis an Adventure, reply'd *Don Quixote*, but it may prove an Adventure in time—— for most Adventures begin thus.

But hark— *Sancho*— I think I hear Musick too—— 'tis either a *Lute* or a *Jews-Trump*—— hold a little—— 'tis a *Lute*—— and by his clearing his Throat, we are like to have a Song too—— I told thee 'twas an Adventure—— Upon my life, Sir, you say true, quo *Sancho*, this must be some enamour'd captivated Knight—— Did you see him pull down his Breeches, Sir? Why so, *Sancho*, reply'd *Don Quixote*? Because, quo *Sancho*, 'tis the *Epsom Proverb*, That *Shitten-come-shite's the beginning of Love*—— as Love's the beginning of all Adventures—— 'Tis very true, quo *Don Quixote*; for all *Knights-Errant* are oblig'd to be in Love—— But hold thy prating a while—— by the Song we shall understand the Secrets of his Heart—— For out of th' *Abundance of the Heart the Mouth speaks*—— there's Proverb for thy Proverb, *Sancho*: Not a word more—— but whist—— the Song begins——

The SONG.

Most lovely fair, but cruel Iris,
My heart, my heart for thee on fire is;
Oh! how I cou'd, and wou'd, and wou'd and cou'd!
But thou, alas!
Hast neither Life nor Mettle in thy Blood.
Now, my dear Lamb, play not the As——
Perhaps ten thousand are not of my mind,
Why then shou'dst thou to me be so unkind?
A fairer Chapman than my self,
More never bid for all thy Beauty's Wealth:
Take thy first Chapman, lest the Market fall,
And then thou lie Fly-blown upon the Stall.

She will not hear——
Which makes me stamp, and stare,
Lament, and howl, and tear my hair——
Oh! what are Women's Breasts made of, I trow?
Some say of Snow,
But I say no——
For Love would enter then, and melt it too.
Some say of Stone——
Which I disown;
For Love would force its passage through.

No, no—— her heart is harder far than Stone,
Which makes me sigh, and sob, and grunt, and groan,
Quite weary of my life—— then quickly Death,
Oh, quickly, quickly stop this useles Breath,
And rid me of my Pain, my Pain, my Pain——
Yet stay—— life's sweet—— now I think on't again,
Rather than fail,
Ple live—— tho but in hopes I may at length prevail.

After

After he had done singing, the poor *Knight* of the *Wood* fetch'd such a Sigh as wou'd ha' blown upon the Roof of a Cathedral; and then with a mournful, doleful Voice; O fairest Fair, said he, altho the most ungrateful among Women, how is it possible, most High-born *Rosamond* of *Tunbolstretia*, thy heart should be so hard to suffer the Slave of thy Beauty to spend his days, and flower of his Youth, in truanting about the World, wandring like a *Gypsie*, and raving, like a *Tom a' Bedlam*, over Hill and Dale, expos'd to Rain and Sunshine? In how many Duels upon *Putney-Heath*, *Barn-Elms Walks*, and *Chelsey-Fields*, has my Courage, and the Strength of my Arm been try'd in thy Defence? How many *Hectors*, *Bully-Rocks*, and *Huffing-Dicks*, have I made eat their Swords to the very Hilt for blapheming thy Chastity, and villanously swearing no more than this, *She paints*? How many times have I thrash'd *Whipping-Tom*, when thou hast quak'd for fear of his Lath? And lastly, how many times have I basted that same *Bravo* of *Mancha* for preferring his *Trugmullion* before thee? and every time I made him eat his words, and swallow 'em down his perjur'd Throat?

He lyes in his Lungs, quo *Don Quixote*, for I am of *Mancha* my self, and I never did eat my words, nor ever will eat my words, to the Prejudice of my peerless Mistress *Madam Dulcinea's* Beauty; and therefore this Knight must be a Mad-man—— but hold a little—— we shall hear more of his raving by and by perhaps—— That you may be sure of, quo *Sancho*, for he talks as if he intended to expostulate a Month together. But contrary to *Don Quixote's* and *Sancho's* Opinion, the Knight concluded his Complaints at the same time; for having heard *Don Quixote's* Voice, and perceiving himself to have been discover'd, he rose up, and cry'd out, Who's there? What are ye? Are ye of the number of the Fortunate, or the Afflicted? Of the Afflicted, cry'd *Don Quixote*. If so, reply'd the *Knight* of the *Wood*, ye may approach, and here behold the same Sadness, and the same Affliction.

Upon so kind an Invitation *Don Quixote* advanc'd, at what time the *Knight* of the *Wood* taking him by the hand; Sir Knight, quo he, sit down; for I perceive you are so, having found ye in a place where only Sorrow and Solitude keep Company, the only Stations and Reposes of *Knight-Errants*. I am a Knight, reply'd *Don Quixote*, and of the same Profession that you name; and tho my Sorrows, and the Remembrance of my continual Misfortunes usurp the seat of my Mind, and plague my Brains, yet have I a Heart no less sensible of the Calamities of others; and I pity yours the more, having heard the mournful Complaints which you so lately made of that ungrateful *Fair One*, whose Name you utter'd in the depth of your Grief.

Now you must know, that while the two Knights were thus parlying together, they late close one by the other, upon the hard Earth, like intimate and loving Friends, and not like mortal Foes that were to Ribroast each other by break of Day—— In which posture of Peace and Tranquility, quo the *Knight* of the *Wood* to *Don Quixote*, Probably, Sir, Knight you are in love? Unfortunately I am, reply'd *Don Quixote*; tho the Misfortunes that arise from a well plac'd Affection, ought rather to be taken for the Favours of Heaven, than for any Disasters. This might be true, reply'd the *Knight* of the *Wood*, if the continual Disdains of ungrateful Women did not perplex our Reason, and deprive us of all our Hopes. For my part, quo *Don Quixote*, I never had the least frown from my Mistress. By Yea, and by Nay, quo *Sancho*, interrupting him, never I

Y y

this

this World. She's as tame as a Doe with a Bell about her Neck, and as soft as Lamb's Wool. Is that your *Squire*, quo the *Knight of the Wood*? The same, reply'd *Don Quixote*. He's a saucy Fellow, quo the *Knight of the Wood*: I never heard before of a *Squire* that durst presume to interrupt his Master when he was speaking himself; shoud my *Squire* but dare to open his Lips i' my presence, I'd kick him into the other World. *A Cat may look upon a King*; quo *Sancho*, by my faith, I ha' talk'd more then once or twice, and in the presence of—— but I ha' done; *the more ye stir, the more 'twill stink*—— At the same time the other *Squire* gave *Sancho* a twitch by the Sleeve, and whispering him i' the Ear, Come, Brother, said he, let us two go where we may talk by our selves, and leave our Masters to tell one another the Stories of their Amours; they have enow, I'll warrant ye, to hold 'em till Morning. With all my heart, quo *Sancho*, and then I'll tell ye who I am, that you may be able to judge whether I am a person to be shut out of Company for a Wrangler, or no.

C H A P. XIII.

Containing a Continuation of the Adventure of the Knight of the Wood, and the pleasant Discourse that pass'd between the two Squires.

THUS the Knights and the Squires were divided into Parties, the one recounting their Lives, the other repeating the Stories of their Ladies and Mistresses. And tho it had been proper to have set down the Discourse of the Masters before the Squires, yet the Author thought it not worth his while to insist upon such a Nicety, but tells ye, That the *Knight of the Wood's* *Squire* first brake silence; quo he to *Sancho*, 'tis a laborious and troublesome life we lead that are Squires to *Knight-Errants*; and we may truly say, that we eat our Bread by the Sweat of our Brows. And we may as truly say, quo *Sancho*, that we eat our Bread by the shivering of our Bodies; for there are no poor Creatures that suffer more Cold then we do; tho if we had our Bellies full, 'twould be some Consolation; but sometimes we go whole days together, and never so much as break fast till ten a' clock at Night, unless it be upon the Wind that blows. However, quo the *Squire of the Wood*, this may be endur'd upon the hopes of a good Reward; for that same *Knight-Errant* must be curs'd in his Mother's Belly, that at one time or other in his life has not an Island, or a Earldom to bestow upon his *Squire*.

For my part, quo *Sancho*, I have already told my Master, that I will be contented with the Government of an Island; and he is a person so noble and so liberal, that he has promis'd me such a Recompence several and several times. I cannot pretend to such great things, reply'd the *Squire of the Wood*; I should think my self well paid for all my Services with a fat *Sine cure*, for which I ha' my Master's Promise as well as you. Why then belike, quo *Sancho*, your Master is a Knight o' the Church Militant, since he is able to procure Benefices for his Squires. As for my Master, he is a Secular Person, tho some of his Friends, who, in my Opinion, had no true kindness for him, would have advis'd him to be an Archbishop; but

but he thank'd 'em, he never wou'd, because he had a Design to make himself an Emperor; and let me die, if at that time I were not wickedly afraid he wou'd have enter'd into Orders, not finding my self capable of Ecclesiastical Preferment. For mark ye me, Sir, tho I resemble a Man, yet I should make but an ugly Beast in Ecclesiastical Habit.

Governments of Islands are not so easily manag'd as you think for, reply'd the *Squire of the Wood*; besides, there are some Islands that won't afford Water to wash your hands; some meer barren Rocks, others only the Habitations of Conies; and the best are Charges which Governours take upon their Shoulders, and sink under the weight. And therefore to deal freely with thee, I think 'twou'd be much better for us that are under this confounded Hardship and Slavery, to return home to our Houses, where we might live more at our Ease, and spend our time much better in *Deer-stealing*, and *robbing of Fish-ponds*—— He's a poor *Squire* indeed, that lives i' the Countrey, and has not a Horse and a Drag-net at his Command—— I ha' ne're a Horse, quo *Sancho*, but I have an Ass, which I affirm, without boasting, to be worth two of my Master's *Rosinante*; God send me a bad *Christmas*, and may it be the next, if I would truck with him, tho he would give me a whole Quarter of Oats to boot—— Then for your Greyhounds, I'll ne're be without a Brace or two; the Forreft, you know, is hard by us; and what says the Proverb, *Stollen Venison is sweet*——

Brother *Squire*, quo the *Squire of the Wood*, 't has been my Resolution long since to abandon the Service of these intoxicated, hair-brain'd *Knight-Errants*, and return home to my Wife and Children, of which I have, thanks be to God, three Oriental Pearls of my own, whose Education it behoves me to mind.

I ha' but two, quo *Sancho*, but for their Learning, they are fit to be Secretaries to the *Pope* himself; especially my Girl, that I breed up to be a Countess, so soon as God pleases, tho my silly Wife be utterly against it. How old is that Damsel you design for a Countess, reply'd the *Squire of the Wood*?—— About fifteen and a half, quo *Sancho*—— Morblew, she's as sound as a Roach, as tall as a May-pole, as fresh as an *April-morning*, and as strong as a Wine Porter. By the Pleasure of Generation, quo the *Squire of the Wood*, these are Perfections to fit her not only for a Countess, but to be fam'd to Posterity for another *Robin-hood's Maid-Marrion*; the young Whore wou'd make a brisk Wood-Nymph, I'll warrant her—— My Daughter's no Whore, reply'd *Sancho* very mustily, nor her Mother before her, nor shall be, so long as I live i' this World, and can help it: And therefore pray consider what ye say—— and don't let your Tongue run before your Wit—— but talk like a young man that had been bred among *Knight-Errants*, who are all Manners, and Civility it self.—— Puh—— quo the *Squire of the Wood*, I find you ne're travell'd far from the Smoke of your own Chimney—— you don't understand the City way of Commendation—— 'tis the Fashion now adays, if you wou'd commend a Blade that has fought bravely, to cry, God take me, if the Son of a Whore did not fight like a Devil;—— and of a Woman—— God take me, if I ever heard a Jade speak better i' my life—— and where Phrases alter, we must talk according to Custom; and you ought to renounce those Children that perform not those Actions for which their Parents were so commended. Well, well, quo *Sancho*, if those be your Commendations, I renounce 'em; for by the same Argument you may call my Wife and Children Whores and Jades, and say you did it in their Commendation——

dation— Pox o' your Commendations, if those be your Commendations—I had like once to ha' had my Pate broken only for saying, such a Lady who had manfully defended a Castle, was a *Brave Virago*, because the word *Virago* is sometimes taken in an ill Sence—and therefore men must be cautious in their Expressions, and pick and chuse their words, when they talk of honest Women and Virgins— For my part, I love my Wife and Children—and to the end I may but see 'em once more, the Lord deliver me from this mortal Sin of *Squire-Erranting*, into which I am fallen a second time, deluded and bewitch'd by my covetous hopes to find another Bag of Gold as big as that which I found in the midst of the *Black Mountain*. For this Temptation of the Devil so haunts me, that methinks I see another Bag at this very moment lying just before my Nose, that I have taken it up, look'd in it, hand'd the bright Angels, have 'em all under my Arm—that I have carry'd 'em home, bought Land, let Leases, and live like a Prince— And this Imagination of mine it is that continues me in my Master's laborious Service, who, as I may say between our selves, is more a Mad-man indeed than a Knight.

Why this, quo the *Squire of the Wood*, is just according to the Proverb, *Covetousness is the root of all Evil*; and since we are come to talk of our Masters, I do not believe there's a greater Fool i' the World than mine. For he is one of those of whom the Proverb says, *He that meddles with another Man's business, milks his Cow into a Sieve*. For he, to recover a certain Knight that has lost his Wits, is turn'd Coxcomb and Mad-man himself, runs rambling from Post to Pillar; and when all's done, I fear me, 'twill prove but the Lamentation of a bad Market. P'le be whipt if your Master be'n't in love, quo *Sancho*. Yes, yes, we know that, reply'd the *Squire of the Wood*, he's in love with one Madam *Rosamond of Turnbolstretia*, a confounded humerous Carryon; I can't tell what to make of her— she's neither Fish, nor Flesh, nor good red-Herring; but that's not the thing that now troubles my Master, he has other Wind-mills in his Pate, as you will see in a short time. There is no way so smooth, quo *Sancho*, wherein a man may not sometimes meet with something to give him a fall; but if it mizzle in some Houses, it rains Mill-stones in ours. However, if it be a Consolation to have Society in Misery, let that be our Comfort, that we are both in the same Predicament, thou serv'st one Fool, and I serve another.

He is a Fool, I must confess, quo the *Squire of the Wood*— but he is valiant withal, tho more a Knave than either valiant or foolish.

Mine, quo *Sancho*, is so far from being a Knave, that he has no more Gall than a Pigeon; nor will he hurt a Worm, he's such a Blockhead, that a Child of two years old may make him believe 'tis Night at *Midsummer-Noon*, tho the Sun shine never so bright; and this down-right Simplicity of his, is that which makes me love him like the Apple of my Eye, and so loath to leave him, notwithstanding all his Extravagancies. However, dear Brother, quo the *Squire of the Wood*, when the Blind leads the Blind, they are both in danger of falling into the Ditch: and therefore y' good faith, let us steal home again to our Wives and Children, and let 'em run a rambling after Adventures that have a mind to come home by Weeping-Crofs.

Here the *Squire of the Wood* perceiving that *Sancho* spit often, and very dry; Brother, quo he, the moisture of thy Lungs is very much wasted, but I have a Remedy for thy Distemper; and so saying, he went and fetch'd a large

a large Leather Bottle of Wine, and a huge Piece of a Mutton Pasty, that it look'd like the Corner of a *Chappel of Ease*, and strangely over-joy'd *Sancho* when he felt the weight of it— Well! quo *Sancho*, God love ye, and all them that love their Bellies— I see, Brother, you know what's good for your self— Oh, Brother! quo the *Squire of the Wood*, if ye took me for a fresh-Water Squire, ye are deceiv'd; I never travel, but my Wallet is the greater load of the two, and I carry as good Vittles as the General of a Field. Few words to the wife, quo *Sancho*; and so saying, he fell on without saying Grace, bite and swallow, bite and swallow, as if he had never eat in a Month before. At length, when his leisure would permit him; Brother, quo he, thou art the most loyal, noble, liberal, round and sound Squire that ever I met with, thou deserv'st to serve the King— S'life— here sits miserable I that ha' nothing i' my Wallet but a piece of Cheese so hard, that you may thoot it in a Morter-piece through the Gates of a City, a few Onions, and three or four dozen of Filberds— shame befall my Master's *Nigrality*, and his curs'd Opinion, that dry'd Fruits and Sallads are th' only Dainties fit for *Knight-Errants*. In good faith, reply'd the *Squire of the Wood*, I am not for *Nebuchadnezzar's* Diet; let our Masters observe the strict Rules of their Chivalry; if I stir a Mile, I must ha' my Belly-timber and this Bottle, the faithful Companion of my Travels— the *Leather Boteel*, Oh, the *Leather Boteel*— this is my Joy, my Consolation, the Mistress of my Affection, that I kiss above forty times in a quarter of an hour; and so saying, he gave the Bottle to *Sancho*, who rearing it to his Mouth, with his Eyes fix'd upon the Stars, kept himself in that happy Contemplation, till his Lungs were no longer able to hold out; and having finish'd his Draught, leering upon the Bottle, with his head a' one side, and fetching a deep Sigh, by Guds-niggs, quo he, how this Son of a Whore Bottle has cool'd me! Oho— quo the *Squire of the Wood*, have I caught ye wi' your *Son of a whores*? where's your Manners now? Guilty, my Lord, quo *Sancho*, I see 'tis no Injury for a man to call his Friend Son of a Whore, when he loves him— And now by the Remembrance of her you love best, prithee tell me, Is not this your Wine they call *Porto*, *Porto*? Thou hast a Vintner's Palate, upon my life, quo the *Squire of the Wood*— thou hast nam'd the Wine, and 'tis the best that ever *Colborn* had in his Cellar. I have an excellent Nose, you see, quo *Sancho*, let me but smell to a parcel o' Wine, and I'll tell ye, whether it be fine or green, whether 'twill keep, and all the good and bad Qualities of it. Nor is this to be wonder'd at— for I had of my Ancestors, by the Father's side, two of the best Wine-Coopers that ever jumbld Wine i' this World. These two were call'd to give their Judgments of a Pipe of Canary; the one smelt to his Taster, the other sipp'd no more than a Sparrow drinks at a time, and spured it out again. The one said, the Wine tasted of Iron; the other, that it had a smack of old Leather— The Vintner, however, protested the Wine was neat, without mixture— well the thing past on— but when the Wine was drawn out, What d'ye think they found at the bottom of the Cask? but a Key that hung in a small Tagg'd-Leather Point. Judge you now whether these men had not exquisite Palates, and whether a person descended from such a Family, may not be fit to be Taster General for all the Vintners in *London*— Well! quo the *Squire of the Wood*, but what does this Knowledge avail ye in that Rascally Employment you follow? And therefore let's leave off this *strolling Occupation* in time, and betake our selves to some more profitable Course of life; Thee, to thy

thy *Vine-tasting*, and I to what God directs me—tho I must tell thee, the Vintners of *London*, who are the Vintners of the World, are grown so proud and self-conceited, to the shame of all Wine-bibbers be it spoken, they think no men in the World can taste Wine like themselves—nay, ye shall have a Drawer, but newly admitted access to the Wine-Vault, that shall out-face a Gentleman's Palate, and tell him he lyes in his Teeth—Therefore when thou meet'st any of those saucy Rascals, as thou art a *Squire-Itinerant*, be sure to break their Pates, or kick 'em down Stairs—

In the midst of these, and such like Discourses, the two Squires having fill'd their Bellies, and their Bones requiring rest, fell fast asleep; where we shall leave 'em—— And now let's hear what pass'd between the Masters

C H A P. XIV:

Containing the Continuation of the Adventure of the Knight of the Wood.

AMONG other Discourses that pass'd between *Don Quixote* and the Knight of the Wood, the Story relates how the latter of the two thus proceeded. In short, Sir, quo he, by Destiny and Choice, I became enamour'd of the peerless *Rosamond of Turnbolstretia*. I call her *Peerless*, because there was never any Female in this World that ever equal'd her in Beauty and Merit; but on the other side, if I may presume to say it, never any Woman upon the face of the Earth surpass'd her in Ingratitude—Whatever I could do, all the Offers and Protestations I could make her, could never bring her to take the least notice of my Affection. She saw me willing to do any thing to gain her good Will, and put me upon more desperate Designs than *Hercules* himself was renowned for, still feeding me with Hopes and Promises, and still baffling my Expectations.

Once she sent me to challenge that same *Giantess* of an *Hostess* at *Lincoln*, so tall, that *Ascapart* himself could not kiss her, unless he stood upon a Joynt-stool; and so strong, that she would drive twenty Bailiffs before her at a time. I went, I saw, and overcame—— and I made her down of her Knees, and drink the *Pope's* Health, tho she happen'd to be a Heretick. Another time she commanded me to go and remove *Stonehenge* (which is a prodigious number of vast Stones, every one as big as an ordinary Castle) from *Shaftsbury* to *Amesbury* Plain— I did so, and there they stand to this hour—— Then she order'd me to go and throw my self headlong into a Hole in *Darbyshire*, call'd the *Devil's Arse*, and upon my return to tell her how far the bottom reach'd, which some *Vertuoso's* in *England* would give ten thousand Pound to know— I did so, and was above a Month a falling; at length I pitch'd within three Furlongs of the *Antartick Pole*, and was ten Months more before I could get into *Ethiopia*, and thence home agen: so that I may safely swear, I fetch'd a Compass about the world much more remarkable than ever Captain *Drake* did—— Yet after all this, th'ingrateful *Rosamond of Turnbolstretia* call'd me *Coxcomb* for my Pains, and bid me go about my business,

business, for she had nothing more to say to me. After this she put me upon challenging all the *Hectors*, *Bully-Rocks*, and *Huffing-Dicks* in the Kingdom, with a Command not to see her Face, unless I brought Confessions under all their Hands, that she alone was the only Lady that deserv'd the Crown of Beauty, and that I was the most valiant Knight living—— and if my Conscience, were the Notes to be fill'd, they would reach up as high—— let me see—— I would not willingly be taken tripping—— as high—— as one of the Pyramids in *Egypt*. But the most noble Victory which I won, was that, when I fought hand to hand with the fam'd *Achilles* of the times, *Don Quixote de la Mancha*; 'tis true, I had a pretty tough Bout on't—— but for all that I brought him upon his Knees at length, and made him confess that the fair *Rosamond of Turnbolstretia* was incomparably far more beautiful than *Dulcinea del Toboso*.

Don Quixote could hardly forbear from shewing his Passion; he had a hundred ye lyes ready upon the Tip of his Tongue, only he refrain'd out of a particular Design to draw from the Knight's own Mouth a Justification of his words, or an Acknowledgment of his being mistaken. To which purpose, Sir Knight, quo *Don Quixote*, I am willing to believe that you have vanquish'd all these Knights and Champions you speak of—— but as for your vanquishing *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, I very much question it; perhaps, Sir, it might be some body like him, tho I can't think there are many in the World that resemble him.

Body a' *Cesar*, quo the Knight of the Wood, d' ye think I don't know *Don Quixote de la Mancha*?—— I tell ye, I fought him—— beat him—— had him at my mercy—— and to let ye see that I know him—— He's a tall, scragged, wither-fac'd, leathern jaw'd Fellow—— grizzle hair'd, hawk-nos'd, with long thick black *Mustacho's*, like a *Limelouse-Master* of a Ship—— and he calls himself by the Name of the Knight of the sad Figure. Lastly, he bestrides the far fam'd *Rosinante*—— his Squire's Name is *Sancho Pancho*—— and he owns for the Mistress of his Affections, one *Dulcinea del Toboso*, alias *Joan Ruggle of Hockley i' the Hole, Spinster*—— And if these ben't Tokens enow to justify what I say, I wear a Sword by my side to punish arrogant Incredulity——

Sir Knight, quo *Don Quixote*, Fair and softly, as Lawyers go to Heaven—— not so hot, I beseech ye—— for you must know, that this *Don Quixote* you talk of, is one of the best Friends I have in the world, inasmuch that I love him as well as I do my self; and by the Description you ha' made me of him, so certain and so punctual, he should be the person subdu'd and vanquish'd by your Prowess—— On the other side, I am so clearly convinc'd by my own Knowledge, that he never was subdu'd or vanquish'd by any person living under the Canopy of Heaven, that I for the Blood of me, can't tell what to make of your Story; unless that some Enchanter (as there are a great many that persecute his Honour) should have taken upon him to appear in his Shape, and suffer'd himself to be thrumm'd and lambasted, a' purpose to defraud him of that Renown, which his famous Exploits have acquir'd him over all the habitable World—— Which seems the more probable, in regard it is but two days ago that one of those Caitiff Infidels transform'd the fair *Dulcinea del Toboso* into a foul and despicable Country Dowdy; and if this be not sufficient to convince thee of thy mistake, here is *Don Quixote* himself in person to justify, either arm'd or unarm'd, afoot or a horse back, that y'are a Son of a whore, a poor Man, and ye lye—— And so saying, up he started, lay'd his hand upon the Hilt of his Sword, expecting Wonders to be wrought by the Knight

Knight of the Wood, who calmly and soberly made him this careless Answer— Sir, quo he, a good Pay-matter scorns to be in debt— He that could thwack your Jacket, when Devil incarnate, has no reason to fear the Threats of human Imbecility— but in regard that only Ruffians and Window-breakers fight by night, let us expect the morning light, that the Sun may be the Witness of our Valour; on this Condition, that he who is vanquish'd shall be wholly at the Victor's Mercy, to do whatever he shall be commanded, according to the Rules of Chivalry.

I accept the Conditions, quo *Don Quixote*, and at the same time both the Champions went to look out their Squires, whom they found snoring together like two Western Barge-men: But they presently waken'd 'em out of their sweet Sleep, and gave 'em order to get their Horses ready, and to see that their Tackling was tight and sound, fairly intimating the bloody Combat that was to be between 'em so soon as the Sun should be up to lend 'em his light. *Sancho* was Thunder-struck at the News, for he dreaded the event of such a fatal Encounter, especially after the Stories which the new Squire had told him of the *Knight of the Wood's* Valour.

Sancho, however, would not discover his Perplexity, but up he rouz'd and went with his Companion to seek for the Horses. By the way, quo the *Squire of the Wood*, I find our Masters are to fight to-morrow— by which I perceive we must not be long Friends; for 'tis the Practice of our Order, according to the *French* Custom, that when the Principals are engag'd, the *Seconds*, who are the Squires, must not be idle, but ought to try their Skill and their Mettle at the same time. This may be a Custom, quo *Sancho* among *Desperado's* and *Duellers*, but among *Squires-Itinerant* I know no such Practice— neither did I ever hear my Master speak of any such thing, who has all the Statutes of *Knight-Errantry* by heart. Besides, if there be any such Statute, then there must be a Penalty; and I had rather pay the Penalty, which cannot be above two Groats, than forfeit my whole Estate in Lint and Plaisters— for methinks I see my self cleft into two equal halves, like a slit Deal, already; and what the closing me together again will cost, Heaven and the Surgeon only knows. And then, my dear Brother, there's one thing more— I ha' ne'er a Sword, nor never wore one i' my life that I remember—

Why then we'll take another method, quo the *Squire of the Wood*;— I ha' got two Oaken Plants just of the same length and bigness to a hair's breadth, you shall measure 'em your self and take your own choice; for we must not stand still with our hands in our Pockets— What will that signify, quo *Sancho*?— nothing but the dusting of our Dublets— and for my part, I had mine scour'd at the Cloath-workers but just before I came forth— How d'ye mean, quo the *Squire of the Wood*; I intend to screw on at the end of each Cudgel, a couple a' Clock-weights of Lead, made purposely for the Sport— for there are more Instruments of Death then one— Body o' my Father, Brother Squire, quo *Sancho*, if you have a Head of Brass, what's that to me? mine is only a hollow round Bone cover'd over with a thin Skin, and a little Flesh, God knows— In a word, Brother Squire, tho your Cudgels were as limber as Taylors Lifts, I am not in a Humour to fight; let our Masters fight if they please, and hear on't i' the other World— let us drink, till one of us falls first: there I'm for ye— and 'tis the shorter and the safer way— Time will take care, ne're fear it, to dispatch us out of the World, we need not be so

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hasty of our selves. We need not be so furious to gather the Plums that will drop o' themselves when they're Ripe. However, quo the *Squire of the Wood*, there's a necessity for it; we must fight half an Hour— not a Minute, quo *Sancho*; it shall ne're be said I quarrel'd with a Man that gave me good Wine, and good Vittles— besides, I am angry with no Man living— how the Devil can a Man fight when he is not angry? Oh! but there's a way to wake your Choler, quo the *Squire of the Wood*; with three or four good dufts o' the Chops, and half a dozen kicks o' the Guts before we go to't— Ay, Ay, quo *Sancho*, and there's a way too to lay your fury so fast asleep, by spitting out those mischievous Brains of yours, with a good Leaver, before we go to't that it shall never wake more unless i'th other World— where you shall hear of me I am no such Milk-sop, that will let every body play with my Nose— Come, Come, take heed of waking a sleeping Lyon— They that look after Wool, many times return without Hair— God has blest'd Peace, and layd his Curse upon War— let us do so too— if a Cat too much baited in a narrow Room becomes a Dragon, what may I turn to, too much chaf'd, that am a Man— Well quo the Squire, 'twill be day presently, and then we shall see what's to be done—

And now the little Birds began to chirp their Early Salutations to the Dawning Light; and fair *Aurora* discovering her Eastern Beauties, shook from her Dewy Locks those Showers of Pearls, that enliven'd and enrich'd the Flowery Meadows. The Fields were fresh and Gay, the Woods were merry; Serenity and Sunshine laugh'd upon the Earth.

Only *Sancho* was strangely surpriz'd with fear and Affliction; for no sooner Day-light began to distinguish Objects, but the first thing that offer'd it self to *Sancho's* view, was the *Squire of the Woods* Nose, which was of that unreasonable length and bigness, that it overshadow'd his whole Body. To tell ye truth, the Author of the History in *Arabic*, who, good honest plain dealing Soul, was no friend to *Hyperboles*, modestly aver'd it, to have been about the bigness of one of the Arches of *London* Bridge, and to stand bending as they do; and besides, that it was *Camel-back'd* i' the middle; there shoot'd forth also from the sides of it, as it were seven other lesser Noses, so bestudded with Warts, and Carbuncles of all sorts and Colours, blew, green, and rubicund, for number like the Sands of the Sea, that it render'd the Countenance of the Squire most hideous, and inhuman. And this monstrous Apparition it was, that put poor *Sancho* into such a Pannick dread, that he made vows in his Heart to all the Saints in the uppermost Region for his deliverance: and so disturb'd the natural Operations of his Body, that he fell a vomiting and scumming as if he had swallow'd a whole Apothecary's Shop; so that he resolv'd to endure five hundred Kicks o' the Paunch, rather than his Choler should wake to combat such a dreadful Hobgoblin.

In the mean time *Don Quixote* fix'd his Eyes upon his Adversary, but could not see his Face; in regard he had already put on his Helmet and pull'd down his Beaver: however he observ'd him to be strong Limm'd and well Set. Over his Armour he wore a Coat that seem'd to be of *Tissue*, glittering with little pieces of Looking-glasses cut into half Moons, very dazling and mighty Emblematical. About his Helmet wav'd a Plume of yellow, green, and white Feathers, and his Lance, which he had set up against a Tree, was very thick and long, with a Steel Head at the end, about a Foot in length, and scowr'd as bright as an *Andiron*. *Don Quixote* observing all this, judg'd him to be a Man of great strength; but was so

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far from being dismay'd, like his *Squire Sancho*, that advancing towards the *Knight* with a lively and undaunted Countenance, Sir *Knight* of the *Looking-glasses*, quo he, if your eager desire of Combat have not extinguish'd all your good Nature, lift up your Bever I beseech ye, that I may see whether the Air of your Face be answerable to the Vigour and Proportion of your Body.— You may have time enough to examin that hereafter Sir *Knight*, quo the *Knight of the Looking-glasses*; at present I have not leisure to satisfy such a vain piece of Curiosity; for every minute of delay from Combat, is still so much time robb'd from *Rosamond's* Beauty and my own Honour. At least you may tell me, quo *Don Quixote*, while we get a Horseback, whether I be the same *Don Quixote* or no, whom you pretend to ha' vanquish'd. Why truly Sir, quo the *Knight of the Looking-glasses*, you are as like him as if y' had been spit out of his Mouth: But in regard you say you are persecuted by Enchanters, I will not swear you are the same. 'Tis very well reply'd *Don Quixote*; but by the *Host of Egypt*, if Heaven, my Mistress, and my own Courage fail me not, before a Cat can lick her Ear, I'll see that disdainful Face of yours, and make ye know I am not that *Don Quixote* whom you vapour so briskly to have hamstring'd. At the same time they both mounted, and parted from each other to take ground for their Career.— But before *Don Quixote* had rid twenty Paces, the *Knight of the Looking-glasses* calling after him, Sir *Knight* quo he, you remember the Conditions, that the Captive shall be at the mercy of the Victor—I do, reply'd *Don Quixote*, provided the Victor impose nothing contrary to the Laws of Chivalry.— That's but just, reply'd the *Knight of the Looking-glasses*.

Thus they parted a second time; when *Don Quixote* cast his Eye by chance upon the *Squire's* huge Toting Nose; upon which while he was staring and gaping with more astonishment then the Country Folks gape upon the Picture of the *Rhinoceros*, *Sancho*, who would not stir from *Rosinante's* Crupper, as being in Mortal fear of his Companion with the *Elephant's Snout*, took an occasion to whisper his Master i' th' Ear, and desire him to help him up into a Tree, where he might in safety behold the Combat, which he believ'd would be one of the sharpest that ever were Fought. *Sirrah*, quo *Don Quixote*, is this a time to disturb me wi' your fooleries?— To tell you truth, Sir, quo *Sancho*, that ugly Nose does so terrifie me, that I dare not trust my self alone upon the Ground with that hideous Monster: I wonder how the Devil the *Knight* can endure such an Apparition in his Company.— I wish it may not be the *Necromancer* himself that protects him.— I confess reply'd *Don Quixote*, I never saw such a Stygian spectacle i' my Life, I cannot blame thee for being afraid.— and so saying he rode among the Boughs, till *Sancho* got up behind him and so scrambl'd into a Tree, where he sat like a Judge in a Balcony.

Now while *Don Quixote* was helping his *Squire*, the *Knight of the Looking-glasses* setting Spurs to his Horse, began his Career as fast as his Horses heels could carry him, which truly was no more then a gentle Trot; for indeed his *Courser* was neither more mettlesom, nor much better in heart then *Rosinante*— just such another *Spittle* as your Prentices ride out a Town, upon a Sunday Morning. But seeing *Don Quixote* busie, as I said before, he stop'd i' the middle of his Career, to the great comfort of his *Hackney*. Which when *Don Quixote* beheld, he couch'd his Lance, and setting his Spurs to *Rosinante's* sides, gave him such sharp *Memento Mori's*, that the Story says, he forc'd him into a Gallop. On the other side the *Knight of the Looking-glasses* lay, dig, dig, like a Seaman between his Horses Ribs, as if he

he would ha' spurr'd out his Bowels, but the more pains he took, the more stock still the Jade stood. *Don Quixote* took no notice of this disorder of his Adversary, but presses on furiously, unhorses him, and sends him slounce to the hard Earth with such a damnable squelch, as beat all the Breath out of his Body— infomuch that poor frail Mortality lay without Life or Motion, helpless.

Sancho no sooner saw the *Knight* fallen, but down he comes spinning from his Tree, like a Spider from the Top of a Window, and falls a running to the Spoil, like a Spaniel after a new Shot Wild-duck. But when *Don Quixote* had unlac'd the *Knight's* Helmet to give him Air; Heaven's! in what an amazement was he, when he saw the Face of the *Knight of the Looking-glasses*? for at the same time he beheld the very Aspect, Physiognomy, Shape and Lineaments of his Acquaintance, young *Samson Carrasco's* Countenance.— *Sancho*— *Sancho*— quo He, come hither quickly, quickly— look, see, view, survey, observe, and consider that Face— and then tell me what thou thinkst of the Malice of *Necromancers*, and the force of *Enchantments*?— Upon those words, *Sancho* drew near, and beholding such an exact resemblance of his Friend *Samson*; *Ave Maria* quo He, Crossing and Blessing himself, as if he had met his Grandfathers Ghost— for Heaven's sake, Sir, make sure work— run your Sword in at his Throat, and out at his Fundament— 'tis a thousand Pound to a Nut-shell but you may chance to Murder one of those *Necromancers* that so maliciously haunt your Good fortune. By the Mass, and so I will, quo *Don Quixote*— and so saying, he was just going to open poor *Samson's* Teeth; when the *Knight of the Looking-glasses* *Squire* came running, and crying out with a loud Voice, *Mercy, Mercy*, Sir *Knight*, for Heaven's sake, *Mercy*— 'Tis your Friend and Acquaintance, young *Carrasco*, the Student of *Brasenose*— and I am his *Squire*— save his Life and take his Goods— A-vast quo *Sancho*, where's your Nose?— here, quo the *Squire*, and so saying, he pull'd his monstrous Vizard from under his Coat. *Sancho* also at the same time, now rid of all his fears, which had so disturb'd his Eye-sight before, that he could not see Wood from Trees; Blessed Virgin, quo he, whose this? *Tom Grigge* the Thatcher, my old Friend and Neighbour? The very same, quo the *Squire*— and I'll tell ye at more leisure, the occasion that brought us hither. In the mean time, desire your Master not to embroil his hands in Christian Blood, but to be merciful to the *Knight* that ly's at his Mercy; for that assuredly, and without any Mental Reservation, he is no other then the poor and unfortunate Student, *Samson Carrasco*.

At the same time the luckless *Knight of the Looking-glasses*, began to breath and come to himself; which *Don Quixote* observing, set the point of his Sword to his Throat, and with an Imperious tone, Sir *Knight*, quo he, y' are a dead Man, if you deny to acknowledge, that *Dulcinea del Toboso* bears away the Bell of Beauty from your Strumpet Madam *Rosamond of Turnbolstretia*: and unless you promise me, so soon as you shall be cur'd of your Wounds, to go to *Toboso*; where you shall prostrate your self at the Feet of the Lady *Dulcinea*, and surrender your Person to her Disposal, as the Trophy of my Conquest; and if she grant ye your Liberty, as perhaps she may upon your good behaviour, then to find me out by the found of my famous Achievements, and give me an exact accompt of your Reception, and Dismission, which are Conditions Natural and Essential to the Order of *Knight-Errantry*.

I do confess and acknowledge cry'd the unfortunate Knight of the *Looking-glasses*, that the Heelpiece of Madam *Dulcinea's* Cobbl'd Shoe is worth all the Kisses of Mrs. *Rosamond's* Lips. I do also promise to fulfil all your Commands in going to *Toboso*, and returning from thence. You shall also confess, cry'd *Don Quixote*, that the Knight whom you pretend to have vanquish'd, was not, neither could be the famous *D. Quixote de la Mancha*; but only some Body in his likeness, as I on the other side do confess and acknowledge, that you are not the Student *Samson Carrasco*, but some other whom my Enemies the *Necromancers* have moulded into that shape, to moderate the impetuous violence of my wrath, and to oblige me to Clemency, foreseeing the certainty of my Conquest. All this I acknowledge and confess, grant and allow, reply'd the Knight, as you would have it confess'd, acknowledg'd, granted, and allow'd; and whatever else you wou'd have allow'd, granted, acknowledg'd, and confess'd— And now I beseech ye, Sir, help me up, for I feel my self very much bruise'd by my fall. Thereupon *Don Quixote*, and *Tom Grigge* the new Squire, rais'd the Knight of the *Looking-glasses* upon his Legs; *Sancho* all the while fixing his Eyes upon the new Squire, and asking him a thousand Questions, the answers to which convinc'd him fully that *Tom Grigge* was the real *Tom Grigge*, and no Delusion: tho the notions of *Sorcery* and *Necromancy*, which his Master had fix'd in his noddle; were so strongly imprinted in his fancy, that he could not believe what he saw with his Eyes, and felt with his hands.

To conclude, the Man and the Master still persever'd under the same mistake—the Knight of the *Looking-glasses* having taken his leave withal respect and submission, repair'd to the next Town for Spruce Bear, and *Lucatello's* Balm; and *Don Quixote* continu'd his Journey to the City of *Tournaments*. And now you shall hear who the Knight of the *Looking-glasses* was, and who was his Squire with the *Kingston Bridge Nose*.

C H A P. XV.

Giving an account who the Knight of the Looking-glasses, and his Squire with the Toting Nose, were

Don Quixote jogg'd merrily along, Triumphant and Glorifying in the great Victory he had got over the Knight of the *Looking-glasses*, whom he would not allow by any means, to be any other then one of the most Valiant Knights under the blew Skie. And besides that, relying as he did upon the solemn Promise the forlorn Knight had made him, and which he could not violate without transgressing the Laws of Chivalry Errant, and rendring himself unworthy the noble Profession; he now expected sudden news of his Princess *Dulcinea*, and whither she still continued under the Bonds of Incantment or no. But *Don Quixote* dream'd one thing, and the Knight of the *Looking-glasses* thought another: For the latter was only for curing his broken Ribs; tho' not without mischief in his Head, as one that was resolv'd to make his Adversary pay for the Cure at the long Run.

In the mean time the Author of the Story unwilling to leave the least doubt unremov'd that might puzzle the Reader, tells us, how that when the Student *Carrasco* advis'd *Don Quixote* to take his third Ramble, it was done after a long Debate with the Curate and the Barber, who unanimously concluded

concluded, that the best way to recover the poor Gentleman out of his Freakish Distemper, was to let him go, and that *Samson* meeting him upon the Road, like a *Knight-Errant*, should take an opportunity to Duel him, and thrash his Doublet, which was thought no difficult thing to do: and that after he had vanquish'd him in fair Combat, the Student should impose Conditions upon the Captive, according to the Laws of Chivalry; of which the chief should be, that *Don Quixote* should return home, and not stir out of his House in two years without permission; which they knew *Don Quixote* would inviolably observe, for fear of infringing the Statutes of *Chivalry-Errant*; in which time they thought he might be wean'd from his extravagant Imaginations, or be otherwise cur'd of his Frenzy.

This Task the Student *Carrasco* willingly undertook, and *Tom Grigge* his Friend, and *Sancho's* Neighbour, at the same time proffer'd to be his Squire. To this purpose *Carrasco* having equipp'd himself, as you have heard under the Title of *Knight of the Looking-glasses*, and his Squire having got himself a Vizard with a huge Nose, that he might not be known to *Sancho*, they follow'd *Don Quixote* so close, that they overtook him flush'd with Victory, just after he had accomplish'd the Adventure of the Chariot of Death, and found him in the Wood, where this fatal Encounter happen'd. Where it luckily fell out, upon *Carrasco's* Miscarriage, that *Don Quixote* was so extravagantly obstinate in not believing *Carrasco* to be *Carrasco*: for otherwise the poor Student had been degraded for ever, from appearing more in his Changeable Silk 'i the Readers Desk.

And now *Tom Grigge* seeing the ill Success of their Journey, and the unfortunate *Carrasco* so rudely rewarded for his good Will — In good Faith Mr. Student, quo he, the Labour is worthy of his Hire, and we have had our Wages justly pay'd us: 'Tis an easie thing to undertake, but difficult to accomplish. *Don Quixote* is a Fool, and we think our selves Wise; yet the Fool's gone away sound and laughing in his Sleeve, and we return disgrac'd and sham'd, and well bang'd to boot. The difference is, reply'd the Student, that an obstinate Fool will always be so; but a Fool for his pleasure can retrieve himself when he pleases: Nay then reply'd *Tom Grigge*, I who was such a Fool for my pleasure to serve you as your Squire, that I may retrieve my self from my folly, will e'en return home to my Thatching Trade again — You have your Christian Liberty reply'd the Student, but if ever I return home till I ha' made the *Fools* Bones rattle in his Skin, I'll gi' ye my Mother for a Maid; and this I resolve, not out of a design to recover his Wits, but out of pure revenge; for the pain of my Bones has made me forget all manner of Charity; were I now whole, and could meet him, I should drub him without Compassion. This was the discourse of the Knight and his Squire, till they came to the next Village, where they met with a Horse Doctor, to whose care *Carrasco* committed his Ecclesiastical Carcass, at what time his Squire *Tom Grigge*, quitted his Service, and made haste home again, with his bundle of bad tydings, and the loss of a Weeks work.

C H A P. XVI.

What befell Don Quixote with a sober Gentleman of Mancha.

AS we said before *Don Quixote* rode merrily along with all the Comfort imaginable in his Soul, as one that had all the World in a String; and thought himself the most accomplish'd and fortunate Knight Errant that ever the Sun beheld, presaging nothing now but a Continuation of future Success, from a Victory so Glorious, and so easily purchas'd. He breathed nothing but Adventures, and those the most dreadful that Humane Force could undertake. He defy'd all Enchantments, and all the *Necromancers* the Devil could muster together to his prejudice. He had forgot, and pardon'd the Stones that had dash'd out three of his Teeth at a time—the Ingratitude of the Gally-slaves, and the Showrs of Baffinado's, which the Carriers had rain'd upon his Ribs.

There was but one thing that remain'd to consummate his Felicity; and that was to dissolve the Enchantment of his adored *Dulcinea*, which done, he thought himself the happiest Man upon God's Earth.

In the midst of these vain Imaginations, *Sancho* accosting him, Sir, said he, I cannot but laugh at my Neighbour *Tom Grigge's* Policy, in thinking to fright us with his hugeous Nose; I wish I had been but as Wise as *St. Dunstan*, to ha' caught him by't with a Pair of Tongues: but who can think of present Expedients, when a Man's fear'd almost out of his Wits?—Why, and art thou still so silly to believe that the Knight of the Looking-glasses was the Student *Carrasco*, and his Squire *Tom Grigge*. I know not what to think on't, reply'd *Sancho*, but this I'm sure of, that no other *Tom Grigge* could ha' told me those Tokens of my Wife and Children, nor ha' given me that description of my own Pigstie, as he did: besides, that when his great Nose was off he had *Tom Grigge's* Face to a Wrinkle, and the very tone of his Voice; and how the Devil could I be deceiv'd that know him so well, and see him every day, when I'm at home? Come on then, *Sancho*, let's argue the Point a little, quo *Don Quixote*; prithee what reason canst thou give me that the Student *Carrasco* should come equipp'd like a Knight-Errant, with Arms offensive, and defensive to fight against me? Am I his Enemy, or did I ever give him any occasion to be mine? does he look upon me as his Rival, or does he make Profession of Chivalry, that might incline him to envy the Fame which I have purchas'd by my Sword? But Sir, reply'd *Sancho*, what can you or any Man in the World say to the Resemblance between *Carrasco* and the Knight of the Looking-glasses, and the Likeness between *Tom Grigge* my Neighbour, and the Squire? If it were Enchantment, as you say it is, had they no other Shapes to assume? Puh—there's the Cream o' the Juggle, quo *Don Quixote*, and the cunning Malice of my persecutors, the *Necromancers*, who foreseeing that I should get the Victory, disguis'd their suborn'd Hero under the Likeness of my friend *Carrasco*, to serve as a Mill-damm, to stop the Current of my just Fury, and prevent my ripping up the Guts of him that had so treacherously assail'd my Life. But friend *Sancho*, can there be greater proofs of the malice and power of these *Necromancers*, then what we ha' so lately tri'd in the *Transmogrification* of my Goddess *Dulcinea*? Hast not thou told me thy self that thou hast seen her in her natural Shape, dazzling thy Eyes with all the Charms of Humane and Celestial perfection, when I the Object of their

hatred,

hatred, was shew'd her under the disguise of a deformed Country Puzzle; Blear-ey'd, Blubber-lip, Hopper-ars'd, and breathing only burnt Feathers and *Assa-fetida*. What greater proof of their malice and their power? and what other Artifice could they have more cunningly invented, to lessen and eclipse the Glory of such an Important Victory, as if the famous Knight that fell by the strength of my Arm, had been no more when he came to be conquer'd, then a pitiful Servitor of a Colledge—whereas had he vanquish'd me, thou shouldst have seen him appearing in another form: But it is my Comfort, that in spite of all their Charms my Courage render'd me Victorious. Well quo *Sancho*, the Truth of this Mystery will one day come to light: for he was no way satisfi'd with his Master's Arguments; however he durst not contradict him for fear of discovering the Cheat which himself had put upon him.

While they were thus discoursing together, they were overtak'n by a Gentleman upon a curious Dapple Grey Mare: He was Habited after the Country Fashion, in a Gray Coat, with Gold Buttons, with a short Hanger by his Side, and a Velvet Monteero upon his Head; he had a Pair of Summer Boots upon his Legs, with Spurs richly inlay'd. As he rode by, the Gentleman gave 'em very civilly the Time of the Day, and setting Spurs to his Mare, began to put on a good round Gallop; at what time *Don Quixote* calling after him, with your good leave, Sir, quo he, if y'are not in hast we should be glad of the favour of your Company, so far as you Travel this Road. Sir, quo the Gentleman, I had not rid so fast away, but that I fear'd my Mare would provoke your Stone-horse to be unruly. Oh Sir, answer'd *Sancho*, there's no fear of that i' the World, our *Rosinante's* th' only Horse in Nature for Chastity and Sobriety. He's not a Horse addicted to Licentious Inclinations, and if he happen'd to fly out once in his life, I am sure he had a severe correction for it, besides what it dearly cost my Master and I. And therefore, Sir, never be afraid, your Mare's as safe as if she were in a Nunnery: They might live ten years together, your Mare and our Horse, before he would so much as ask her the Question, if she did not Court him first. With that, upon *Sancho's* word, the Gentleman stopp'd his Mare and rode softly, ever and anon casting his Eye with admiration and wonder, upon *Don Quixote's* exorbitant Figure, who then rode without his Helmet, which his Squire carry'd fasten'd to the Pommel of his Pack-saddle.

But if the Gentleman survey'd *Don Quixote*, the Knight had his Eyes no less wisely fix'd upon the Gentleman, who seem'd to be a Person of Quality, by his Aspect and Deportment. He was about fifty years of Age, his Hair somewhat turn'd, with a look no less Modest then Cheerful; evident signs of a virtuous disposition: nor was he a Man apt to make the worst construction of what he saw; however he could not choose but think *Don Quixote* to be a Man of a strange Kidney; nor could he call to mind that he had ever seen a Man so shap'd and garbated before. He gaz'd to see such a slim, wiredrawn, long-backt Gangrel; he admir'd his meager thin Jaws, his Aspect, and with what state he bestrid a poor Jade as lank as a Post-horse; which were all Novelries that his Eyes had not been accusom'd to.

Nor was *Don Quixote* unsensible of the Gentlemans admiration; and therefore reading in his Eyes the desire he had to be farther satisfi'd; out of his wonted Curtesie willing to prevent the Gentleman's Interrogations, Sir, said he, I do not wonder to find you surpriz'd at the sight of a Person so different in his Garb and Air from all other Men; but when you shall

understand

understand me to be a *Knight-Errant*, of the Order of those that seek their Fortunes, and hunt after Adventures, your Admiration then will cease. I left my native Soil, Mortgag'd and Sold my Land, and renounc'd the pleasures of this Life, to throw my self into the Arms of Fortune. I have endeavour'd to restore again the neglected and forgotten Profession of *Knight-Errantry*; which having begun to do, some while since I have accomplish'd some part of my design, in succouring Widows, protecting young Damsels, defending the Rights of Marry'd Women and Orphans, the proper Office and Duty of *Knight-Errants*; and I have at length by my Religious and Valiant Achievements, after infinite Toyls and Hardships, brought it to that pass, that my Renown is spread almost over all the four Quarters of the World. The Story of my Life is already in Print, of which there has been fifteen Editions, and about threescore thousand Books sold. The Stationers that bought the Copy were all happy Men; for 'tis thought there will be thirty Millions more sold, if they don't fall out among themselves. In short Sir, not to keep ye longer in suspense, my name is *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, otherwise the Knight of the Ill-favour'd Countenance: and tho it be not a thing so commendable for a Man to praise himself, yet living far from Neighbours, I am forc'd to do it sometimes; when I want a good friend to spare me the trouble. Wonder not then most worthy Sir, to see this Shield, this Lance, this Squire, and this Horse; nor at the paleness of my Face, nor my exhausted Body, knowing from this time forward who I am, and the Profession which I maintain.

Here *Don Quixote* stopp'd, to whom the Gentleman after he had ponder'd awhile, you had a piercing insight into my Thoughts, Sir Knight, said he, and rightly guesst the eager appetite of my Curiosity; but you are so far from having abated my wonder, that I am rather more surpriz'd then ever I was. For is it possible that there should be at this time any *Knight-Errant* i' the World, and that there should be a true History of a Living *Knight-Errant* in Print? In good truth Sir, I should have hardly been induc'd to believe there could be any of these Protectors of Widows, and Defenders of Virgins and Orphans, did not my Eyes afford me an assured Testimony of it in your self. High Heaven be prais'd a thousand times for this same Real History of your Far-fam'd Exploits, which bury in Oblivion all those idle Romances of pretended *Knight-Errants*, that have fill'd all Europe with their Fables, and distract the Brains of all that read 'em. Mr. Gentleman, Mr. Gentleman, reply'd *Don Quixote*, we must not so over-credulously believe the Stories of *Knight-Errants* to be Fables. Why, quo the Gentleman, is there any Man living that believes the contrary? Yes Sir, quo *Don Quixote*, my self for one. But let that pass; I hope as we ride along to convince ye of that common Error into which you are plung'd, as being carri'd away with that same Torrent of Incredulity that overflows the World. These last words of *Don Quixote*, and his manner of expression, created in the Gentleman a strong suspicion that he had met with a sort of Madman, so that he observ'd him still more wistly, to see whether he could find any other symptoms of Frenzy, that might confirm him in his Sentiments. At what time *Don Quixote* altering the Subject of his Discourse, desir'd the Gentleman to tell him who he was, since he had been so free to let him understand his Profession and manner of Living. Sir Knight of the Ill-favour'd Countenance, answer'd rather, I am a Gentleman born in a Village hard by, whither we intend, God willing, to go and Sup together this Night. I have a reasonable Competency. I spend my time contentedly with my Wife and Children, making

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little or no noise i' the World: My usual Recreations are Hunting and Fishing; not that I keep either Hawks or Hounds, but only a Setting-Dog to catch a Partridge or two now and then, and a *Spaniel* to perch a Pheasant for Variety. I have also a Competent Library, both of History and Divinity: and I can endure to read a Play sometimes, if the Stile and Contrivance be neat and void of Ribaldry; but as for Books of *Knight-Errantry* I never suffer 'em to enter within my Study Doors. My Neighbours and I keep a friendly Correspondence, and we often Eat and Drink at one another's Houses. My own Table is serv'd with cleanly Dyer, not superfluous, as being one that hates Excess and Debauchery. I have made it a Law to my self to live soberly; to relieve the Poor, to Backbite no body, nor pried into the Actions of other Men; as I am in Commision of the Peace, I reconcile those that are at variance, and serve my God according to the Government Establish'd in the Church.

Sancho listen'd to this Relation of the Gentlemans with an attentive Ear, and believing that a Person that led such a Life could not choose but be a Saint, and work Miracles, he threw himself from his *Grizzle*, and catching hold of the Gentlemans Stirrup, with Tears in his Eyes, fell a Kissing the Gentlemans Foot, as if it had been some Relick of St. *Benedict*, the Virgin *Mary's* second Husband.

Friend, quo the Gentleman, all in wonder, what's thy meaning thus to be so Complemental? Oh, Sir, quo *Sancho*, let me alone I beseech ye, let me Kiss this Foot of yours; for I have always honour'd the Saints from my Childhood, but in all my Life I never saw a Saint a Horse-back before I saw your Worship. Truly honest Brother, quo the Gentleman, I am no Saint: but if either of us two may be said to be Saints, it should be thy self, by thy humility.

Sancho said no more, but having thus pleas'd his humour, return'd to cover his Pack-saddle, not without tickling his Masters's Spleen; who notwithstanding all his Flegm, could not forbear laughing out-right at the Simplicity of his Squire. But his mirth being soon over, he went on with his discourse, and ask'd the Gentleman how many Children he had? adding withal, how he had ever observ'd that the Ancient Philosophers plac'd their chief happiness as well in the Advantages of Nature, as those of Fortune; in number of Children and Friends. I have but one only Son, reply'd the Gentleman, and perhaps if I had not him, I should not think my self the less unhappy. Not that he is leudly inclin'd, but only because he is not so good as I could wish him. He is a Lad of about Eighteen years of Age, and has been six years at the University to perfect himself in his *Greek* and *Latin*; of both which he is a competent Master. But when I press'd him to improve himself in the profound Mysteries of true Learning, I found him so addicted to Poetry, that he despises all the other Sciences; so that I cannot get him so much as to look upon a Law Book, and but very little to mind Divinity; to either of which I would have had him apply'd his Studies, to fit him for the Service of his Prince: especially living in an Age wherein Wise and Learned Men are so highly esteem'd by His Majesty. He spends whole days in his *Criticisms*, whether *Homer* said well or ill, in repeating *Ton'd Apomeibomenos* so often?—whether such an Epigram in *Martial* ought not to be expung'd for its Obscenity—whether *Virgil* had he liv'd, could ha' better'd his *Eneads*—He is a great admirer of *Horace*, *Juvenal* and *Persius*—but as for the Modern Poets, he allows very few to be worth a Straw; among the rest, he has a particular Peek against *Du Bartas*, and *Paradise lost*, which he says has neither Rhime nor Reason. Neverthe-

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less he cannot forbear playing the fool with Love Verses and Acrosticks, which are the idlest Trash in Nature.

Sir, reply'd *D. Quixote*, Children are the Flesh and Blood of their Parents; and whether good or bad, they ought to love 'em. Particularly they ought to have a care of laying sound Foundations of Vertue in their Infancy; not to let 'em run about the Streets, and lie swearing and gaming in every paud Alley i' the City; but to inspire 'em with Christian Principles, as soon as they are able to speak, as being the growing Props from which they expect the Support and Comfort of their old Age. Nevertheless, I would not have Parents put a force upon the Inclinations of their Children, by conftraining their Studies more to one Science than another, but to let 'em follow their own Genius's, especially when they have no occasion to study for Bread. For tho Poetry be a study not so profitable as delightful, yet is not to be despis'd, nor is it a frame for a Gentleman to be a Poet. Tho I must confess, the name of Poet be now a-days contemptible among the Illiterate; I say Illiterate, tho ne're so wealthy: for Riches render no Man wise nor learned of themselves. But I must tell ye Sir, Poetry is like the youngest Daughter in a Family, whom all the elder Sisters tend upon. She is the Ornament carefd by all her other Sister-Sciences; and adds to their Grace and Beauty when ever she appears among 'em. However Men must have a care how they prostitute her Excellency in Libels and Obscenity. She's *Curtisan'd* upon the Stage by Licentious Pens, and prophan'd by Popular Adulation, to please the Vulgar, that are utterly ignorant of her real worth and Beauty. But she's a Virgin not to be roughly handld, and expos'd in every Market-place and corner of the Street nor to be set to view, unless in lofty Tragedies, Heroic Poems, and Comedies truly useful and Facetious. She's not to be meddl'd withal by Jesters, and Pitiful Rhimers, to please the ignorant Rabble. Nor do I here mean by the Vulgar, the Common Rabble only; for who ever is ignorant, be he Prince or Potentate, he is to be listd in the number of the Vulgar. But who ever shall esteem of Poetry according to those Characters that I have given her, his Name shall be famous in all well-govern'd Common-wealths.

And whereas you say your Son neglects all Modern Poesie, in my Opinion he does not do so well. For neither did *Homer* write in *Latin*, because he was a *Grecian*; neither did *Virgil* write in *Greek*, because he was a *Latin*: and indeed all your Ancient Poets wrote in their Mother Language, without seeking to conceal their lofty Notions in unknown Tongues. And I could wish that Custom were still observ'd in all Languages; there being no reason that a *German* Poet should be undervalu'd, because he writes in his own Dialect, or a *French*, or an *English* Poet, because they write in theirs. But your Son, as I suppose, dislikes not Modern Poesie, but your Modern Poets, that understand no other Language or Sciences, that may adorn, awaken, and assist their natural Impulse. Altho' in this there may be an Error. For it is the common saying, *That a Poet is so born*. That is, that a Poet is born a Poet from his Mothers Womb, and with those natural Inclinations that Heaven has infus'd into him, without the helps of Study or Art, composes those Lines, which verifie that saying, *Est Deus in Nobis*, &c.

However a natural Poet that helps himself by Art, shall be much better'd by Study; for that tho Art do not surpass Nature, yet it adds to its perfection. And therefore I say, Sir, let your Son follow his own Inclinations; for that being endu'd with a good *Genius*, as he is, and understanding

standing as he does both the *Greek* and *Latin*, that enclose within themselves all Arts and Sciences, he will easily ascend to the Pinacle of Learning, which is no less an Ornament to a Person of his Quality, then it is to those that are oblig'd to profess it. Only Sir, take a care that he make choice of good Subjects, that he write nothing scurrillous; for 'tis the Debauchery of our Poets, that renders their Lines as Debauch'd as their Lives and Conversations; a Poet that lives vertuously will be in his Verses. Let him not while he decrys Vice, belpatter the Reputation of any Person. Let him in his praises of Vertue give such descriptions of her, that he may be thought to be conversant with her; and then Poetry will be so far from being a dishonour to him, that he will become at the same time the Glory of his Family, esteem'd by his Prince, and in reputation among all Men.

Here *Don Quixote* concluding his Discourse, the Gentleman was strook with so much Admiration, that he began to think the worse of himself, for the bad Opinion he had conceiv'd of the Knight; so that he was going about to renew his Discourse, when *Don Quixote* lifting up his Eyes, beheld a Waggon upon the Road full of Flags and Streamers, bearing the Kings Arms, and believing it to be some new Adventure, call'd out to *Sancho*, who was then at a distance, to bring him his Helmet.

CHAP. XVII.

Wherein is set forth the greatest Mark of Courage that ever *Don Quixote* shew'd in his Life, and the happy Conclusion of the Adventure of the Lyons.

Sancho was neither for Sermoms nor Homelies, and therefore while his Master was preaching, he observing that certain Shepherds were keeping their Flocks hard by, went to see what Provision they had got, and he had just made a purchase of some Cheescurds, when his Master call'd out so loud for his Helmet; at what time not knowing what to do with his Merchandise, yet loath to lose it since he had payd for it, he clapt it into his Masters Helmet, which he carry'd at the Bow of his Pack-saddle, and so came trotting up to his Master to know his Pleasure. *Sancho*, quo he, give me my Helmet, for if I understand Adventures, I descie one yonder, that is not to be undertaken unless a Man be well Arm'd. The Gentleman hearing what *Don Quixote* said, lookt round about him, and seeing nothing but a Waggon stuck about with Flags and Streamers, conjectur'd it to be a Waggon of Money going to the Kings Treasury, and told *Don Quixote* his Opinion of the matter. To whom the Knight, who would not so easily be convinc'd, but look'd upon all things to be Adventures, Mr. Gentleman quo he, *fore-arm'd fore-warn'd*, a Man loses nothing by standing upon his Guard; and I am assur'd by woful experience, that I have Enemies both visible and invible, that continually lie in wait to surprize me; and at the same time snatching the Helmet out of *Sancho's* Hands, before he could have leisure to empty it, he clapt it upon his bare Crown; at what time the Curds being squeez'd between his Head and the Iron, the Whey came streaming down his Face, and overflow'd his Beard and Chin at such a rate, that the poor affrighted

Champion in great disorder cry'd out, What's the matter with me? *Sancho*, either there's a Well in my Skull, or else my Brains are melted, for I'm all in a Sweat from top to toe. Well, if I do sweat, I'm sure 'tis not for fear, tho' 'tis an ill omen of a shower of Blood do ensue— Give me a Cloath to wipe me for this same Sweat almost blinds me. Thereupon *Sancho* gave him the best Clout he had, not daring to speak a word, but giving a thousand thanks to Heaven that his Master examin'd the Business no farther. However *Don Quixote* having wip'd his Face and his Beard, and taking off his Helmet to drie his Hair, and see what it was that felt so cold upon his Head, when he spy'd the white Marmalade, and found by the smell what it was; by the Life of *Madam Dulcinea*, quo he, ye damnd Traytor of a Guttle-gut, had ye no where to put your Curds and Cream but i' my Helmet? To whom *Sancho* very cunningly, and without the least alteration in his Countenance. If they be Curds, Sir give 'em me— I'll eat 'em rather then they shall offend ye, or else let the Devil eat 'em himself that put 'em there; for you cannot believe that I should be such a Beast to foul your *Capp-a-maintenance*. As sure as you live Sir, I have my Inchanter's too that bear me a Spleen, and fain would a' provok'd ye at this time to ha' fallen fowl upon my Bones. But I serve a good Master, that understands their malice full well; and knows that if the Curds and Cream had fallen to my lot, I should rather ha' put 'em i' my Belly then in his Helmet—

All this the Gentleman heard with no less attention then Admiration; more especially seeing how solemnly *Don Quixote* prepar'd himself; for after he had wip'd his Face and his Beard, he clean'd his Helmet, try'd whether his Sword were loose enough in his Scabbord, fix'd himself in his Stirrups, and then shaking his Lance, now quo he, come what will come, I fear not *Satan* himself, tho' guarded with a whole Regiment of Devils.

By this time the Waggon drew neer, with one single Person in it, who sat at the farther end, and the Waggoner riding by, upon a sorry Scrub. Immediately *Don Quixote* posted himself before the Waggon, and with a surly summons, Whither a way my Masters, quo he, what Waggon is this, what's your Loading, and what's the meaning of these Streamers? Sir reply'd the Waggoner, the Waggon is mine, and there are in it two Lyons in two Cages, which the Governour of *Oran* has sent to the King our Master, and these Streamers are to let you understand to whom they belong. Are they great Lyons? quo *Don Quixote*; very large Lyons, reply'd the Waggoners companion; so large that I believe, larger have not been seen i' this Country. I am their Keeper added the fellow. I have seen several Lyons, but never any like to these in all my Life. In this first Cage is a Lyon, and in the other a Lyoness; and they are both cruel Hungry, for they have not been fed to day; and therefore pray Sir be pleas'd to ride out of the way and let us go on. Thereupon the Waggoner gave his Horses the word, and began to drive on; at what time *Don Quixote* smiling, Lyons against me, against me Lyons, quo he! I'll make the Governor that sent these Lyons to know I am not afraid of a Lyon— Come down friend, you i' the Waggon; and if you be the Keeper of the Lyons, open their Cages, and let 'em come forth;— The World shall be convinc'd in this same very Field, that I am still *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, mauler the malice of those Inchanters that have sent these Lyons to skare me. Well quo the Gentleman to himself, there needs now no more to satisfy any Rational Man, what this Knight is— the Curds I find have soften'd his Skull, and mellow'd his Brains— At the same time *Sancho* approaching

approaching the Gentleman, and ready to besmear himself for fear— For Heaven's sake, Sir, said he, don't let my Master fight with these Lyons— Upon my life Sir, we shall be all torn a' pieces— Why, quo the Gentleman, don't think thy Master's such a Mad-man to encounter these Lyons? He's no Mad-man, reply'd *Sancho*, but he's a Person will fight with the Devil. Go, go, quo the Gentleman, I'll undertake for him, and so riding up to *Don Quixote*, who was raging to have the Cages open'd; Sir Knight, quo he, *Knights-Errant* ought to undertake Adventures that are possible, and where there is a probability of Conquest, and not engage against all likely hood of success; for Rashness is but inconsiderate and savage fierceness, rather Madness then real Fortitude. Besides, these Lyons are not sent against you, but as a Present to the King himself, and therefore you do ill to stop these People upon the Road, who are to answer for their forth coming. Mr. Gentleman, quo *Don Quixote*, very briskly, meddle wi' your Partridges and your Setting-Dogs at home, and leave every Man to his own Profession; I am now about my own Calling, and I am to judge whether these Lyons are sent against me, or no; and so turning himself to the Keeper of the Lyons, perpetual Ragamuffin, quo he, By the Body of St. George, either open the Cages, or I'll nail thee with this Lance to the Wheel of thy Waggon. For the love of God, Sir, cry'd the Waggoner, seeing *Don Quixote* so resolute, let me take out my Horses, and get far enough out of the way before ye open the Cages; for if they should once set upon the poor Beasts, I must live upon the Alm's of the Parish all the rest of my Life; for as I hope to be sav'd Sir, I ha' no other subsistence but my Waggon and my Horses. Scoundrel of little Faith, reply'd *Don Quixote*, alight and take out thy Horses, and run where thou wilt; but thou shalt find by and by, how little need thou hadst of being so wary. In short the Waggoner took out his Horses, and began to make haste out of Harms way: and then it was that the Keeper of the Lyons cry'd out to the Company, and desir'd 'em to bear witness, that it was against his will, and by constraint that he open'd the Lyons Cages, and protested against the Knight, that he should be answerable as well for all the mischief the Lyons did, as for the Loss, which he sustain'd by the miscarriage of the Kings Present. He also advis'd 'em all to get out of the way before the Cages were open'd; for that as for himself, he knew the Lyons would do him no harm.

Nevertheless the Gentleman made a second attempt to divert *Don Quixote* from his extravagant design, putting him in mind how he tempted God in exposing himself to such an apparent danger. To all which *Don Quixote* answer'd him carelessly, that he knew what he did. Consider however what you do, reply'd the Gentleman, for assuredly you are under a very great mistake. I beseech ye Sir, reply'd *Don Quixote*, if you think there is so much danger, put Spurs to your Dapple, and make haste out of the way.

Sancho seeing the Gentleman could not prevail, would needs try a second time what he could do, and so coming up to his Master with Tears in his Eyes, besought him to desist from such a perillous Enterprize, to which the Adventures of the *Wind-mills* and the *Fulling-mills*, were but *Holy Thursday* skirmishes among the Boys; have a care Sir, quo he, there be no Inchantment in this case— Alack and well-a-day, Dear Master, I lookt into the Cages, and through the Cages, and by the Claws that I saw, the Lyon must be bigger then an Elephant, with the Castle and all upon his Back— What a thing is Fear! reply'd *Don Quixote*, 'twill make these Lyons

Lyons by and by as big as Mountains—go, go, poor *Sancho*, save one, save one—thou loofest time—if I fall in the Attempt, thou knowst our agreement—repair to *Dulcinea*—I say no more.

To these he added some other Expression's, which cut off all hopes of any accommodation between the Lyons and him. So that the Gentleman perceiving he did but wash a Blackamore white, and finding himself not in a Capacity to with-hold a Man by force, that he saw so well Arm'd and more furiously resolv'd, he set Spurs to his Mare, *Sancho* kickt his *Grizzle* with both Legs, and the Waggoner lasht on his Horses, every one striving to get out of the way as fast as they could, while *Don Quixote* lay cursing and swearing at the Keeper to open the Cages. Poor *Sancho* at the same time bewayld his Masters Death, as one that already fancy'd he saw him fast in the Lyons Paws, and the greedy Beast Banqueting upon his Witles Brains: he curs'd his ill fortune, and the Hour that engag'd him in the Service of such a Mad-man: and bemoaning the loss of his Time and his Islands, bad adieu to all the Pomp and Vanity of the World: but for all that he punch'd on his *Grizzle*, as one that had no mind as yet to be entomb'd in the Paunch of a Lyon, tho he were the King of Beasts.

Now when the Keeper saw that the Company were got far enough out of danger, once more he besought *D. Quixote*, that he might not be constrain'd to let forth these Terrible Animals upon him, using all the eloquence he had to persuade him not to expose himself to unnecessary Ruin. But all the answer he had was only a disdainful smile and a command to dispatch.

Now while the Keeper took time to open the first Cage, as one that would fain ha' been better employ'd, *Don Quixote* began to debate with himself whether to fight a foot or a Horse-back; and upon mature deliberation, considering that *Rosinante* might be frighted and miscarry, at the unwonted sight of such dreadful Creatures, he leapt from his Saddle, shoulder'd his Target, and with his Sword in his hand, and an undaunted Courage he fix'd himself just before the Door of the Cage, yet at such a distance that the Lyon might have room enough to take his Career, recommending himself to God at the same time, but invoking more heartily the assistance of his Mistress *Dulcinea*.

And here it was, that the Author of this History could not forbear bursting forth into a Passion, and in an Exstasy of wonder, make the following Exclamation. Oh! most intrepid Champion, Brave and Courageous *Don Quixote*, the bright Honour of *Mancha*, the Grand Exemplar of *Knight-Errantry*! what words and Epithites shall I now coyn to express thy Death defying Courage! What Language shall I borrow from the High-flown *Melpomene*, to convince succeeding Ages of the Truth of such a more then Human Enterprize! Where shall I find out Praises and Elogies, that will not be too mean for thy insuperable Valour? Thou all alone, a foot, with nothing but a Sword, and that none of your try'd *Bilbo's*, nor trenchant *Fox-blades* neither, but a poor sorry Ammunition Weapon, God wot, and a Shield not able to withstand the Shot of an Elder Gun, defy'st and dar'st the Savage force of two vast Lyons, more monstrous and more furious then ever roar'd within the *Lybian* Deserts. Then let thy own renown'd Exploits build up the Monument of thy Fame, for Posterity to gaze at: Let thy own Valour tell the wondering World what I want words to utter; which makes me break off thus abruptly.

And now it was, that the Keeper of the Lyons perceiving *Don Quixote* ready in his Gladiator's Posture, and fearing the Champions farther Indignation, set the Door of the first Cage wide open, where (I tremble to tell ye)

ye) lay a huge, monstrous, grum, spanisbruff'd Lyon, to which the *Nemean* Beast that *Hercules* kill'd, was a meer Kitten. The fowl Monster seeing the Door of his Prison open, the first thing he did was to rowl and tumble up and down, and wallow in his Straw; i' the next place he stretch'd out his massie Legs, and put forth his Claws of a prodigious length; after that he gap'd and yawn'd and shew'd his hideous Fangs, and when he had purg'd his Head with a dreadful Sneeze or two, with a foot and a half of broad Tongue, he lick'd and wash'd his Face and Eyes. After this pleasant Preludium, he thrust his Head quite out of the Cage, and with his Eyes resembling two live Coles of Fire, look'd round about him from his Chamber Window, to see what Weather it was, enough to have dismay'd all the seven Champions leagu'd to his Destruction. All which *Don Quixote* heedfully observ'd, and stood firm in expectation of his Adversary, impatient to be doing, and assur'd of Victory. But the generous Lyon, far more prudent then the vain glorious Hero, and perhaps contemning his Bravado's, after he had taken a little fresh Air, retir'd into his Cage, turn'd his Tail to the vapouring Knight, and layd himself fair and softly down again. Which, when *Don Quixote* beheld, he commanded the Keeper to provoke him with his Poking-stick, and to force him out whether he would or no. Not I upon my Life quo the Keeper, for all the Shoes i' your Shop, for if I raise his Passion, I'me sure to be his first Course. Besides, Sir, you have all the reason i' the world to be satisfi'd: you have put your Valour upon the Tenter-hooks: I defie all the Men i' the World to do so much as you ha' done; you gave your Enemy a fair Challenge; you waited for him; he fail'd: what could you do more, unless you intend to post him for a Coward? Body a' truth, Sir, what would ye have? he's vanquish'd, and you are the Victor.

Shut the Cage honest friend, quo *Don Quixote*, and give me a Certificate in due form: That is, How thou didst open the Cage for the Lyon to come forth, that I waited for his coming, that I gave him his own time, and that instead of meeting me, he only rose to stretch his Legs, and layd himself down again. I ha' done all that could be requir'd from me, and I am oblig'd to do no more. I say once more I ha' done my duty, and a fart for all the *Necromancers* i' the World—I ha' done my duty, and God bless *Knight-Errantry*—and therefore lock up thy Lyons again, while I go and hollow to these dastardly *Sneak-gooses*, and fetch 'em back again, to the end they may hear the Truth from thy own Mouth.

Thereupon the Keeper lockt up his Lyons without being twice bid, and *Don Quixote* fastning his Handkercher at the end of his Lance, hung out his white Flag, which he kept waving in the Air, as a signal for the Fugitives to return. At what time *Sancho*, spying the flourish'd Muckinder—I'll be hang'd quo he, if my Master have not kill'd the Kings Lyons, and now no ground will hold him—Stop Gentlemen, stop—my Master has done his business, he hollow's so chearfully—With that the Waggoner stopp'd, and the Gentleman, who led the Van i' the flight took up his Mare, and all perceiving *Don Quixote* flourishing his Ensign in the Posture of a Victor, they turn'd their Horses, and free from all their fears rode back to congratulate the Conquerour.

So soon as they were within easie hearing—Come on honest friend, quo *Don Quixote*, put thy Horses into the Waggon again, and pursue thy Journey; and *Sancho*, do thou give him two Pieces for his trouble in staying for my sake. Most willingly, quo *Sancho*, drawing his Purse—But I pray Sir, quo he, what are become of the Lyons? are they alive or dead?

dead? Then the Keeper of the Lyons observing his Cue, gave a true and perfect relation of the whole Action, with all the Advantage that might be on the Champion's side, extolling his Valour, and attributing the Cowardize of the Lyon, to the inward fear which he had of the Champion's Prowess, as knowing himself to ha' been a lost Lyon, had he ventur'd the Encounter.

Now *Sancho*, quo *Don Quixote*, what dost think on't? is not my Valour Incantment-proof? Your *Necromancers* perhaps may rob me of some part of the Victory? but they can never lessen my Courage.

In short the Waggoner being well satisf'd for his stay, put in his Horses and drove on with his Lyons, assuring *Don Quixote*, that he would spread abroad the fame of his Atchievements where e're he came; and that he would give the King himself an account of what he had so nobly perform'd, so soon as he came to Court. If His Majesty should chance to ask ye, reply'd *Don Quixote*, who the Person was, and what was his Name, you shall tell him 'twas the *Knight of the Lyons*; for hence forward I intend to be call'd the *Knight of the Lyons*, whereas before I call'd my self the *Knight of the Ill-favour'd Countenance*, according to the Ancient Custom of *Knight-Errants* in former times, who alter'd their Titles as they pleas'd themselves.

Thus the Waggoner drove on, and the Victorious Knight, the Gentleman and *Sancho* pursu'd their Journey with great silence. For the Gentleman was so employ'd in making his Observations upon *Don Quixote*, that he had not time to speak a word, not knowing what Opinion to have of a Person in whom he found at the same time so much Sense and so much Extravagance. For his Words were proper and well deliver'd, his Actions foolish, hair-brain'd and unadvis'd. But *Don Quixote* perceiving him in such a Brown-study, and conjecturing readily the reason of his Meditations; Sir, said he, I make no question, but you take me for a Hair-brain'd Fellow, or rather for a Madman that has lost his Wits, for by my Actions, 'tis impossible to think otherwise: but give me leave to tell ye, I am no such Fool as you take me for— You think it a fine sight to see a goodly Knight with his pamper'd Steed richly caparison'd, in the view of his Prince attacking a Wild Bull i' the Market-place, and happy that rational Creature of a Knight, that first has the good luck to dig out with his Lance the Bowels of that same poor irrational Beast, that never did him injury. You think it a goodly shew to see a Courtly Champion prancing about a Tilt-yard in sight of his Mistress, and all to run at a fenceless Ring, or break a Lance with an Adversary that will do him no wrong. You think such Knights as those that can shew their Activity at a Turnament, or caper highest before the Ladies at a Ball, to be the Ornaments of a Princes Court, while all they do, is nothing but for Sport and Recreation; but gi' me leave to tell ye, a *Knight-Errant* is much superior to any of these, perpetually in motion through Deserts, Solitudes, over Hills and Dales, o're Mountains and Vallies, and continually exposing himself to danger and hardship. I say, Sir, that *Knight-Errant*, who succours a Widow oppress'd in a Country Village, by far surmounts in Vertue, a Smell-smock Knight that do's nothing but Banquet and Coach about the Ladies i' the City. All Knights have their particular Employments. Let the Courtier wait upon his Mistresses, fill his Prince's Court with his Costly Liveries; let him allow poor Gentlemen a free access to his Table; let him be Liberal and Magnificent, give Sumptuous Entertainments; in all these things he complies with his Profession. But the Duty of a

Knight-

Knight-Errant is to traverse the World, to look danger i' the Face where e're he meet's it, to undertake all sorts of Adventures, and to attempt Impossibility it self. He despises Hunger and Thirst, the Rigor of the Weather, the Inconveniences of Climates and Seasons, he laughs at Lyons and Hobgoblins, it being the duty of his Profession upon all occasions to be ready to meet, to dare, to encounter, and overcome to the utmost of his Power; and not to suffer the least disturbance of the Peace, and Tranquillity of human Kind. And therefore since it has pleas'd my Destiny to rank me in the number of these *Knight-Errants*, it behoves me to perform my Duty, and to behave my self becoming my Profession. Which was the Reason, Sir, I durst not but attaque these Lyons, tho I knew it to be a piece of Rashness justly to be condemn'd; for I had rather the World should accuse me of Rashness then of Cowardize: and this is my Comfort, let 'em say what they will of me, there's nere a He that wears a Head can say I'm a flincher from Death it self, tho perhaps they may call me a Mad man. In good truth, Sir, quo the Gentleman, all that you do, and all that you speak fill's me full of Admiration, as being measur'd out by the Line of Reason; and I am perswaded, that if all the Laws of Chivalry-Errant were absolutely lost, they might be found again in your Breast, which seems to be the sole Chappel, wherein the Records, Charters and Evidences of that Order seem to be layd up. And so, Sir, let us put on, for the day begin's to waste, that we may get home in good time to my House; where I shall be glad to reap the benefit of that time, which you shall be pleas'd to afford me, in taking my poor Habitation for your own. You honour me with your obliging offers reply'd *Don Quixote*, and so putting on, they arriv'd within two hours at the Gentlemans House.

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T H E

THE
SECOND BOOK
OF THE
HISTORY of the most Ingenious
Don Quixote
DE LA
M A N C H A.

BOOK II.

CHAP. XVIII.

*What befell Don Quixote at the Knight of the Green Cassocks House,
with other extravagant Passages.*

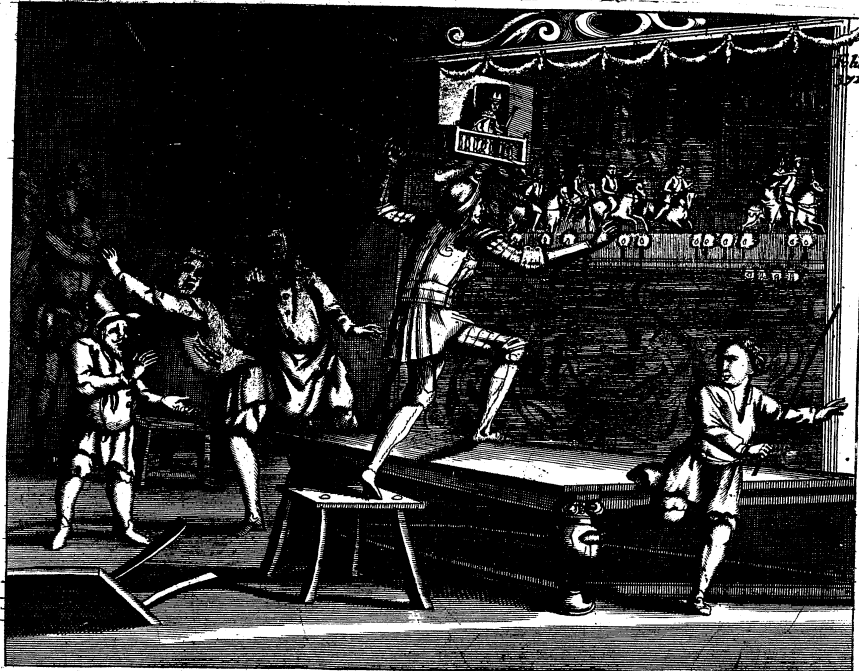
DON Quixote being come to the Gentleman's House, which he found to be very large and well Built, with the Ancient Arms of the Family over the Portal, and several Jars i' the Court, like those that were made at *Toboso*, the sight of which awaken'd in his mind the Remembrance of his Inchant'd *Dulcinea*, he began to fetch a deep Sigh; and never minding where he was, nor what Company stood next him, burst forth into a sudden Passion, crying out,

*When shall these Eyes of mine behold the Hour,
When she releas'd from Vile Inchanter's Power,*—

But he was interrupted in his Ecstasie, by the arrival of the Gentleman's Son leading his Mother in his Hand, who came to welcom her Husband Home; tho' not a little surpriz'd, to see what an extravagant Mortal her Husband had brought along with him. *Don Quixote* no sooner beheld her, but he threw himself from *Rosinante's* Back, and with his accusom'd Gravity saluted the Lady. Wife, said the Gentleman, this is *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, the most Prudent and Valiant Knight-Errant i' the World, and therefore give him a Welcome according to his Merit. Thereupon

B b b 2

Madam



Don Quixote's Encounter with the puppets. Page 427.



Don Quixote's Adventure of the Enchanted Bark. Page 427.

Madam *Christina* (for so was the Lady call'd) receiv'd him with a more than ordinary Civility; to which when the Knight had made his due Returns, he saluted the Son, between whom and the Knight there pass'd several most learned and unusual Complements; which put the young Student into a high conceit of his Parts. Afterwards *Don Quixote* being conducted into a fair Hall, *Sancho* help'd him off with his Armour; which being done, the Knight appear'd in a pair of close Breeches, and a Waistcoat of Shamoy Leather, all besmear'd with the filth of his rusty Armour; a plain Quaker-like Band, unstarch'd, about his Neck: upon his Legs he wore a pair of Leather Spatterlashes over his Stockings, which Heaven knows whether they were Yarn or Worsted; and upon his Feet a pair of Wax'd Shoes that had been often at the Cobblers: His Sword hung by his side in a Belt made of a Sea-wolf's Skin; for 'tis th' Opinion of many that he had been troubl'd with a *Gonorrhea* for several years. But the main of all his Bravery consisted in a long leaguer Drap de berry Cloak, that cover'd all the Rest.

The first thing he did was, to wash his Face and his Head, in five or six Pailfulls of Water, for as to the number of the Pailfulls there is some dispute; nor can you imagine what a Tincture the Whey still gave to the Water; thanks to that guttling Rascal his Squire, for buying the Curds that so besmear'd the inside of his Masters Helmet, and besides that, had so bematted his Hair, that they were forc'd to make use of a Main-comb before they could part it.

Now while *Don Quixote* was thus putting himself into Kelter, the Gentleman's Son having leisure enough, Sir, said he, to his Father, Who is this Person that you have pickt up upon the Road? My Mother and my self have been commenting this hour upon his Aspect, his Dress, his Name, but most of all upon the Title of *Knight-Errant*, which you give him, and were we both to be presently martyr'd, we cannot tell what to think of him. Son, quo *Don Diego*, (for that was the Gentleman's Name) thou hast puzzl'd me with a Question, I know not what answer to give thee. For he is a Man that speaks good Sense, and yet commits the greatest follies i' the World; tho by what I ha' both seen and heard, I believe his Whimsies exceed his Discretion. But do thou discourse him thy self, and then tell me thy own Opinion.

With that, Mr. *Laurence* (for that was also the Son's Name) went out to look for *Don Quixote*, whom he met returning out of the Yard into the Hall, smug'd up as spruce as an Onion, and as lively as a *Norfolk Tumbler*; where after the usual formalities were at an end, Sir, quo *Don Quixote*, I am glad to hear that you are the worthy Son of so worthy a Father; he has told me of the Excellency of your parts, but more especially that you are a great Poet. A Poet perhaps I may be, reply'd *Lorenzo*; but to be a good Poet, I never yet pretended. The truth is, I am a great Admirer of Poetry, and love to read good Authors; but that's all—my Father may say what he pleases. I like ye (Sir) the better, quo *Don Quixote*, for your Modesty, for a Poet should not be arrogant, nor have a high Opinion of himself. But pray, Sir, tell me, what Verses are those which your Father tells me you are at this very time so puzzl'd about? For I understand something, and if it be any thing of an exposition that you want, perhaps I may assist ye. But if it be a *Lampon*, I have nothing to say to't, for I hate that sort of Poetry mortally. Hitherto all's well, quo *Lorenzo* to himself, lets go on—You seem to me, Sir, reply'd *Lorenzo*, to have Study'd at the University; pray (Sir) to which

which of the Sciences did you apply your self most seriously? To that of *Knight-Errantry*, reply'd *Don Quixote*, which is ten thousand times better than all your Poetry. To tell ye truth, Sir, quo *Lorenzo*, I do not understand that Science at all, nor indeed did I ever hear talk of it before. 'Tis a Science, quo *Don Quixote*, that incloses in it self all the other Sciences i' the World. He that would profess it must be a Lawyer, and understand the Laws of Distributive and Commutative Justice: He ought to be a Divine to give a Reason of his Faith: It behoves him to be a Physician to understand the nature of Simples; for Surgeons do not hang out their Anatomy-signs in Desarts and Mountains: He ought to be a Master in Astrology, to understand the Motions and Influences of the Stars; how else shall he know what a Clock 'tis in a dark night upon *Westbury Plain*, or in what part of the World he is, and the difference of Climates? If he understands not the Mathematics, how shall he know what belongs to Fortifications, and many other things which are absolutely requisite for his Profession? In a word he must be adorn'd with all the Divine and Moral Vertues. To descend to trifles, he ought to know how to mend a Saddle; shoe a Horse; patch his Breeches; he ought to serve God and his Mistress inviolably; to be chaste in his thoughts, faithful in his promises; he ought to be Liberal, Valiant, indefatigably Laborious, patient in Adversity, charitable to the Poor, and a maintainer of Truth, tho it cost him his Life to defend it. These, Sir, are the Perfections that compose a *Knight-Errant*, and now be you a Judge, whether there be any Science that is to be compar'd with *Knight-Errantry*. If it be so, reply'd *Lorenzo*, I say this Science goes beyond 'em all. How d'ye mean, Sir, if it be so? quo *Don Quixote*. I mean, Sir, quo Mr. *Laurence*, that I do not believe there ever were, at least that now a days, there are i' the World any Knights so divinely accomplish'd as you speak of. Why, look ye now, quo *Don Quixote*, this is just as the generality of People talk; and 'tis an Opinion to which they are so wedded, that unless Heaven do work some particular Miracle a' purpose to convince 'em, that both formerly there were, and now there are *Knight-Errants*, a Man may as well baste Flints with Butter, as perswade 'em out of their ungodly misbelief. I shall not trouble my self at present, Sir, to convince ye of an Error that is grown so Common. All that I can do, is only to beg that favour of Heaven to enlighten our understandings, by letting us see the necessity of *Knight-Errants* in former Ages; and how advantageous they would be, if it were for nothing else but to scowre the Roads of Great Britain, where a Man cannot ride five mile out of Town, without being robb'd: how many men i' that Country might a good busie *Knight-Errant* save from the Gallows? But now it is, that for the Punishment of our sins, the Taverns and Coffee Houses increase, where Men guzzle and idle away their time, and that Effeminacy and Wantonness triumph over Industry and Sobriety. Indifferent well hitherto, quo *Lorenzo* to himself, there's no great hurt done yet; and yet so much, quo he to himself agen, that I should be a very dunce indeed to take thee for other than a Witty Fool.

Here they were interrupted by being call'd to Supper; at what time, *D. Diego* taking his Son aside, ask'd him what he thought of the Knight? I find, Sir, reply'd *Lorenzo*, that 'tis not in the power of ten Colledges of Physicians to cure his Distemper. He is a Mad-man past recovery, but yet a pleasant Mad-man, and one that has excellent Lucid Intervals.

Soon after, to Supper they went, fed heartily, and *Don Quixote* was highly pleas'd with his Entertainment; but he admir'd nothing so much

as the extraordinary silence which he observ'd throughout the whole House, which made him compare it in his own Thoughts to a Monastery of Carthusians.

After Cheese and Fruit comes nothing. So that at length the Cloth being taken away, Grace said, and Hands wash'd, *Don Quixote* began very earnestly to desire *Lorenzo* to shew him the Verses, that had occasion'd their Discourse before Dinner. To which *Lorenzo* reply'd, that he was none of *Horace's* Musitioners, that being desir'd to Sing, were as coy of their Voices, as a Whore of her first favours to a Cully; but undesar'd, were as free of their Tunes as a Thrush in a Summer Morning. First therefore, quo he to the Knight, I shew ye my *Theme*, 'tis a kind of a Riddle 'tis true; but as we whet our Knives upon hard Groundsels, in like manner we University youngsters, make use of Problems and Knotty Enigma's to sharpen our Wits. Hunph—quo *Don Quixote*, will these Laborious vanities be never left off, upon which when a young Man has spent a world of Fancy and fine Words, they are still but the waste of Time and signifie not a Rush—A friend of mine I remember, and a great Schollar once told me, he would rather put his Son to beat Hemp in Bridewell, wherein there was some Benefit to the Publick, then to this sort of unprofitable Brain-thrashing. Whims and Gimcracks are but the strainings and rackings of the Fancy to no purpose, while one crucifies his Brains to write an Elegy upon a Butter-flie drown'd in a Ladies Eye; where if there be not some strains above *Ela*, 'tis not worth a straw; as for example, the silly Butter-flie must be commended for its prudence in choosing it's Coffin—and then the Insect must be made to speak too, and acknowledge the Honour done it by *Phillis*, to weep at its death; she for whose sake twenty Lovers, Men of reason, dye in a morning not so much as sigh'd for. *Fair Inhumane*, cries another, *I cannot Live without seeing thee, nor see thee without Dying*. And was not he well employ'd, that upon a Present of Gloves to his Mistress, after long toying of his Invention, having taken away the G. found Love remaining? Or that other Accute Wit who unfolded this profound Mystery;

*He that Loves Glafs without a G,
Take away L. and that is He.*

But much more cunning was he that snipt off *Hop* from *Archbisch*—because the *Archbishop* sent him no *Drink* to his Fish. Of the same sort are your silly Emblems and Devices, that cost Men a great deal of Brain-labour to nothing of valuable Benefit. For example, you would give a Lady to understand that Fire spoils her Complexion, and therefore you would have her hold a Screen in her hand to preserve her Beauty. To this purpose, you introduce *Mars* who comes to visit *Venus* in the Winter-time. Well—but *Venus*, willing to have a Testimony of her Conversation in the Room, she must have one of the Graces standing by her. Then comes *Vulcan* in an Angry posture threatning to strike the Lady, which signifies the Fire that endammages her Complexion: at what time *Cupid* interposing with his Wings display'd between *Vulcan* and *Venus*, does the Office of a Screen. What a world of Poetry would this Invention take up in explanation, and yet when all's done, fit for nothing but to be thrown its self into *Vulcans* Fire. I could shew ye several new *French Enigma's*, study'd a' purpose to puzzle and dizzie the Brains of young Gentlemen, as ridiculous as some of their Fashions, but—Ay, but Sir, we poor Country

try Schollars are not so Critical, as you that converse with all the Court Wits, and Language-refiners of the Age—Pardon me, Sir, quo *Don Quixote*, I do not say but that a Person of your extraordinary parts and breeding, may be right in the choice both of your *Theme* and the *Comment* upon it; and therefore I am ready to lend ye all the Attention imaginable, not doubting but that your pains will answer my Expectation. With that *Lorenzo* produc'd his *Theme* and his *Comment*, telling *Don Quixote* withall, that the Gentleman that sent him the *Theme* was as proud of his conceit, as if he had found the Philosophers Stone.

The THEME.

WAS is, WAS was, WAS will be, WAS was not;
IS is; IS is not WAS; IS goes to Pot,
One flies, One stays; Both flye, Both stay; The toyle
Will be, this Paradox to Reconcile.

The GLOSS.

Nere talk of Reconciliation, Friend,
You may as well, with equal labour lost,
Unite the Turk and Independent;
Ent; For Inconstancy rules all the World;
While Men, in Fortunes Blanket tost,
From one Extream are to another Hurl'd.
A Man to day, a Mouse to morrow;
To day a Lender, next day forc'd to borrow.
Some purchase, others sell;
Where such before, now other Races dwell.
Fortune a' top of all the Hill,
Seems a' one side to crane up Men in Haste;
But tumble's em, a' t'other, down as fast.
Thus WAS and IS,
Through Times Abyss,
In dayly motion range, without Controwle,
As through the Deep the Restless Billows rowle.

II.

He WAS a Man, whose word or single Bond,
Upon th' Exchange wou'd fetch Ten thousand Pound;
He WAS a Man, that had his Prince's Ear,
Whom all Men therefore did respect or fear:
He WAS a Captain, Coll'nel, one that row'd,
In heaps of All-or-coming Gold.
He WAS a Lovely, Modish, Proper Squire,
That set all Lady's Breasts on fire;
And with a Veni, vidi, vici,
He storm'd and won all Hearts, tho nere so Icie.
He WAS so eager at the Sport,
That He put in, at every Port;
Nor Lewd, nor Honest scap'd his heat, if Any
Cou'd in the Town be got for Love or Money:

He WAS a Spark made all the Tavern's roare,
Whom Scriveners Capt, and Vintners did adore:
He WAS a Lively Batchelour, free to range,
Where e're he minded to look out for change:
All This WAS once, and now if WAS were still;
WAS was, WAS is, and WAS could nere be ill.

But what says IS?

III.

The Merchant IS undone, not worth a Groat;
Retir'd within White-Fryer's or the Mint:
At Court the Favorite's out of Date,
Degraded and dismiss'd in Print.
The Scarlet Officer now sees his Folly,
And poor in Pocket, rich in Face,
Makes private Ale-debauches in Ram Alley
For fear of City-Serjeants Mace.
Monfieur Adonis, now grown Old and feeble,
Emulsions of another sort desires
To cool his burning Bones, and gouty Fires.
And He that flew at every Wench
His Amorous Heat to quench,
IS now enchanted with a virulent Clap,
And Money-less, wants cure for his Mishap:
The Spark that made the Tavern's roar,
The Tavern's cry, IS now grown poor;
And well they may; for having spent
The Purchase of his Father's Toyl,
Vintner and Scrivener now divide the Spoil.
Nay, the nooz'd Batch'lour's at length come to't;
Marry'd, Henpeck'd, and Cuckol'd too, to boot.
Thus WAS was once, now 't IS, and IS
Will be; for from such Hell's as These
Vestigia nulla retrorsum.

IV.

Now bring it to the Female Sex,
More ugly most, then made in Wax.
If rude deformity sit on her Brow,
Whether small Pox or Nature made her so;
Or if before fifteen she lost
The Jewell Women so much boast;
When none before could have reproach'd her
Till such a One debauch'd her.
Here WAS will still be IS: for once a Whore
And always so; You find it by Jane Shore.
Then for the Foule, they'l never mend,
Tho for a need they sometimes may befriend.
When she's a Miss,
To dally with and Kifs,

And

And her Adorer thinks it much
Her Glistering Shoos the ground shou'd touch:
Then IS is IS. When layd aside,
And forc'd to pawn her pride,
She falls to Chamber-practtice for her Bread,
Then WAS prevails in IS's stead.
But Oh! when Twenty comes to be Threescore;
In IS she ends, and WAS will be no more.
Thus WAS and IS
Through Times Abyfs
In dayly Motion range without Controwle;
As through the Deep the Restless Billows Rowle.

Lorenzo having thus made an end of reading his Theame and his Comment, Don Quixote started briskly up upon his Legs, and squeezing Lorenzo by the Hand; Most generous youth, quo He, transported with admiration, Before George you are the best Poet that ever I met with, and deserve to be Crown'd, not with Lavender Cotton in Cyprus, nor with Neapolitan Roses at Gaietta, as a scurvy Poet said, whom Heav'n forgive; but with Leaves of gilt Laurel, and that by all the Free Grammar Schools in Europe. And may those Judges that deny this honour to your Merit, nere find a Bookseller to Print their Poems; may Phoebus tear out their Gut's to string his Harp, and may neither Melpomene nor Polyhymnie, nor any of the Nine ever give ear to 'em, let 'em bawl nere so loud i' their Prologues. At the same time Don Quixote besought Lorenzo, to give him a taste of his more lofty Contemplations, not doubting but that a Genius so accomplish'd, soard above the ordinary flight of Riddle me, Riddle me. And now to see the force of Adulation! that subdues both High and Low, Rich and Poor, Young and Old, Learned and Unlearned; for Lorenzo was so tickl'd, and so puffed up with Don Quixote's Flattery, that the Knight might have had his Heart out of his Body, had it been a Copy of Verses: So charming a thing is applause, tho from the Lips of Mad-men and Fools more foppish then themselves. So have we seen an Aspiring Poet, repeating whole Scenes of his high-flown Tragedies in an Ale-house, to next Oares and Scullers, meerly to have himself admir'd by those that understood him not. Lorenzo therefore not able to refuse Don Quixote any thing, to sweeten his Mouth, presented him with this following Macaroon, upon Pyramus and Thisbe.

I.

THE fair Virago thunder's down the Wall,
That made a Breach to Pyramus's Breast;
Wide as the far-fam'd Breadth of Priam's Hall,
Where He Dardanian Youth was wont to Feast.
Streight through the Breach the Son of Venus posted,
To tell how Heroe's for Love of Hero rosted.

II.

Broad was the Breach, and yet the Breach was narrow,
Broad as Vespasian's Wall, and yet so streight
As hardly to give entrance to a Sparrow;
Or had I said a Fly, it had been right.

C c c

For

*For I Love's wonders sing, then wonder not,
To hear such wonders by the Wondrous Cupid wrought.*

III.

*At this same broad, streight, spacious, Leetle hole,
Through speaking Tube, the God of Love bespake
With a Loud Whisper, the Brave Hero's Soul;
And drowse Love, did sleeping Rage awake:
The Hero rowz'd, twist Love and Wrath provok'd,
And in his Anger wish'd the Challenge-bearer choak'd.*

IV.

*Mean while the Valiant Damsel, doubly hot;
With Love and Fury to her Ruin speeds:
Her Rage remembers what Her Love forgot,
And down drops Hero where the Damsel bleeds.
Ye Gods! the Story's done—and now what more?
What more? no more, but only that the Story's o're.*

The ELEGY.

*Here lyes a Loving Pair,
Kill'd in despaire,
Yet unavare;
How ere they fought with Chevie-Chace good Will,
And fore-thought Malice for to Kill.
One Sword, one Grave, one Garagantuan strain,
Kills, Covers, and Restores
'em Both to Life again.*

No sooner had Lorenzo made an end, but with his Hands uplifted to the Skies; Blest be the whole Catalogue of *Hesiod's* Gods, quo *Don Quixote*, that among the whole Croud of Men of *Rhapsody*, have now brought me to the Quintessence of *Rhapture* it self.

And now had our noble both Champion and Poet, been highly carefs'd and entertain'd at *Don Diego's* House, for four days together. At the end of which, calling to mind the old Proverb, *Guests and Fish of three days old grow stale*, he thought it high time to take his leave and shift his Pasture. To which end he summon'd up all his Courtship, return'd a Thousand Thanks to *Don Diego*, ten thousand to his Lady, and five thousand to his Son; vowing withal, that nothing should have separated him from such good Entertainment and such good Company, but the Regret which he had to lie so long idle. He besought 'em therefore to pardon him, if he harken'd to the Duty of his Profession that call'd him to Action; beside that he had dreamt the night before of strange Adventures, that implo'd his Presence and Assistance. *Don Diego* and his Son *Lorenzo* applauded his Resolution; and so embracing each other they took their Leaves.

C H A P. XIX.

Of the Adventure of the Amorous Shepherd, and several other things.

True it is that *Sancho* had no mind to change his Quarters; he lik'd good Vittles, good Drink, and a good Bed in a Hospitable Gentlemans House, much better then to lye without Sheets, and to feed with the Beasts of the Field upon Grasse and Herbs, in Deserts and Forrests; which made him very loth to remove. However to make the change of his Condition as comfortable as he could, he made such fair weather with the Gentlemans Butler, that he cramb'd his Wallet as long as he could thrust in a bit, resolving not to want as long as that would hold; for he had learnt of the Water-mans Mother, to lay up against a rainy day, where-ever opportunity offer'd it self.

And now *Don Quixote* full of soaring thoughts, and *Sancho* well Vittled, were jogging on fair and softly, and were got about four or five Miles from the Gentlemans House, when they overtook four Travailers upon the Road, neither well nor badly Mounted. Two of the Men look'd like Schollers, the other two like Husband-men. One of the foremost carry'd a Couple of Foils and a pair of Pumps. As for the Husbandmen they had their Wallets full of Provisions, and seem'd to have been at Market. But both Schollers and Farmers fell into the same Admiration as all others did, that ever beheld him, and were impatient to know who this same Iron Gentleman should be, that appear'd in such a Figure and Posture so different from all other Mortal Men. *Don Quixote* saluted 'em, and perceiving that their Road lay the same way, he offer'd 'em his Company; however he desir'd 'em not to ride too hard for him, in regard his Horse was not much addicted to fly; and to oblige 'em the more, he discover'd to 'em who he was, his Employment and Profession; that he was a *Knight-Errant*, one that travers'd the World in search of Adventures, that he was call'd in his own Country *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, but that lately he had giv'n himself the Title of the *Knight of the Lyons*. All this was Heathen Greek to the Countermen, but not to the Schollers, who presently perceiv'd that the Knight had a plague hole in the fore part of his Scull. Nevertheless they look'd upon him with no less respect then Wonderment, and perhaps there might be something of fear i' the Case; for as he was Elderly, so was there, I must tell ye, both awe and Terror in his Countenance. However it were, one of the Schollers, observing his distance; Sir Knight, said he, if your business be only to seek Adventures, I suppose you are never out of your way; and therefore if you will be pleas'd to go along with us, we will carry ye to a Wedding, one of the most Sumptuous and Magnificent that have been in these parts for many Years. Is there any Princess to be Marry'd here about, quo *Don Quixote*? No Princess, reply'd the Scholler, but a Farmers Daughter, a most delicate Buxome Girl as ever you saw, to a young Farmer, the Richest in all the Countrey. The Preparations are extraordinary and altogether unusual, the Wedding being to be kept in a Meadow nere the Village where the Bride Lives, who by reason of her Beauty is call'd all over the Countrey *Maudlin* the Fair, and he *Martin* the Brave. He is about two and twenty

years of Age, and she draws toward eighteen. In a word they are well met, only some Fools that have all the Pedigrees i' the World i' their Heads, and will be prating, say, that *Maudlin* comes of a better Family than *Martin*: But that's nothing, wealth will hide small faults. This same *Martin*'s as free as a Prince, and is resolv'd to spare for no cost. He will cover all the Meadow with one Arbour of Boughs to keep out the tell tale Sun: there shall be all the Fiddlers and Minstrels i' the Countrey: and all manner of Pastimes and Recreations, as Dauncing, Jumping, Hot-cockles, moulding of Cockle bread, Stool-ball and Cudgel Playing; there shall be all the Milk-maids, far and nere jogging their Breeches, with their Pails drest up with Garlands and Silver Tankards. There shall be *Hall* and his Fellows to daunce upon the Ropes, *Lancaster* and his Gang for juggling Tricks; and the *German* with his Cards. There will be all the *Jack-puddings* and *Merry-Andrews* to be got for Love or Money; and lastly there will be your Bear-Garden Exercises of all sorts, wherein you may come in for a share. But that which will surprize ye most, will be the appearance of the poor Disconsolate *Nicka-Demus*, whom they call *Basil*. Who the Devil's that *Basil*? quo *Don Quixote*. Why Sir, this *Basil*, quo the Student, is a rich Farmer too, that lives next Door to *Maudlin* the Fair. They two lov'd one another from Chicken's: But *Maudlin*'s Father not believing him to be rich enough for his Daughter, when he was grown up, and that his Daughter began to be ripe, deny'd the young Lad his wonted access to his House, and to deprive *Basil* of all his hopes, huddl'd up a Match between *Maudlin* and *Martin*, who indeed is the more wealthy of the two; but in all other things no more to compare with Honest *Basil*, then a Sowgelder with a Lord of a Mannour. For he is by much the handfomer of the Two, and as active as a *Norfolk* Tumbler: For he will pitch a Bar the length of *Cheapside*; will kick ye a Camping-ball over *Salisbury* Spire; he shall out-play *Lomax* at Nine-Pins; he will run like a Greyhound in a Paddock Course, leap like a Cat, sing like a Lark, fiddle like a Barber, and for a Prize-Player there's no Body dares take him up.

Had he no other Excellency then only that, reply'd *Don Quixote*, he's a Husband not only for *Maudlin* the Fair, but for *Queen Guenever* her self, were she now alive, in despite of Sir *Lancelot* or any other that durst oppose him. My Wife for that, cry'd *Sancho*, who till then had not open'd his Lips, she's for every Body to Marry according to their degree, according to the Proverb, *Like Blood, like Good, like Age make the Happiest Marriage*; and another of the same Nature, *Every Sow to her own Trough*; I say my friend *Basil* (for methinks I begin already to love him) shall marry Madam *Maudlin*, and so God give 'em joy: but the Devil take them that spoyle a good Match between those that love one another.

If all that fell in love one with another should marry, quo *Don Quixote*, what would become of the Authority of Parents? If young Girls might have their own wills in the choice of Husbands, we should have rare Breeds y'faith; while one marry'd her Fathers Footman, another his Butler, a third would run away with the Thresher i' the Barn, for the sake of something she discover'd through the Tatters of his Breeches: and a fourth that had study'd *Physiognomy*, would bequeath her self to the next she met i' the Street for the love of his Roman Nose. For when the more terrestrial Part of Love overrules our Reason, we choose like blind Folks or People in the dark. Yet I must tell thee *Sancho*, there is not any concern of our own that requires us to muster up all our Wits together, so much as that

that of Marriage. For a Woman is no such sort of ware that a Man may be rid of when he pleases; sick or well she sticks to a Man; be she better be she worse, 'tis all one: Wedlock's a Gordian Knot, which only the Fatal Sisters can clip afunder with their Scissars. I could preach a longer Sermon upon Marriage, *Sancho*, added *Don Quixote*, but that I am so eager to know what the Gentleman has more to inform us in reference to the Story of this unfortunate *Basil*.

All that I have to say, reply'd the Student, is this, that when *Basil* understood that *Maudlin* was to be marry'd to *Martin*, he fell into a deep Melancholy, which might indeed be rather call'd a dozing frenzy; you might as well ha' pull'd out one of his Teeth, as a word out of his Mouth; ask him a Question and he stares i' your face like a Man har'd out of his sleep; he has never been seen so much as to smile since; he hardly eats enough to keep the Orifice of his Stomach open, drinks less; never goes to bed, but fetches short naps now and then i' the Fields upon the Grass: he sighs like the Hinge of a Door for want of oyling; sometimes he lifts his Eyes to the Heavens, then fixes 'em upon the Ground; and in either Posture stands as if he were in an Ecstasie, like a meer Statue. In short he is reduc'd to that Condition, that we that are his Neighbours, believe, he will immediately expire so soon as he hears that *Maudlin*'s marry'd. High Heav'n forbid, quo *Sancho*; come, come, God that gives the Wound, will send the Cure: who knows what will happen, I'm sure no body here. There are several hours between this and to morrow—The House that has been many years a Building may fall in a Moment. How many times have I seen it Rain and Shine at the same Instant? Many a Man goes found to Bed, and is found dead the next Morning. Who is he, I pray, that can boast, he ever drove one nail into Fortune's Wheel? Let me see the Man and I'll give him a *White Black-bird* for his pains. As for a Woman's *I* and *No*, I would not undertake to put the point of a Needle between 'em. But let me see the Man that will undertake to bauke *Martin*, and procure the fair *Maudlin*'s Affection for *Basil*, and I'll give him a Sack full of Benedictions: For Love as I have heard say, see's through Spectacles that make Copper look like Gold, and Cherry-stones like Pearls.

In the Name of ill luck, *Sancho*, quo *Don Quixote*, whither art thou a running on with a pox to thee?—That cursed Clack of thine, when 'tis once got a Threading a Proverbs and Old Wives Sayings, not the Pope himself could hold it, tho' he had it under the Penalty of present Excommunication: I would fain know, Beast as thou art, what thou knowst of Fortune or any thing else, that thou should'st thus go about to put a Spoke in her Wheel? Nay, Sir, if ye don't understand me, reply'd *Sancho*, no wonder my Sentences are despis'd. But what's that to the Purpose! I understand 'em my self, and I'm sure, I ha' spoken nothing but what might become the Recorder of a City: But you love always to Trowle my Words and my Actions—Trowle ye Rascal! quo *Don Quixote*, *Controule* thou woud'st say, confounded Corrupter of human Speech, the Pestilence rot thy Tongue out for it.

Death o' the Devil, quo *Sancho*, what makes ye so angry, Sir? You know that I was never bred up at Court, nor at the University, to understand when I murder a hard Word. Heaven's blefs us would, ye have a *Farmer of Westmerland* speak like an Inn's a Court Gentleman? and yet you shall hear some of them too, that cannot forget the *Twang* of the Country where they were born. 'Tis very true, quo the Batchelour (for it seems of the two Schollars, the one was a Batchelour, the other a Student)

dent) and more then that, your meaner sort of People in Cities where they speak the most refinedly i' the whole Nation, never talk so politely, as the Gentry and Men of Breeding, that are always improving the Language. For my part, quo the Student, I ha' been bred a Scholler, and know how to exprefs my self in proper Terms. Indeed, quo the Batchelour, you might ha' been a Scholler and a Master of Art by this; but you minded the Fencing-School more then your Book. Hark ye, Hark ye, Mr. Batchelour, quo the Student, y'are the most mistaken Man i' the world, to think it a frivolous thing for a Man to learn to Fence. 'Tis no fancy of mine, quo the Batchelour, but a real truth, and easily prov'd; and tho' it were not so, yet I will undertake to make you confess it presently. You ha' got two Foils there; come but off your Horse, and try all your Fencing-School Tricks and Lessons, observe your Circles and Angles, yet for all that, if I don't with one device that Nature has taught me, shew ye the Stars at noon day, I'll be bound to eat the Hilt. I defy that Man alive, that can force me to turn my back; on the other side I know not that Man living, but I'll undertake to make him give ground.

As for turning your back, reply'd the Student, I ha' nothing to say to't: but it may be your bad fortune nere to stir your Foot from the place where you first set it, if you meet with a Man of skill. I'll trye that, quo the Batchelour; and with that leaping from his Horse, he snatch'd away one of the Student's Foils, and put himself into a Posture.

Hold there, quo *Don Quixote*, I am Master of this School; there shall be nothing but fair play here—and with that presently alighting from *Rosinante's* Back, with his Launce in his Hand, he posted himself in the midst between the two Antagonists, till both were ready. And then it was that the Student advanc'd briskly up to the Batchelour, and the Batchelour with fire in his Eyes ran furiously to meet the Student; while the two Farmers and *Sancho* kept their Saddles at a distance to behold the Combat.

Infinite were the stoccado's, foines, thrusts, down right cleavers, and Back-blows which the Batchelour offer'd at the Student; he laid on like a Lyon, and follow'd his stroaks, as he had been a Bear-Garden Butcher. But the Student never quitting his ground, so well put by his Thrusts, and warded off his Backsword play, that he made him ever and anon kiss the Button of his Foil, as it had been a Relick, but not with half the Devotion. In short the Student so exactly counted the Buttons of his Cassock, that he made the Skirts of his Doublet fly about like Fish Tails, the Batchelour all the while not being able so much as to touch him. The Student struck off the Batchelours Hat twice, made him puff and blow, and tyr'd him out at length in such a manner, that out of meer rage and vexation, he took the Foil as he held it by the Hilt, and flung it, as one of the Farmers afterwards made Affidavit, above three quarters of a League; which Affidavit was thereupon fil'd, that Posterity might know how much strength goes beyond Art.

And now the Batchelour stood still a while to rest himself, when *Sancho* approaching him, Mr. Parson, quo he, henceforward take a fool's advice and never challenge a Man to Fence, but to pitch the Bar, or to a Match at Foot-ball; for you are well made for those sports: But for these Fencers, let 'em alone; I have heard say, they can hit the Eye of a Needle with the very point of their Weapons. I submit, quo the Batchelour, nor do I repent to find that experience has convinc'd me of my Errour. And so saying

saying the Student and he most lovingly embrac'd each other, and became as great Friends as ever.

After that they all mounted again and hasten'd toward *Madam Mandilins* Village. But tho it were dark before they could reach it, there was such an infinite number of Lights hung abroad in every part, that the whole Compass of the Village seem'd to be one Skie, all full of Stars: Nor were their Ears less pleas'd with the delightful but confus'd sounds of several sorts of Musick. The Bells rang forward and backward; the Weights toated; the Flutes and Recorders Hoop't; the Fifes and Flag-lets were merrily shrill; the Fiddles struck up; Tabors and Pipes put in for a share; nor would the small Morrice-bells be drown'd, but gave notice that the Dancers were no less active with their Heels, then the Musicians with their Fingers. All which were but preparations for the Solemnities of the next day, destin'd for the Nuptials of *Martin the Brave*, and the Funerals of the unfortunate *Basil*.

Don Quixote would by no means enter the Village, tho earnestly invited by the Student and the Farmers, and notwithstanding all that *Sancho* could do to persuade him. For he still alleadg'd, that it was contrary to the Ancient Custom of *Knight-Errants*, who rather chose to sleep under Heaven's Canopie, in the wild Forrests, then in soft Beds, tho under Roofs of Gold. Thereupon he betook himself to a private Covert for that Night, full fore against *Sancho's* will, who had not yet forgot the pleasing Convenience of *Don Diego's* House and Entertainment.

C H A P. XX.

Containing very strange Accidents, as well in reference to *Martin the Brave*, as *Basilius the Poor*.

N O sooner had the Bright *Aurora* dismiss'd bright *Phæbus* from her dewie Arms, with the heat of his burning rayes to dry up the Pearls that hung upon his dishevell'd Locks, when the Incomparable *Don Quixote*, the Irreconcilable Enemy of sloath, got up upon his Legs, and went to call his Squire. But finding him buried in a profound sleep, and snoring as if he had snor'd for a Wager, reflecting upon his Condition; O happy Thou, quo he, above all that live upon the Face of the Earth: Thou that neither envying nor being envy'd, so quietly reposest in the sweet Arms of sleep, free from the Persecutions of Incanters and Incantments. Snore happy Man, I say a hunder'd times snore on: No jealousies of mistrusted Lady distract thy Brains; no hunder'd Pounds to pay, nor foresight of inevitable want harra'ss thy pleasing Rest; Ambition nere torments thy wakeful thoughts; the Pomp and Vanity of this frail World nere crucifie thy thinking Soul; nor are thy Boundless Desires turmoyl'd and toss'd with the continual Hurricanes of Fury and Impatience: Thy cares are narrowly confin'd only to see thy *Grizzle* fed, while the Charge of thy Person lies wholly upon my shoulders, that am thy Master, whom Nature and Custom obliges to make Provision for thy subsistence. The Servant sleeps securely while the Master has no leisure to close his Eyes, but must labour day and night to recompence his Services. Tho the Heav'ns refuse the Earth their generating Dew,

Dew, and more impregnating Showrs, what minds the Servant the Afflictions of his Master to fill his craving Stomach, as well in time of Famine as Abundance?

To all this *Sancho*, sleeping as sound as a tyr'd Beagle in a Chimney Corner, and snoring like an Ostler, answer'd not a word; nor would he have wak'd so soon, had not his Master rows'd him with two or three good flaps with the end of his Lance; at what time *Sancho* opening his Eye-lids half way, after he had gap'd and yaun'd and stretch'd forth his Legs as he lay upon his Back; Methinks, quo he, I smell a pleasing perfume of broil'd Bacon, that strangely comforts my Nostrils this Morning—now would I give all the precious Odours of a Poet's Sweet-scented Mistress for one Rasher—Steaks, Steaks, by this round Belly o' mine—a Steak upon the Coals there's nothing like it—And by my Holiness, I'll speak one word for all, this must be a Generous Wedding it begins so favourily.

Get up then Lazy Glutton, quo *Don Quixote*, get up—*The Fox that sleeps till noon nere Feathers his Tongue*—Time calls us to the Nuptials, and I long to see the Disdain'd *Basilus*. Let him be hang'd, reply'd *Sancho*, if he be poor; what should a poor fellow dream of Lac'd Petticoats for? 'Tis very true, let the Moon lose one Quarter and shee'll fall from the Clouds—But y' good faith Sir, my Opinion is this, that he who is poor should stay at home in his Cor, and not gad abroad to seek for Muskmelons i' the Sea. He hold ye one of my Arms, and that's a fools wager, that Mr. *Martin the Brave* is able to spend all *Basil's* Estate at a Breakfast, and be nere the worse; and d' ye think that Madam *Maudlin* will quit her Gold Fring'd Petticoats, her Necklaces of Pearl, her Rich Points, her Coach and Horses, to marry a Fellow with whom she must knit, or make Children's Coats for a Living. What signifies his Pitching the Bar, or his Art of Foyning? His capering the Compleat Dancing Master quite through, will it pay for one Pint of Wine at the Tavern? If your Activities and your Accomplishments will not pass for current Coyne; if they won't go to Market and pay the Butcher and Poulterer, may they be the Lord of *Noland's* Portion for me: tho I confess that where they light upon a Man that has Money, they do very well together. He that builds upon a strong Foundation builds a good House; and Money is the best Foundation i' the World. For Heav'n's sake, *Sancho*, cry'd *Don Quixote*, prithee come to a Conclusion; I my Conscience, werr't thou let alone when thy Tongue's upon the Gallop, thou wouldst hardly allow thy self Time to eat or sleep. But that your Memory fails ye, Sir, reply'd *Sancho*, you would not ha' so soon forgot our last Agreement, that I should always talk till I thought fit to leave off, provided I said nothing in prejudice of my Neighbour, nor of Madam *Dulcinea*; how is it then that you who pretend to so much honesty, thus break your Contract? I remmeber no such Agreement, quo *Don Quixote*; and tho it were so, I never yielded thou shouldst hinder business with thy Twatling—and therefore saddle *Rosinante* and follow me: For the loud Musick that fills my Ears, tells me there must be something more then ordinary.

Thereupon *Sancho* said no more, but saddl'd *Rosinante*, and having laid on his own Pack-saddle upon *Grizzle*, away they both rode softly toward the Arbour, where the first thing that blest the sight of over-joy'd *Sancho*, was a whole Steer, spitted upon a whole Elm; there were twelve *Turn-broaches* at each end to turn it, and the Fire that Roasted it you would ha' sworn had been a Mountain of Charcoal; over which hung no less then sixteen

sixteen huge Iron Pots large enough to hold a dozen Legs of Mutton at a time, with their Colly flowres to boot, and all full of Neats Tongues and Udders, Pidgeons and Bacon, Westphaly Hams, Pullets, and boyld Hanches, some quite, some half ready, others newly put in. The Capons, Green Geese, and Fowl of all sorts in Season; Lobsters, Sea crabs, Jowls of Salmon, Rands of Sturgeon were without number; heaps of Whitebread like the Cannon Bullets that lie at the Tower: the Cheefes pil'd up made such a beautiful Fortification, that he would gladly a' been the first that should ha' ventur'd his Body to assail it; Spice and Sugar lay ready for use in whole Chests, neer to which stood lakes of Oyl to supply the waste of Fry'd Meats and Sallat's: And then for Drink, *Sancho* told no less then threescore Punchins, each containing thirty Gallons a piece; there were no less then twelve little Pigs with Puddings i' their Bellies, fow'd up i' the Paunch of the Steer to give it a Relish: And to dress all this Provision no less then fifty Cooks besides *Tenders*. So that altho the Feast were not so Courtly nor *Alamode de France*, yet was there so much Plenty as might ha' serv'd to ha' fed an Army.

Sancho beheld all this with wonder and admiration, and almost enchanted with the variety and pleasure of the Show, would often smile and lick his Lips as he rode along. The first Temptation that enthrall'd his senses were the Pots upon the Fire, next to that he became enamour'd of the Punchins and Dry'd Tongues, but the Scent of the Fritters and Tanseys put him into such an Agony, that he could no longer forbear, but addressing himself to one of the Cooks with all the smooth and hungry Arguments he had, besought him that he might only sop a Crust that he had in one of his Kettles. Friend, quo the Cook, nothing like Hunger rules within this place to day—thanks to the noble *Martin* for his Bounty—And therefore alight thy self, take a Ladle where thou canst find one, fetch out a whole Fowl or two, and much good do thee—I see nere a Ladle big enough, quo *Sancho*: 'Slife quo the Cook, I never saw such a silly Fellow i' my life; and so saying, he took a new Frying-pan, and thrusting it into one of the great Caldron's, brought up three Pullets and two Geese at one heave—Here friend, quo he, make a shift with that Scum to stay thy Stomach till Dinner. God reward ye, quo *Sancho*; but where shall I put it?—Put it, quo the Cook—take Frying-pan and all, there's nobody will grutch it thee—

At the same time *Don Quixote*, whose thoughts were otherwise employ'd, saw twelve young Farmers Sons i' their Holiday Jackets come riding in under the Boughs, upon Barbary Mares, both themselves and their Horses all bedeckt and set forth with Madam *Maudlin's* Favours. These twelve rid about the Meadow with their Prancing Mares, crying out, *Joy and long Life to the Bridegroom and Bride, the Noble Martin the Brave*, no less wealthy then Madam *Maudlin* is beautiful, and she the fairest i' the World. Which *Don Quixote* hearing, ah! quo he to himself, these People never saw my *Dulcinea del Toboso*; for if they had, certainly they nere would cry up Madam *Maudlin* thus, like a Company of Buz-zards.

Soon after at several other parts of the spacious Arbour, enter'd a great Number of Dancers; and among the rest four and twenty young well favour'd brisk Lads, in their Half-shirts of fine white Holland, with their Handkerchifes of vary colour'd Silk wound about their Heads, and crown'd with Lawrel and Chestnut-branches, carrying every one a Sword i' their Hands. These danc'd a Military dance, and skirmish'd one

with one another in mood and measure, that *Don Quixote* was mightily taken with the sport.

Nor was he less surpriz'd at the sight of a Company of young Virgins none under fourteen, and none above eighteen, clad in slight Green, with their Hair partly filleted up with Ribbons, and partly dangling loose about their Shoulders, wearing Garlands of Jasmine, Roses, and Woodbines. These tript it about and danc'd a hundred jumping Galliards, to an Instrument like our *Lancashire* Horn-pipe, with that dexterity and nimbleness of Foot, as if they had every one been born in *Wake-time* under a *May-pole*. An other fort there were that could shake their Heels al-a-mode. This Company consisted of two Rows, of eight *Nymphs* apiece; the one led by *Cupid* with all his accoutrements, the other by *Money* clad in a rich Vestment of Gold and Silver; The *Nymphs* that follow'd Love, were *Poesie*, *Wisdom*, *Nobility* and *Courage*. Those that follow'd Riches, were *Liberality*, *Reward*, *Treasure*, and *Peaceable Possession*. Before 'em there came a Castle drawn by four Savages, clad in Green, cover'd over with Ivie, and grim furly Vizards upon their Faces, but so to the Life, that *Sancho* was almost fear'd to look upon 'em: Over the Portal of the Castle was written the *Castle of Prudence*. *Cupid* began the dance, and after a change or two, looking up toward the Castle, he made as if he would shoot at a Lady that appear'd upon the Battlements, to whom he thus Address'd himself.

I Am Priapus, Not the Poet's God,
But a Reality that Rules,
With a much more Majestick Rod:
Know then tis I,
And not a silly Boy,
Makes Fools run mad, and wise Men Fools;
Both Sexes are my Slaves, by Land and Sea,
Fish, Fowl, Beasts, Men, all my Commands obey;
No Fence will hold Bold Mortals, for my sake
Engag'd the Laws of God and Man to break.
They call me Love, but my true Name's Desire;
(For true Love you must know
Was banish'd hence, long, long ago.)
And Salamander-like I live in Fire;
For heat of Youth is that which gives me Life,
And nothing cools me but the name of Wife.
For would you know the only way to tame me,
But marry once, and streight Enjoyment shames me.
What do I hear then? some will cry;
Oh! Who at first but I?
But satisf'd, like an Autumnal Plant,
I streight run up to Seed and die.

Cupid having thus shot his Bolt, and discharg'd an Arrow at the Castle, retir'd to give place to *Money*, who thus bespake the same Lady.

Love is an Ass to me, for all his Boasting;
'Tis I send Restless Mortals Roasting
For utmost India's wealthy Spoils;
I make 'em hire their Souls and Bodies forth,
To all the heats and Toyls

Of

Of wicked War; they hunt me round
The Worlds vast Globe,
And when they cannot find me above ground,
Tear up the Bowels of their Mother Earth.
I make the Crooked streight;
The Lame to go upright;
And with my scowring oare
Can Wash milk-white the sooty Blackamore.
Fools only wed for Love,
But all my Matches th' Old and Wise approve:
How simply looks the Man that wanteth Me?
But that same Happy He,
That does my stores controule,
He's the True Body, that has Life and Soul.

Here *Money* retir'd, when *Poetry* stepping into her Place thus pleaded for him self.

I Ady, I Money love, and love it not;
For Poet's few are Rich, but thousands Poor,
Yet in conceit above the Stars they Soare,
Great Princes in their Cups not worth a Groat.

But seeing without Money there's no sport,
I send ye these few Lines of Prayer and Praise;
A Nuptial Song sometimes will do no hurt,
If the Fair hand be Liberal that Pays.

Remember Lady, tho, how the Case stands,
'Tis on a Poet you bestow, no Sor,
But one that Immortality commands;
And as you give, you live, or die forgot.

This said, *Poetry* gave way, and *Liberality* advancing from *Money's* side, thus deliver'd her self.

Some Men upon their Wedding days seem mad,
And make such Tearing shews with Ribands, Feasts,
Enamel'd Rings and bidden Guests;
As if the Portion Bag no bottom had.
So like his Spouses Maiden-head, at Night,
Nere to return, the Money takes its flight.

II.

But tho I'm liberal, give me the Man
That steals to Church, and then steals home again.
Yet if he needs must keep a Wedding day,
To throw off some loose Corns
Of his great Portion, let him stay
Till that day three years, rather half a score,
Untill he find himself secure from Horns,
From Female Empire, and God knows what more
D d d 2

Confounded

*Confounded Plagues of marry'd Life ;
Then let him banquet with his Friends to Riot,
To shew, tho' marry'd, yet he lives at Quiet,
Lord of his own and Her ; the Term to which
All Husbands tend, but few go thorough stitch.*

In this manner all the *Nymphs* came forth and spoke their Verses i' their Turns, of which some were bad, some indifferent, as *Lurkin* danc'd: However among the rest, *Don Quixote*, who had a good Memory, remember'd these, as being those that pleas'd him best.

After every one of the *Nymphs* had spoke i' their Turns, they all intermix'd and danc'd the *Hay*, and every time *Cupid* came against the Castle, he shot an Arrow at the Lady ; but when *Riches* fac'd the Fortrefs, She threw several Guilded Balls over the Battlements.

After they had thus danc'd awhile, *Riches* took a great Purse made of a Cats Skin, that seem'd to be full of Money, and threw it against the Castle with such a force, that the Boards fell down, and left the Virgin without any defence. At what time *Riches* hasting to the Castle with her Train, threw a Gold Chain about the Virgins Neck, as it were to take her Captive ; but then *Love* coming with his followers to her Rescue, there happen'd a pleasant dispute for some time, to the flute and Tabor, perform'd with great agility and exactness, till they were at length parted by the Savages, and so the Show ended, to the great satisfaction, and with the high Applause of all the Spectators.

When all things were over, *Don Quixote* askt one of the *Dancers*, who it was that had compos'd the Mask ? who answer'd, that it was the Curate of the Village, that had an Admirable Wit for such Inventions. By the Mask, quo *Don Quixote*, he was more a Friend to Mr. *Basil*, then *Don Martin* ; and I dare be bold to say, better understands a Play then a Prayer Book : for he has made *Martin* pay with a vengeance for *Basil's* Activity.

Body a' me, quo *Sancho*, who heard the discourse, *The Kings my Cock*— I am for *Don Martin*. *Sancho*, quo *Don Quixote*, when wilt thou learn to dissemble ; thou wilt always, do what I can, discover thy self to be a Rascal, that is, one of those that always hold of the winning side. I know not what I am, quo *Sancho*, but this I know that I shall never skim out of *Basil's* Pot, what I ha' Ladell'd out of my Master *Martin's* Caldron ; and so saying, he shew'd the Knight his Panfull of Geese and Hens, and at the same time fell on with his wonted Appetite, crying out, a Fig for *Basil's* Activities— So much as the Lands worth, so much the Mans worth, and so much as the Mans worth, so much the Lands worth. My old Grandmother was wont to say, there were but two Progenies i' the World, *Have much*, and *Have little*, and she had always the greatest kindness for the Family of the *Have much's*. And now Sir at this day, your Physician had rather choose the Pulse that has, then the Pulse that knows ; and an As laden with Gold, looks better then a Horse with fine Trappings : And therefore I say agen, I am clearly for my Master *Martin*, the very Scum of whose Pot is nothing but Geese, Hens, Hares and Conies ; but as for *Basil*, by what I find, I question whether he were born to the worth of a Skillet. P the Devil's name, *Sancho*, quo *Don Quixote*, when dost mean to make an end ? Just now ; I ha' done, quo *Sancho*, because I find ye begin to be in a Passion ; for otherwise I had cut my self out work enough for three days together.

Ay,

Ay, quo *Don Quixote*, I know thou hast a restless Tongue of thy own ; I wish to Heaven I may but see it fairly pull'd out of thy Chaps before I die. Y'faith, Sir, quo *Sancho*, according to the Courses we take, I may have Tongue little enough one of these days, when you shall have your satisfaction to see my Mouth full of cold Durt ; and then 'tis a thousand to one you may never hear me speak more till the end of the World, at least till the day of Judgement.

Grant it should be so, reply'd *Don Quixote*, thy silence i' thy Grave will never recompence for thy past vexation, and the future plaguing of my Ears before thou dy'st ; besides, that by the Course of Nature I should die before thee ; and while thou liv'st, I am sure thou't never leave prating, neither sleeping nor drinking. In good faith, Sir, as for which of us two shall die first, quo *Sancho*, I know not what to say to't : There's no trusting to that Madam *Barebones*, I mean Death. She devours the Lamb as well as the Sheep ; and as I have heard our Vicar say, all the Treasures of the Great Turk won't bribe her ; but she tramples o're the Palaces of Kings as well as the lowly Cottages of the Poor. She's a Lady that has a vast power, and not so much as one grain of Civility ; neither is she at all squeamish or queasie Stomach'd ; she devours all, swallows all, and fills her wide Satchel with all Ages, all Sexes, and all Conditions, whether Turks or Christians. She's no Mower that sleeps a Holydays ; she's always at work, and cuts down the Green as well as the Ripe Corn. She toils day and night, she swallows without chewing, and crams her ungodly Maw, as if she had a Greedy-worm in her Guts ; and though you can see no Belly she has, yet such a fatal Dropsie haunts her, that her Thirst is never satisfi'd, but she's alway swilling and guggling the Lives of Men, and it goes down with her like Mothers Milk.

Stop there *Sancho*, cry'd *Don Quixote*, hold while th' art well, for certainly thou hast spoken of Death in thy Rustical Phrase, as much as some Preachers could ha' done. Hadst thou but Learning to thy Natural Parts, thou might'st turn *Itinerant Minister*, and appear i' the Pulpit. He preaches well that lives well, quo *Sancho*, I know no other Philosophy : No, no, quo *Don Quixote*, thou hast knowledge enough— only I wonder at one thing, since the fear of God is the beginning of Wisdom, how thou should'st come to be so Wise, thou that art more afraid of Famine, then of all the Deities i' the World. Good my Lord Shudge, quo *Sancho*, do you censure your *Knight-Errants*, and let other Men alone with their fears and their Courage ; and yet for all that I'de ha' ye to know I am as genteel a fearer of God, as any of my Neighbours ; and so, Sir, here's to ye out of this Pan fix go-downs upon Rep— The rest are all idle words of which we must give an accompt— and so saying, he made a second attack upon his Provant, with that Mettle, as began to sharpen his Master's Appetite ; who doubtless would have bore him Company, had he not been prevented by that which necessity constrains us forthwith to set down i' the next Chapter.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXI.

Containing a farther Relation of Don Martins Nuptials, and several other Strange Accidents.

WHILE *Don Quixote* and his Man *Sancho* were thus Parlying together, a strange Confusion of noises and voices reach'd their Ears, but none that were other then the signs of Joy and Acclamation. Thereupon they discover'd at a distance the Bride and the Bridegroom, hasting to the Arbour, accompani'd by the Curate, their Relations and Friends, besides a great number of People, both of the same and the neighbouring Villages, all i' their Holly-day Habits, with the Musick playing before 'em.

So soon as *Sancho* saw the Bride, y' gude faith, quo he, this Girle mune be no Country Lass—wa is me, she's not drest like a Farmers Daughter, but like some rich Aldermans Heiress—Three rows of Pearl about her Neck, and a Glaring Thing behind, by this good Light—Look, look, Sirs, what a Gown she has on, ye cannot zee what 'tis made on for Lace, but I warrant 'tis thirty pild Velvet—Bless us what a Petticoat's there! See how 'tis bedaub'd! 'twas never bought for vorty good Shillings I dare say—Hoy-da! and what are those things about her Arms?—nothing but Gold—perfect Gold as I'm a Sinner—and what's that glitters a little lower?—Diamonds—blow me down—they must be Diamonds—by the Mass she cost more the Rigging then I am worth—had they been black Beads or Scotch Pearl, I could a' match'd 'em in our Town—And now yonder again, what fine Locks the Quean has got! for if they be true I never saw longer nor whiter i' my Life. What Fillets of Pearl too she has upon her Head! Cuds-niggers—if every Pearl ben't as white as a Sil-labub—Heaven's how she's bedizond—she glissons from top to toe like a Looking glass, and bows under the weight of her Beads and her Jewels like a Laden Datetree—I my Conscience she would pay a Broken Bankers debts, and set him up agen.

Don Quixote, with all his Gravity, could not choose but smile to hear how *Sancho* set forth the Lady after his Rural manner; for next to his own *Dulcinea*, he thought her one of the fairest Women that ever he saw. However 'tis said, at that time she look'd a little Palish, which might be perhaps for want of sleep. For Maids that are to be marry'd next morning, never go to Bed the Night before, which is all time little enough to dress themselves in Quill for the next Nights undoing.

In this posture all the select Company made toward a kind of a Scaffold, set up a' one side the Meadow, and cover'd with Boughs, where the Ceremony was to be perform'd, and where they might with most convenience see all the sport. But they were no sooner come to the foot of the Scaffold, but they heard behind 'em a hideous outcry, and a mournful voice crying out, Hold—Hold—a little, be not so hasty—At which words, turning about their Heads, they perceiv'd a Person clad in a long black Jacquet, border'd with Crimson, powder'd with flames of Fire; upon his head he wore a Garland of *Cyprus*, and in his hand he carri'd a good big Cudgel, headed with an Iron Spike. So soon as he drew neer, they all knew him to be *Basil*, and every one thought there would some mischief be done, seeing him come neither welcome nor look'd for. At length

length he arriv'd weary and breathless; and as he was placing himself just before the Couple that were to be marry'd, he strook the Iron end of his Cudgel into the Ground; and then fixing his Eyes upon the Bride, turning pale and trembling at the same time, with a hoarse and wheezing voice; Ingrateful *Maudlin*, quo he, that hast forgot thy plighted Troth to me alone; Thou that by the Laws of God and Man art oblig'd to Wed no other but my self, while I am Living, Hast thou e're found me unfaithful? and all the while I stay'd for Time and Diligence to better my Fortune and render me a Match more equal for thee; did ever I sollicit dishonourable favours to the prejudice of thy Vertue? What urges thee then, thus to falsifie thy word, and go about to give my Right to another, whose Riches only make him Fortunate? But let him enjoy his Felicity, since 'tis thy pleasure; I'll not be long the Obstacle of his Happiness; these Hands of mine, at the expence of my own Life, shall give him the peaceable Possession of my Claim—Live wealthy *Martin*, live Ingrateful *Maudlin*; and let the poor unfortunate *Basil* dye, whose Poverty has clipp'd the wings of his Felicity, and lay'd him in his Grave; and so saying, he drew forth a short Sword that was cas'd in the Stick, and setting the Pommel of it to the ground, fell upon the Point in such a manner, that it came out all bloody at his Back, and there lay poor *Peel Garlick*, weltring of a sudden in his Blood. Presently *Basil's* Friends running to the doleful spectacle, set up their Throats and made most hideous *Ohones* and Lamentations over him. *Don Quixote* also alighting from his Horse, hasten'd to the bleeding Carcass, and perceiving poor *Basil* yet to breath, made use of all his Compassion to comfort him. Upon which his Friends finding there was Life in a Muscle, would fain have drawn the Sword out of his Body, but the Curate would not permit 'em, till he had confess'd him; alleadging that the drawing out of the Sword would be his immediate Death. But then it was, that *Basil* as it were coming a little to himself, with a languishing utterance, and fetching a deep sigh; Where is the cruel *Maudlin*? said he, now, now at this last gasp of my Breath, would she but now vouchsafe to give me her Hand, and acknowledge her self to be my Lawful Spouse, contented would I then expire, and think my self rewarded amply for the pains and torments that I suffer. One poor Sillable does it; say but *Tes*, and then—

Here the Curate interrupting him, told him he had now no leisure to think of worldly pleasures, that his time was but short, and therefore admonish'd him to reconcile himself to Heaven, and beg pardon for the Desperate Act he had committed. To which *Basil* reply'd, that he knew the Desperateness of his Condition; however that he was resolv'd to dye despairing, unless *Maudlin* would condescend to grant him the favour which he demanded; which done, he would submit to any thing they should require from him. Upon which *Don Quixote* cry'd out with a loud voice, that *Basil* requested nothing but what was just and reasonable, and a thing so much the more easily to be granted, in regard it would be no less honour for *Martin* to marry *Basil's* Widow, as true a Virgin as she was before, then if he had receiv'd her at her Fathers hands, since her saying an inconsiderable *Tes*, made no Distinction 'twixt *Basil's* Nuptial Bed and Grave.

Poor *Martin*, who saw what was done, and heard what was said, was in a peck of Troubles, not knowing what to say or what to think. However *Basil's* Friends attackt him severely, and besought him to give way that his Bride might be marry'd for a moment to their dying Friend, if it were

were but only to save his Soul, in danger of being eternally lost, should he dye impenitent; and so forcible were their Importunities, that *Martin* was content, provided *Maudlin* could be perswaded to it; since 'twas but delaying for a minute or two the Accomplishment of his own desires. Thereupon they all made their addressees to *Maudlin*, some with Tears in their Eyes, others with the most obliging Arguments their Pity could invent, urging withal, that it could be no way i' the world to her prejudice, to marry a Man whom Death would Divorce the next minute from her. But whether it were want of Breeding, or scruple of Conscience, *Maudlin* would make no answer, but stood like an Idol, speechless and motionless, not knowing what to resolve; and how long she would ha' stood in that manner like *Lots Wife*, no body can tell, had not the Curate, who had the Padlock of her Conscience, come to her, and bid her determine something or other; for that *Basil's* Soul was just ready to depart, and could not stay for her Brown study's. But then the poor Virgin trembling every Joynt of her, with a slow pace drew neer where *Basil* lay, with his Eyes fix'd, his Breath almost failing him, and making the World believe he would dye like an Infidel. At length *Maudlin* standing close by the dying Lover, bow'd her self down, and made him a sign to give him her Hand, as not being able to speak. Then *Basil* opening his Eyes, and fixing 'em in a Languishing Posture upon *Maudlin*, Ah, *Maudlin*, said He, where was all thy Pity flown before? Now 'tis too late thou com'st, bringing thy pity rather to make sure work, as if thou wert afraid my timorous hand had falter'd. Now I have no more strength left me, for a moment to enjoy the honour of being thine, and nothing can arrest the pains that send me to my Grave, now, now thou com'st. However since 'tis only for a moment and no longer, abuse me not a second time; speak not like one constrain'd, but sincerely acknowledge me thy Husband; since 'twould be now an unworthy piece of inhumanity, considering the Condition to which thou hast reduc'd me, to play the Counterfeit with *Me*, expiring *Me*, whom thou hast always found so faithful and so true. This He spoke with such a force upon himself, and such a languishing utterance, that there was not one that heard him, but believ'd each word he spoke would have been his last. And now he seem'd to faint away, when *Maudlin* with Blushing Cheeks, yet with a seeming cheerful Countenance, and a kind of violence upon her self, taking the unfortunate Lover by the right Hand: No force, said she, can work upon my will; I give thee here the freest hand I have, to be thy Wedded Wife, and receive thee upon the same accompt, if by thee as freely given, and in an undisturb'd condition of thy sense and judgment. I give thee mine sincerely, reply'd *Basil*, and with an Intellect as sane as ever Heaven bestow'd upon me; and so I vow my self thy Wedded Husband. And I receive thee so, cry'd *Maudlin*, whither long liv'd, or whither forthwith hurry'd from my Arms into thy Grave: Now dye in Peace, and I wish thee a good Passage.

My thinks, quo *Sancho*, this young Man talks a little too much to be wounded to Death; but if he be so neer it as you say he is, I would advise him to leave off his wailing, and to mind the health of his Soul, which by what I can find, is much more vigorous in his Tongue than in his Teeth.

Now after *Basil* and *Maudlin* had enter'd into this solemn League and Covenant one with another, while yet their Hands were clasp'd together, in steps the Curate, willing to content the poor dying *Basil* to the utmost

of

of his Power, and no less mortify'd with the sight of such a sad Spectacle, with Tears in his Eyes gives 'em both his Benediction, beseeching God, withal, to have Mercy upon the Soul of the new marry'd Man. Who had no sooner receiv'd the *Nuptial Blessing*, but he started upon his Feet, and with an unexpected Activity drew out the Sword that had been sheath'd in his Body. At this, all the spectators were amaz'd; and some of the simpler sort cry'd out a *Miracle*, a *Miracle*. No, no, quo *Basil*, with a voice as found as a Cryer of a Court, and louder then the rest, No *Miracle*, but only a Trick of Agility. Whereupon the Curate more astonish'd then all the rest, lay'd both his Hands upon the Wound, and after he had felt the place, he found that the Sword had no where pierc'd the Cunning *Basil's* Body, but only a Tin Pipe full of Blood ingeniously fitted to his Ribs, and prepar'd for his design. In a word the Curate, Monsieur *Martin*, and his Friends, acknowledg'd themselves to be fairly cheated. As for the new marry'd Woman, she was so far from being concern'd, that hearing 'em say that the Marriage was fraudulent, and easily dissolv'd, she openly declar'd, that she would abide by what she had done, and confirm it anew; which made some People think that it was a Plot lay'd between *Basil* and *Her*.

Monsieur *Martin* and his Friends enrag'd to be thus chous'd of a Wife and a Wedding, were all for immediate revenge, and drawing their Swords, fell upon *Basil* in great fury. But *Basil* found as many Friends as his Baff'd Rival; so that in a Trice there had like to ha' been a pretty Battel. But *Don Quixote*, seeing the Confusion that was like to happen, presently remounting *Rosinante*, with his Lance Couch'd, and cover'd with his Shield, threw himself between the Combatants, and put a present stop to their fury, while *Sancho* retir'd to the Place where he had had his dainty Morfels, believing that would be a Sanctuary to which they would all give respect and veneration, in the height of their Malice. In the mean time *Don Quixote* turning sometimes to one side, sometimes to the other, Hold, Gentlemen, Hold, cry'd he, and hearken to Reason, whose Interpreter I am. Know then there's no reason i' the World to revenge upon a Lover, the Deceits of his Love: For as in War, so in Love, Stratagem's are always allow'd. *Madam Maudlin* belong'd of right before to *Basil*, and *Basil* to *Madam Maudlin*; Heaven it self had so ordain'd it; *Don Martin* is Rich, and may meet with Wives enow, that will be glad of his Estate, as handsom as she; as for *Basil*, that has but one Sheep, tho he has no reason to complain, 'tis unjust to deprive him of his single delight: and therefore let no Man sunder those whom God has joynd; for here I solemnly declare the first that shall be so bold as to attempt it, must wrest this Lance from my invincible Hand; and so saying he shook his Spear with that remarkable force and vigour, that he cast a sudden terrour into all that beheld him. So that *Don Martin's* Choler changing at an Instant into an immediate scorn of *Madam Maudlin's* Contempt, he resolv'd to forget her; which was the Grand reason that upon the easie perswasions of the Curate, who was a Person of singular Prudence, both He and all the rest of his Party put up their Swords, more offended at *Maudlin's* Inconstancy, then *Basil's* Policy. *Don Martin* also reason'd thus discreetly with himself; that if *Maudlin* lov'd *Basil* when she was a Maid, 'twas most probable that her love would have still continu'd, and he should have only been a marry'd Cuckold; so that instead of being Wedded to her, he had more cause to thank Heaven that he was so fairly rid of her. Pacify'd with these Considerations, *Don Mar-*

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tin was so far from resenting the Accident, that he was resolv'd the Feast should go forward, as if it had been his own Concern.

But *Basil* and *Maudlin*, and all that were of his Party, resolv'd to retire to *Basil's* Village: For discreet and Vertuous mediocrity is no less admir'd and honour'd by her followers, then the rich are applauded by their Crouds of Flatterers. *Basil* also and his Companions invited *Don Quixote* along with them, as looking upon him to be a Person of Quality and Worth; who was easily perswaded to follow those whose part he had taken.

But as for *Sancho*, not to lie, he follow'd his Master with a sorrowful heart. His Soul was in a Mist, and his disconsolate breast could admit no Consolation, to find that he must abandon the Good Cheer of *Don Martins* Feast that lasted till night. Full of grief and melancholy therefore he Shuff'd after *Rosinante*, seeing himself so unfortunately constrain'd to leave behind him the Flesh Pots of *Egypt*; which however he carry'd away in his mind, while the scum of *Don Martins* Kettle, that lay yet unconcocted in his Stomach, represented to his thoughts the abundant happiness he had lost.

CHAP. XXII.

Of the unheard of Adventure of the Cavern of Montesinos, which Don Quixote accomplish'd with great success.

THE new marry'd Couple thought nothing too good for *Don Quixote*, whom they made most highly welcom, in acknowledgment of his readiness to defend their Cause, honouring his Prudence no less than his Valour, while they ascrib'd to him as well the Eloquence of a *Cicero*, as the Courage of a *Guy of Warwick*. *Sancho* also repair'd all his Losses, during the three days that his Master stay'd, and being plentifully recruited came to his good humour again. *Basil* also declar'd that Madam *Maudlin* had no hand in his Plot, but that it was a meer contrivance of his own, which he had only imparted to some of his Friends, that they might assist in case of necessity to make good his Amorous Fraud. To which *Don Quixote* answer'd, that there was nothing to be call'd Fraud, which tended to a vertuous end; of which nature was Matrimony, where both parties had a real Affection for each other, there being but one Inconvenience that annoys it, Poverty and Necessity. For Love is altogether Gladness, Comfort, and Content, especially where the Person loving enjoys the Object of his Affection; a Tranquility that has only for its proffest and open Enemys, Penury and Hunger. All which he spake, with a purpose meely to advise his Friend Mr. *Basil*, to quit his Youthful Sports and Exercises, which tho they won him Reputation, brought him no Money to make the Pot boy, and to attend the getting of a Livelihood by fair and honest ways, that never fail the Industrious. Then pursuing his discourse, The Man that is Poor and Honest, quo *Don Quixote* (if a Poor Man may be call'd Honest) has a Jewel in having a vertuous Wife; which he that takes from him, dishonours her, and takes away his Life. The Woman that is fair and honest, when her Husband is Poor, deserves to be Crown'd with Garlands of Conquest and Tryumph: Beauty attacks the

the Good will of all that behold it; the Royal Eagles and high soaring Faulcons stoop to her pleasing Lure: But when they find it in necessity; the Kites, Crows, and other Birds of Prey are continually fluttering about it: Which she that can withstand with an Invincible Constancy, deserves to be the Glory of her Sex.

Observe most worthy *Basil*, farther added *Don Quixote*; It was the Opinion of a Wise Man, whose name I have forgot, that there was but one good Woman in the World, and he advis'd every Husband to think his own Wife was she, as being the only way to live content. For my part I am a Batchelour, nor have I hitherto had any Inclination to marry; and yet methinks if my advice were ask'd, I could tell another how he should choose a Wife. I would advise him in the first place to consider her Reputation rather then her Fortune: For a Vertuous Woman does not acquire a good Name by her being so, but by her appearing so. For the least liberty that a Woman takes in the sight of the World, does her more injury then all the looseness she can practice in secret. If a Man finds her good, 'tis an easie thing to preserve her so; but if she come bad to him at first, 'tis a difficult thing to mend her; in regard 'tis almost an impossible thing to pass from one extreame to another; I say almost impossible, for I do not hold it altogether so.

All this while *Sancho* had listn'd with an unspeakable deal of Patience, but being no longer able to contain himself; My Master, quo he, muttering to himself, when I fall upon such discourses as these, was wont to tell me, that I should tye a Pulpit at my Back, and carry't about wi' me, to preach my *Conundrum's* in: but I'm sure when he begins to thread Sentences, and talk *Sparables*, he had more need of a good Waggon load for his own share. The Devil take him for a *Knight-Errant*, I think he's one of the seven Wise Men; by my Soul, at first I thought he had understood nothing but *Knight-Errantry*; but upon my Life, I find he understands all things; there's no Water so hot, but he can put his Finger in it.

Sancho, quo *Don Quixote*, overhearing him, what's that thou art grumbling at? I say nothing, quo *Sancho*, neither do I grumble at any Body; only I was saying to my self, that I wish I had heard your Worship preach this Doctrine before I marry'd, I might ha' been now like the unyoak'd Ox, to lick my self where I pleas'd; or like the Ass at her ease, to wallow where I thought fit. Why, quo *Don Quixote*, is my Neighbour *Teresa* so bad? Not so very bad neither quo *Sancho*, nor yet so good as I would have her. Fie *Sancho*, reply'd *Don Quixote*, thou do'st not do well to speak ill of thy Wife, who is the Mother of thy Children. There's no love lost between us reply'd *Sancho*, she speaks ill of me sometimes, especially when she thinks I ha' been a Swan-hopping; and then Satan himself would not endure her maundring.

Well, to be short, three days did our Adventurers stay with the new marry'd Couple, where they were feasted like the Guards of the Kings Body. At the end of which *Don Quixote* requested the Curate to provide him a Guide that might conduct him to the Cave of *Montesinos*, otherwise call'd the *Devil's Arse ith Peak*, which he had a strange desire to be Romaging, and to see with his own Eyes all the wonders that were reported of it by the Country People. Thereupon the Curate promis'd that one of his Kinsmen should go along with him, who was a very good Grammar Schollar, and one that had a great kindness for Books of *Knight-Errantry*; and that he should carry him to the very Hole of the Cave: moreover that he would be very good Company for him, and

would shew him all the Springs of the Lake *Ruydera*, so famous in those parts.

In a short time the young Man came, upon a sorry Mare that was with Fole, having his Saddle cover'd with an old Carpet, for the better grace of the Business. Thereupon *Sancho* saddled *Rosinante*, got ready his own *Grizzle*, fill'd both his own Wallets, and the Students to boot; at what time *Don Quixote* taking leave of the Company in most solemn Manner, they all mounted and set forward toward the wonderful Cave.

As they rode along *Don Quixote* ask'd the young Schollar, what Employment he follow'd, and what was his Profession. To which the Schollar answer'd, that his Profession was Humility; and that he spent his time in making Books for the Prefs; which were not only profitable for himself, but of great advantage and benefit to the Publick: Particularly that he had one Book that would come forth the next Term, a very large Volume in Folio, entitled *Calliopes Cabinet*, illustrated with figures and Brass Cuts, wherein all Gentlemen, of all Qualities and Degrees, might be inform'd how to order themselves at Feasts, Funerals, and all Heroick Meetings, and how all Degrees are to take Place, with a Dictionary of Herald-Terms. I have another almost as ready as that, quo he, call'd Mr. *IP's Legacy to his Friends*, containing seven hunder'd fifty six Instances of Gods Providence, in and about Sea Dangers and Deliverances, with the Names of several that were Eye witnesses to many of 'em; for the Conversion of Seamen. I have another call'd *Ovids Metamorphoses transpos'd*: This is a new and rare Invention, for that by means of History intermix'd with Fable, I tell ye who *Merlin* was, give ye an account of the *Pinner of Wakefield*, make *St. Winifreds Well* agree with *Salmacis's Fountain*; the *Cumaean Sybil's Cave* with *Onkie Hole*; *St. Vincents Rock* with the Story of *Lychas*: The Floating Island in *Scotland* I compare with the Island *Orygia*, and tell ye that *Silbury Hill* was *Misenus's Tomb*; I omit not the *Whispering place* at *Glocester*, nor to give ye the true Original of *Stonehenge*; a work full of *Metamorphoses* and Allegories, as well for Diversion as Instruction. I have another call'd a Supplement to *Polydore Virgil*, a work that shews the great Pains and Learning of the Compiler. For example, you shall not find there who was the first Man i' the World that was troubl'd with a Catarrh, nor who was the first that was Syring'd for the Neapolitan disease, which I make out as clear as the Sun by the authority of five and twenty Testimonies living at the same time. Sometimes I compose *Godly Manuals* of Devotion, and directions for receiving the Communion, for the Pedlers to spread about the Country, besides what I present my self to such as I hear to be People devoutly given. And now I leave you to judge, Sir, whether I don't take a world of pains, and whether these Books may not be of great Benefit to the Publick.

Sancho having listen'd all this while with great attention; So God direct your right Hand, quo he to the Schollar, in all the Rest of your Transcriptions, I beseech ye Sir, for I find you know all things, can you tell me, who was the first Man i' the world that scratch'd his Head? for I am apt to think, 'twas our first Father *Adam*. Y'are i' the right on't, quo the Schollar; for he being the First Man i' the World, without doubt had a Head and Hair upon it, which as it could not choose but itch sometimes, so he could not choose but scratch it. Very good, quo *Sancho*; but can you tell me who was the first Vaulter i' the World; In truth quo the Schollar I cannot resolve ye at present, but I'll turn over my Books, and tell ye the next time we see one another, for I hope this will not be the last time

time. No, no, Sir, quo *Sancho*, Ple spare ye that labour and resolve the Question my self. The first Vaulter i' the World was *Lucifer*, when he was thrown out of Heaven, and jump'd into Hell.

You say very true, quo the Schollar, what a Dunce was I not to think on't. Hang him, quo *Don Quixote*, this Answer is none of his own. Body a' me, quo *Sancho*, don't you believe that Sir; for if I fall a questioning and answering once, I'll undertake to hold on till this day sen-night; let me alone to put idle Questions, and answer Extravagancies, without the help of my Neighbours. Thou giv'st 'em a better Name then thou art aware of, *Sancho*, quo *Don Quixote*, for there are some People that spend a world of Time, and labour infinitely in the search of Trifles, that are not worth a button when they come to be known.

In these and such like pleasures they spent the day, and at night they lodg'd in a Village, from whence the Schollar told 'em, 'twas not above six miles to the Cave, and where it would be necessary for *Don Quixote* to provide good store of Ropes if he intended to see the Bottom? Let that be your care *Sancho*, quo *Don Quixote*, for I'm resolv'd to see the Bottom, tho' it carry me to the Suburbs of Hell it self. Thereupon *Sancho* went and bought a hunder'd Fathom of new strong well-twisted Hempen Merchandize, and the next day by two a Clock i' the Afternoon, they arriv'd at the Mouth of the Hole, which was very large and spacious, but so surrounded with Bushes, Nettles, Burdocks, and other Weeds, that you could hardly come at it, as if Nature had set a Guard about it, or the Devil had hid it for a Pit-fall to have caught *Don Quixote* himself.

Don Quixote was no sooner arriv'd, but he presently alighted, as did the other two with the same swiftness; and *Don Quixote* was in such haste, that he immediately set the Student and *Sancho* to fasten the Ropes together, which while they were a doing; Sir, quo *Sancho* to his Master, consider what ye do, look before ye leap, and don't be so hairbrained in one of your Megrimms, to bury your self alive: Don't put your self *Dingle dangle* you don't know where, as they hang Bottles in a Well to keep the Wine cool. Consider what business you have to do there, and whether you have any acquaintance in Hell that may do you a kindness, should the worst come to the worst. Prithee friend bind me, and hold thy Tongue, quo *Don Quixote*, or bind on, and talk on; but be sure bind me fast; bind fast, and find fast——He's a Man a' parts can do two things at once——and who knows, but that this Adventure was reserv'd only for Me? *Thesens* went down into Hell——and Pious *Eneas* went down into Hell——and Pious *Don Quixote* will go down into Hell——bind me I say.——Pray, Sir, quo the Student, when y'are in, look well about ye——let nothing scape your Eye, nor your Memory that's worth recording; there may be many things proper for the next Edition of my *Metamorphoses*. Let him alone, quo *Sancho*, the Game's all in his own hands, and he'll play it well I warrant ye.

Don Quixote finding himself well bound, 'Slife quo he, what ha' we forgot?—I should have had a little Bell ty'd to my Girdle, to give ye notice still where abouts I am;—but since there's no Remedy, welcom what falls; and so saying, he fell upon his Knees, and after a short Prayer to Heaven for success and assistance in an Adventure so perillous, at least to all outward appearance, up he got again, and then fixing his Eyes toward *Toboso*, with the same devotion as the *Turks* look toward *Mecca*, with a loud voice, O thou, said he, that govern'st all my Actions and most secret Thoughts, Illustrious and Marchlefs *Dulcinea del Toboso*, if

it be possible for the prayers of thy All daring Champion to approach thy Ears, by the Charms of thy Celestial Beauty I conjure thee to vouchsafe me thy Protection and thy Favour, so requisite to fortify my Courage at this time of need. I am just now going to ingulf, precipitate, and cast my self headlong into this unknown Abyss, merely out of an Ambition to do something worthy thy Renown, and to let the World know, there is nothing impossible to him that adventures under the Banners of thy Beauty.

This said he approach'd the Mouth of the Hole, and finding it all overgrown with Weeds, Brakes and Bulthes, he drew his Sword and began to cut his way through. But strange to tell, he had not struck above four or five blows, before he had rais'd such an infinite number of Crows and Flittermice about his Ears, that he was not able to stand upon his Legs, such was the Impetuosity of the Winged Tempest that overwhelm'd him to the Ground; so that had he not been better grounded in Christianity then to be superstitious, he had certainly taken it for a bad Omen, and desisted from his Enterprize. But he rose again with an undaunted Courage, and finding that he had put all the Birds to flight, he committed himself to the mercy of the Rope and his two Friends; who serving instead of a Custom House Crane, let him down gently, having wound the Rope, Wine-Porter like, about the Body of a small Tree that grew close by, to have the more command of their weight. At what time *Sancho*, seeing him going; Heaven, quo he, prosper thee, and our Lady of *Loretta*, and the holy Martyr *St. Thomas a Becket* go along with Thee, thou Mirror of Chivalry, and Cream of all *Knights-Errant*. There goes the Hackster of the World; Arms all of Steel, and Heart of Brass—Omnipotence preserve thee, and bring thee back again sound Wind and Limb, once more to see that Comfortable Sun by thee condemn'd, to court Infernal Darknefs, and gratify the Maggot's of thy Brain, that send thee upon a sleeveless Errand to the Devil. To all which the Schollar said *Amen*.

But *Don Quixote*, who neither minded nor heard their Prayers, cry'd out aloud to give him more Rope, upon which the Schollar and *Sancho* were so free of their Hemp, that they never left off, till they had let down full out a hunder'd Fathom of Cord; and then they began to consider whether to hawl up agen or no. However they thought he must have some time to look about him; and so they stay'd half an hour, which being expir'd, not able to endure any longer delay, they began to heave at the *Capstall*; but finding the Rope to come so easily at first, without any stress or weight at all; Well—quo *Sancho*, farewell *Knight-Errantry*—now has some damnd Devil or other got my Master a Pick-back, and is running away with him, Sword and Buckler and all—and with that he burst forth into a shower of Briny Tears, and fell a hawling like madd for farther satisfaction. But after they had pull'd up about eight and twenty Fathom, they began to feel Ponderosity, which reviv'd their drooping Spirits like a noggin a' Brandy.

When they came within ten fathom of the Ropes end, quo *Sancho* to the Schollar, hold fast, and out of the bundance of his Joy, running to the mouth of the Hole, Cud's life, Sir, said he, we thought y' had been pawnd for the Reck'ning. To which *Don Quixote* answer'd not a word; and when they had drawn him quite up, they found that his Eyes were quite shut, as if he had been in a profound sleep: presently they lay'd him upon the ground, and unbound him, yet withal their moving and stirring him he never made any sign of waking. In which Condition

Condition they turn'd him, and rowl'd him, and tumbld him about so long, that at last he began to come to himself, rubbing his Eyes and stretching forth his Limbs, as if he had waken'd at the Fortnights end: at what time staring round about him with a ghastly look; Ah my dear friends, said He, you cannot imagine the Injury you have done me, you have depriv'd me of one of the sweetest Lives and pleasantest Sights that ever Mortal led, or human Eye beheld. And now it is that I am fully convinc'd that all the Pleasures of this Life are all but transitory Dreams. Oh unfortunate *Montesinos*, and thou luckless *Durandart*, so treacherously wounded! Unhappy *Belerma*, but more to be deplor'd *Guadiana*! and you the sad and mournful Daughters of *Ruydera*, whose swelling Waters shew what Streams of Tears once trick'd from your Charming Eyes.—

The Schollar and *Sancho* amaz'd to hear such sad expressions as these utter'd by the new return'd Champion, and denoting a more then ordinary Affliction, besought him to explain himself, and to let 'em know what he had seen in that same Hell upon Earth, where he had been. Call not that Hell, reply'd *Don Quixote*, that rather seem'd to be a Paradise, as if you'll have but patience, I shall soon convince ye. In the mean while gi' me something to eat, for I think I was never so hungry i' my Life. Upon that, *Sancho* spread the Schollars old piece of Hanging, that serv'd him doubl'd for a Saddle, upon the Ground, and all the Leathern Butteries having surrender'd their Store, they eat altogether lovingly and heartily; for *Don Quixote* was not a Man that took State upon him, when he was not in high Company. Now when they had all done, and that *Sancho* had taken away; come *Sancho*, quo *Don Quixote*, come and sit down again—and let no Man rise, but mark attentively what I am preparing to tell ye.

CHAP. XXIII.

Containing a Relation of the wonderful things which the Unparallell'd *Don Quixote* saw in the Cave of *Montesinos*; the Strangeness and Impossibility of which makes this Chapter to be taken for *Apocrypha*.

IT was now about four a Clock i' the Afternoon, and a close day, so that the Sun not able to pierce the thicker Clouds with his scalding Beams, gave *Don Quixote* the liberty to enjoy the cool Air, and to entertain his two Illustrious Friends with the following Relation of the unheard of Wonders which he had seen in the Cave of *Montesinos*.

When y'are descended, said he, about twelve or fifteen Fathoms into the Cave, you come to a large and spacious Concavity, big enough to hold a West-Country Waggon with all its Oxen; into which there falls a glimmering Light, from certain narrow holes that reach to the Superfices of the Earth. When I came to this place, I took a fancy to it, and being tyr'd with hanging so long by the Middle, and to tell ye the truth, somewhat unwilling to descend any lower, neither knowing where I went; not having any Guide, I consider'd better of it, and resolv'd to go into this same place and rest my self: when I was in, I call'd to you to let down

down no more Rope, but it seems you did not hear me; however I could up the Cable, and laying it by me, fate my self down upon it, full of Pensive Contemplation; when of a sudden, as if some *Necromancer* had lay'd his charming Rod upon my Brows, a most profound sleep seiz'd me; out of which, being, I know not how, soon after wak'd agen, I found my self in one of the fairest, and most delightful Meadows that ever nature beautify'd with all her Ornaments: Now that I might be sure I was not in a Dream, I wip'd my Eyes, I blew my Nose, I told my Money, scratch'd my Head, and gave my self all the assurances imaginable, that I was as certainly awake as an Angler in a Lighter.

Presently I beheld a most Princely and Sumptuous Castle, of which the Walls and Battlements seem'd to be of clear and transparent Chrystal. At the same time likewise two great Cedar Gates leisurely opening, there came forth a Venerable old Man, clad in a long grey Mantle, with a Tipper of green Sarcenet covering his Shoulders, like the Fellow of a Colledge. Upon his head he wore a black Bonnet somewhat like a Cardinals Cap; his Beard that was broad and white as the Driven Snow, reaching from his Chin to his Girdle: in his hands he had no other Weapons than a Rosary of Beads about the bigness of Walnuts, and his *Credo* Beads as big as ordinary Ostridge Eggs. The Port, the Gravity, the Pace, the awful and serious Aspect of this Old Man struck me with Admiration; but much more was my surprize when this Reverend Spectacle accosting, and embracing me, gave me this solemn welcom; Long and with extream impatience, said He, have we been waiting for thy coming, most Valiant Knight *Don Quixote de la Mancha*. We that lye Inchant'd in this Solitude, to the end thou may'st reveal to the World the Prodigious Wonders lockt up from Human knowledge, within this Cave call'd *Montesinos's* Cave, an Adventure reserv'd alone for thy invincible Courage, and only worthy of thy Resolution. Follow me then, thou most Illustrious Champion, and behold those Astonishing Miracles inclos'd within this transparent Palace, of which I am the perpetual Governour; for I am that same *Montesinos* from whom this Cavern takes its name.

No sooner had the Venerable Seer inform'd me that his name was *Montesinos*, but I requested him to tell me whether it were true or no, what was so confidently reported upon Earth, that he had ripp'd the Heart of his great Friend *Durandart*, out of his Belly with a little Dagger, and had carry'd it as a Token from him to the fair *Belerma*, according to his own desire upon his death Bed. To which he answer'd me, that all the rest was truth, only that he did not make use of a Dagger, but of an Agat-hafted Carving Knife, polish'd and set as keen as a Razor.

Then I believe, quo *Sancho*, I can tell where 'twas bought, either in *Shoe-Lane* or *Popeshead-Alley*; especially if it were Razor Mettle. I don't believe, *Sancho*, quo *Don Quixote*, that any of your Acquaintance sold it; for the Battel of *Roncesvalles* happen'd long before *Shoe-Lane* or *Popeshead-Alley* were famous for Cutlers; neither is it of any Importance to confirm or disprove the Truth of the Story. You say very true, reply'd the Scholar, and therefore, Sir Knight, pray be pleas'd to go on with your Information, which affects me with a strange delight to hear it. You win my Soul, quo *Don Quixote*, for I'm sure no Man can be better pleas'd in telling it.

And so I say, that being arriv'd at the Chrystal Castle, *Montesinos* led me into a low Room of State, all of Alabaster and very cool. There was in it also a Marble Tomb, a Piece of most incomparable Workmanship;

ship; upon which lay a Knight extended all at length; not of Marble or Brass, as in other Monuments, but Flesh and Bones. He cover'd the Region of his Heart with his Right Hand, which seem'd to me to be very hairy and finewy; an unquestionable sign of the great strength of the Deceased Knight. Now while I was viewing this Sepulcher with equal Curiosity and Astonishment, behold here, said *Montesinos*, my Friend *Durandart*, the Flowr and Mirror of all the Amorous and Valiant Knights of his Time. *Merlin*, that famous *Welch Necromancer*, who as they say was the Son of the Devil; tho I believe if he were his Son, he knew more then his Father; I say, that *Merlin* keeps him here Inchant'd, as he does Me and a great number of others both Men and Women: But how or wherefore he has Inchant'd us no body knows: Perhaps he may be call'd to a severe accompt ere long; and I believe the time is neer at hand. But that which most astonishes me is this, that I am as sure as ever I eat my Vittles, that *Durandart* breath'd his last Gasp in my Arms, and that so soon as he was dead I ript his Heart with my own hands out of his Body; by the same token, that to speak modestly it weigh'd above two Pound *Averdupois* weight: and what opinion ought we to have then of the Courage of my Friend, since the Natural Philosophers tell us, that a great Heart is the mark of a great Courage? Now this Knight being dead as I have told yee, how comes it to pass, that he sighs and weeps, and makes those heavy complaints as every day he does, just as he us'd to do when he was alive?

No sooner were these words out of *Montesinos's* Mouth, but the unfortunate *Durandart* cry'd out, Ah my dear Cousin *Montesinos*! well you know, that the last request I made you with my fainting Breath, was to rip my Heart out of my Body, so soon as I was dead, and carry it to the Fair *Belerma*. To whom *Montesinos*, falling upon his Knees with Tears in his Eyes, Sir *Durandart*, said he, the Dearest of my Kindred, believe me now upon the word of a Kinsman, if I did not fulfil all your desires; the very fatal day of your Decease, I took your Heart out of your Body as cleverly as an Anatomist, dry'd up the Blood with a Damask Napkin, then wrapt it up in a Lawn Handkercher, border'd about with a Needlework Lace, wash'd my Hands in the Tears that fell from my Eyes, and after I had pay'd my last Duties to your deceased Body, away I tript from *Roncesvalles* for France, by the same token that the next Town I came to lodge at, I rub'd your Heart with three or four Handfuls of the best Salt, for fear it should smell and offend the Nostrils of the fair *Belerma*, whom the *Necromancer Merlin* has kept Inchant'd in this place for many years, as well as you and I, together with *Guadiana* your Squire. Madam *Ruydera*, her seven Daughters, and too Cousins were here too; with several others of your Acquaintance: and tho it be now above five hundred years since we were first clapt up in this Jayl, we are all still alive, unless it be Madam *Ruydera* and her seven Daughters; whose Tears so melted cruel *Merlins* Heart, that he metamorphos'd the Daughters into so many Fountains, and the Mother into a River. *Guadiana* your Squire, who continually bewail'd your Misfortune, he chang'd into another River, that bears his own name, yet still so sensible of your disasters, that sometimes it hides it self under Ground, desirous as it were to conceal its sorrows from the World; nor will it suffer any wholsom and well tasted Fish within its Streams, as loth to feed the Cruelty of Human kind. All this dear Cousin I have several times told ye before, and because you never made me any answer, I thought you gave no credit to my words, which

greiv'd me to the Soul. But now I have other News to tell ye, which if it do not revive your Spirits, can be no prejudice to your Quiet; and that is, that you have here before ye the famous Knight, concerning whom the Cruel Merlin has foretold so many Miracles, I mean the Courageous *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, who has not only restor'd neglected *Knight-Errantry* to the World, but advanc'd it to its ancient Lustre, and by whom we may expect to be releas'd from our Enchantment, since great Performances are still reserv'd for the most Illustrious Champions. Then *Durandart* with a faint and languishing utterance, Oh Cousin! but should it be otherwise—should it be otherwise, Cousin—*there's no remedy but patience and shuffling the Cards again*—and so saying, he turn'd him a one side and fell asleep again.

By and by I heard most bitter Howlings and Lamentations, accompanied with most doleful sobs and sighs; at what time turning about my head I saw through the Chrystal Wall, a Procession, in two Companies, of Beautiful Ladies all clad in Mourning, with White Sarcenet Hoods upon their heads. In the rear of the rest follow'd a most Ravishing Lady, that by her Gate and Gravity seem'd to be superior to the others, in a black Crape Manteau, with a long white Veil that reach'd down from her Head to her Heels; she had a black Peak upon her Forehead, and her Head was drest up with plain white Mofelin, cover'd with a large Love Hood. Moreover she had a full black Eye-brow; a Nose somewhat flat, and a wide Mouth; a little Blubber Lip'd, but her Harrow-Teeth were extremely white, though very thin and snaggy withal. She held in her Hand a very fine Diaper Napkin, wherein you might perceive an Embalm'd Heart, that look'd as if it had been dry'd in a Bakers Oven. *Montesinos* told me, that all those Ladies were Maids of Honour to *Durandart* and *Belerma*, all *Merlins* Prisoners, and that she that carry'd the Heart was *Belerma* her self, who four times a week walk'd that Procession with her Damfels, singing all the way the Lamentation of a bad Marker, or rather howling out a hunder'd *Ohone Ohones* over the Heart of the unfortunate Champion. To this he added, that if *Belerma* was not so fair as was reported, it was to be attributed to her sufferings under Enchantment that had sunk her Eyes, and tarnish'd her Complexion; for that when she was in her Prime, the Fair *Dulcinea*, so fam'd in the World, was a meer Dowdy to her. Hold a blow there, good Mr. *Montesinos*, quo I. Comparisons are odious, Mrs. *Belerma* might have had her Advantages of Beauty, but I beseech ye wipe your Mouth when you talk of *Madam Dulcinea*; the Matchless *Dulcinea* gives way to nere a Piskitchin *Belerma* i' the World. I beg your Pardon, Sir Knight, quo *Montesinos*, I confess I talk'd at Rovers, to compare Mrs. *Belerma* with *Madam Dulcinea*, especially considering how Fame has spread her Beauty. Had I known you had been her Knight, I would a bit off my Tongue, and swallow'd it, before I would ha' compar'd her with any thing, but Heaven it self. This submission of *Montesinos* pacifi'd me, and kept my boyling wrath from Running over.

Nouns—quo *Sancho*, I wonder ye did not lay th' old Rascal sprawling upon his Back and kick out his Guts; certainly you were very tame i' th' other World—how could you leave him one hair upon his Chin! No, *Sancho*, no, we are oblig'd to respect our Elders, tho they be no Knights; especially such as are under the Oppression of Enchantment. However as I would not seem to be rude, so neither would I take any thing which I look't upon as an affront.

But

But I beseech ye, Sir, quo the Schoilar, how could it be, that in so short a time you should see and hear so many strange things? Why how long, quo *Don Quixote*, have I been below i' the Cave? About five quarters of an hour, reply'd *Sancho*. Five quarters of an hour! quo *Don Quixote*, how can that be? when I have seen the Sun rise and set three times. Troth, quo *Sancho*, my Master may be i' the Right on't—for seeing that whatever befalls him is done by Enchantment, the time which we took for an hour may well be three days, with every one their Nights belonging to 'em. 'Tis very true, reply'd *Don Quixote*. I hope, Sir, quo the Schollar, you have been highly feasted i' your Chrystal Palace; pray, Sir, what good cheer had ye? Not one Morsel, reply'd *Don Quixote*, nor indeed had I any desire to eat or drink all the while. Why? quo the Schollar, do the Enchanted never eat? They neither eat nor drink, reply'd *Don Quixote*, nor do they ever untruss their Breeches or draw against the Wall, tho some are of opinion that their Nails and their Beards do grow. But do they never sleep neither? quo *Sancho*. No more then Hares, reply'd *Don Quixote*; at least in all the three days time that I was there, I saw not one that had so much as an Inclination to wink. *Company makes Cuckolds*, quo *Sancho*, you were with those that were Enchanted, who neither eat nor drank; no wonder then, you neither did eat nor drink so long as you were in their Company. They that are at *Rome* must do as they do at *Rome*. Yet for all that, Sir, would ye have me speak my mind; why then I beg your pardon, Sir; for God take me, I was going to say, the Devil fetch me, if I believe one Tittle of all your long Story. What's your Reason, quo the Schollar; is your Master *Don Quixote* so addicted to lying? Or suppose he were, he could never have invented so many stories in so short a time. 'Tis not, quo *Sancho*, that I believe my Master Lies;—What is 't then that thou believ'st, quo *Don Quixote*? I believe, Sir, reply'd *Sancho*, that this same *Merlin*, or those *Necromancers* that Enchanted all that Rabble of People you talk of, have cram'd into your Pate by Enchantment, all that you have told us, and all that you have yet to tell us, and this I dare be bold to take my Corpral Oath of. This is no such improbability but that it might be so, quo *Don Quixote*; however 'tis not so: For what I saw, I saw with my own Eyes, and what I heard, I heard with my own Ears. But what will thy *Infidelskip* say to hear me tell thee, that among four thousand other far more amazing wonders, which *Montesinos* shew'd me, and which I shall impart at times as we ride together, He gave me a sight of three Country Girls, that leapt and frisk'd about the Meadow like two young Goats, of which I knew one to be *Dulcinea*, and the other two to be her Companions, that thou and I kneel'd to, not far from *Toboso*. I ask'd *Montesinos* if he knew 'em? He told me, no; but that they were some Enchanted Princesses, that *Merlins* Officers had lately brought to Jayl without a *Habeas Corpus*. For that the Devils Counter was full, there being a great number of other Ladies o' the Womens side, Enchanted under several disguises; some that had layn there for many years; others but lately brought in; and that among the rest he knew Queen *Guinever*, and *Madam Quintaniona*, who was a kind of *Betty Bully* to Sir *Lancelot*, when he return'd into *Britain*.

Sancho was ready to burst his sides when he heard his Master talk at that Rate; for he knew the Enchantment of *Dulcinea* to be a damnd Lye, as being the Enchanter himself; and thence concluding his Master had lost his Wits, Sir, said he, in an ill hour, did you descend into the other

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World;

World; and by the Devils appointment did you meet with *Montesinos*;—the Devil's Butler, I take him to be, for he has made ye free of his Masters Cellar—You went hence i' your Wits, with all your Sences, about yee—talking Sentences at every turn, and giving good Counsel to all that would take it; but now—Mercy defend me, you talk as if y' had left your Brains in Satans Buttery. I know thee *Sancho*, reply'd *Don Quixote*, and therefore I give little heed to what thou say'st. Nor I by my Faith, quo *Sancho*, to what you say—You may kick me, or kill me, if you please, for what I have said, I'm sure 'tis true—But, Sir, before your Passion rises, pray tell me, what did Madam *Dulcinea* say to yee, and what did you say to her? I knew her again, quo *Don Quixote*, by the Red Waistcoat she had on when thou shew'd'st her me, and I spake to her; but now when I made my Addresses to her, instead of making me an answer, she turn'd her tail, and flew away with that swiftness, that an Arrow out of a Bow would not have overtaken her. I would fain have follow'd her, but *Montesinos* to'd me 'twas in vain—and then diverting me with other discourse, he told me farther, that in a short time he would put me in a way to dissolve the *Necromancer Morbido's* Enchantment, and set both *Durandart*, *Belerma*, and all the rest of the Prisoners at Liberty. But that which griev'd me most of all was this, that while *Montesinos* and I were thus talking together, one of the unfortunate *Dulcinea's* Associates came o' the left side of me, with Tears in her Eyes, and with a faint and sorrowful voice whispering me i' the Ear; My Lady *Dulcinea*, quo she, commends her most kindly to your Highness, desiring to know how you do; and because she is in great want, beseeches your Worship to lend her three Shillings, or what you can spare upon this new Flannel Petticoat, which she intends to redeem in a very short time. I must confess this Message strangely surpriz'd me, and therefore turning about to *Montesinos*, is it possible Mr. *Montesinos*, quo I, that Enchanted Persons of Quality should want in this place? Why truly, reply'd *Montesinos*, we Jailors do not buy our Prisons for nothing—and as for Necessity it creeps into all Places, and assails all Qualities, and Conditions, not pardoning those that are Enchanted—the Lodging and Cellar must be pay'd, or else they are turn'd into the Hole—and therefore if Madam *Dulcinea* want three Shillings, the Pawn's a good Pawn, and I'd advise ye to lend it her—I take no Pawns, said I, neither can I lend her three Shillings, for I ha' but eighteen Pence i' my Pocket, which was the Money I had of thee, *Sancho*, to give to the Poor that I might meet i' the other World; and this eighteen Pence I gave the Maid with these expressions—Maid, said I, tell thy Mistress that I am heartily sorry for her distresses, and wish I were another old *Audley* to relieve her—let her know that I have no Comfort in my Life, nor any repose of mind or Body, while I am deprived of her Company and Conversation; and therefore desire her to vouchsafe that favour to her Weather-beaten Captive, to let him Kiss her fair Hands, and enjoy the Consolation of her Beautiful Society but for an hour or two—Tell her withal, that when she little dreams on't, she shall hear how I have made an Oath, like the Marquess of *Mantua*, never to eat upon a Table-cloth, nor to sleep between a pair of Sheets, till I have got her Execution Money pay'd, and deliver'd her from her Enchantment. All this and more you owe my Mistress, quo the Damsel, and then having got the eighteen Pence, instead of making me a Curtsie, she fercht a Capar i' the Air above fifteen yards high, and I never saw her again.

Heavens

Heavens bless me, quo *Sancho*, that Enchanters and Enchantments should be able thus to intoxicate and bewitch the best Wit in *Mancha*. O Master, dear Master, for the Love of God, recover your lost Wits, and never doat upon these follies that craze your understanding in this wicked manner.

Thy Affection poor *Sancho*, quo *Don Quixote*, makes thee talk at this rate, and for want of experience in the World thou believ'st those things impossible that seem difficult to be accomplish'd. But as I have said, the time will come when I shall tell thee such stories of what I have seen i' this Cave, that thou shalt no longer question the Truth of what I have already related.

C H A P. XXIV.

Where you will find a hunder'd Fiddle Faddles and Impertinences, as ridiculous as necessary for the understanding this true History.

THE Translator of *Cid Hamet Benengeli* tells us, that when he came to the Chapter of the Cave of *Montesinos*, he found written in the Margin, with the Authors own hand the following words.

I can hardly believe that all those things that are related in the forgoing Chapter so punctually beset the Great Don Quixote, as he has describ'd 'em in his Relation. For there is some possibility in all the rest of the Adventures which hitherto have been recorded; but in this of the Cave of Montesinos, there is not the least probability, no coherence with Reason, but a slim flam as impossible as extraordinary. Not that I believe Don Quixote, the Noblest and Sincerest Knight of his time would tell a Lye; rather I am confident he would first have been shot to death. On the other side he has related this Adventure with so many Circumstances, that I dare not for my Life be so unkind to his Memory as not to believe him, especially when I consider that he had not time enough to invent so great a Cluster of Fables. However I thought fit to insert it among the rest, without undertaking to affirm or contradict, leaving it to the Reader to pass what censure upon it he pleases; only let him take this advertisement by the way, that for a certain, when Don Quixote was upon his death Bed, he disown'd this Adventure, and said, he only inverted it to the end he might with more exactness imitate the Stories which he had read in his Legends of Knight-Errantry. To proceed then,

The Schollar all this while was strangely astonish'd at the Liberty which *Sancho* took, but much more at his Masters patience. All that he could imagin was only this, that the joy and satisfaction which had possess'd *Don Quixote*, for having seen his Mistress, tho enchanted as she was, had mollify'd and sweeten'd his Vinegar Temper, since otherwise *Sancho* spoke those words that justly merited his being ground to Powder. For my part, Sir Knight, said he, I cannot but look upon my time extremely well spent in this Journey, upon four considerations. First, for that it has brought me to the honour of your Acquaintance, which I most infinitely esteem. In the next place for the Information it has given me of the manifold wonders conceal'd before within the Cave of *Montesinos*, with the *Metamorphoses* of *Guadiana*, and the Daughters of *Ruydera*, which will be of great use to me in the next Edition of my *Ovid* with *Cutts*. I have

also

also thereby learnt the Antiquity of *Card-playing*, which I find to have been a Pastime in use even in the Reign of the Emperour *Charle le Main*: by the words of *Durandart*, *We must have patience and shuffle the Cards again*; which must have been a Vulgar Proverb in his Life time, since he could not learn it after he was enchanted: and it comes pat also for my Supplement to *Polydore Virgil*, who as I remember, says nothing of the Antiquity of Cards, which it is of so great importance to know; and for which I am o'rejoy'd to have the Authentic Testimony of so grave and ancient an Author as *Durandart*. And lastly, now I know for certain the true source of the River *Guadiana*, how it came to be a River, and whence it first deriv'd its name; all which secrets have hitherto been conceal'd from human Learning.

And truly, Sir, quo *Don Quixote*, I am no less glad to have contributed to the clearing of your understanding in these points of such weighty moment. But pray, Sir, to whom will you dedicate these Works of yours, if you happen to obtain a Licence, which I very much doubt; for in truth to tell ye, such impertinent Learning as this, is no more then justly secluded from the Press.

Are there not great Lords and Persons of Quality enow i' the Kingdom? reply'd the Schollar. Not so many as you think for, reply'd *Don Quixote*; for the greatest part are quite tir'd out with Dedications; and for the rest, they're of a humour not to be troubled with impertinent Morning Visits. But let us call another Cause, and consider where to lodge this Night.

Sir, quo the Schollar, not far from this place there stands a *Hermitage*, the Retirement of a devout Person, who as they say was formerly a Souldier; He is lookt upon as a good Christian, and so charitable that he has built a little House by his Hermitage, for the entertainment of such as have lost their way, or come to visit his Solitudes. But has this devout Hermite any good Vittles? quo *Sancho*. There are few but have, quo *Don Quixote*, for they live not now adays like those of *Thebais*, that cover'd their Nakedness with Palm-Leaves, and fed upon Roots. I do not deny but these may be as good Christians as the other, only their Penances are not so austere as in former Ages. In a word, they are both good; and tho they were not, yet we ought to judge favourably of their retiring from the World. For the Hypocrite that makes it his business to appear Holy, is always less culpable, then the sinner that boasts of his Crimes.

While they were thus discoursing, they look'd back and saw coming toward 'em, a Man that was a-foot himself, yet travel'd a very great pace, driving before him a Horse laden with Lances and Halberds; which made 'em take up and ride gently. But so soon as the Man had overtaken 'em, Hold, honest Friend, quo *Don Quixote*, there's no necessity of making such haste by what I find by thy Horse. Sir, quo the Fellow, I can't stay; for these Weapons that you see, must be made use of to-morrow— If you desire to know more concerning this matter, I shall lodge to night at the Lone Inn upon the Road, about six miles beyond the Hermitage, whether if it be your fortune to follow me, I shall tell ye wonders; and so Godbuy to yee all Gentlemen—and so saying, he gave his Horse such a lick o' the Buttocks with his Whip, that away trotted the Horse and the Fellow after, with that swiftness, that *Don Quixote* had no leisure to ask any more questions. However *Don Quixote* had such an itching ear after Novelties, especially if they had but the least Twang of an Adventure, that he resolv'd to lie at the Inn, and not to stop at the Hermitage

tage. But notwithstanding *Don Quixote's* resolutions, *Sancho* was determin'd to call and see how the Hermite was provided. To which purpose he whipt on his *Grizzle*, and rid before, and being come up to the Hermitage, *So ho, House*, quo he, who's within here? But such was *Sancho's* ill luck, that the Hermite was gone abroad, and there was no body at home, but another Old Man, the Hermite's Companion, whom *Sancho* ask'd whether he had any strong Liquor within? To which the Old Man made answer, that he could not come at the strong Liquor, but if he would have any small Water, he should have his Belly full. *Sancho* reply'd, that he could have had Water enough upon the Road; and then fetching a deep sigh, farewell *Don Diego's* good Vittles, and the Rich *Martins* Wedding, quo he, there's nothing but cold Comfort in Hermitages.

Having sped so ill at the Hermitage, they rode on toward the Inn, and upon the Road they overtook a young Lad, that walk'd carelessly along, shouldring his Sword with a little bundle ty'd to the Scabbard. He had on an old Velvet Jerkin, very bare and thin; the tail of his Shirt hung out at the Knees of his Breeches, which had been once of a good sort of Silk, and upon his Feet he wore the remains of a pair of Spanish-leather Shoes. He was about eighteen years of Age, a lively brisk Lad, well complexion'd and handsome; and as they came near him, they heard him singing the conclusion of an old Ballad.

*And so farewell, my Jinny, farewell,
For I to the Wars must go;
Yet had I but Money in my Poke,
I would not leave thee so.*

Spark i' the Paper Garments, quo *Don Quixote*, which way bound? Me thinks you are but thinly clad, Sir youth, to let your Shirt take so much Air. Necessity, Sir, reply'd the Youth, constrains it, and the hot weather excuses it; and I am going for a Souldier. I admit the Hear, quo *Don Quixote*, but why Necessity. Sir, quo the young Lad, I have i' my bundle a pair of Breeches answerable to my Jerkin, but I am loath to wear 'em out upon the Road, because they will do me more credit when I come to a good Town. Now I hear of some new rais'd Foot Companies that lie about fifteen miles off, with whom I intend to lift my self; and then I intend to throw off my Rags; for I had rather have the King for my Master, then starve under e're a beggerly Courtier of 'em all. Prithee, quo *Don Quixote*, what makes thee complain so much of the Courtiers?

Perhaps, quo the Youth, had I serv'd any Eminent Nobleman, or Person of Quality, I might have had as little reason as another; for their Lacqueys many time come to be Captains or Lieutenants at least; but it has been always my ill Fortune to wait upon Upstarts and younger Brothers, whose Allowance was so short, that the greatest part of it always went to buy me Shoes and Stockins: no wonder then there was so little hopes of Preferment among them. Truly Friend, quo *Don Quixote*, you serv'd very bad Masters indeed, that in all the while you could never get your self a whole Livery. Why truly, Sir, answer'd the Youth, I never serv'd but two poor-spirited Masters, who when they had dispatch'd their business at Court, went home again into the Country; and then, as in Monastries, where if a Man goes out before he professes, they take his fresh Habit from him, and return him his old Cloaths; my Masters stript me of

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my Liveries, which they only made for a little Ostentation in the City, and sent me a grazing with my old Rags. A poor piece of Miching Bafenefs indeed, quo *Don Quixote*: and therefore I must needs commend thee for leaving the Court, especially considering the Bravery of thy design; for there is nothing more noble nor more beneficial in this World, then to serve God in the first place, and the King in the next, especially in the Profession of Arms; for tho a Man do not thereby heap up Wealth, yet he gains more honour by Military employment, then by Learning. 'Tis true indeed, more Families have been advanc'd by the Gown, then by the Sword; yet whatever be the reason of it, the Souldier has always this advantage above the Schollar, that he shines forth in the World with a more pompous and brighter Splendor. And therefore young Man, mind and remember what I now tell ye, and which may be much for your profit and consolation hereafter; be sure to be ready prepar'd for all Events that can happen, the worst of which is death; and if it be a good and an honest Death, it is the greatest happiness in the World. *Julius Caesar* being ask'd what death he would make choice of? To dye suddenly, said he, wherein he said well, tho a *Pagan*, and one that had no knowledge of the true God. For what imports it whether I be kill'd with a Cannon Bullet, or blown up in a Mine; 'tis all but dying; and a Souldier stretch'd forth dead upon the Field of Battel, looks far more honourable then alive and safe in flight. 'Tis the business and the glory of a Souldier to obey his Superiours, and those that command him; and I must tell thee young Man, 'tis better for a Souldier to smell of Gunpowder, then Amber-Greece or Essence of Oranges; and if Age overtake thee in this honourable Employment of fighting for thy King and Country, tho cover'd with Scars, tho lame and maim'd, it never can surprize thee without honour, that will guard thee from the contempt of Poverty; nay from Poverty it self, while thy Princes generous Providence takes care of thy support. I have nothing more to say to thee at present, honest fellow Souldier, quo *Don Quixote*, only get thee up behind me, and I'll carry thee to the Inn, where thou shalt Sup with me to night, and then God be with thee, and send thee well to do.

The young Lad civilly excus'd himself from riding behind the Knight, but willingly accepted of his Invitation to Supper. But that which bred admiration in *Sancho*, was to hear his Master talk so like a *Rabby*. Nowns, quo he, muttering to himself, how is it possible that a Man that talks as this Man does, nothing but Sentences and Pithy sayings, a Man that is able to be a Privy Councillor to a Marquis, should be so befotted as to believe those impossibilities, which he tells us he has seen in *Montefinos's* Cave, and affirm 'em for Gospel. Body a Me, never was any single Mortal so possel'd, at the same time by *Fool* and *Wise-man* thus by turns, i this World—

And now the Sun was just ready to set when they arriv'd at the Inn; at what time, that which mainly overjoy'd *Sancho* was, that his Master took the Inn for what it really was, not a Castle but an Inn, contrary to his usual Custom.

Don Quixote was no sooner enter'd the Yard, but he enquir'd of the Innkeeper for the Man with the Swords and the Halberds; who answering, that he was in the Stable, they all alighted, and *Don Quixote* gave his Horse to *Sancho*.

CHAP. XXV.

Containing the Braying Adventure; with the Adventure of the Puppet-Player, and the Fortune-telling Ape.

DON Quixote was more in haste, then the fellow that left his Drink behind him, to understand what those wonders were, which the Man with the Swords had promis'd to tell him; and therefore he would answer to none of those questions; *What will ye please to drink? or What will ye have to Supper?* nay, he would not be shew'd a Room, till he had caus'd the Carrier to be sent for, and had challeng'd him with his Promise. To whom, no such haste to hang true Folks, quo the Carrier—My Miracles are not to be told standing—give me but leave to look after my Beast, and when I ha' serv'd my Beast, then I'll serve your Worship. If that be all, quo *Don Quixote*, I'll go and help thee my self; and so saying, away he went with the Carrier into the Stable, and while the one rubb'd down and Litter'd his Beast, the other sifted the Oats, and clean'd the Manger. Which was a piece of humility, in the Champion, so gaining upon the Carrier, that leaving the Stable, he went into the Yard, and fastening himself upon the Horse-block, while *Don Quixote*, *Sancho*, the Schollar, the Page, and the Innkeeper lent him their most attentive Ears, thus deliver'd himself.

About five or six miles, quo he, from this Place there stands a very large Town under the Government of two Bayliffs, and their Assistants: Now it happen'd that a little while since, the Head Bayliff, as some say through the negligence, as others say through the Treachery of his Maid Servant, lost his Milch Afs, and notwithstanding all the diligent search he made after her, could never find her again. About fifteen days after, as the head Bayliff was walking about the Market-place, one of the Serjeants of the same Town coming to him: An't like your Worship, quo he, what will you give me, and I will tell ye where your Milch Afs is. A shoulder a Mutton and a Capon quo the Bayliff—provided I have her agen. Why, reply'd the Serjeant, I saw her this Morning upon the Mountain without either Pack-saddle or Halter, so lean that it griev'd my heart to see her. I would have arrested her at your Worships Suit, and brought her home again, but she is grown so lawless, so wild and so skittish, that withal the Craft I could use, I could not get near her, and at length she flung up her Heels, and flew into the covert of the Mountain. If your Worship pleases we'll go both together, and see if we can find her; perhaps the Beast may be more obedient to her Master then to me. You say very well Neighbour, quo the Bayliff, I accept your kind offer and thank you for it. With these Circumstances, and after this manner all that know the story, relate it word for word.

In order to this Agreement, the Head Bayliff and the Serjeant, went early the next Morning afoot, to examin the Mountain, more especially that part where the Afs had been seen the day before. But after they had gone many a weary step, lookt all about as if they had been searching for Birds Nests, quite tyr'd, and hungry as Foxes, not so much as the Hair of an Afs was to be found; which very much afflicted the Bayliff. Thereupon the Serjeant, beholding the Bayliff's mournful Countenance, now I think on't, quo he, I ha' thought upon a most certain way to find out this Afs

of yours, if she be above ground; nay tho she should be hid fifteen yards under the Earth; for I my self can *Bray* to a Miracle, and if your Worship could but *Bray* never so little, the business were done. Never so little! reply'd the Bayliff; I speak it without boasting, I defy all Mankind, nay the very Asses themselves to *Bray* more to the life than I can. So much the better, reply'd the Serjeant; then do you go a one side the Mountain, and I'll go a' tother; and do you *Bray* a' your side, and I'll *Bray* a' mine; for then if the Ass be i' the Mountain, the Devil himself must be too strong for the Ass, if she don't come to her kind, the first that she hears *Bray*, whether you or me. Upon my word, quo the Bayliff, a notable invention, and which none but a Man-hunter could ever have hit upon.

At the same time they parted, and when they thought themselves at a sufficient distance one from the other, they both fell a *Braying* so exactly, that one deluding the r'other, they both made toward each others noise, believing the Ass had been found, and so met again. Bodikins, quo the Bayliff, I'de ha' layd my Life I had heard my Ass *Bray*. 'Twas your Worships mistake, quo the Serjeant, for 'twas I that you heard *Bray*. Well! quo the Bayliff, now Neighbour, must I acknowledge that there is no difference between an Ass and thee, I mean i' the matter of *Braying*; for upon my life I never heard the like. These Praises, reply'd the Serjeant, better belong to your *Worship*, than your unworthy Officer; for without flattery, your *Worship* is able to teach all the young Asses i' the Country to *Bray*: You have a strong Voice, excellent Lungs, and hold out your note exactly; you have the true *Ronk buyinck*, *Ronk buyinck*, and the Twirling of your Lips to a hairsbreadth. In a word I yield your *Worship* the Bays, and will never more pretend to *Bray* i' your Company. *Kings truce*, quo the Bayliff; lore your Commendations, Neighbour, for they are more then I deserve: However I shall have a better Opinion of my *Braying* then ever I had, as having receiv'd your more judicious Approbation.

In good faith, Sir, quo the Serjeant, there are many good Qualities lost in the World, for want of knowing how to make use of 'em. You say very true, Neighbour, quo the Bayliff, for I should never have discover'd this Talent of mine, had it not been for this occasion, and I wish it may prove successful.

After these Complements past between 'em, they divided themselves a second time, and went *Braying* one a' one side the Hill, and th' other a' r'other, more vigorously and courageously then before; but being still deluded by their own *Braying*, they as often ran to the noise, and met one another as before, believing still 't had been the lost Ass; till at length they agreed to *Bray* twice one after another, to the end they might be sure 'twas they, and not the Ass; and thus *Braying* twice together at a time, they fetcht a compass round about the Mountain, but all in vain, for the Ass made not the least *Huyinck* of an answer. And indeed how was it possible the poor Beast should answer 'em, which afterwards when they had almost *Ronk'd* their Hearts out, they found in the thickest part of the Mountain half eaten by the Wolves. At what time, quo the Bayliff, I wonder indeed the Ass took so little notice of his Kindred; which I'me sure she would ha' done, or else she had been no Ass. But let her go Neighbour, I ha' lost my Ass, and found a good Quality; and it is my farther satisfaction and a sufficient recompence for my loss, that I have heard thee *Bray* so deliciously as I ha' done.

The Glass is in a good hand, an't like your *Worship*, quo the Serjeant, and if the Abbot sings well, I'me sure the little Monk comes not behind him.

him. With that returning home, as hoarse as Sowgelders horns, and as tyr'd as Dogs after a Fox chase, they told all their Friends and Acquaintance what had befall'n 'em in search of the Ass; the Serjeant extolling the Bayliff, and the Bayliff applauding the Serjeant for his excellency in *Braying*, and both with an equal Generosity yielding the Palm to the other.

Such a Story as this you may be sure was spread abroad over all the Country, and the Devil who never sleeps, but watches all occasions to sow discord and dissent among Men, layd hold of the Opportunity; and so manag'd his business, that when any of the Neighbouring Villages met any of our Town, they would still fall a *Braying* at 'em in derision of our Bayliff.

At length the story was got among the Boys, and then all the Inhabitants of Hell had as good ha' known it; for presently it flew like lightning from Village to Village; so that our Townsmen are as well known all over the Country, as the Begger knows his Dish. But this is not all, for the jeaft is now gone so far, that when the Jeerers and the Flowted meet, they fall to Daggers drawing, fearing neither the King nor his Laws, and never part without broken Pates and bloody Noses. And now to morrow or next day at farthest, there is a Party of our Town, that are going to be reveng'd upon a Village about two Leagues off, who are lookt upon as their most inveterate Persecutors; and that's the reason they sent me to buy these Instruments of mischief. And these are the wonders I promis'd to tell ye; which if they be't wonders, may produce wonders for ought I know.

At the same time that the Country Fellow concluded his Story, there came into the Inn-yard a kind of a *Merry-Andrew*, in Doublet, Breeches, and Stockins of Shamoy Leather, who calling to the Innkeeper, ask'd him for a Room. Withal, Sir, said he, here's the Ape that tells Fortunes, and the Story of the Captive *Melifandra's* being set at Liberty.

'Slife, quo the Innkeeper, who's here, Mr. *Peter*! we shall be merry to night I find—Welcom Mr. *Peter*—but where's the Monkey and the *Show*?—Not far behind, quo *Peter*, only I came a little before, to know whither y' had any room or no. I'de refuse the Duke of *Alva* to make room for Mr. *Peter*, quo the Host; only bring the Monkey and the *Show*; for here are People enow to pay well for the Sight. Very good, quo Mr. *Peter*; and I'll moderate my Price for the sake of the good Company—provided they may bear my charges, I'll look for no more—and so saying, he went out again to fetch his Cart.

I had forgot to tell yee, that this Mr. *Peter* wore a long piece of green Taffaty over his left Eye, that cover'd half his Face; by which you may guess he was troubl'd with a Disease more then ordinary; besides that the Bridge of his Nose was fallen.

In the mean time *Don Quixote* ask'd the Innkeeper who this Mr. *Peter* was, and the meaning of his Fortune-telling Monkey, and his *Show*. This Mr. *Peter*, reply'd the Innkeeper, is the best for Puppet-Plays i' the Country; and he shews yee the *Show* of *Melifandra*, made to the Life in Puppets, by *Don Gaffero* himself. He has also a wonderful Monkey, the like of which was never heard of. If you ask him any question, he listens attentively, then leaps upon his Masters Shoulder, and whispers in his Ear the Answer to the Question demanded, and Mr. *Peter* explains it to the Party. He is much better at telling a Man or Woman what has befall'n, then what shall befall 'em; and tho he does not always hit right, yet is he seldom deceiv'd; which makes many People believe the Devil's in him.

him. You give twelve Pence a piece for every Question, to which the Monkey answers, or rather his Master, after the Ape has whisper'd in his Ear. So that Mr. Peter is lookt upon to be very well to pass; for he is a notable merry Fellow, and a good Companion, talks six Mens shares, and drinks twelve Mens; and all this he gets by his Tongue, his Monkey, and his Show.

By this Mr. Peter arriv'd with his Cart, and the Ape appear'd, a lusty Rogue without a Tail, and his Bum as bare as a felt, but very pert and pleasant to look upon.

So soon as *Don Quixote* perceiv'd him, out of his impatience to try all manner of Adventures; Worshipful Son of *Cornelius Agrippa*, quo He, what Fish do we catch? what ha' you to say concerning my good or bad Fortune?—Here's my twelve Pence as round as a Jugglers Box—and so saying he order'd *Sancho* to give the Money to Mr. Peter, who at the same time returning the Monkeys Answer; Sir, said he, this knowing Creature, speaks nothing of what is to come; but of what is past he can tell yee something, and concerning the present time he knows as much. The Devil twist his Guts for a Baboon as he is, quo *Sancho*—Ple not give him a Farthing to tell me whats past—for who knows that better than my self?—Zookers, that's the greatest folly i' the World, to pay for what a Man knows already—But since he's so good at the present Time, let him tell me what my Wife *Teresa's* now a doing, and here's my Twelve-Pence withal my heart.

Mr. Peter told him, he took no Money beforehand; and at the same time giving two claps with his right Hand upon his left Shoulder, up skip'd the Ape, and laying his Mouth to his Masters Ear, grated his Teeth together while a Man might tell *Five*, and then down he leap'd again. Immediately upon this, Mr. Peter throwing himself upon his Knees before *Don Quixote*, and embracing his Thigh; This Thigh, quo He, do I embrace with more joy, then I would embrace the Pillars of *Hercules*. Long live the Restorer of forgotten *Knight-Errantry*, Long live the renowned Knight, the famous *Don Quixote de la Mancha*; the Support of the Weak, the Stay of them that are ready to Fall, the Raisher of the Disconsolate, and the Succour of the Miserable.

At these words *Don Quixote* stood amaz'd, *Sancho* trembl'd, and the Schoilar blest'd himself, the Lacquey wonder'd, the Country Fellow gap'd, the Innkeeper star'd, astonish'd all at Mr. Peters Rapture; who then addressing himself to *Sancho*, And thou *Sancho Pancha*, said he, the most faithful Squire to the most Valiant Knight that ever was, thank thy kind Stars that have bestow'd upon thee so good a Wife, and so industrious a Hufwife, for she's at this time darning her old Stockins, by the same token that she has standing by her, upon her left Hand a Stone Jug with a broken mouth, containing two Pints of Old Malaga, to relieve her fainting Spirits, every other stich, with a Dram of the Bottle. By the pleasure of Generation, quo *Sancho*, I durst ha' sworn as much; for *Teresa's* a Woman of extraordinary Parts, and were it not but that she's a little Jealous, I would not change her for the Gyantess *Betty-Makarela*, who as my Master says, was one of the most diligent Women of her Time. I dare say she'll never kill her self with fasting, tho her Heirs were ready to starve for want of her Joynture.

Well—quo *Don Quixote*, He that reads much and travels much, sees much and knows much: but who the Devil would ever believe that Monkeys could Prophecie; not I by my faith, had I not seen it with my own Eyes. And then

then proceeding, said he, 'tis very true as this same little Animal has said, I am that very Specificall, Numerical *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, in whose Praises the Monkey has so obligingly enlarg'd himself, I confess, something beyond my deserts. But let me be what I will, I give thanks to Heav'n for having bestow'd upon me strength and Courage, and a Compassionate Inclination to serve all Mankind.

Had I but a Shilling in all the World, I would give it Mr. Monkey, to tell me what luck I shall have i' my Travels. Sir, quo Mr. Peter, I have told yee already my Monkey knows nothing of what is to come; if he did, he should serve you gratis for once; for there is nothing that I would not do for the sake of the worthy Sir *Don Quixote*, whose Friendship I esteem above all the Money i' the World; and that he may see the Reality of my Heart, I will freely set up my Show for the Pastime of the Company, without expecting a Farthing for my Pains. Which the Innkeeper hearing, like one ready to leap out of his Skin for joy, call'd for t'other dozen of *Rabbit's*, and order'd Mr. Peter a convenient Room, wherein to embattel his Puppets.

Which while Mr. Peter was a doing, *Don Quixote*, who could not bear it into his Brains, that a Monkey could Prophecie and give answers, retir'd with *Sancho* into a By-corner of the Stable, where finding themselves in private; Hark yee me, *Sancho*, said he, I have been often rowling and trowling i' my mind the wonderful and extraordinary Gifts of this same Monkey, and I cannot for the Blood of me apprehend how it should be, unless his Master has made a secret Contract, or an expresse Stipulation with the Devil. Ple hold a Wager, quo *Sancho*, that neither of 'em said their Prayers before they went to this Collation; neither can I think that any Collation of the Devils could be otherwise then nastily drest.—Now pray Sir, what advantage could it be to Mr. Peter to eat the Devils *Durty Puddings*? Thou do'st not understand me *Sancho*; my meaning is, that the Devil and He have enter'd into an Agreement and Covenant together, that the Devil shall endow the Monkey with the gift of Figure-casting, to enrich the Puppet-player his Master; and that after such a time the Puppet-player in recompence of the Devils kindness shall surrender him his Soul, which is all that mortal Enemy of human Kind aims at. And that which confirms me the more in this Opinion is, that the Monkey knows nothing but of the past and present time, which is as much as the Devil himself knows, for alas he understands nothing of what is to come, but only Conjectures at it; and where one of his Conjectures hit, a thousand miss, there being only God alone who sees all things as if they were present before his Eyes. Which being beyond all contradiction, 'tis as clear as the Sun, that the Monkey speaks only through the Devils Organ-Pipe. And I wonder the Inquisition Court has hitherto taken no Cognizance of this same Mr. Peter, and that they have not summon'd him in to declare and make out by what power this Monkey takes upon him to tell Fortunes. For when ye have said all that ye can, I cannot think that either he or his Master are Prophets, or that they know how to erect a Scheme any more then as your *Lillies*, your *Saffolds*, and the rest of your *More-fields* and *Spittle-fields* Conjurers, Women and Coblers do, who by their Confounded lyes and ignorance, debase and bring to contempt Judicial Astrology, which is a wonderful and infallible Science.

I remember, one day, a Person of Quality put the question to one of these Quacks, whether a little Bitch that she had should Puppy; and of what colour, and how many Puppies the Bitch should have. To whom the

the Figure-Flinger, after he had erected his Scheam in great formality, answer'd, that the Bitch should have three Puppies, one green, one red, and another Motley, provided she were lim'd of a *Munday* or *Saturday*, between the hours of Eleven and Twelve a Clock at Noon or Night. But it happen'd that the Bitch miscarry'd at three days end, and so the Conjuror lost the Reputation of his Prediction. However, Sir, quo *Sancho*, I would have ye ask the Monkey, whether what you have related concerning the Cave of *Montefinos*, be true or no; for, for my part, saving that respect which I owe yee as my Master, I cannot think 'em other then idle Whims and Visions that you saw i' your sleep. That cannot be, reply'd *Don Quixote*, however for thy farther satisfaction I'll ask the Monkey; tho I confess it goes a little against my Conscience.

While they two were thus in deep Consultation, Mr. *Peter*, who had been looking for *Don Quixote*, came and told him, that all things were ready, and that only his Presence was wanting.

To whom *Don Quixote* answer'd, that he had a question to put to his Monkey first; whether certain Accidents that had befall'n him in a certain Cave, call'd the Cave of *Montefinos*, were Lyes or Realities; for that he could not tell what to think on't himself. Presently Mr. *Peter* fetch'd his Monkey, and placing him just before *Don Quixote* and *Sancho*; Look ye Mr. Monkey, said he, This famous Knight desires ye to tell him, whether certain strange Accidents that befel him in a Cave, call'd the Cave of *Montefinos*, were true or false? Presently the Monkey upon the usual signal leaping upon his Masters Shoulder, after he had layd his Lips a while to his Masters Ear, whip'd down again; at what time, quo his Interpreter to *Don Quixote*, the Monkey says, that what you saw in the Cave, is partly probable, partly very much to be question'd. This is all that he can answer to this Demand at present; but that if you desire to know any thing farther, he will next *Fryday* give yee full satisfaction to as many Questions as you please to ask; for his Spirit has left him, and will not return till next Fifth day.

Law ye there now, quo *Sancho*, did I not tell yee that all your Stories of *Montefinos's* Cave were all a Company of inventions and lyes, and that it was only for your sake if I believ'd above half of 'em. That's as time shall try, *Sancho*, reply'd *Don Quixote*; there's nothing so conceal'd in this World, but time at length will bring it to light, tho it were bur'd in the Entrails of the Earth.— But no more of this at present,— let's now go and see Mr. *Peters* Show: I am perswaded we shall see something that is new and worth our sight. Something! quo Mr. *Peter*, yes—a hundred thousand things—I tell yee my Lord *Don Quixote*, this is none o' your common *Rarie-Shows*, that are cry'd about the Streets, but one of the most exquisite *Motions* that ever Europe beheld; Believe our words not our words: Come along, Sir, then, for we have a great many Speeches to make, and the day waxes.

Thereupon *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* follow'd Mr. *Peter* into the Chamber where the Show stood, with a great number of small Wax-Candles glimmering round about. At the same time Mr. *Peter* put himself behind the Motion, under the covert of a Curtain, as being the Person that was to move the Puppets, and to make 'em speak. Before, stood a Boy, Servant to Mr. *Peter*, who was to interpret what the Puppets said, and with a little Wand in his Hand to poyn directly to every Figure as they came in and out, to tell who they were, and explain the Mystery of the whole Motion. And then it was that all the Company having taken their

their Seats (tho *Don Quixote*, *Sancho*, and the Schollar were preferr'd to the best places) the Interpreter began a Story that will never be read or known, but by those that shall read and hear the next Chapter.

CHAP. XXVI.

Continuing the Pleasant Adventure of the Puppet-player, with other pleasant Passages.

Conticnere omnes; The *Trojans* and *Tyrians* were all silent; that is, all the Spectators hung their Ears upon the Interpreters Mouth; at what time the Scene opening, they heard in the first place a loud Flouriish of Trumpets and Kettle-Drums, accompany'd with several Peals of Cannon: which Prelude being over, the young Interpreter, lifting up his Voice, Gentlemen, quo he, behold a True History, taken out of the Chronicles of *France*; How *Don Gafferos* deliver'd *Melifandra* his Wife, detain'd a Captive by the *Moors* in the City of *Saragosa*. And first you shall see how the great *Don Gafferos* sits playing at Draughts all day i' the Widows Coffee House, never regarding what becomes of the Virtuous *Melifandra*, according to the words of the Ballad.—

*And all the while Gafferos, He
Lay smoaking of his Mamsey Nose,
And playing all day long at Draughts
For all the Money in his Hose.
So little for his Princely Wife,
Fair Melifandra, was his Grief.*

That same Potentate that peeps out there with a Crown upon his Head, and a Scepter in his Hand, is the famous Emperour *Charlemain*, the reputed Father of the Fair *Melifandra*; who all enrag'd to see the Sloth and Negligence of his Son in Law, comes out to rate him; and mark how Majestically he *Berogues* and *Rascals* him, as if he intended to break his Pate with his Scepter; and some Authors there are that tell yee, how he gave him five or six Remembrances well lay'd on, after he had told him his own, and what a *Pewter-button'd* Rakeshame he was, to let his Wife lie all that time in Prison. Now mark again how the Emperour turns his Tail upon him; how he goes away maundring; and how *Don Gafferos* enrag'd at the affront offer'd him by the Emperour, dings the Tables one way, and whirls the Table-men another way, and calls for his Arms to be brought him immediately. Thereupon you see him begging his Cousin *Rowland* to lend him his trusty Sword *Durindana* (for you must know his own was at Pawn) which he refuses to do, but offers to go along with him and be his Second. Which puts *Don Gafferos* into such a Pelting chafe, that he scorns both his Cousin *Rowland* and his Company, and falls a swearing like a Tinker, that he'll deliver his own Wife himself, without being beholding to any of his Kindred— ay that he will— by *Pharo's* Host (hark how he bellows now) tho she were fifty Leagues beyond the *Antipodes*. And now he's going to put on his Armour, and to prepare himself for his Journey.

And

And now Gentlemen, cast your Eyes upon that Tower. That's one of the Towers of the Castle of *Saragosa*, and the Lady which you see in the Balcony there, in *Morish* Habit, is the Peerless *Melifandra*; who coming out forty times a day into the Balcony, casts many a heavy look toward *France*, thinking upon *Paris*, and her Maggot-pated Spouse, the only Consolation of her Imprisonment. But now, Gentlemen, mind, I beseech yee mind it, here is an Accident altogether new, and perhaps never heard of before. Don't yee see the *Moore* yonder, that comes creeping and stealing along with his finger in his Mouth, behind *Melifandra*? By and by he gives her a pat o' the Shoulder, and as she turns her Head to see what's the matter, hark what a smack he gives her full i' the Mouth. Then see how the Spits and Fogh's it, and wipes her Lips with her white Holland-smock sleeves; see how she laments and tears her Golden Tresses for very madness, as if they were guilty of the *Moore's* Theft. Now observe yonder grave serious *Moore*, above i' the open Gallery; That's *Marsilius* the King of *Saragosa*, who having seen the Sawciness of the *Moore*, tho' his near Kinsman and Favorite, causes him to be apprehended and publickly Whipt through the Streets of the City. There, look yee, the Guards are coming forth to put the Sentence in Execution; for among the *Moore's* the Kings words a Law without any formality of Tryals.

Here *Don Quixote* interrupting him, Young Man, Young Man, quo he, pray go on wi' your Story in a direct Line, and let me ha' none o' these Digressions and ramblings out of the Road— For I must tell yee, there ought to be Legal Proofs of the matter of Fact, before a Man be condemn'd. Boy, quo the Master, from behind the Show, do as the Gentleman commands yee; forbear your Flourishes; keep to your Plain-song; and let me hear no more o' your Figur'd Counter-point; least you run into Discords.

I shall, Sir, quo the Boy, making a Reverend Scrape, and so going on; He that you see there a Horse-back, in a short Sleeveless Coat of Russlet *Manchester* Bays, is *Don Gafferos* himself, to whom *Melifandra* (now sufficiently reveng'd upon the *Moore* for his Arrogancy) talks from the top of the Tower, taking him for some Stranger that travell'd that way, and holds him in a long Discourse, which you may read in the Ballad, where you have these Lines,

*Friend, if for France you go, enquire
For my Gafferos, stout and strong,
And tell him he's a whoring Cur
To let me live in Jail so long—*

The Rest I omit, Prolixity being displeasing to most men. 'Tis sufficient that *Don Gafferos* at length made himself known to her; and then you may readily guess how glad she was to see him, tho' 'twere only by Moon-light, and how sorry she was she had sent him such an unkind Message; but she excus'd it by saying she did it only i' the way of Familiarity. And to make him amends, she straddles over the Balcony to leap into his Arms (for he was able to hold her had she been as heavy agen) and so to have got behind him. But oh the wretched Fate of Lovers; for there you see her stopp'd by one of the Spikes of the Balcony, that catches hold of her Petticoat; and there you see her dangling i' the Air, in a most unhappy and frightful Condition. And now what shall she do! or who shall afford her Succour in this distress? There's but one way i' the World— but a desperate Disease

Disease must have a desperate Cure. *Don Gafferos* therefore rides up to her, and taking her by both her Heels, never minding the Richness of her Petticoat, gives her a tugg, and the delicate Garment a rash; and so fetching her down by Head and Shoulders, sets her astride upon the Crupper of his Horse, bidding her sit fast, and clap her Arms about his Shoulders for fear of falling, by reason she was not accusom'd to that way of riding. Hark how the Horse neighes, and by his Prancing, shews how proud he is of the Noble burden of his Valiant Master and Beautiful Mistress. See how they leave the City, and Gallop merrily away, taking the Road for *Paris*. Peace be with yee, most Peerless Couple of Faithful Lovers; may yee arrive safe and found within the Confiners of your beloved Country, without meeting any Traverses or Obstacles of Way-ward Fortune. And after a prosperous Journey may you be long the Joy of your Friends and Relations in Peace and Prosperity; and may your Years equal the Years of *Nestor*.

Soft and fair, Boy, quo Mr. *Peter*, fear not so high, least you break your Neck i' the fall— To which the Boy made no answer, but pursuing his Story— Now, quo he, there were a sort of Buffle-bodies, who discovering *Melifandra's* Flight, gave immediate notice of it to King *Marsilius*, who presently put the whole City into an Uproar; and now you may see the whole City tottering, and ready to sink into the Earth with the weight of the Bells that Ring backward in all their *Mosques*.

There y'are out again, quo *Don Quixote*; and your Master is absurdly mistaken in Bells: The *Moors* have no Bells, but only make a noise with their Drums and their Kettle-Drums, and sometimes they have their *Shaums*, that are like our *Haut-boys*; but to bring in Bells into *Saragosa*! your Master was an ignorant Coxcomb for his pains. Never let such trifles disturb your Patience, I beseech yee Sir Knight, quo Mr. *Peter*. Don't we find Comedies Acted every day that talk of Great Guns in *Alexander* the Great's time, and Giants in *Edward* the Third's Time; with a hundred Extravagancies altogether as absurd, yet Acted with the applause and admiration of most of the Spectators? Go on, Boy, go on; let there be as many Impertinencies as Motes i' the Sun, so I get Money. You say very true indeed, Mr. *Peter*, reply'd *Don Quixote*; Why should you observe Rules more then others?

And now Gentlemen, quo the Boy, going on with his Lurrey; what a Hurry of Glittering Knights is yonder? How they pour out of the City in pursuit of the two Lovers? How the Trumpets sound? What a ratling and rumbling i' th' Air the Drums and Kettle-Drums make? For my part I am afraid of nothing so much, as that they should overtake 'em, and then we should see 'em drag'd along in most cruel manner ty'd to the Tails of their Horses.—

Don Quixote as it were awaken'd by those words, seeing such a Cluster of *Moors*, and hearing such a Dinn and Hurry of People, thought it now high Time to succour the flying Lovers; and to that purpose starting up briskly upon his Feet, he cry'd out in a most violent fury; For whom do they take me here? shall it ever be said that while I liv'd, and before my Face too, such an Outrage should be done to so Famous and so Amorous a Knight as *Don Gafferos*? Then in a foaming Rage— Hold Insolent Scoundrels— hold, quo he— forbear your Villanous pursuit— He that stirs an Inch farther, moves to his destruction. And so saying, up he leaps upon the Table, and lays at the poor Innocent Puppets, with that outrageous fury, that Heads and Arms flew about without Compassion. Among the rest of the vigorous blows, there was one back stroak cleft the Air with so swift

H h

a Motion,

a Motion, that if the Puppet-Player himself had not been more nimble than a Taylor, it had parted his Neck from his Shoulders, more exactly than any Dutch Heads-man could have fliver'd it off. Heavens bless me, Sir Knight, what d' ye mean to do? cry'd Mr. Peter, These are no Moors! Ple assure yee Sir: Does not your Worship see they are only Puppets made of Pastboard, and that you are going about to ruin a Poor Man? But Mr. Peter's cries could nothing avail, for the Valiant *Don Quixote* layd about him as long as he thought he saw any Enemies. So that in less time than a Man might say a *Miserere*, he had cut the Motion all to pieces, King *Marsilius* being dangerously wounded, and *Charlemain* having his Head cleit, like *Jupiter's* when he brought forth *Minerva*. For you must know that *Don Quixote* spar'd neither Moors nor Christians. The whole Company was no less in disorder; the Monkey betook himself to his Heels, and got to the Top of the Houfe; the Guide and the Lacquey were in a stinking Condition; nay *Sancho* himself trembl'd, as one that had never seen his Master in such a terrible Fury before. But now the Enemy being Defeated, and the Field of Battel clear'd by such a general Destruction, the Generous *Don Quixote* scorn'd to take Advantage of his Victory, or to enrich himself by the Pillage, but having wip'd the Sweat from off his Face, with a more sedate and pacify'd Countenance; now would I fain, quo he, that all they had been here present, that will not believe the benefit and necessity of *Knight-Errantry*. For do but consider, had it not been my good Fortune to have been here, what might have befallen *Don Gafferos* and the fair *Melisandra*, who could have hinder'd these Dogs, but that they would have pursu'd, apprehended, and abus'd 'em? Long live *Knight-Errantry* in despite of Envy, and maugre the Incredulity of those that have not the Courage to enter into her Orders; Let her live for ever glorious; and let him that says the contrary dare to shew his Face.

Oh let her live, cry'd Mr. Peter in a doleful tone, and let death be my miserable Portion, who may now say with King *Rodorigo*, Yesterday I was King of Spain, but now not Master of a Foot of Land. Within this Quarter of this hour I had one of the fairest Courts in the World; I commanded Kings and Emperors; and now behold me a Poor *Nicodemus*, a naked, sad, disconsolate Beggar; and all through the rash and inconsiderate fury of an Ungrateful Knight, that calls himself the Bulwark of Orphans and Widows, the Support and comfort of the Afflicted. He is full of Charity for others, but it seems he reserv'd all his Malice to spend it upon me and mine. But since it was the Will of Fate, that the *Knight of the Sad Figure* should employ his Valour to dubb so many of my Puppets, to wear his Title, I submit.

Poor *Sancho*, was so touch'd with Mr. Peter's Lamentations, that no less griev'd then the Puppet-Player; Weep not, Mr. Peter, quo he, you pierce my very heart; but confide in me; for I assure yee my Master is as Pious, as he is Valiant, and when he comes to understand he has done yee the least Injury, he will make yee double Amends. Provided, quo Mr. Peter, that the Lord *Don Quixote* will but pay me part of what my Puppets which he has disfigur'd cost me, I shall soon be satisfy'd, and he'll discharge a good Conscience; for he cannot well think to be sav'd who wrongs his Neighbour, and restores not the Goods of which he has depriv'd him. 'Tis very true, reply'd *Don Quixote*, but I know not any dammage I have done yee. No dammage! answer'd Mr. Peter; behold these miserable Innocents that lie strow'd upon the Floor; who d' yee think has slic'd and carbonado'd 'em thus, but that Invincible Arm of yours

yours, which no human force can resist? and who d' yee think these wretched Ruins belong to but to Me? who think yee Feeds and Cloaths me but They? Absolutely am I now convinc'd, reply'd *Don Quixote*, of what I have so often said, that these Enchanters who continually persecute Me, change and alter all things at their pleasure, on purpose to abuse me. For I profess ingeniously, Gentlemen, who hear me, that every thing I saw appear'd to Me as real and undoubted, as it was in the Time of *Charlemain*. I took *Melisandra* for *Melisandra*, *Don Gafferos* for *Don Gafferos*, and *Marsilius* for *Marsilius*, the Moors for Moors, in perfect Flesh and Bones. Which being so, I could not refrain my fury; and therefore, that I might accomplish the Duty of my Profession, which obliges me to Succour the Oppressed, I did what I did: if the Effects prov'd not answerable to my Design, the fault lay not in me, but in those cursed Necromancers, that pursue me to extremity. Nevertheless, tho I am not guilty of their wickedness, I will condemn my self to repair the dammage; reck'n your Loss therefore, Mr. Peter, and I shall pay it down upon the Nail. At which words Mr. Peter bowing himself with his Head almost to the Ground, I mistrusted no less, quo he, from the inimitable Piety of the most Valiant *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, the most assured Refuge and certain Support of miserable Vagabonds. Here's my Master, the Innkeeper, and the most upright *Sancho*, let them, if your Worship pleases, be the Moderators in this Unfortunate Cause. Content, reply'd *Don Quixote*, witha lmy Heart. Immediately Mr. Peter taking up King *Marsilius*, and shewing him without a Head; you see Gentlemen, said he, 'tis impossible to restore the King of *Saragosa* to his Royal Dignity, and therefore, with submission to my honourable Judges, for the Coronation of his Successor, and the Funeral Expences of the Murder'd Prince, less cannot be allow'd me then Two Shillings and six Pence. Content, quo *Don Quixote*, go on to the next. For this same downright slit from Head to Foot, continu'd Mr. Peter, taking up *Charlemain* from the Ground, I think three Shillings is little enough. 'Tis but reasonable, quo *Sancho*. Very Conscionable, quo the Innkeeper; he was a great Emperour, measure the Wound, and you'll find it six Sixpences all a row in length. Give him two Shillings ten Pence Half-penny, quo *Don Quixote*; we'll neer stand upon a Half-penny in such a case as this. But pray dispatch Mr. Peter, for 'tis Supper time, and I begin to feel certain Suspensions of Hunger. For this Figure here, that has lost one Eye, and the Nose cut off, which was indeed the fair *Melisandra* her self, I think it but reasonable to demand fifteen Pence. 'Slife, quo *Don Quixote*, I had thought *Melisandra* and her Husband had been upon the Confines of *France* before now, considering that the Horse they rode upon seem'd rather to flie then Gallop. Find another Chapman, good Mr. Peter; you must not think to sell me Cats for Hares; by making me believe a *Melisandra* without a Nose to be the real *Melisandra*, who if the Devil ben't i' the Horse, is now at her Fathers Court between a pair of Holland Sheets with her Husband.

Thereupon Mr. Peter finding *Don Quixote* begin to grow touchie, and fearing he should shew him a Trick, after he had seem'd to view the Puppet more narrowly; I was mistaken, quo he, this is not *Melisandra*, now I see, but one of her waiting Gentlewomen dress'd up in her Cloaths, for whom I demand no more then four Pence ha'penny.

After Mr. Peter had thus examin'd who were slain, and who were wounded, and set his price upon every one, the Arbitrators moderated the business to the content of both Parties, allotting *Don Quixote* to pay a Mark

for the whole, which *Sancho* pay'd down upon the Nail. Mr. *Peter* demanded also three Pence more toward paying for assistance to help him catch his Monkey. Give it him, *Sancho*, quo *Don Quixote*; and I would give ten times as much, to be assur'd, that *Don Gafferos* and *Melissandra* were safe in *France* with their Friends. No body can tell that better than my Monkey, cry'd Mr. *Peter*. But 'tis such a mad Thief, that the Devil can't take him, unless hunger or his kindness for me cause him to return; but I'm sure of him to-morrow Morning, and then he shall give your Worship full satisfaction.

The *Hubbub* thus appeas'd, they all suppt together at *Don Quixote's* Charges, who was as liberal as a Young Heir at a *Fifth-Street* Tavern.

The next Morning the Carrier departed with his Lances and his Halberds by break of Day; the Guide and the Lacquey went and took their leaves, the one to return home, the other in order to continue his Journey. *Don Quixote* gave the Lacquey several wholsom Admonitions touching the Profession of a Souldier, which he was going to undertake, and then putting a Rose Noble into his Hand, embrac'd him and bid him farewell. As for Mr. *Peter*, he was too well acquainted with *Don Quixote's* humour, and therefore resolving to have no more to do with him, after he had got his Monkey again, and pickt up the Ruins of his *Motion*, he packt up his Auls, and away scudded he before Sun-rise to mend his *Show* and seek his Fortune. And as for *Don Quixote*, he generously pay'd the Innkeeper, and taking Horse by eight a Clock i' the Morning, left him as much astonish'd at his Extravagancies, as wondering at his Liberality. And so let him jog on a while, that we may have leisure to recount some other Passages, necessary for the better understanding of this History.

C H A P. XXVII.

Wherein is discover'd who Mr. Peter was, together with the ill success which Don Quixote had in the Adventure of Braying, which did not fall out according to his Wishes.

They who have read the first part of this History, may remember a certain Rake-hell, whom *Don Quixote* set at liberty, together with several other Newgate Birds. This same Tory was he that robb'd *Sancho* of his *Grizzle* in the *Black Mountain*.

This same *Black Tom*, fearing the Warrants that were out against him, to punish him for the Rogueries he had committed, of which the number is so great, that they are extant in Print in a Book much like that of the *English Rogue*, put a black Plaster upon his Eye, and in that disguise resolv'd to wander up and down the Country and shew Puppet-plays; wherein, as also in the Art of *High Pass and be gone*, he was an accomplish'd Master. The Monkey he bought in his Travels of certain Marriners that came from the Coast of *Barbery*; and taught him to leap upon his Shoulder upon a certain sign given, and to make as if he whisper'd in his Ear. This done, before he enter'd into any Place where he intended to take up his Quarters, he carefully inform'd himself in the next Village what particular Accidents had happen'd in that place, and to what Persons, and Barrell'd 'em up safely in his Memory. Then the first thing he did, was to shew his Puppet-play, that represented some times one History, sometimes another, which

which were generally well known, and taking among the Vulgar. After that, he commended the wonderful Qualities of his Ape, telling the People that he knew all things that were past and present, but never what was to come; and for every Answer to every Question he took a Shilling, and many times less, as he felt the Pulses of his Customers. And sometimes when he came to the Houses of People, of whom he had already had some information, he would without being ask'd, make his accustom'd sign to his Monkey, and then as if the Monkey had told him, relate the passage with all its Circumstances; by which means he had got a mighty Credit among the Vulgar; or if he were not fully inform'd, then by the Dexterity of his Wit, he return'd such Ambiguous Answers, which suited with the Question like a Garment that will fit several Persons, laughing all the while at all the World, and filling his Purse: So that in such a disguise 'twas easie for Mr. *Peter* to cully *Don Quixote* and *Sancho*, whom he knew as soon as he enter'd the Inn, tho unknown to them.

Now let us overtake the famous Knight of the *Mancha*; who having left the Inn, resolv'd before he went to *Saragosa* to visit the pleasant Banks of the River *Heber*, and the Places adjoining, especially finding he had time enough, and being never out of his way.

For two days together he travell'd without meeting any Adventure worthy Observation; till the third day, mounting up a little Hill, he heard a great noise of Drums and Trumpets, and shooting off of Muskets, which he thought at first had been some muster of the County Train Bands, and made him spur up *Rosinante* to the Top of the Hill, where he saw i' the Vale on the other side about two hundred Men Arm'd with different Weapons, Pitchforks, Partizans, Crossbows, Pikes, and some Muskets. Thereupon he rode down the Hill so near the Multitude, that he could distinguish their Colours, and their Motto's; and among the rest he discover'd one Ensign of black Taffaty, upon which was Painted an Ass to the Life, stretching out his Neck, holding up his Snout, widening his Nostrils, and thrusting out his Tongue, just in the Posture of an Ass that is Braying; with this Motto round about.

*'Twas not for nothing, if well Weigh'd,
That both the wise Constables Bray'd.*

This Motto gave *Don Quixote* to understand that they were the Inhabitants of the *Braying Village*; and therefore said he to *Sancho*, shewing him what was written in the Colours; the Carrier that told us the Story of the Men that Bray'd was absolutely mistaken; for they were not Bayliffs of a Corporation that Bray'd, but certain Constables or Princes of the Night, as is apparent by the Motto in the Colours. Sir, said *Sancho*, I have nothing to do with *Bradshaws* Windmill, neither is it any way material to the Truth of the Story, whether they were Bayliffs or Constables, (tho Constables do make a fearful noise sometimes) nay for ought I know they might be two of your Country Just-Ases of the Peace, put into Commission more for their Money than their Wit: but let 'em be what they will, what's that to you or me? The Mayor of *Altringham* and the Mayor of *Over*, one was a Thatcher the other a Dauber—but what's this to you or me, or the History?—pray go on, Sir, if y' have any thing more to say.

At length *Don Quixote* understood that they were a Company of hair-brain'd Men of *Gotam*, muster'd together to fight the People of another Village, who indeed jeer'd 'em with their Braying too unmercifully, and like ill Neighbours

Neighbours. Thereupon *Don Quixote* rode in among 'em, notwithstanding all *Sancho's* prudent Admonitions, who had no kindness for such sort of Adventures; at what time the armed Rabble hem'd him in, believing him to be one of their Party. But *Don Quixote* lifting up his Vizor, and with a lofty Countenance desiring the Throng to make way, rode up to the Standard, where the chief Masters of Misrule gather'd about him, no less astonish'd then others had been before at his strange Physiognomy and Equipage. *Don Quixote* therefore perceiving how they star'd and gap'd upon him, resolv'd to take the Advantage of their silence, and willing to enlighten their Understandings,

Gentlemen, said he, I desire yee with all the love and kindness that may be, not to interrupt me in my discourse, unless you find it displeasing to your Ears; for then upon the holding up of a Finger I shall stop, tho it be i' the midst of my Career. Thereupon one that seem'd to command the Rest bid him speak freely, and as long as he pleas'd. Then *Don Quixote* beginning a second time.

Gentlemen, said he, I am a *Knight-Errant*, Arms are my Exercise, and my Profession is to succour those that are under Oppression and have need of my Assistance. It is but within these few days that I understood the mischance that had befall'n yee, and how that yee had taken Arms to revenge your selves upon a Company of *Cogswall* Jeerers, that insulted over your Misfortune. I must confess I have been ever since considering, and pondering, and meditating upon your Case; and I find by the strict Laws of Duels, that you injure your selves, in believing your selves affronted; for that one particular Person cannot affront a whole Corporation and Society of Men, unless it be by accusing 'em of a general Rebellion or Insurrection, for want of knowing the Ringleaders. Of which we have a notable Example in the Case of *Don Diego de Lara*, who accus'd all the Inhabitants of *Zamora* for Traytors, not knowing that *Vellido Dolfos* had kill'd the King his Master; and so accusing all, the Revenge and the Defence belong'd to all in General. I must confess, *Don Diego* strain'd a Note above *Ela*; for it was unreasonable to accuse the Dead, or the Waters, or the Corn that was reap'd, or those that were unborn, as you may read in the Accusation; but when a Man's *Welch* Blood is up, there is no Curb that can hold it in. Wise Men and well govern'd Republicks never take Arms, nor hazard their Lives and Estates, but upon five occasions; In the first place to defend their Religion; Secondly in defence of their Lives and Fortunes, which the Laws both of God and Man allow: Thirdly, to maintain the Honour and Dignity of our Families; Fourthly, for the Service of our Prince in his just Wars: Fifthly, which indeed may be refer'd to the second, in defence of our Country—Under these five, as Capital Heads, may be comprehended all the other occasions of taking Arms in a just cause. But to run *Hurry Hurry*, to revenge and slaughter for Trifles, and the little Extravagancies of wanton Waggers and Pastime, is not only a breach of the Law, but directly contrary to the purity of Christian Morality, which commands us to forgive our Enemies, and to Love our Neighbours as our selves. A severe Injunction I must confess to those that partake more of the Flesh than of the Spirit, yet a command to which it behoves all Men to submit, that would be Imitators of the Grand Exemplar of Love and Peace. And now Gentlemen having said thus much, I hope I need say no more to persuade yee to lay down your Tumultuous Arms, that only serve to disturb the publick Tranquility, and render yee obnoxious to your Princes just Indignation.

Here

Here *Don Quixote* paw'd a while, as it were to take breath; at what time *Sancho* believing he had done, the Devil take me, quo he, if this Master a' mine be not a Doctor of Divinity; or if he be not so indeed, he's as like one as four Pence to a Groat; and then encourag'd by the continu'd attention of the Armed Auditory—Gentlemen, quo he, My Lord *Don Quixote*, once call'd the *Knight of the Ill-favour'd Countenance*, but now the *Knight of the Lyons*, is a Person of great knowledge and discretion, and one that can speak Latin as fluently as an Usher of a School; and in all the Counsels and Admonitions that he gives he speaks like a Souldier, bluntly but to the purpose. He has all the Laws and Statutes of Military Discipline and Knight-Errantry at his Fingers ends, so that you may depend upon his Advice; and in so doing if ever yee tread awry, then will I give yee leave to brand me for an Infidel. And I must tell yee, 'tis not without good Reason that he seems so much offended at your quarrelling so idly about a silly Business of *Braying*. For I remember when I was a little Scaperloiterer, and us'd to play truant, I took great delight in *Braying*; and by often practice, without offence to your Worships, and without vanity be it spoken, it was so natural to me, that all the Asses i' the Village would fall a *Braying* when they heard me *Bray*. And yet for all that, I was no less the Son of Parents, who were Both well descended. I must confess that for this excellent Quality of mine, I was envy'd by above four of the best Young Men i' the Parish, but I valu'd 'em not a Button; well knowing that every Man was to make the best of those parts which Heaven and his own Industry had bestow'd upon him. Now, Gentlemen, to let you see that I am no Lyar, but one that always tells truth, do but hear me, and then your own Ears shall be Judges; for this Art of mine is like swimming, once acquir'd 'tis never forgot. And so saying, the sincere Squire, clapping both the Paums of his Hands to his Nose, fell a *Braying* with such a strong and vigorous breath, that he made all the Neighbouring Woods and Vallies ring again. But as he was going to recover his Wind, and *Bray* a second time, one of those that stood next him, believing he had done it in mockery, gave him such a thump with a Wooden Leaver upon the Reins of his Back, that he fell'd poor *Sancho* from his Ass, and layd him sprawling upon the Ground. *Don Quixote* seeing his unfortunate Squire so uncivilly us'd, ran with his Lance couch'd against the remorseless Assailant; but finding him rescu'd by such a number of Pitchforks and other desperate Weapons, and feeling it already began to rain mortal showers of Stones about his Ears, besides a great number of Muskets ready to give Fire, he withdrew himself out of the Throng as fast as *Rosinante* could Gallop, heartily recommending himself to God and his dear Mistress, believing himself already shot through with a thousand Bullets; but the Rabble being satisfi'd with his Flight, never offer'd to send any of their Leaden Messengers after him. As for *Sancho*, he was acquitted, upon payment of the blow he had receiv'd; so that they layd him athwart his Ass, hardly recover'd from the swimming of his Head that accompany'd the bruise of his Back, and suffer'd him to follow his Master; which his *Grizzle* according to Custom did of her own accord, as not being able to quit the Society of *Rosinante*, tho but for a moment. *Don Quixote* on the other side having try'd *Rosinante's* Heels, and perceiving himself out of Gun-shot, fac'd about; and seeing *Sancho* and his Ass pacing fair and softly towards him, without any troublesome Train attending 'em, stay'd to receive and console his Friend and Associate.

As

As for the Men of War they stay'd till night, and then return'd home to their Wives, triumphing over their dastardly Enemies that durst not shew their Faces. And I believe, that had they understood the Custom of the Greeks and Oliverians, they would have erected some Trophy in the Place of expectation, as a Monument of their Valour, and have set apart a day of Thanksgiving for their Great Victory.

C H A P. XXVIII.

Containing several Remarkable Passages written by Benengeli, which he that reads the next Chapter with Attention may know.

When a Valiant Man flies, you may be sure he has discover'd some Ambuscade; for it becomes a prudent Person to reserve himself for a better Occasion. This Truth is verily'd in *Don Quixote*, who never considering the danger wherein he had left the distressed *Sancho*, chose rather to run away, then expose himself to the fury of an enrag'd Multitude; and to secure himself at a distance out of harms way. *Sancho*, as I said before, follow'd his Master stretcht out upon his Grizzle, and having recover'd his Sences, just as he had overtaken him, fell down at *Rosinante's* Feet. Presently *Don Quixote* alighted to search his Wounds, but finding his Skin whole, in a Pelting chafe, Friend, quoth he, who the Devil taught you to Bray with a Pox to yee? I had thought you had known better things, then to be talking of Halts, in the House of a Man whose Parents were hang'd. 'Slife! what other payment could such a Musitioner as you expect for his Musick? Go and thank God, Sirrha, that instead of dry blows, they did not slice thee into fat Collops.

I have not a word to say for my self, reply'd *Sancho*, my Kidneys speak sufficiently for me; pray, Sir, help me up, and let's get out of this place; if ever I Bray again i' this World, I'll gi' yee my Mother for a Maid. Only I cannot forbear to observe the Wisdom and Prudence of you *Knight-Errants* in running away to save one, and leave their Squires to be thrash'd like Walnut Trees in the midst of their Enemies. No, *Sancho*, reply'd *Don Quixote*, I did not run away, but only retire; for thou must know *Sancho*, that Valour which is not supported by Prudence is meer Rashness, and the Actions of a Rash Man are attributed rather to his good Fortune, then to his Courage: I must confess I did retire, but not flie; and in so doing I did but imitate the most Valiant Captains, who not to hazard their Honour indiscreetly, have reserv'd themselves for more favourable occasions. Histories are full of Accidents of the same Nature, but as it is to no purpose, so neither am I in a humour at present to urge Presidents.

By this time *Don Quixote* having settl'd *Sancho* upon his Ass, and being mounted himself, they march'd fair and softly along to a Wood about a quarter of a Mile off: Yet as softly as they rode, *Sancho* could not forbear fetching most profound sighs, and making heavy Lamentations, bemoaning his Ribs after a most doleful manner; of which when *Don Quixote* demanded the Reason, poor *Sancho* sadly answer'd, that from his Nock-bone to the very Nape of his Neck, his pain was such as almost bereft him of his Speech. Doubtless, quoth *Don Quixote*, the cause of thy extraordinary Pain, is by reason the Leaver being long and broad, was well

aim'd

aim'd and layd on at the full breadth, as a broad Blister spread upon the Skin, Scarifies more then one of a lesser Compass. By the Lord Harry, Sir, quoth *Sancho*, you ha' reveal'd to me a very great Mystery: And now i' the Devil's name; was the Cause of my Pain so hard to be divid'd, that you must discover it in such Eloquent Terms? O yes; I ha' found it out, for you say I have a pain in my Ankle-bone which I know not of, and that's a poynt of Divination indeed; but to tell me the cause of my Pain where the Leaver hit me, every Fool cou'd ha' done that. In good sooth, Sir, Mr. Master of ours, now I discover Land; I find you are like all the rest of the World, that lay to heart no Bodies harms but their own; and what I must expect by keeping you Company—Ee'n as yee left me now to the Mercy of these bloody Rib roasters, and to other day to be tost in a Blanket upon an Errand to the Moon; so do I expect to be left a hunder'd times more i' these Lurches; and as it is like to cost me one Rib at present, the next bout ware both my Eyes. Death o' the Devil, I ha' been always a Fool hitherto, and so shall continue as long as I live—My best course had been never to have undertook these Rambles, and now my best course will be to return home to my Wife and Children, and look after my House with that little Wit that God has giv'n me, instead of running your *Wild-goose Chases* any longer, and the most part of my time too, without either eating or drinking. A comfortable Refreshment indeed, after a Man has weary'd himself off his Legs, to cry—are yee sleepy, Brother Squire? Take six Foot of Earth; and if that won't serve, take six Foot more.—The Devil burn that same first Son of a Butcher that invented this *Knight-Errantry*; or at least the first Fool, that had so little Wit as to turn Squire to such a Parcel of Mad men—Pardon me, Sir, I mean the *Knights-Errant* of former times, not the Honourable Gentlemen of this present Age, for whom I have a particular respect, because your Worship is one of the number, and because I perceive yee to have more Wit and Sence then any of the rest; and that indeed you understand a poynt more then the Devil himself.

Ile hold a good Wager, *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*, while thou hast the liberty to prate thus without interruption, that thou feel'st no more pain then a Tortoise in his Shell.—Well—*Sancho*, talk on—talk till thy Lungs ake—talk like a Quaker in a Meeting-House, whatever comes into thy Brain—Ile patiently bear with the trouble of all thy Impertinencies; and if thou hast such a desire to return home to thy Wife and Children, God forbid that I should hinder thee—Thou keep'st my Cash—Count how many days 'tis since we made our last Sally, cast up thy Wages by the Month, and pay thy self—When I serv'd *Tom Carrasco* the Students Father, quoth *Sancho*, whom your Worship knows very well, I earn'd a Mark a Month: I know not what to demand of you; but this I know, that a Squire to a *Knight-Errant* undergoes more hardship then e're a Plough-Boy i' the World: for we that go to Plough and Cart, whatever we endure all the day, are sure of our Fat Bacon and Pudding at night, and to snoar in a Bed: But since I serv'd you, Ile take my Corporal Oath I never had my Belly full, nor a good nights Rest, unless it were at *Don Diego's* House, when I scumm'd *Don Martins* Caldron, and drank and slept at *Mr. Basils*. Mercy upon me, all the rest of my time I never slept but upon the Green Earth, under the Canopy of Heaven, expos'd to all the Inconveniencies of Wind and Weather, living provisionally upon Scraps of hard Cheese, and mouldy Crusts, and drinking the Water of the Deserts.

I'll

I agree

I agree to all you say, quo *Don Quixote*; then how much more dost thou demand above what *Tom Carrasco* paid thee? why truly, quo *Sancho*, if I may be my own Caterer, two Shillings a Month more than *Tom Carrasco* gave me I think will be but very reasonable for Wages; and then in lieu of the Island which you promis'd me, I think that in poynt of Conscience you cannot give me less than twelve Shillings a Month more, which makes twenty seven Shillings and four Pence in all.

Very good, quo *Don Quixote*—Let's see then, 'tis now twenty five days since we left our Village, reck'n what is thy due for Wages, and for the rest take your own demands and pay thy self.

But stay, Sir, reply'd *Sancho*—we are out in our accompt, for as to your promise of the Island, we are to reck'n from the very day that you first made the promise to this very Minute. Very good, quo *Don Quixote*—and how long is it, I pray, since I first made you that promise? According to the best of my Remembrance, quo *Sancho*, I think it is from this very Hour about twenty years, more or less. *Hoysday*, quo *Don Quixote*, bursting forth into a loud laughter, what ayls the Fellow?—we have hardly been abroad in all two Months; and now thou would'st make me believe 'tis twenty Years ago since I oblig'd my self to give thee an Island—I find thou hast a mind to turn Cheat i' thy Old Age, and to Couzen me of all my Money—in good time—Take it with all my heart, and much good may it do thee—for rather than be plagu'd with such a confounded Squire as thou art, I would part with my Shirt.—But prithee tell me, Treacherous Transgressor of all the Laws of *Knight-Errantry*—where did'st thou see or read that ever any Squire stood haggling with his Master, or brangling as thou hast done about more or less? Dive *Cut-Purse*, dive miserable Wretch, into the spacious Sea of History, and shew me any such example, and I'll give thee leave to Brand me i' the Fore-head, with four *Mammon's* in Capital Letters over my Nose. Go too then, the business is concluded, take thy own Course, and get thee home with a murrain, for I am resolv'd thou shalt not stay a Minute longer i' my Service. O the many Loavs of mine ill bestow'd! Friendship ingratelously recompenc'd! Promises ill plac'd! vile heartless Wretch, that partak'st more of Beast than Human kind!—Thou art leaving me, when I was just upon the very poynt of raising thee to the highest Pinacle of Grandeur—Thou shark'st away from me, when I had the best Island in the Sea ready to bestow upon thee—just when I thought to have seen thee honour'd and respected by all the World. Treacherous Infidel without Honour, without Ambition—well might'st thou say indeed that *Honey was not for the Chaps of an Ass*; and indeed thou art a very Ass; an Ass thou wilt live, and an Ass thou wilt dye.

While *Don Quixote* was thus loading poor *Sancho* with Reproaches, poor *Sancho* all abash'd, dismay'd, and confounded, beheld his Master with a wistful look, and bursting out for grief into a flood of Tears; Sir, said he, with a whining and sorrowful Voice, just as if he had been reading his Neck-Verse, my most dear and precious Master, I acknowledge I want nothing but a Tail and long Ears to be an absolute Ass; if your Worship will be pleas'd but to fix the one to my Backside, and the other to my Head, I shall deem 'em well set on, and serve yee all the days of my Life. Be not so angry I beseech yee, Sir, rather pittie my Youth, consider my Breeding, and if my Tongue run at random, ascribe it to my weakness and simplicity, rather than to my evil Intentions; for as the fault is, so must the Pardon be. *Sancho*, quo *Don Quixote*, what are become

come of all thy Proverbs; I admire thou could'st talk all this while, without so much as one musty Adagie. But all's well again, thy Repentance has prevail'd, and I pardon thee, tho upon this Condition, that thou amend'st thy follies, and for the future tak'st care of being so rivited to thy own Self interest. Pluck up a good heart then, and rely upon the Faith and Integrity of my Promises, of which thou wilt soon see the full accomplishment, and don't believe 'em impossible because delay'd. Thereupon *Sancho* recover'd out of his Dumps, renew'd the League with his Master, and promis'd to reforme all his past Errors.

Having thus finish'd their discourse, they betook themselves into the Wood, and lay rough at the bottom of a Tree; where *Sancho* had but a bad night's Rest, in regard the Coolness of the Air augmented his Distemper. As for *Don Quixote*, he diverted himself with his usual Imaginations. But neither of 'em liking their Lodging, they got up early i' the Morning, and continu'd their Journey toward the River *Heber*; where what befel 'em, we shall relate i' the following Chapter.

C H A P. XXIX.

Containing the Adventure of the Enchanted Bark.

AFTER two days March, our Noble Adventurers arriv'd at the River *Heber*; where *Don Quixote* was infinitely pleas'd to behold the Beauty of the River, the Verdure of its Banks, the abounding plenty of the Water, and the Tranquility of the Stream. And this delightful Prospect recalling to his mind a thousand Amorous thoughts; more especially of what he had seen in the Cave of *Montesinos*, which he assur'd himself to be real Truths, in despite of the Monkeys Answer, and contrary to *Sancho's* more judicious Opinion, who took 'em all for lies, he abandon'd himself, waking, to his wonted idle and fantastick Dreams.

In the midst of these charming fancies, he spy'd in the River a small Bark without any Oars, Cordage or Sails, moor'd to the Trunk of a Tree. Thereupon looking round about him, and seeing the Coast clear, he threw himself to the ground, commanding *Sancho* to alight and tye their Beasts to an *Oser* that grew ready at hand. *Sancho* ask'd him wherefore he alighted so briskly, and what design he had in his Noddle?

Friend, quo *Don Quixote*, thou art to understand, that this same Bark lies there to no other end but only to invite me to enter into it, for the relief of some distressed Knight, or other person of Quality that is in great danger: For observe the very method of Enchanters in all the Books of *Knight-Errantry*, when any Knight, who is a friend of theirs, is up to the ears i' the Sudds, and knows not which way i' the world to get out of himself, but by the assistance of some other Knight, as being perhaps two or three thousand miles distant one from the other, they send him, as here now, a Bark, that seems to be altogether unrigg'd, and without either Oars or Tackle, as this is, in which he crosses the Sea; or else they horse him up into a Cloud, and by that means before you can tell twenty, he is transported through the Air, or whisk'd along the Seas to the Place where there is occasion for him: and now if this Boat don't lie here meerly upon this design, I am a Horse and no *Knight-Errant*. And therefore tye up *Rosinante* and

Grizzle, and let's begun without losing time; for I am resolv'd to try this Adventure, tho' all the Monks of *St. Francis's* Order should conjure me upon their knees to desist. Nay, Sir, quo *Sancho*, if nothing will serve your turn, but still to follow these intoxications of the Devils Witchcraft, my part is only to make a leg and obey—according to the Proverb—*Do as thy Master commands thee, tho' it be to sit at his Table*. However in discharge of a good Conscience, give me leave to tell yee, I do not believe this Boat to be any of those *Enchanters* Boats you dream of, but some Fishermans Vessel that uses this River, which affords the best Thornback in all the Country. This advice did *Sancho* give his Master while he was tying the Beasts to the Tree, tho' griev'd to the very Soul to leave the poor Creatures alone; and therefore like a faithful Friend most heartily recommended 'em to the care of the Enchanters. Which *Don Quixote* hearing, bid him never pine himself for the Beasts; assuring him that the *Necromancers* would never suffer 'em to want. Go too, Sir, then said *Sancho*, they are fast Ile warrant yee, what must we do next? Nothing more, reply'd *D. Quixote*, but recommend our selves to God and weigh Anchor. And so saying he leapt into the Bark, when *Sancho* following him, cut the Cable, and so by degrees the stream carri'd the Boat from the Shoar; but *Sancho* no sooner saw himself in the middle of the River, but he began to quiver and shake, as giving himself over for Sea-monster dyet. But nothing griev'd him so much as to hear *Grizzle* bray, and to see how *Rosinante* paw'd and tugg'd his Bridle to get to the Grass. Sir, said he, look yonder, how poor *Rosinante* strives to break his Bridle, mad to throw himself after Us; hark too, how my poor *Grizzle* bemoans our Absence. Ah my dear Friends, then continu'd he, have patience a little while, till Heaven shall find a Cure for this Madness of our Master's that makes this Separation, and then yee may be sure we'll soon return to your relief. Which said, he fell a blubbering and making such an ugly noise, that *Don Quixote*, giving him a surly look; Dastard, quo he, What is't thou fear'st? What dost bleat for like a great Calf? Who pursues thee, for a Weezle-hearted Rascal? What would'st thou say if thou wert to march Barefoot over the Snowy *Riphean* Mountains, or the burning Sands of the *Libyan* Deserts; Thou that sitt'st like an Arch-duke at a Table abounding with Plenty? See how softly and gently the Current of this River carry's us along; from whence in a Moment we shall fall into the wide Ocean, if we are not there already. For I am sure we are about seven or eight hunder'd Leagues from the Place where we first embark'd—had I but an Astrolabe here, I could tell thee exactly; tho' if I guess right we are now about to pass the *Equinoctial Line*, that divides the whole World into two equal Parts.

And when we have pass'd that *Line*, as you call it, I beseech your Worship, how many Leagues have we sayl'd then? When we come to the *Line*, quo *Don Quixote*, we have measur'd the one half of the Globe of the Earth, according to *Ptolomies* accompt, who was one of the best Cosmographers i' the World; which at three hunder'd and sixty degrees, and five and twenty Leagues to a degree, makes nine thousand Leagues in all.

By the Lord Harry, quo *Sancho*, this same Monsieur of a Count, what d' yee call him, with his Additions of *Meon* or *Meo*, was a notable Man sure; and is mightily beholding to your Worship, to carry me along with yee by Water, to witness the Truth of his wonders; for Ile undertake neither *Rosinante*, nor *Grizzle* would ha' travell'd one of these degrees in six years. I find thou dost not understand me *Sancho*, quo *Don Quixote*, smiling, neither have I leisure at present to inform thee; however thou canst not take it amiss to trye an Experiment that costs thee nothing.

The

The *Spaniards* and all those that Embark from *Cadiz* to the *East-Indies*, have made it a most infallible Observation, that so soon as they have pass'd the *Equinoctial Line*, all their Vermin dye; not so much as one Loue remaining, tho' you might have an Ounce of Gold for every Black-listed Animal. Look therefore *Sancho* i' thy Shirt, and if thou find'st any *Creeper*s about thee, then we have not past the *Line*; if thou dost not, then we have past the *Line*. Tararara, quo *Sancho*, the Devil take him for the Son of a Whore that believes a Tittle of all this: However Ile submit to your Commands, tho' there be no occasion; for I plainly see with my own Eyes, that we are not got above twenty Perches from the Shore, by the same token that you may discern *Rosinante* and *Grizzle* in the same place still where we left 'em ty'd. And Ile venture my Wife and Children that we do not move much faster then an Emmet, and that we go no farther then yonder Lock which I see before us.

Try what I tell thee, *Sancho*, and never stand to argue; thou know'st not what belongs to Colures, Lines, Parallels, Zodiacks, Poles, Solstices, Planets, Signs, Tangents, Points and Climates, of which the Sphear is compos'd; and therefore, as I said before, romage thy Linnen, and believe as thou seest thy self; for, for my part I take thee to be as clear as a Sheet of guilt *Venice* Paper. Thereupon *Sancho* obey'd, put his hand gently into his Bosom, and after he had felt a while, staring in his Masters Face, the Experiment is false, quo he, or else we mistake quarter Inches for Leagues—How! quo *Don Quixote*, hast found any thing *Sancho*? 'Tis enough that I tell yee th' Experiment's false, cry'd *Sancho*, and so saying, he took his Fingers over the Water, and then wash'd his Hands in the River, upon which the Bark drove along insensibly, without the help of any secret Intelligence, or conceal'd Necromancer, but only by the bare Assistance of the Current as calm and smooth as a Milk bowl. *Don Quixote* however would not believe but that he was whirld along as swift as an Arrow out of a Bow; and perceiving certain Mills i' the middle of the River, full of joy, Friend *Sancho*, quo he, look yonder, there's the City or Castle, I'm sure, where some distressed Knight, or Queen, or Princess lyes, that wants the succour of my Potent Arm—and now—What City or Castle i' the Devils name d' yee mean? Sir, quo *Sancho*—Have not you liv'd long enough yet to know Mills from Cities? Good God, quo *Don Quixote*, how long will these Misfortunes of mine attend me? They seem indeed to be Mills, but assuredly they are not Mills. Have I not told thee a hundred times that these *Necromancers* change, overturn, and disguise all things at their pleasure; not that these changes are really so, but only their Sorceries make 'em seem to be so. Of which we have had a late Confirmation in the Enchantment of my Dear *Dulcinea*, the only Refuge of all my Hopes.

By this time the Bark being got into the middle of the Stream, the Current carry'd it along much swifter then before. At what time the Millers perceiving the Bark coming a-drift full upon the Mill Wheels, came running out with their long Poles, with all the Assistance they could readily call together, crying out as loud as they could open their Throats, Devils of Men, what d' yee mean, whither are yee going, are yee madd i' the Boat there, d' yee intend to be drown'd, or ground to bits by the Mill Wheels?

Don Quixote observing the Miller's Countenances powder'd with Mealdust, and all their Tatters of the same Colour; did not I tell thee *Sancho*, said he, 'twould not be long before we came to the place where it is ordain'd

dain'd for me to shew my utmost Prowess, and the Invincible strength of my Arm? See yonder how many dismal Hobgoblins make head against me, how many deformed Physiognomies appear at once together, thinking to affright me with their Goggle Eyes and Saracen's Faces? But we'll be with yee Hang-dogs, immediately. With that he stood up in the Bark, and rending his Wind-pipe, in a most terrible tone began to threaten the Millers, crying out, Sons of Perdition, Infidels accurs'd of Heaven, Pagans, Mahumetans, Turks, and Devils upon Earth, release forthwith those Captives detain'd within your Castle, High or Low, Rich or Poor, of what Condition or Quality soever they be; for I am *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, the Renowned Knight of the Lyons, for whom Heaven has reserv'd the Honour to put a happy Conclusion to this Adventure. And having so said, he drew his Sword and Fenc'd with the Air, as if he had been at Back-sword already with his Enemies the Millers; who hearing all this while his thundring Threats, but understanding what he meant no more than Horses, stood ready with their Poles to keep off the Bark from the Wheels, and to preserve a Mad-man that had no care of himself. For near the *Mill-dam* the Stream ran strong, and brought down the Bark with a Rapid swiftness.

All this while poor *Sancho* was at his Prayers to Heaven for deliverance but this one time; vowing to all the Saints as the *Secretary* did, that if ever they took him again in a Bark without Oars, he would give 'em leave to drown him; for that nothing but a Miracle or the Millers could save him: who so bestir'd themselves, that they prevented the danger, tho not so dextrously, but that in turning the Bark from the Wheels, they overturn'd it the Keel upwards, with all its lading, and *souse* came *Don Quixote* and his Squire both into the River. 'Twas well for *Don Quixote* that he could swim like an *Otter*; but the weight of his Armour for all that carry'd him twice down to the bottom; however by means of his extraordinary Skill, and his labouring for Life like a Mouse in a Wash-bowl, he got up again, and at length the Millers throwing themselves into the Water, made a shift to pull out *Don Quixote*, and poor *Sancho*, that lookt like a pumpt Bayliff; which had they not done, there had been an end of the Succour of the Oppressed, and the Mirrour of Island-Governours.

In this Pickle, more fous'd then thirsty, the Millers lay'd out the Knight, now tame enough, and his Anabaptiz'd Squire upon the Grass drying in the Sun; at what time *Sancho* shivering and shaking with cold, and lifting up his Eyes and his Hands to Heaven, call'd upon all the Saints he could think of, to deliver him for the future from the Rash extravagancies, and inconsiderate follies of his Master.

But he had scarce ended his Prayers, before the Philistin Fisher-men were upon him; who seeing their Bark broken all to pieces, fell upon *Sancho*, and began to uncase him, demanding satisfaction both of him and his Master for the loss of their Bark. To whom *Don Quixote*, no more disturb'd then if he had been bath'd in Essence of Oranges, answer'd with his usual Flegmatick Gravity, that he was ready to pay for the Bark, provided they would release the Captives that they detain'd unjustly in their Castle; which not being done they must hope for no Mercy nor Money from him. What Captives, i' the name of *Lucifer*, what Castle d' yee mean, Sir, quo the Millers, would yee carry away our Customers from us? This 'tis, quo *Don Quixote*, to preach in a Wilderness; a Man had as good talk to the Rocks, as to such Trash of Mankind as these. Then continuing his Speech; Certainly, said he, this must be some confounded

Contest

Contest between two *Necromancers*, both Craftmasters i' their Art: One sends me a Bark and t'other overturns it; God send us better Times, for here is nothing but over-reaching and undermining i' this World. Then casting a fixed eye upon the Millers, well—my dear Friends, and Princesses, quo he, pardon me, I beseech yee, since it so falls out, both to your Misfortune and mine, that it lies not in my power to release yee from your Chains.

After that, he came to an agreement with the Fishermen for the price of the Boat, to whom *Sancho* paid down five good Mark in ready Coyn, fetching a hunder'd sighs from the bottom of his heart as he told out the money; and when he saw the Fishermen purse up the Guelts; Adieu dear Images of our Sovereign Lord the King, quo he, one such Voyage more will bring our Noble to Ninepence.

Thus *Don Quixot*, like some Princes, wisely bought his Peace: yet neither could the Millers nor the Fishermen forbear admiring two such Figures and Resemblances of Human Offspring, that neither spoke nor acted like the rest of the Sons of Men; both their Language and their Design being all Heathen Greek and Mysteries to Them incomprehensible. And therefore at length concluding 'em to be Ten degrees madder than any Tom-a-Bedlams they had ever seen, they left 'em and return'd, the Millers to their Mill, and the Fishermen to their Employment. *Don Quixot* also and *Sancho* made haste to relieve their Beasts, that with sorrowful Countenances seem'd to bewail their being ty'd up from the sweet Tufts of Grass that grew under their noses; a Grievance to them beyond the Enchantment of ten thousand Princesses and Persons of Quality.

CHAP. XXX.

Containing what happen'd to *Don Quixot*, upon his meeting with the fair Huntress.

Thus the Knight and Squire return'd with wet Shirts, and melancholy Hearts to the dear Companions of their Travels; tho *Sancho* were the more cast down and pensive of the two; who minding nothing but his Profit, inwardly sorrow'd for the loss of his Five Marks, which he lookt upon as so many drops of Blood, or the Apples of his Eyes. Well, to be short, at length they both mounted, without so much as opening their Lips one to another, and left the unfortunate River, riding along like two Mutes, the one profoundly drown'd in his Romantick Amusements, the other pondring how to get more Money, and where to lye warm at Night. For *Sancho*, as simple as he was, had so ill an Opinion of his Masters Fegaries, that he began to despair of any good to be expected from his Promises, and to cast about which way to make his escape, and leave him to Ramble by himself. But Fortune ordain'd it quite otherwise then he could possibly imagin, as you shall find by the Sequel.

It happen'd then, that the next day toward Evening, just as he was bidding farewell to a Forrest, *Don Quixote* spy'd a great number of People, at the farther end of a green Meadow; to whom he rode up, and then found 'em to be certain Persons of Quality, that were abroad with their Hawks and their Spaniels. Among the rest he perceiv'd a Lady with a Hawk upon her Fist, richly habited, upon a white Pacing Mare, sumptuously equipt, with a green Velvet Side-saddle embroider'd with Silver.

Which

Which made *Don Quixote* believe her to be some Person of Honour, and Mistress of the Train that attended, as indeed she was. Thereupon, turning about to his Squire, *Sancho*, said he, go and present my humble duty to that Lady upon the white Mare, and tell her the *Knight of the Lyons* adores the Majesty of her Matchless Beauty; and if she pleases to vouchsafe him the favour, has an Ambition to kiss her fair Hands, and obey her Commands to the utmost of his Power—But Sirrha, have a care how you deliver your self; more especially refrain for once that confounded Custom of thine, of garbling thy mouldy Proverbs with my refin'd Complements. Marry, quo *Sancho*, who more a Proverb-monger than your self?—Is this the first time think yee, that I have gone of your Embassies to great Ladies? Unless it were when I sent thee to Madam *Dulcinea*, reply'd *Don Quixote*, I never know of any other for me. 'Tis very true, cry'd *Sancho*, but a good Paymaster never grudges his Wages; and in a House where there's plenty the Cloath is soon layd. That is to say, I need none of your Admonitions; for God be thanked, I know a little of every thing. I believe it, quo *Don Quixote*, go thy ways, and thy good Angel guide thee. Presently *Sancho* set forward, putting his Patient *Grizzle* to the Trot, and approaching the fair Huntress, he presently alighted, and throwing himself upon his Knees; Most fair and right Reverend Lady, quo he, the Knight whom yonder you behold with your Beautiful Eyes, is the *Knight of the Lyons*, my Master, and I am his Squire, whom my Neighbours at home call Gaffer *Sancho Panfa*. This *Knight of the Lyons*, who not long since was call'd the *Knight of the Ill-favour'd Countenance*, sends me to bid me tell your *Huge and Mightiness*, that his Lowliness desires the Favour, with your good leave and perdition, to come and prostrate himself, in the first place at your Highnesses Feet; in the second place, to rise up and kiss your sweet Winsom Gollikins, as we say in our Country; and then in the third place to put in execution his terrible design, which as he says, and I believe, he has to admire your Safforn duty, and to serve your High-born Revinity to the utmost of his Power; for which if you will give him your perdition, he will take it for a great favour, to be your ternal Vassal. In good truth, most excellent Squire, you have deliver'd your Embassy with all the formality and discretion, that such a weighty Commission requir'd. Recover your Legs I beseech yee, Sir; for 'tis not reasonable the Squire to so famous a Knight as the *Knight of the Ill-favour'd Countenance*, with whose Grandeur and worth we are sufficiently acquainted, should remain upon his Knees; rise therefore Honest Friend, and go and tell your Master, that 'twill be the greatest Honour and Satisfaction imaginable both to the Duke and my self, if he will but accept the rude Welcom of a House we have hard by.

Sancho rose, altogether Ravish'd with the Beauty and Affability of the Lady, but much more when he heard her talk of the *Knight of the Ill-favour'd Countenance*, as a Person that was known to her, never taking notice of her not calling him the *Knight of the Lyons*, which was a Title he had but lately assum'd to himself.

Then quo the Dutcheß, I pray Mr. Squire tell me one thing. Is not this Master of yours the Person whose Life is lately come forth in Print, under the Title of *The History of the most admirable Knight Don Quixote de la Mancha*, who adores for his Mistress a certain Lady, call'd by the name of *Dulcinea del Toboso*? The very same an't like your Holiness, quo *Sancho*, and that same Squire so often mention'd in the History by the name of *Sancho Panfa*, is my self, Madam, if I was not chang'd in my Cradle. I am extreamly glad of it, reply'd

reply'd the Dutcheß, Go then dear *Pansa* and tell thy Master, that he has extreamly oblig'd me by his arrival on my Territories, an accident so grateful that nothing could have happen'd more to my Content and Satisfaction.

With this same gracious Answer, *Sancho* return'd overjoy'd to his Master, to whom he repeated all that the Lady had said to him, extolling in his rustical dialect, her Beauty, her Carriage, and her Affability, to the Skie.

Don Quixote overjoy'd at such a Prosperous beginning, seated himself in his Saddle, fix'd his Toes in his Stirrups, gracefully accommodated the Vizor of his Helmet, and cheruping to his *Rosnante*, rode forward to kiss the Lady's Hand. Who so soon as *Sancho* was gone, had sent for the Duke her Husband, and given him an accompt of the Message she had receiv'd. Thereupon they both prepar'd to receive the famous Champion; for having read the first part of the History of his Life, they were no less curious to see and know the Person, resolving, as long as he staid, not to contradict him in any thing, but to humour him in all things that were essential to the Entertainment of a *Knight-Errant*, according to what they had already observ'd in their frequent reading of Romances.

Presently *Don Quixote* approach'd; at what time *Sancho* perceiving him making a Motion to alight, hasten'd to be ready to hold his Stirrup; but making more haste then good speed, he entangl'd his Leg after such a strange manner in the Cord that serv'd him to rest his Foot, that not being able to disengage himself, he hung by the Heels with his Head upon the Ground close by his Master. On the other side *Don Quixote*, thinking that *Sancho* had held his Stirrup, as he was lifting his right Leg over the Horse to alight, with his left brought the Saddle, that was very loose girt, under the very Belly of the Horse, and with that disappointment down came he Head and Crupper both together, confounded with shame, and cursing poor *Sancho*, who was almost in as bad a Condition as himself with his Heels in the Stocks. But the Duke beholding 'em in that distressed plight, gave order to some of his followers to set 'em both upon their Legs again. At what time *Don Quixote*, who had very much bruise'd his Huckle-bone, with a Hipshot grace approaching the Lady fell upon his Knees at her Horses Feet. But the Duke, who knew his Wife and her Mare to be no Saints, and therefore that so much Adoration was none of their due, alighting from his Horse, and embracing the humble Votary, Sir *Knight of the Ill-favour'd Countenance*, said he, It has been no small trouble to me, that you should no sooner set your Foot within my Territories, but you should have so much cause to repent of your favours; but the negligence of Squires is many times the occasion of worse Accidents. The sight of your Illustrious Person, mighty Prince, reply'd *Don Quixote*, is a happiness so much by me esteem'd, that I would not have valu'd my falling to the bottom of th' Abyss, for the Purchase of so great an Honour. 'Tis true, my Squire, the Devil pick his fat Bones, understands better how to hold a *Canterbury Tale* of five hours long, then to saddle a Horse; but let my Posture be what it will, whether level with the Earth, or pitch'd upon my Head with my Heels upward, whether a foot or a Horse-back, I am absolutely at your Lordship's Service, and the most humble Slave of my Lady the Dutcheß, your Peerless Consort, the Queen of Beauty, and Sovereign Princess of all Courtesie. Forbear your Complements, good my Lord, *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, quo the Duke, so long as Madam *Dulcinea* lives, all other Lady's are unjustly applauded.

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Here *Sancho Panza*, not able any longer to forbear, till his Master had return'd an Answer; it cannot be deny'd, quo he, but that *Madam Dulcinea* is a very sweet Creature, a Primrose of beauty; but all the world does not know where the Hare will start. I have heard a good Preacher say, that this same I know not who she is, whom ye call *Madam Nature*, is like a Potter that makes Vessels of Clay; he that makes one handsome Pot, can make one, two, three, or a hundred: And so I must tell yee my thoughts, that my Lady the Dutchess is nothing inferiour to *Madam Dulcinea*. Upon which, *Don Quixot* addressing himself to the Dutchess, 'Tis my misfortune, Madam, said he, but certainly never any Knight-Errant i'the world was troubl'd with such an eternal *Praterast*, nor such a conceited *Hangdog* of a *Squire*, as I am: which if I have the honour to continue but a few days in your Service, your Highness will find to be true. Let *Sancho* be as conceited as he pleases, reply'd the Dutchess, I shall esteem him the better; 'tis a sign he has some wit in his brains: Good Conceits you know my Lord *Don Quixot* are not to be met with among Loggerheads and Jobbernoles: and therefore if *Sancho* be a man of merry conceit, I'll warrant him also for a man of wit; and a perpetual Babler to boot, Madam: so much the better cry'd the Duke; a man that talks well can never talk too much. But not to lose more time in words let's hasten home, whither I intend the Knight of the *Ill-favour'd Countenance* shall accompany Us this night, if he pleases to do us that honour.

Your Highness, quo *Sancho*, mistakes his Title, to call the *Knight of the Lyons*, the *Knight of the Ill-favour'd Countenance*. *Knight of the Lyons* let it be then, reply'd the Duke—So I say again, if the Knight of the Lyons will vouchsafe us his presence at a Castle which I have hard by, he shall not fail of the best Entertainment these parts will afford, and which the Dutchess and my self are wont to give to all Knight-Errants that travel this way.

Thereupon they all mounted and set forward, the Duke and *D. Quixot* riding upon each hand of the Dutchess, who call'd for *Sancho* to attend her likewise; pleas'd with the sportive divertisement of his impertinent Drolery. Nor was the *Squire* such a bashful Milkop to refuse the Invitation, but crouded in among the foremost, after his wonted unmannerly way, as believing there was no sport i'the Play without him. A sawcy Rufficity extremely delightful to the Duke and Dutchess, who were overjoy'd to have met with two men that were not to be parallel'd in all the world beside.

CHAP. XXXI.

Containing several Extraordinary Matters.

IT is not to be imagin'd how joyful *Sancho* was to see himself so much in the Dutchess's favour. For he made no question but that he should wallow in the same Plenty at the Dukes Palace as he had met with at *Don Diego's* and *Mr. Basil's* Houses. For being an Affectionate Friend to good Vittles, he layd hold of Opportunities Forelock upon all occasions to stuff his Paunch, wherever he met with Provender to his Liking.

Now before they arriv'd at the Castle, the Duke rode before, and gave particular Instructions to his Servants how to behave themselves toward the

the new-come Guest. So that no sooner was *Don Quixote* enter'd the Court Yard, but out came two Lacqueys in long Vests of *Crimson*, and took him from his Horse; telling him withal, that the Dutchess expected the same Assistance from his Highness. Thereupon *Don Quixote* hasten'd to the Dutchess, and many Highflown Complements there pass'd between the Lady and the Knight; but in conclusion she refus'd to alight in the Arms of any but the Duke her Husband; excusing her self to be a Burthen too mean for the Arms of such a worthy Champion: so that there was a necessity for the Duke himself to perform that Office. And now being enter'd into a spacious Hall, immediately there came two young Damfels, who threw a rich and long Mantle of fine Scarlet about *Don Quixote's* Shoulders. Which done, the Galleries of the Room were fill'd with Men and Women, the Domesticks of the Duke, loudly crying out, Welcome, Welcome, the Cream and Flowre of *Knight-Errantry*; and so saying, they rain'd showres of Essences and Sweet Waters, upon the Duke, the Dutchess and *Don Quixote*; to the unspeakable Joy and Admiration of the Ravish'd Knight, who never till then so certainly believ'd himself to be an undoubt'd and real *Knight-Errant*; finding himself treated after the same manner as he had read in his Romances of the Entertainments of *Knights-Errant* in former Ages.

As for *Sancho*, he follow'd the Dutchess, and keeping close at her Elbow, enter'd the Hall with the Rest. But being prick't with some remorse of Conscience, for having left his beloved *Grizzle* alone, he went to a Reverend Matron, that came with the Rest of the waiting Gentlewomen to meet the Dutchess, and whispering in her Ear, Madam *Dorothy*, quo he, or what is your name I beseech yee Forsooth? My name, Friend, quo she, is *Abigail Fitchet*, what is your pleasure with me? I would desire yee, quo *Sancho*, to go into the Court, where you will find an Ass of mine, pray do me the kindness to order him into the Stable, or else lead him thither your self, for the poor Creature is very timorous, and does not love to be alone in a strange Place.

If the Master have no more Manners then the Servant, we are all well hope up y'faith, quo Mrs. *Abigail*; good Gaffer *Trundle-tail*, go seek some where else for Ladys, with a murrain, to look after your Ass; for here are no Ostlers Daughters i' this House. Gud's life, quo *Sancho*, what are yee in a Huf, Madam? As if I have not heard my Master, who understands all the Histories in the World, often say, that when *Lancelot* return'd into *England*, the Princesses took care of his Person, and the Ladys lookt after his Horse. And I must tell yee good Madam *Squeeze-fart*, I would not change my Ass for *Lancelot's* Horse, as Mettlefom as he was.

I think the Fool rides the Fellow, quo Mrs. *Abigail*—Pray Mr. *Jack Adams* keep your buffonries for those that will take 'em, and pay yee better then I shall; for I assure yee, had all the Drols i' your great Fairs no better Customers then I, they might go hang themselves; nor would I give a Fig for all the Jest's i' your Budget. In my Conscience, quo *Sancho*, should I take thee for a Fig, I might be sure of a Ripe one; for if I should guess your Ladiship at *Sixty*, I should not miss a Cock-stride of my Account.

Son of a Whore, reply'd Mrs. *Abigail* in a violent Twitter, whether I am Old or no, what hast thou to do with it? I am to give God an account of my Age, and not such a Rakeshame as thou—Marry gap—yee poyson fac'd Rascal—These last words she utter'd with such an outrageous disdain, and so loud, that the Dutchess heard her, and observing her Colour up, ask'd

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her what was the matter? What's the matter, quo she, why here's a sawcy *Jack Pudding* would ha' me put his Ass i' the Stable, telling me a Story of Princesses that lookt after the Horse of one, I know not who, Sir *Lancelot* I think he calls him; and because I wo't do as he bids me forsooth, here i' your Graces own House he calls me *Old* in downright English.—Fie *Sancho*, quo the Dutchess, I had thought you had known better things, then to call a Gentlewoman *Old*; and be mistaken too! that's worst of all, for Mrs. *Abigail*'s a young Woman, and wears her Peak, as a Badge of her Authority, not a Mark of her Age.

May I never go out of your House again, Madam, if I meant any harm—only I have such a Paternal Affection for my dear *Grizzle*, as having been bred up from our Infancy both together, that I thought I could not recommend him to a Person more Charitable then this good Gentlewoman. *Sancho*, quo *Don Quixote*, casting a fowre look upon him, d' yee know where yee are? Sir, quo *Sancho*, every Man talks of his Business in the place where he is; here it was that I thought of my *Grizzle*, and here I talk of him, had I call'd him to mind i' the Stable, I had talk'd of him there—*Sancho* speaks nothing but reason, said the Duke, nor do I see any cause to blame him; but let him take no care for his Ass—his Ass shall have as good Entertainment as himself.

This Pleasant Squabble being over, which was sport alone for all the Company, unless it were the formal *Don Quixote* himself, the Knight was carry'd into a Noble Room of State, sumptuously hung with Cloath of Gold, where he was disarm'd by six young Damsels, that serv'd him instead of Pages, who were fully instructed how to behave themselves, on purpose to feed the Champion's Fancy with *Knight-Errant* Entertainment. And now *Don Quixote* being disarm'd, appear'd in his close Breeches, and Shamoy Doublet, as meager as an old Witch; Hollow-ey'd, Buckram-jaw'd; with both his Cheeks meeting i' the middle of his Mouth: in a word, his Figure was so ridiculous, that the young Girls had certainly bepis'd themselves with laughing, had not the Duke expressly forbid 'em Giggling, whatever they did. At length they desir'd the Knight to let 'em pull of his Cloaths, and put him on a clean Shirt. But he refus'd their kindness with a serious Modesty, affirming that it became not *Knight-Errants* to shew young Wenches their Tackle; and therefore he requested 'em to leave him and his Squire alone for a while. And so being shut up in a Chamber no less Magnificent then the Room of State, he took his Shirt, and casting a furlie look upon *Sancho*, Modern Scoundrel, and Ragamuffin of old, quo he, where learnt you to abuse a Lady so venerable and deserving respect as Madam *Abigail*? Was that a time to think of your Confounded Ass? or dost thou think that Persons of Quality who so Nobly and Magnificently entertain the Masters, forget to provide for their Beasts? For Heavens sake, *Sancho*, leave off these Fooleries, and don't discover thy self to be such an ignominious Clown as thou seem'st to be. Canst thou be such an ignorant Fop still, as not to understand that People value the Master according to the Behaviour of his Servants; and that Persons of quality have this Advantage over others, to be serv'd by their followers no less civil and well behav'd then themselves? But when they find thee out to be such a Rustick and Buffoon, what will they think of me? will they not take me for some Country Bumkin, or some Knight that was Dubb'd with a Stake out of a Hedge? No, no, *Sancho*, avoid these vanities—He that lets his Tongue run at rovers at all times, and at every Body, shall at length be despis'd by all the World for a Common Twatler, and a Fellow

Fellow not worth minding— and therefore bridle thy Tongue, Ponder and chaw thy words, before thou let'st 'em fie out of thy Mouth: And lastly consider that we are now happen'd into a Place, where by the Assistance of Heaven, and the force of this Arm, we may enrich our selves in Honour and Reputation, and reap the Fruits of our good Fortune. *Sancho* thus lath'd and school'd by these Verbal Castigations of his Master, fell a greeting like a Scotch-man i' the Stule of Repentance, ask'd forgiveness, and promis'd for the future so to behave himself, that they should believe he had been bred up at the Feet of *Gamaliel*.

Don Quixote having thus vanquish'd the stubborn humour of his undutiful *Prateroast*, presently dress'd himself; Hung his Eel-skin Belt about his Shoulders, together with his Trusty Sword; burton'd on his Scarlet Cloak, and cover'd his Scull, the Seat of Prudence, with a Velvet Monteer Cap lin'd through with Cloath of Tissue, which the Damsels brought him, and in that Equipage enter'd the Great Room of State, where he found twelve Damsels rang'd in order, six a one side, and six a' t'other ready to receive him, which they did with all the Ceremonies, Curchees, and Complements imaginable. At the same time also came a dozen Pages with a Squire, to conduct the Knight where the Duke and Dutchess expected him at Supper. In the midst of those Pages, some before, and some behind, he march'd in great Pomp, toward a Sumptuous Parlour, where stood a Magnificent Table cover'd only with four Messes. At the entrance into the Room stood the Duke and Dutchess ready to receive him, attended by their Chaplain, a Person of Years and great Gravity; but a kind of formal Pedant, of the Number of those who not being born Princes, will yet take upon 'em to teach Princes their Duty—and be confining their Grandeur within the narrow Limits of their own Colledge Breeding; no less morose, then presumptive to instruct his Betters.

After many Compliments that pass'd on all sides, enough to have exhausted the Magazin of ten more then ordinary Courtiers; the Duke, the Dutchess and *Don Quixote* approach'd the Table, where there arose a fresh dispute about Preeminency of Place; but at length the Dukes Importunity prevail'd over *Don Quixote*'s modest refusals, so that he was constrain'd to take the Upper end: The Chaplain sat at the Lower end right against him, and the Duke and the Dutchess upon each Hand of the Knight. *Sancho* was astonish'd to see the Honour done his Master, as if he had been some Angel dropt from Heaven, and observing what a world of High-flown Language there pass'd between the Duke and his Master about the Upper end of the Table; If your Lordships, said he, will give me leave, I'll tell yee what happen'd one day in our Village, in reference to this same Racket of yours about Places. *Sancho* had no sooner done speaking; but *Don Quixote* took the Alarm, afraid that his Squire had some impertinency or other to throw up, that lay heavy upon his Stomach; which *Sancho* perceiving by his looks, Sir, said he, never fear, my words are all weigh'd and consider'd, and shall be all to the purpose, my Life for yours; I have not forgot the Lesson you gave me so lately, about talking little or much, sence or nonsense. I say nothing to thee, *Sancho*, reply'd *Don Quixote*; prithee go on, but be quick, good *Sancho*. Why— My Lords, quo *Sancho*, what I have to say is as true as that my Mother bore me; for if I shall chance to trip never so little, there's my Master to give me the Lye immediately. Tell as many Lyes as there be spots i' the Moon, quo *Don Quixote*, Ple never contradict thee—but—have a care what thou say'st— O Sir, reply'd *Sancho*, I have champ't and chaw'd, consider'd and

and re-consider'd, I have rumbl'd and tumbl'd this Story i' my mind a thousand times, and I am sure it must take— In truth, cry'd *Don Quixote*, applying himself to the Duke and Dutchess, your Graces would do well to dismiss this idle Fellow, whose extravagancies you can never be able to bear with. By the Life of the Duke, reply'd the Dutchess, *Sancho* shall stay with me; I love him too well to part with him so, and have a great Confidence besides in his Discretion. God send your Holiness, Madam Dutchess, quo *Sancho*, to live a Thousand years for your good Opinion of Me, tho' I confess I am a poor Man and little deserve it— now then for my Tale.

A Gentleman in our Village, wealthy and well descended, for he was of the Family of the *Medina's del Campo*, invited one day—Hold—I forgot to tell ye that this Gentleman marry'd one Madam, *One-a-five-hundred*, or the Daughter of *Don Alonzo Mendisbosen*, Knight of the Order of St. *James*, who was stifi'd in a Smiths Forge, about whom there happen'd formerly a great Quarrel, in which, I have heard say, for 'twas before my Time, that my Master *Don Quixote* had his Shins broke; and that *Don Drayman-Boxero* the Unthrif, Son to Old *Bonzabonto* the Farrier, had like to ha' couzen'd the Gallows, being almost wounded to death—Speak Master of mine, is not this Truth?—speak truth and shame the Devil, and let Monsieur the Duke and Madam the Dutchess see, that I am neither a Prater, nor a Liar—Till now, reply'd the Chaplain, I took thee rather for a Babler than a Liar; but now I profess I know not what to think. Thou call'st so many Testimonies to witness, and producest so many Circumstances, quo *Don Quixote*, that most certainly it must be true what thou say'st. But shorten thy Tale, for as thou begin'st, thou'll not make an end this week I'me sure. My Friend *Sancho*, quo the Dutchess, shall not shorten his Tale, if I may have my will; let him tell his Story as he understands it himself—and let him be this fortnight a telling it, I'll find him Ears to hear it—my thinks he begins very pleasantly—Then *Sancho* prosecuting his Tale, This Gentleman, my Lords, quo he—This Gentleman, of whom I told yee before, and whom I know as well as I know my own Face i' the Pond in our Back-side, for I'll undertake to sling a Stone from his House to mine—This Gentleman invited a Country Farmer, who indeed was none of the richest, but yet he was counted an honest man among the Neighbourhood, which was no small Commendation to him—Put on, good Brother, quo the Chaplain, interrupting him, you proceed so slowly with your Tale, as if you intended to tell some part of it i' the other World—Spare a little of your Christian Patience, quo *Sancho*, he that rides a Gallop many times comes later to his Inn than he that keeps his constant three mile an hour.

Now the Farmer, as I said before, being come to the Gentlemans House, who, as I told yee before, had invited him, and who had marry'd the Daughter of *Don Alonzo Mendisbosen*, poor Gentleman, God rest his Soul, for he has been dead, 'tis now about three years since, by the same token, that they say he dy'd the Death of an Angel—for, for my part, I was not with him when he dy'd—being gone at that time to Harvest-work a matter of six mile off to a Village call'd *Tembleck*—As you love your Life, Friend, leave your Harvest-work—and without troubling your self to bury the Gentleman, go on wi' your Story—It happen'd then, continu'd *Sancho*, as they were ready to sit down at Table, I mean the Gentleman and the Farmer,—Hold a little, for methinks I see 'em now as plainly as if the thing had happen'd but yesterday.

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Infinitely were the Duke and Dutchess pleas'd to hear how *Sancho* went on with his Parable, never minding the Chaplains Interruptions. For that was Sport alone for them which teez'd the Chaplain, and made *Don Quixote* grind his Teeth for madness, though he durst not be so bold as the Levite.

Well, quo *Sancho*, to go on with my Story, when Dinner was brought in, and that they were going to sit down, the Farmer stay'd for the Gentleman to sit down, that he might take his Place, and the Gentleman at the same time made a Sign to the Farmer to place himself at the upper End. By no means, quo the Farmer;—Prithee, quo the Gentleman,—I beseech your Worship, quo the Farmer—Prithee, quo the Gentleman. The Farmer scrap'd and cring'd and refus'd—The Gentleman told him he would be Master in his own House—But do what the Gentleman could, the Farmer stood so stiffly upon his Punctilio's of good Manners and Behaviour, that at length the Gentleman was forc'd to take him by the Shoulders and set him in his Chair, withal in a kind of Passion grumbling to him, Sit there, Goodman Bumkin, where 'tis my pleasure to have yee—for sit you where you will, the place of Worship is where I sit. Look yee, My Lords, thus ends my Tale, and by Guds daines I think I ha' spoke nothing but what's to the purpose.

At this, so many different Colours arose in *Don Quixote's* Countenance, who found himself nipt to the Quick by *Sancho's* Morals, that his Face lookt like a piece of speck'd Jasper; so that the Duke and the Dutchess, who perceiv'd the disturbance of his thoughts, forbore to laugh outright, tho' they could willingly have given full vent to their Mirth, but that they were loth to provoke the already enraged Warriour.

And therefore that *Sancho* might have no farther opportunity to continue his unreasonable follies, the Dutchess turning the Stream of the Discourse, ask'd *Don Quixote*, when he had heard from Madam *Dulcinea*, and how long it was since he had sent her any Robbers or Gyants Heads for a Present. Madam, reply'd *Don Quixote*, my Misfortunes have had their beginning, and I hope they will one day have an end. True it is I have vanquish'd many Robbers and Gyants, and sent her the Trophies of my Victories; but where shall they find her, or how shall they come to know her? For alas, Madam, she lyes now Enchanted in one of the Counters, taken up for a *Sole Trader*, and by those accursed Necromancers of Turn-keys, and Tap house Men, so transfigur'd and bloated up with Brandy and foggy Ale, that I my self when I saw her did not know her again. I don't know, quo *Sancho*, but I'me sure I never saw her Parallel for Beauty; at least I never saw the like of her for Maypole-tripping; she'll whisk it about like the Girdle that turn'd round and threaded Needles; the Devil take me, Madam Dutchess, if she wo'nt jump as nimbly upon a Dreffer, as any mortal Cat. Then the Duke putting the Question, didst thou ever see her Enchanted, *Sancho*, quo he? See her! quo *Sancho*, what a Question you ask? You may be sure I ha' seen her and seen her agen—I was the first Yeeman know that discover'd the sad Accident of her being Enchanted—and she's as much Enchanted as my Father.

The Chaplain, who heard 'em talk of nothing but Gyants and Inchantments, began to conjecture that this must be that same Worshipful *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, whose History the Duke was continually reading, tho' he had frequently reprehended him for giving his mind to such follies, and at length believing his Conjectures were true, he address'd himself to the Duke, and with a starch'd and formal Gravity, intermix'd with
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a kind of serious Anger, Sir, said he, your Excellency will have a larger accompt then you think for to give, for Pampering the Extravagancies of this poor Man. This same *Don Quixote*, or *Don Codshead*, or call him what yee please, is no such Fool as your Excellency takes him to be, or make him believe he is by feeding his Fantastical Humours. And then turning to *Don Quixote* himself; Hark yee, Goodman Coxcomb, wi' your Donship, who has put it into your Empty-firkin-pate, that you are a *Knight-Errant*, and kill Robbers and Gyants? Go, go, get yee home agen and look after your Wife and Children, or whatever honest business you have to do, and leave wandring and scaperloytring abt the World, and making your self a Laughing-stock to all that k' w yee, and know yee not—— Where do you find any of these Chimera's of *Knight-Errants*, only talk'd of in former Ages, and now not so much as dreamt of? What part of the World did you meet with those Gyants, and Hobgoblins, and Enchanted *Dulcineas*, that pester and incumber your Noddle? All this while *Don Quixote* never gave the least Interruption to the serious Chaplain, but listen'd to his cutting reprehensions with a *Job-like* Patience; till at length perceiving he had done, or at least not able any longer to resist the violent Agitations of his provok'd Choler, he rose up and flung from the Table, as red about the Gills as Bowdy-scarlet, ever minding his respect to the Company, and gave the Chaplain the follo ving reply; which therefore deserves a whole Chapter.

C H A P. XXXII.

Containing Don Quixote's Answer to the Chaplain.

THE *Knight of the Lyons* thus nettl'd to the very Marrow of his Back, trembl'd every Joynt of him for Madnes, like a Lump of Quick-silver, and casting a *Busbeyan* Frown upon the Chaplain—— Supercilious Pedant, quo he, fitter to Jerk Boys then Men; The Place wherein I am, the Presence of these Noble Persons, whom the Laws of Civility oblige me to particular Veneration; and the Respect which I have to your Profession bridle my just Resentment and tye up my Hands. Were not those Obligations upon me, I would have in another manner Chastiz'd the Insolence of your inconsiderate Tongue. But considering that the Weapons which Men of your Coat, and Women make use of are the same, I scorn to terrifie thy Female Soul with Masculine Steel, resolving fairly to combat your stingy Gravity upon equal Terms, and with your own Weapon.

And so, Sir, I must tell yee, I always expected from a Man of your Character sober Admonitions, and modest Reasons for your Reproofs, but you, contrary to all the Laws of Moderation, without any occasion given, or any knowledg of my Person, flye out into Reproaches and Defamations, more fit for a Broom Man then a Divine. Pray, Sir, where did you learn your *Billing-gate* Breeding?—— Surely you cannot otherwise believe but that these publick Reproofs, and bitter Taunts of yours, have pass'd the Limits of all Brotherly Correction. But if you do not know your Duty, or at least seem never to have understood it, let me advise yee for the future; consider before yee utter your Reproofs, whether your Authority be sufficient, and let your first Corrections be all Sweetness and Mildness,

Brandy

Brandy mix'd with Syrrup of Gillowflowres; but above all things have a care of calling a Man Fool and Coxcomb, before y' have made him sensible of his offence. I would desire your Doctorship to tell me what extravagance it is of which you accuse me, and why you send me so magisterially to look after my Wife and Children, before you know whether I am marry'd or no? Think you not those to be as justly condemn'd, that wimble themselves into other Mens Houses, on purpose to govern the Master at their own pleasure, and because they have had the good twenty Pound a Year luck to be Tutor to the young Heir, tho' they never saw the World above ten Miles from home, take upon 'em the Priviledge to prescribe Laws to *Knight-Errantry*, and judge of *Knights-Errant*? You forsooth account it an unprofitable Employment, and Labour lost, to Travel round the World, tho' scorning the Delights and Pleasures of it, and enduring only the Hardships and Toyls of Life, that advance the Brave and Valiant to Immortality—— What then?—— No—— If Men of Honour, Knights, Lords or Princes, lookt upon me as a Fool, I should think my self deservedly contemn'd, and suspect my own Judgment; but when meer Scholars and Pedants that never trod the Paths of Chivalry, pass their leud Cenfures on my Vertuous Labours, I valu't not a Rush—— I am a Knight, and a Knight I mean to dye, if so it please the Almighty. Some blindly follow their own Haughty and Irregular Ambition; others by low and servile Flattery advance themselves; and others walk according to the true Rules of Piety and Sincerity. I, for my own part, guided by my happy Stars, follow the narrow Path of *Knight-Errantry*, despising Riches and the vain Amusements of the World, Ambitious only of Honour and real Glory. I have compos'd Quarrels, reveng'd Injuries and Wrongs, chastiz'd Insolencies, overthrown Gyants, fought with Phantomes and Hobgoblins: I am also in Love, but no farther then the Profession of *Knight-Errantry* obliges me to be; and being so, I cannot be reck'n'd in the number of vitious Lovers, whose only object is voluptuous Pleasure, not like mine, Platonic Chastity. My Intentions are all directed to Vertuous ends; that is, to do no Man Wrong, but Good to all the World. And now whether a Person, who by his Works demonstrates the Integrity of his Sentiments, such as these, deserves to be upbraided for a Fool, I leave it to the Judgment of your Excellencies.

Upon my Religion, quo *Sancho*, here's as much as can be said—— Stop Master, stop now y' are well—— for all that a Man has to do i' this World is only to say, think and preserve—— and therefore if Mr. Doctor will not now yeild there were any *Knights-Errants* i' the World, 'tis no wonder he knew so little what he said.

D' yee hear you Mr. *Prate-apace*, quo the Chaplain, are not you that *Sancho Pancha* to whom your Master has promis'd an Island? The very same, quo *Sancho*, and I must tell yee, the very same He too that deserves it as well as another, let him be as cocket and as lofty as he please. I am one of those of whom they say, *Keep honest Company, and honest thou wilt be*; and of those of whom it is said agen, *Lean against a good Tree, and thou shalt have a good Shelter*. I am ty'd to a good Master, and I have kept him Company for some Months together; and now He and I am all one: And if it please God that we live together, I make no question that neither will he want Kingdoms to give, nor shall I want Islands to Govern.

No, no, Friend *Sancho*, quo the Duke, that thou shalt not, for I myself will give thee one of mine own, where thou shalt have the honour to Govern a Mayor, no less famous then the Mayor of *Quinborough*.

Down a' your Mary-bones, *Sancho*, quo *Don Quixote*, and thank the Duke— Here's Luck in a Bag indeed. Had we been either of us a Bed this night, I would ha' sworn thou hadst risen with thy Bum upwards— *Sancho* thereupon flung himself immediately upon his Knees, and kiss'd the Dukes Feet, with more then ordinary Humility. Which put the Chaplain into such a fret, to find his Admonitions take so little effect, that he rose from his Chair in a great heat, and with a surly arrogance beholding the Duke; By the Habit which I wear, quo he, your Excellency is more too blame then are these Miscreants themselves— For how is it possible they should be otherwise then Fools, when Wise Men countenance their *Delirium's*. Your excellency may keep them Company if you please since they so well fit your humour; for my part, I'll not set my Foot within these doors so long as they continue here, to excuse myself from reprehending those Extravagancies which I cannot prevent. And so saying, away he flung, like one that takes a sudden disgust at his Company in his drink; tho true it is the Duke did not use much intreaty to stop him, not being able for a good while to forbear laughing at his Impertinent Choler. But this fit of Mirth once over, the Duke recovering his serious Countenance, said he, to *Don Quixote*, in truth Sir Knight of the *Lyons*, you have answer'd so well for your self, that you need no other satisfaction of the Parson, then the outrageous Passion you have put him in; besides that the Affronts of Women and Black-coats are to be lookt upon with the same slight and scorn. 'Tis very true My Lord, reply'd *Don Quixote*; for Women, Children, and Church-men, as they are Persons that cannot defend themselves, so can they neither give nor receive an Affront. Therefore there is this difference between an Injury and an Affront, as your Excellency well knows. The Affront is given by him that is able to give it and maintain it when he has done; an Injury may be done, by any sort of People whatever. For example, a Man walking in the Street, and never dreaming of anything, is set upon by ten Armed Men who dry-bast him; he draws his Sword to revenge the Injury, but cannot in regard they are too many for him; this Man may be said to be Injur'd, but not to have receiv'd an Affront. Again, a Man comes and surprizes another, takes him at an advantage, and having cudgel'd him soundly, runs away, the other runs after him, and cannot overtake him. He that was beaten has receiv'd an Injury 'tis true, but not an Affront, because the Act was not justifi'd; but if he that struck first had drawn his Sword and justifi'd the Fact, then he that was struck'n had receiv'd both an Injury and an Affront. Thus I may have been Injur'd by this Chaplain, according to the Laws of Duels, but I have receiv'd no Affront, because he ran away; neither do I believe my self oblig'd to take notice of the Language he gave, only I wish he would have stay'd a little longer, that I might have made a Convert of him, by convincing him of his Error, in believing there never were any *Knights-Errant* in the World. Had *Amadis* or any of that numerous Gang but heard him talk at that Rate, I would not ha' been in his Coat for the best Bishoprick in the Kingdom. Gud's my Dignity, quo *Sancho*, putting in for his share, they had split him from Head to Foot, like a Pomegranate or a Ripe Melon: They were not Men believe me, to be so fool'd with; they would nere ha' swallow'd such Pills as my Master has done. Hear me what I say,

say, and I'm sure I speak nothing but truth; had *Rinaldo of Montalban* heard this same Pimpwhisker talk at this rate, he had layd him on such a Beauty-spot upon the Snout with his Four Fingers and Thumb, that I question whether he would have talk'd again this three Years. Let him if he think fit go and keep those Swallducklers company, and preach the same Doctrin to Them, by yea and by nay, and in good sooth he'll tell me another tale when he comes back— No, no— there's no dealing with those Roysters.

The Dutchess held her sides and laught at *Sancho's* Discourse, whom she found to be much the more pleasant Fool then his Master. At what time *Don Quixote* returning to his Seat at the Table, they made an end of Supper, which being done, while others were taking away, there enter'd four young Damfels, the one carrying a Bason of Silver guilt; a second with an Ewre in her hand of the same Mettle; the next brought a very fine Parcel of Linnen richly perfum'd; and the fourth with her Sleeves ruck'd up to her Elbows, carry'd a Silver Box full of sweet Washballs. Presently she that brought the Linnen, unfolded a Towel and pinn'd it behind the Champions Neck; the second held the Bason under his Chin, and the third pour'd out the Water. *Don Quixote* was surpriz'd at such an extraordinary usage, but believing it to be undoubtedly the Custom of the Country, to wash the Beards instead of the Hands of Persons of Quality, he only thrust out his long Chin without speaking a word. And then it was that the Damsel that carry'd the Washbals fell to work, belather'd with all her strength not only the patient *Knights* Beard, but his whole Face, so that he was forc'd to shut his Eyes. Madam *Barbarefs* having thus lay'd the *Knights* Countenance a-soak in sweet Suds, pretended to want Water, and sent for more, after she had begg'd *Don Quixote's* Pardon for making him stay. All which time the Poor Knight sat expos'd to all the Company, the strangest Spectacle that ever was seen, with his long Neck stretch'd out, his Beard as big as a Plaisters Brush, besmear'd with Soap Suds, his Eyes fast shut, and his Chaps all in a white foam. 'Twas a pleasant sight to see a *Knight-Errant* so handled by a knot of unlucky *Flebergebits*; yet no body durst laugh at present, tho all were ready to burst; and all their satisfaction was, that they should have enough to laugh at hereafter. Well at length the Water came, and the courteous Damsel after she had rins'd off the Soap, with her lilly white Hands, dry'd and wip'd the Beard and Face of the Obedient Knight, with that softness and leisurely tenderness, as if she had been afraid to hurt his Skin. Which done the Damsels having made the Spruc'd-up Knight their serious Curchees and profound Reverencies, were about to retire. But the Duke, afraid least *Don Quixote* should think himself abus'd, call'd to the Damsel that carry'd the Bason, crying to her to come and wash him too. Thereupon the young Lady, who was not then to learn her Plaster, understanding the Dukes meaning, went and gave her Lord a Cast of her Office in like manner, but with a quicker dispatch, for that his Excellencies Beard was neither so long, nor his Face so foul. Which being done, they made their Obey-fances and vanish'd.

Now you must know that *Sancho* had beheld the whole Ceremony, and having often revolv'd it in his mind, God forgive me, quo he, why should it not be the Custom of this Country to wash the Squire's Beards as well as the Knights? For by my Conscience there's as much need of the one as the other; and if Madam *Barbarefs* would but shave me to boot, I would give her a grey Groat with all my Heart. Which words as he

was mumbling to himself, the Dutchess observing his Chaps wag, What's that you are muttering between your Teeth, *Sancho*? quo she. I say Madam, that I ha' been told how 'tis the Custom indeed among your Great Folkes, after the Cloath is taken away to have Water brought to the Table, for every one to wash their Hands, but I never heard of your Women Barbers before: But the longer a Man lives, the more he shall know; and on the other side they say, that he who lives long has much to suffer, tho if he suffer no other harm then the washing of his Beard, I rather believe it must rather be a pleasure then a pain, especially when he suffers under the fair Hands of such a handfom Madam Barber as my Master did. Well—well—for that *Sancho*, quo the Dutchess, set thy heart at Rest—I'll order my Laundry Maids to wash thee, and if thou wilt, thou shalt have a Lye made a purpose. Let 'em only wash my Beard at present, answer'd *Sancho*, and as I like that I shall consider what to do farther.—

Steward, quo the Dutchess, let *Sancho* want nothing, but have whatever he calls for. It shall be done Madam, reply'd the Steward, and so took *Sancho* along with him to his own Table, leaving the Duke, the Dutchess and *Don Quixote* alone; to whom the Dutchess after several Discourses concerning *Knight-Errantry*, made it her Request, to give her a particular description of Madam *Dulcinea*, adding with all, that as People spoke of her Beauty she must be the only Mirrour of Perfection iⁿ the World.

Upon which, *Don Quixote* fetching a profound Sigh, to give your Excellency satisfaction, said he, in this particular, it is requisite I were able to unrip my Breast, and lay before your Eyes in a Plate upon this Table my Heart it self, where her Beauty is so exactly depainted; seeing my Tongue can never exprefs what can hardly be conceiv'd by Imagination. For to make an exact Picture of the Peerless *Dulcinea*, it would require the Pencils of *Rubens*, *Urbis*, *Tintoret*, the Graving Irons of *Lysippus*, and indeed all the Art and Skill of all the famous Painters, Engravers and Statuaries in the World, with the Rhetorick of *Demosthenes* and *Cicero* to boot. However quo the Duke, there is nothing impossible to a Genius like yours; and you will highly oblige us, but only to give us a rude Draught of the out Lines; for certainly the most imperfect Sketch in the World of her Lineaments, must suffice so set all our Celebrated Beauties rayling against Nature, for being so niggardly of her Perfections to them. I would willingly obey your Excellencies Commands, reply'd *Don Quixote*, but that the Misfortune lately befall'n her, has almost eradicated the very Idea's of her Angelic Features from the feat of my Memory; so that I have now more reason to deplore her Change, then to describe her Person. For going not long since to kiss her Hands, to pay her my Respects, and obtain her leave for my designed Absence in search of new Adventures, I found her, to my unspeakable Grief and Astonishment, Metamorphos'd from a Princess to a Country Puzzle: Her Beauty chang'd into foul and excessive Deformity; she that breath'd nothing but *Arabian* Perfumes before, now stunk like a Polcat; I expected a charming Wit, and she talk'd of nothing but Hog-troughs, Dish-clouts and scalding of Milk-bowls; I lookt for her wonted Modesty and Reservedness, and she was ready to put her ugly Golls iⁿ my Breches; I thought to have found an Angel, and met with a Devil. In a word, I lookt for *Dulcinea del Toboso*, but met with a meer Blowzie, Mowzie, Lowfie, Lockram-smock'd Cinder-wench.

Passion a' my Heart, cry'd the Duke with a loud Voice, and what inhuman Monster could this be so cruelly malicious to the whole World? Who has desflowr'd those Beauties which gave it all its Ornaments? Who
such

such a Mortal Enemy to Nature, as to deprive her at once of all her Wealth and Glory—Who! reply'd *Don Quixote*; who should it be but one of those perpetual Ragamuffins of *Necromancers*, that Hell has spew'd up to Eclipse the Glory of Men of Merit, and blemish their Achievements, while they labour to exalt and magnifie the Actions of the Wicked. These accursed *Necromancers* are they that have plagu'd me all along, and will without cessation persecute me still, till they have bury'd Me and all my famous Deeds in the profound Abyfs of Oblivion: Nor were they ignorant which was the most sensible part to wound me in, well knowing that to deprive a *Knight-Errant* of his Lady was to deprive him of the Eyes with which he sees, of the Sun that enlightens him, and the Nourishment that sustains him: For a *Knight-Errant* without a Lady, is like a Tree without Sap, a Structure built upon the Sand, and a Body without a Soul.

Very good, cry'd the Dutchess; but if we may believe the Story of your Life so lately publish'd with great applause of the whole World, we do not read that ever your Lordship saw this Madam *Dulcinea*, only she seems to be some Chimera of a Lady, which your Lordship has begot by the strength and heat of your Fancy, and brought forth in your Imagination, like *Jupiters Pallas*, and to which you ascribe such advantages and perfections as you think fit your self. Madam, reply'd *Don Quixote*, your Graces Carechism goes a little too far upon this Subject; God above knows, whether there be any such Woman iⁿ the World as *Dulcinea*, and whether she be a Reality or a Fiction. But these are Mysteries not to be so profoundly div'd into. Let her be or not be, 'tis sufficient that I look upon her as a Lady endu'd with all those Advantages and Perfections capable to procure her the Esteem of the Universe: Lovely without Blemish; Reserv'd without Pride; Amorous with Modesty; Cheerful without Vanity; Witty without Impertinency, the Effects of her Education, the Consequence of her Illustrious descent: For that Nobility of Blood gives brisker and more resplendent colours to the Graces of Beauty in Persons highly born, then in those that are meanly descended.

This is a Truth which admits no contradiction, said the Duke; but give me leave I beseech yee, Sir, to propose one Scruple, which the reading of the late History of your most Renowned Actions has rais'd in my Breast; which is this, that tho we should grant Madam *Dulcinea* to be really born upon the Earth, and to be fair to that degree of Beauty as you depaint her, yet do I not find that she can any way compare for Grandeur of descent with those *Oriana's*, *Madasima's*, *Genever's*, and a Million of others which are mentioned in those Histories with which you are so well acquainted.

To that, reply'd *Don Quixote*, I answer that Madam *Dulcinea* is the Daughter of her own Actions, and that the Luster of her Vertues ennobles her Blood; since the distinction of accomplish'd Merit is far beyond that of High Descent, not grac'd with any other accomplishments. Now then Madam *Dulcinea* being a Lady endu'd with all those transcendent Qualities, capable to advance her to a Throne, and entitle her to be the Mother of a long Pedigree of Princes: hope is never to be bounded where Merit has no Limits; so that altho not actually, yet virtually, she includes within her self a Birthright to the most elevated and surprizing Fortunes in the World.

I must confess, cry'd the Dutchess, your Lordship, My Lord *Don Quixote*, has the true Gift of perswasion; for whatever you say, moves with a Foot of Lead, and as they say, with the Plummets in Hand; and therefore I submit,

submit, and from henceforth I am resolv'd to believe and maintain, that there is such a Lady as Madam *Dulcinea*, that she lives, Beautiful beyond compare, of an Illustrious Race, and altogether deserving the Services and Adoration of so worthy a Knight, as the *Knight of the Lyons*. Nevertheless there is one Scruple continually haunts me, which I ha' us'd all the Art I have to exorcise, but cannot; and which causes me to have a very ill Opinion of *Sancho*; who has the Confidence to report in your History, that when he carry'd your Letter to Madam *Dulcinea*, he found her winnowing of Oats, by the same tok'n that she was Red-hair'd, which makes me very much question the Nobility of her Birth.

Oh Madam, reply'd *Don Quixote*, for that, you must understand that all Things happen to me, quite contrary then they were wont to befall other *Knight-Errants*; whether it be by the unalterable decree of Destiny, or through the Malice of my Implacable Enemies the *Necromancers*. Now 'tis a Truth never to be controverted, that many of the most Famous *Knight-Errants* were secur'd under the Protection of some private Advantage; as for some to have the favour that they could never be Enchanted; for others to be Invulnerable, as *Rowland*, one of the *Twelve Peers of France*; who was impervious in all other parts of his Body, unless it were under the Sole of his left Foot, and that only with the Poynt of a small Needle; So that *Bernardo del Carpio* finding no way to tap him with his Sword, was forc'd by main strength to lift him from the Ground, and then choak him, as *Hercules* did the Gyant *Anteus*, who was said to be the Son of the Earth. Hence I infer that there is some secret Vertue that guards me likewise, not that I am invulnerable, for I know by woful and frequent Experience that my Flesh is very tender; nor free from Enchantment neither; for I have found my self ty'd hand and foot and crouded into a Cage, where all the World could not have lockt me up, but by the force of Enchantments. But I have some secret charm about me, that still I receive no great harm, and procure my own liberty my self; so that these Vermin of *Necromancers* perceiving they cannot work their ends directly upon me, reckon their Malice upon what I love above all the World, and endeavour to take away my Life, attacking hers by whom I live and Breathe. And so I believe that when my Squire deliver'd my Embassy to her, they shew'd her to him, under the shape of a deformed Country Puzzle, and poorly bus'd in the low and base employment of sifting Wheat; tho I say and affirm 'twas neither Barley nor Wheat but Oriental Pearl. For proof of which I shall tell your Excellencies, going a while since to *Toboso*, I could not so much as find fair *Dulcinea's* Palace; whereas my Squire went the next day, and saw her in her Luster, brighter then *Aurora*, or the Sun himself; yet when I met her after that, she appear'd to me in the shape of a pitiful Country Dowdy; and she that was all discretion and modesty it self, talk'd to me as if she had been bred in a *White-Fryars* Ale-house; and therefore because they cannot have their will over me any more, she forsooth, who is the wonder of the World for Wit and Beauty, she must be thus enchanted, transfigur'd, metamorphos'd, disguis'd and disfigur'd; and this is that which makes me renounce all the Pleasures of this World, and consume my self in Tears and Sorrow, till I have restor'd her to her first Estate. All which being consider'd, *Sancho's* Relation of what he saw signifies nothing, for if the *Necromancers* could delude Me, they might well put their tricks upon Him.

In short, Madam *Dulcinea* is both Illustrious and Virtuous, and descended from one of the most Ancient Families in all *Toboso*, of which there are
not

not a few in that City, which now will be no less famous for being the Place of her Nativity, then *Troy* for the Birth of *Helena*, *Delos* for that of *Latona*, or the River of *Severn* for bearing the Name of *Sabrina*, *St. Georges* Mistress.

By the way let me tell your Graces, that *Sancho Pancha* is one of the Pleasantest Drolls of a Squire, that ever serv'd *Knight-Errant*: Sometimes you shall hear such dry Bobs come from him, that 'tis hard to distinguish whether the Rogue mean Wittily or Knavishly; by and by he talks so like a downright Fool, that he discovers himself to all the World; sometimes he is so scurrilous that he deserves to be kickt; he questions every thing, and believes every thing; and when you would think the Varlet had intregu'd himself in a piece of folly never to recover himself again, he disintangles himself of a sudden, and is applauded to the Skies. In a word, I would not change him for any other Squire, tho I might have a City to boot; yet I cannot tell whether it be so proper to send him to the Government which your Excellency has been pleas'd to give him; tho on the other side I find in him a pretty Aptitude to Govern, so that by giving never so little a whet to his understanding, he may perhaps do as well as another; and so much the rather, because we see by experience, that there are a hundred Governours that can hardly write their Names, and will sometime undertake to read the Letters with their heels upwards. The main business for him to do is to preserve his Intentions right; to which purpose I shall advise him neither to take Bribes nor lose his Privileges; with some other little Instructions which I have in my Head, that will be very useful for him when he comes to sit in the Seat of Authority.

While the Duke and *Don Quixote* were thus discoursing together, there was a great noise in the Cattle, and by and by they saw *Sancho* in a terrible fright, running toward the Parlour where they were, with a greasie Napkin about his Neck, follow'd by the Scullions and other Rabble of the Kitchen, among whom there was one that carry'd a Kettle full of nasty Dish water, who more eagerly pursuing poor *Sancho* then the Rest, endeavour'd to put it under his Chin, while another more greasie then himself was ready to bedaub his Countenance.

What's the matter there, quo the Dutchess, what are yee doing to *Sancho*? Don't yee know he is a Governour Elect? Madam, quo the slovenly Barber, he refuses to be trimm'd according to Custom, as my Lord Duke, and my Lord his Master have been already— 'Tis a Lye, reply'd *Sancho*, in a great fury— but I desire whiter Linnen, cleaner Water, and less greasie Fists to scrub me withal; for there's no such difference between me and my Master, that he should be wash'd with Water of Angels, and I be scow'd with the Devil's Lye. The Customs of Countries, and Princes Palaces are so far Laudable, while they give no offence— but this same beastly puddle is not fit to wash a Fryers Toes in. My Beard's as clean as a Lady's Comb-brush, nor do I need any such sort of Refreshment.— By the Death a' my Life, the first that touches a Hair of my Beard, Ile give him such a dash o' the Teeth, that Ile make him swallow my Fist— Such Ceremonies and Soapings as these tend rather to the scorn and derision, then Civil entertainment of Strangers.

The Dutchess held her Sides and laugh'd, observing *Sancho's* fury, and hearing his Arguments for himself. But *Don Quixote*, displeas'd to see his Squire made the sport of that Impertinent Rabble, after he had made a profound reverence to the Duke and Dutchess, as it were desiring Liberty to speak, quo he to the Scullions, with a serious Tone, Hold worthy Knights, retire
retire

retire and let's be quiet ; my Squire wants none of your washing nor rinsing ; nor comes he here to be your Laughing-stock—therefore I advise yee to be gone in time—for neither do He nor I understand this kind of Drollery—No, no, Sir, quo *Sancho*, taking the Words out of his Masters Mouth ; Let 'em stay, and go on with their work—before they and I ha' done, I'll pay my Barbers I'll warrant yee—if they think to make a May-game of Me : But let 'em fairly bring a Comb, and if they find any thing i' my Beard offensive to the Nicety of a waiting Gentlewoman, Ple give 'em leave to pluck my Beard from my Chin Hair by Hair. *Sancho* speaks nothing but reason, cry'd the Dutchess—He's as clean and as neat as a Bridegroom, and has no need of washing ; and therefore since our Customs do not please him he shall be Master : Besides, quo she to the Kitchen-boys, you are a company of Insolent Rascals, to shew such uncivil usage to a person of his Quality, and such a Beard as his. How durst yee be so bold ?—Be gone, and know your distance between such Varlets as your selves and the Squires to *Knight-Errant*.

Upon these words the Rabble believing the Dutchess had spoken in good Earnest, retir'd ; and *Sancho* seeing himself deliver'd from such a threatening danger, presently threw himself upon his Knees before the Dutchess ; to whom, Madam Dutchess, said he, great Persons, are able to do great Favours ; and as for this which your most Paternal Worship has done me at present, I know not how to repay it, but by desiring to be Dubb'd a *Knight-Errant*, to the end I might employ my whole Life in your Service. I am a poor Country-man, my name is *Sancho Pancha*, I have a Wife and Children, and serve as a Squire, if in any of these Qualities I can serve your Greatness, I am no less ready to obey then you to command. I find, *Sancho*, reply'd the Dutchess, that you have been taught Civility in the School of Curtesie it self, and bred up under the Wings of my Lord *Don Quixote*, who is the Cream and Flower of Modern Courtship : Happy Age that enjoys such a Knight and such a Squire ; of which the one is the North-star of Chivalry-Errant, and the other the Pattern of Loyalty and Fidelity. Rise Friend *Sancho*, and relye upon me for the recompence of your Civilities, by obliging the Duke to install yee in the Government he has promis'd.

After this *Don Quixote* went to his Repose, and the Dutchess told *Sancho* that if he had no desire to sleep, he might come and sit an Hour or two with her and her Damsels in a cool Parlour, where he should be welcom. To which *Sancho* answer'd, that tho it were his usual Custom in Summer-time to sleep five or six Hours after Dinner, yet to serve her Goodness, he would endeavour to break his Custom for once, in obedience to her Commands. The Duke also at the same time went forth to give new Orders to his People concerning the farther entertainment of *Don Quixote*, with directions not to swerve a Tittle from the Ancient Language of *Knight-Errantry*.

THE
THIRD BOOK
Of the Ingenious KNIGHT
Don Quixote
DE LA
MANCHA.

PART II.

CHAP. I.

Containing the Pleasant Discourse between the Dutchess, her Damsels and Sancho Pancha, worthy to be read with Attention.

THE Story afterwards relates, that *Sancho* slept not a wink all that day, but in observance of his Promise, went to attend the Dutchess, who stay'd for him in the Parlour; where as soon as he enter'd, the Dutchess bid him take a low Chair and sit down by her, which *Sancho* refus'd, like a Man who understood what was what: But the Dutchess told him, that he might be allow'd to sit as a Governour, and talk as a Squire, for that in both those respects, he deserv'd the Seat of the Famous Champion *Cid Ruydias* himself. Thereupon *Sancho* bow'd his Head and obey'd; at what time all the Dutchesses Damsels and Maids of Honour flockt about him with great Silence and Attention.

Then the Dutchess first beginning, now we are alone, said she, I would desire yee, *Mr. Governour*, to resolve me certain Doubts, which I find very difficult to be understood, in the History of the Famous *Don Quixote de la Mancha*.

First, it appears that *Sancho* never saw *Madam Dulcinea del Toboso*, nor ever carry'd her the Letters, which his Master *Don Quixote* wrote her from the *Black Mountain*, as having left the Table Book behind him; which being true, how durst *Sancho* be so audacious as to fain an Answer, and say that

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The Duke Dutchess, and Don Quixot hunting the wild Boar, Sancho Pancha falling out of a Tree is catch'd by the Breech. page 454.



Don Quixot and Sancho Pancha ride blindfold through the Air upon a wooden Horse. page 477.

that he had seen the Lady sifting of Oats, which was not only a Lye, but a Scandal to the Honour of such a Peerless Lady, and an Imposture beneath the Sincerity of a Loyal Squire.

Sancho having heard the Questions propounded, rose from his Seat without speaking a word, lay'd his Finger upon his Lips, and creeping softly round the Room step by step, like a Nurse in a Sick Man's Chamber, he took up the Hangings every where, to see that no body listen'd; and then returning to his Seat, Madam, said he, 'tis good to be sure, the Walls have Ears, but now knowing my self to be as safe as a Thief in a Mill, you shall have my very Heart out of my Belly; I am ready to answer all your Questions, tho as numberless as the Sand of an Hour-Glass, without fear, scruple or hesitation; *But not a word o' the Pudding*, Madam.

First then, I must tell your Highness that I take my Master for a most accomplished Cuckow-brains, tho sometimes he will utter such things, which not only in my Opinion, but in the Judgment of better Schollards then my self, are directed still so well to the purpose, and all Extrumpre as they say, that *Satan* himself with all his Knowledge could never speak better. Nevertheless my Conscience will not give me leave to think otherwise, but that he had a Confounded Knock in his Cradle. And because I am pretty confident of this weakness of his, faith I take upon me sometimes to put the Sham upon him, and tell him Stories of Cocks and Bulls, that have neither head nor tayl; such as was the Answer of his Letter; and that same Lye in Pickle which I was forc'd to invent the other day, concerning the Enchantment of Madam *Dulcinea*, whom I made him believe to be enchanted, tho she's no more enchanted, before *George*, then *Mahomet's Tomb*.

Thereupon the Dutcheß desir'd the Governour to tell her the whole Story of the Enchantment. Which he did without omitting the least Circumstance, to the great satisfaction of his Auditors: Only the Dutcheß having heard him out; by my truly, Monsieur *Sancho*, quo she, you have rais'd another most terrible Scruple i' my Conscience; for me thinks I hear something whisper me i' the Ear and say; If *Don Quixote de la Mancha* be such a Fool past recovery, wherefore do's *Sancho Pancha* who knows him so well, still continue in his Service upon the hopes of his vain Promises. Certainly the Squire must be more a Sor than the Master; and if so, what will be said of Madam the Dutcheß, to be guilty of Conferring an Island upon *Sancho Pancha*? For he that knows not how to Govern him self, can never be able to Govern others. Upon my Virginity, Madam, this Scruple came into the World with the Head formost: Your *Whisperer* is not altogether mistaken; nay you may assure him from Me, that I know he speaks Truth— for had I been but as wise as *Waltham's Calf*, I had left my Master long ago. But it is my hard Fate; *Where the Goat is ty'd, she must browse*; and then again I must tell yee, we are both of us Towns-born Children; I have eaten his Bread; he is a good Master, and I love him; he has given me his Colts; more then all this, I am naturally Faithful, so that 'tis impossible there should be any other separation between us, then that of the Pickaxe and Spade; and then indeed God-den, and good Night: friends must part, as King *Dagobert* said to his Hounds. But as for the Government; if your *Tallness* think it not fit to bestow it upon me, however 'twill be a Government still for all that; 'twas no burthen of my Mothers Womb that came along with me into the World— It may be for the good of my Conscience to go without it: I am a Beast 'tis true, but what says the Proverb, *They ow'd the Pismire a Spleen that would have given her Wings*; and I am of Opinion, that *Sancho* the Squire may enter Paradise as soon as

Sancho

Sancho the Governour. *We feed upon Bread here as well as in France; and i' the Dark all Cats are Grey. He must be very unhappy that goes without his Breakfast till Two a Clock i' the Afternoon; and there is no Man that has a Stomach twice as big as another; but let it be never so big, there will be Straw or Hay enough left to fill it. 'Tis God that feeds the little Birds of the Air; and six Ells of Sarge are as long as six Ells of Velvet; and when our time is come to crawl out of this World, the Road is no fairer for a Prince then a Labouring Man; nay the Popes Body lyes in as little room as a Sexton's; we are all equal in the Grave, whether we must all go in spite of my Teeth, and in spite of your Teeth, and in spite of all our Teethes; and when that time comes, 'tis just like letting down the Curtain when the Play's done.* So then Madam if your Ladyship think it not fit to give me the Island because I am a Fool, I shall be so wife as not to care whether yee do or no, that's the short and the long on't. I have heard say the Devil stands behind the Cross; and all is not Gold that glisters: *Bamba* a poor Farmer was hurry'd from the Plough-tail to the Throne of Spain; on the other side, King *Rodoric* was ha'd from his Pomp, his Pastimes and his Riches, and thrown to be devour'd by Snakes and Adders, if the Ballad be true. I dare say 'tis true, quo Mrs. *Dorothy*, that had formerly quarrell'd with *Sancho*; For the Story says, that they threw King *Rodoric* into a Ditch full of Toads, Serpents and Efts, by the fametoken that two days after he was heard to cry out with a pitiful Voice, *Oh, how they tear, devour and gnaw my Sinning Part*; and if so I had rather be a poor Labourer still, then a King to be devour'd of Vermin.

The Dutcheß laugh'd at the Comment which her Woman had made upon *Sancho's* Text. But being no less tak'n with *Sancho's* way of Arguing by Proverbs and pithy Sentences, like the Ancient Jews; Friend *Sancho*, quo she, you know that when a Knight makes a promise once, he ought to keep his promise though it cost him his Life. The Duke, my Lord and Husband, is no Knight Adventurer 'tis true, however he is no less a Knight for all that, and therefore thou mayst rely upon his word, mauger all the Envy and Malice of the World. Pluck up a good heart therefore, honest *Sancho*— Thou shalt suddenly see thy self in full possession of thy Government, lodg'd like a Prince, and array'd in Velvet and Cloth of Tissue. All the Charge that I lay upon thee is only to be careful of well Governing a People which thou wilt find Obedient and Loyal.

Puh, is that all? reply'd *Sancho*, as to the business of Governing, there's no need of laying that Injunction upon me; for I am naturally Charitable, and was always compassionate to the Poor, and scorn to take the Meat out of another Man's Mouth.— On the other side, by my Holiness, they must not think to put their false Dice upon me— I am an old Dog not to be twice bitten; I am past a Baby— Teach me to Govern! Teach your Grannam to grope Ducks— Zookers— I want no body to drive the Flies from my Nose— There's no body can tell me where the Shoe rings me— that is to say, I am resolv'd to know who and who's together— and for all your true Hearts that drink fair and keep the Commandments, they shall be a' my side and be welcome to my Table— But for your Factious Rebels, and smooth-fac'd Fanatick Dissemblers I desie 'em all— For in reference to Government I am perswaded that the main Business is to lay a good Foundation; so that I make no doubt in fifteen days to be as expert in Governing as ever I was in Mowing an Acre of Grass, to which I ha' been bred up from my Infancy.—

You say very true *Sancho*, reply'd the Dutcheß; for no Man is born a Schollar; nor are Bishops and Popes made of Stones, but of Men. But

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Mr. Governour, to return once more to Madam *Dulcinea's* Enchantment, I hold it for a certain Truth, that *Sancho's* making *Don Quixote* believe his Mistress was Enchanted, was meerly the wicked Contrivance of those Enchanters that persecute him. For I am convinc'd in good part that the Country Blowze that skip'd so nimbly upon the Asses back, was the Real *Dulcinea del Toboso* her self; so that *Sancho*, who thought to deceive his Master, was himself beguil'd. For you must know Friend *Sancho*, that we have several Necromancers and Figure-Casters in this Country, who make it their Business to inform us of every thing that happens remarkable in the World; and by them we understood that the Country Puzzle was *Dulcinea*; that she is Enchanted, and that when we least expect it, we shall see her again in all her Glory, and then shall *Sancho* find 'twas he himself that was bubb'd.

By my Faith, Madam, quo *Sancho*, all this might well be; and I begin to believe My Masters Story of *Montesinos's* Cave, where, as he says, he saw Madam *Dulcinea* in the same Habit and Condition wherein I told him I had seen her, when it came into my Brain to Enchant her. I see now 'twas quite another thing, and that I was the first that was Conycatch'd, as your Greatness well observes. For now I think on't, 'tis plain I never had so much Wit for such a sudden Contrivance; nor do I believe my Master such a Woodcock to be over-reach'd by such an *Ignoramus* as my self. However Madam, I would not have you think me to be a Knave neither, seeing that such an Ideot, as I am, is not able to defend himself from the Malice of these Enchanters. I invented that same tale of a Tub, only to avoid my Masters Importunities, and not to abuse him; and if it fell out contrary to my Intention, God is in Heaven the Judge of all Hearts. 'Tis honestly said, reply'd the Dutchess, but tell me *Sancho*, what is that Adventure of *Montesinos's* Cave? I would fain understand the bottom of it. Whereupon *Sancho*, having made a full Relation of the whole Story, the Dutchess thus proceeded. Look yee, said she, here's the very thing that confirms what I told yee, friend *Sancho*; for seeing the famous *Don Quixote* saw the same Country Puffs that *Sancho* met coming from *Toboso*, 'tis apparent 'twas *Dulcinea*; and that the Necromancers are very swift in their Intelligence.

Well, quo *Sancho*, if Madam *Dulcinea* be Enchanted, 'tis so much the worse for her; what's that to me, I am not bound to quarrel with all my Masters Enemies, which I find are many, and too powerful y'faith for me to deal with. This I am sure of, she whom I saw was a Country Wench, I took her for a Country Wench, and I left her a Country Wench— But whether that Country Wench were Madam *Dulcinea* or no, is no Bread and Butter of mine; I shall neither be the better nor worse for it. Besides I must tell yee, I don't like these odd kind of Repetitions— *Sancho* says one thing, *Sancho* says another; *Sancho's* a' this side, *Sancho's* a that side— *Sancho* did this, and *Sancho* did that— as if *Sancho* were not the same *Sancho* so famous already over all the World in History, as the Student *Sampson Carrasco* told me not long ago; and I know he would not lye for all the Gold within or without the Bowels of the Earth. And therefore let not me be plagu'd with your Enchantments, I wash my Hands of 'em all; I'm sure no body can say but that I'm honest; and a good Name is better then a Gold Chain about a Man's Neck. Let me but have this Government once, and then you shall see Miracles—a good Squire will make a better Governour.

If my Conscience, *Sancho*, cry'd the Dutchess, you are a most incomparable Man— You speak nothing but Sentences— according as we say
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in our Country, a Tatter'd Cloak may cover a good Drinker— Upon my Credit Madam Dutchess, answer'd *Sancho*, I never drink out of malice; for thirst perhaps I may: for I have nothing of the Hypocrite in me. I drink when I have occasion; and sometimes when I have no occasion, especially when the Liquor is offer'd me; for why should I go about to affront an honest good Fellow. Really Madam, he must be very hard hearted that refuses to pledge his Friend, when it costs him nothing to open his Mouth. Nor indeed is it well done to upbraid the Squires of *Knights-Errant*; poor Creatures, God wot, that are always in Desarts or Forrests, Woods or Mountains, without tasting so much as one merciful drop of Wine, would they give one of their Eyes for a Thimble-full.

I believe it *Sancho*, cry'd the Dutchess, but now it grows late, and therefore go to your repose— another time we'll have the t'other Mess of chat— I the mean time'll take order that you shall have your Government, and that speedily too. Thereupon *Sancho* made his obeysance once more to the Dutchess, and besought her to give command that particular care might be taken of his *Grizzle*, which was no less dear to him then the Light of his Eyes. What *Grizzle* dost mean? quo the Dutchess. My Ass, Madam, with reverence be it spoken, reply'd *Sancho*; but because I am unwilling to call him Ass, which is common both to Man and Beast, I gave him the name of *Grizzle*. 'Tis very well *Sancho*, quo the Dutchess, take no care for *Grizzle*— now I find him to be one of my good friends Moveables, I'll take him into my Bosom rather then fail. Not so neither I beseech yee, Madam Dutchess, quo *Sancho*, 'tis sufficient that he has a warm Stable— neither he nor I are worthy a Moment's Repose in your Bosom: Nor would I harbour such an unmannerly thought for all the Asses in the World, tho I might have 'em bridl'd and saddl'd to boot— Nay, quo the Dutchess, I am not so fond of your *Grizzle* neither, but that you may take him along with yee to your Government, where you may feed him with *Panada's*, and make him as fat as you please. Ah Madam, quo *Sancho*, there's many a true word spok'n in jeast— 'Tis not the first Ass that I have seen go to a Government, and if I carry mine, 'tis no such new thing.

The Dutchess could not choose but laugh at *Sancho's* Answer; and so sending him to his natural Rest, she went to the Duke and gave him an account of the pleasant Colloquies between her and *Sancho*. Which done, they contriv'd together to put *Don Quixote* upon a most famous Adventure, the likest to a Romanick Piece of *Knight-Errantry* that ever was in the World, and which if the Reader be but never so little Ingenious, he must confess to be one of the most delightful Passages in the whole Book.

C H A P. XXXIV.

Relating the method that was taken to Disinchant Madam *Dulcinea del Toboso*, which is one of the most famous Adventures in this Book.

THE Duke and the Dutchess were greatly delighted with the humours of their Guests, *Don Quixote* and *Sancho Pancho*; which made 'em study all the Contrivances imaginable to make the best of such a pleasing divertisement. To which end, the Story that *Don Quixote* had told 'em of *Montesinos's* Cave furnish'd their invention with matter sufficient; and *Sancho's* Simplicity, who was now coax'd to believe *Dulcinea's* Enchantment
to

to be real, tho he himself were the first contriver of the delusion, made 'em confident they should prosper in their design.

To this purpose, at the end of six days, which they spent in instructing the Actors in this Comedy, they carry'd *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* to hunt the Wild Boar, with such a Retinue of Huntsmen and Attendance as might have become a Crown'd Prince. For *Don Quixote* himself they provided a Hunting Suit rich and noble, and another for *Sancho* of fine green Cloth. *Don Quixote* refus'd to accept of his, alledging that he was in a short time to return to the severe Exercise of Arms, and could not carry along with him Sumpters and Wardrobes: but as for *Sancho*, he willingly accepted of his, designing it for the Broker upon the first occasion.

The wish'd for Morning being come, *Don Quixote* put on his rusty Armour, and *Sancho* his Grass-green Breeches and Coat, and mounting his *Grizzle*, which he would not leave for a good Horse that was offer'd him, crowded in among the rest of the Huntsmen. At length appear'd the Dutchess also, gayly and richly habited like the Picture of *Diana*; at what time *Don Quixote* out of pure Courtship would needs hold the Reins of her Bridle, till she were fix'd in her Saddle, tho the Duke seem'd very unwilling, and fain would have dissuaded him from so mean an Office. In short, away they set forward, the Dutchess riding between the Duke and *Don Quixote*, till they came to a Wood that grew between two high Mountains. Where being arriv'd, the Toyles were set, the Hounds uncoupled, the Hunters took their stands, and the Chace began with such a hideous noise, what with the Dogs, what with the Horns, what with the hollowing and hooping of the Huntsmen, that a Man could hardly hear the Person that stood next him. Presently the Dutchess alighted, and with a Javelin in her Hand, plac'd her self where it was most likely the Boar would take his flight. The Duke and *Don Quixote* alighted at the same time, and enclos'd the Dutchess on each side. But *Sancho* glad he had such a Defence between him and Danger, kept a loof off, behind his illustrious Rampart, not daring to alight from his *Grizzle*, for fear of some untoward Misfortune.

Nor was it long before the hideous Boar appear'd with the Dogs and the Hunters close at his Heeles. At what time *Don Quixote* shouldring his Buckler, and with his drawn Sword in his Hand, prepar'd to receive the furious Mountaneer. The Duke also hasten'd with his Boar-Spear to have the first stroak: the Dutchess likewise would have advanc'd before 'em both, had not the Duke prevented her. Only *Sancho* beholding the enrag'd Animal with dismal Tusk and foaming Chaps, as his fears suggested, making toward him alone, skip'd from his Pack-saddle, and fell a running as fast as his thick Legs could carry him, toward a high Oak which he had in his view, to the top of which he endeavour'd to have clamber'd out of harms way. But being heavy and unus'd to climb, he was not got much above half way before one of the Boughs broke, and he had had a fatal squelch, had not a more merciful Stump of another Bough caught hold of his new Breeches, and entering the Cloath behind, preserv'd him from the fall. However there he hung, quite contrary to Men hang'd in Chains, with his Heels up, and his Head down, within a Foot of the Ground. In this Condition, finding his Breeches torn, and every Minute fancying the Boar to be tearing his Scull, he made such Out-cries, and baul'd out so loud for help, that they who heard him and saw him not, verily believ'd him between the Teeth of some devouring Beast. But there he must hang, for the Hunters were busie till they had kill'd their Game, which they were not long a doing with

with their Spears and Javelins; and *Don Quixote* hearing *Sancho's* cries, made haste to relieve his distressed Squire. Nor was it long before he discover'd him hanging like a Calf in a Butchers Slaughter-house, and his Patient *Grizzle* by him, that never deserted him in his Calamity. For *Cid Hamet* observes, that you should never see *Sancho* but you should see *Grizzle*, never *Grizzle* but you should see *Sancho*, such was the constant Friendship and faithful Unity between them two. Well in short, *Don Quixote* took him down; but if *Sancho* were overjoy'd to find himself safe and at liberty, he was no less griev'd to behold the hole in his fine hunting Suit, that he valu'd equal to a Coppihold Farm.

In the mean time the Boar being lay'd upon a Mule, and cover'd with Branches of Rosmary and Mirtle, the Victorious Huntsmen carry'd their new conquer'd Spoils in Triumph to a fair Tent in the middle of the Wood, where they found a Table ready spread, and a Collation becoming the Magnificence of him that bestow'd it.

Presently *Sancho* with a Melancholy Countenance drew near the Dutchess, and shewing her his rent Breeches; had this been a bare surprize of a Hare, or a Poaching after Partridges, quo he, this Misfortune had never befallen me: I wonder what pleasure there is in waiting for a Wild Beast, that if he do but strike a Man into the Guts with one of his Tusshes, sends him presently into the other World? I shall never forget an Old Song that runs thus:

*Mayst thou be eaten by the Bears
Like Fabila in former Years;*

That *Fabila*, cry'd *Don Quixote*, was an Ancient King of the *Goths*, who going a Hunting was devour'd by the Bears. That's what I say, reply'd *Sancho*, or at least what I mean—For I would not that Kings and Princes should run the hazard of their Lives, for the vain Pleasure of killing a poor Animal that never offended the Law. You are mistaken, *Sancho*, said the Duke, Hunting is an Exercise more convenient and necessary for Kings and Princes than any other. For Hunting is a Representation of War: It teaches us how to make use of Stratagems, Policy and Ambuscades, and to vanquish an Enemy without detriment to our selves; it exposes us to Heat and Cold; enures us to Labour and Hardship; encreases Strength, and renders the whole Body active and vigorous, and more than all this, it is a prejudice to no body. And therefore Friend *Sancho*, when you are once settl'd in your Government, I advise yee to use the Sport of Hunting; for then you will find the benefit of it.

I beg your Pardon, good my Lord Duke, reply'd *Sancho*, a good Governour should have his Legs broken, that he may stay at home. 'Twould be a fine thing indeed, that when People come about business weary and tyr'd with long Journeys, and think to find Mr. Governour at home, he should be gone a Hunting for his Pleasure forsooth i' the Country—y' good faith Business would be finely dispatch'd at that Rate, would it not? May I never enjoy the Blessing of Bag-Pudding more, if I don't think that Hunting is fitter for those that have nothing to do, than for a Governour. For my part I am resolv'd that a little Recreation shall serve my turn—a Game or two at *All-Foures*, or Twenty or Thirty, more or less for Christmasses, Easter's and Whitfontides; and upon common Sundays and Holidays, a little Pastime at Kettle-pins; but for your Hunting, as yee call it, it neither agrees with my Humour nor my Conscience. In good time, reply'd the Duke; but between saying and doing there's a vast distance. Let it be as vast

vast as it will, quo *Sancho*, a Good Pay-master never grudges his Wages. He whom God assists, does better then he that rises betimes in the Morning: 'Tis the Belly makes the Feet amble, not the Feet the Belly. My meaning is, that if Heaven assists me, and that I do my endeavour with a good Intention, I make no doubt but to Govern better then a Gerfaulcon. They that won't believe me, let 'em put their Fingers i' my Mouth and trye whether I can bite or no—No, no—believe me 'tis not the Coule makes the Monk—and when.—Accurs'd of Heaven and all the Saints, accursed *Sancho*, cry'd *Don Quixote*, interrupting him, when shall I hear thee talk a Quarter of an Hour without a Company of Mangy Proverbs? I beseech your Excellencies, let some body stich up the Mouth of this Eternal Dolt—presumptuous Slave, that thus dares teaze your Ears with his Impertinencies. *Sancho's* Proverbs, reply'd the Dutcheſs, are nere a whit the more to be diſlik'd for their number—Wiſe Men have thought their time not ill ſpent in Collecting of Proverbs—but *Sancho's* a Collection of Proverbs himſelf—He has by heart what other Men muſt pore for in Indexes—And whether he ſpeaks to the purpoſe or no, that's not a Straw matter—He aſſure yee he pleaſes his Friends, if I may be ſaid to be one.

After theſe and ſuch like Diſcourſes, they re-enter'd the Wood, to ſee whether any Game had fallen into the Nets. Where while they continu'd eager at their Sport, they were of a ſudden ſurpriz'd by a dark Night; more dark indeed then uſual, but as it happen'd more favourable for the Duke and Dutcheſſes deſign. For as they ſtood wondering what was become of the Stars, in a Moment all the Forreſt ſeem'd to be of a light Fire; and by and by they heard a loud noiſe of Trumpets and other Warlike Inſtruments, as if ſeveral Regiments of Horſe had been marching through the Wood. This unexpected Light and amazing Noiſe ſurpris'd the Eyes and Ears of all that were preſent; but far greater was their wonder when the medley of Sounds increas'd, by the Intermixture of Cornets, Fifes, ratling of Gridirons, Keys and Tongues, Trumpet-Marines, *Lancashire* Hornpipes, in dreadful Conſort with *Iriſh Obones*, that made ſuch a diſmal Chium i' the clouded Air, as threaten'd ſome ſudden diſaſter to the whole World. The Duke ſhiver'd, the Dutcheſs quak'd, *Don Quixote* himſelf was in a cold Sweat, *Sancho's* Bones rattl'd in his Skin; and in a word, all that were preſent were at their private Ejaculations. By and by, upon the ceaſing of this ſame *Black Santus*, a kind of a Poſt, that look'd like one of the Devils Poſtillions, upon a round Gallop bruiſ'd by the Company, ſounding a Horn of a prodigious bigneſs, and as terrible for the noiſe it made as a ſpeaking Trumpet; to whom the Duke, calling after him, hold Brother Poſt, quo he, who art, whether ſo faſt—what Sons of *Mars* are they that ſeem to croſs the Wood?—I am the Devil, cry'd the Poſt, in a dreadful tone, that look for *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, and thoſe People that you take for Warriours, are ſix Troops of *Necromancers*, that bring along th' Enchanted *Dulcinea del Toboſo* in a Tryumphant Chariot, accompany'd by the famous Knight Sir *Francis Montefinos*, who comes to teach *Don Quixote* the way to Diſinchant her. If thou beſt the Devil, as thou ſayſt thou art, reply'd the Duke, thou art a Mope-ey'd Devil not to ſee *Don Quixote*, who ſtands here before thee. Before Heaven and by my Conſcience, cry'd the Devil, I have ſo many things i' my Head, that I forgot my main Errand. Body a me, quo *Sancho*, this Devil muſt be an honeſt Fellow, and a good Catholick, he could never ſwear elſe, before Heaven and by his Conſcience. But now I find that even in Hell it ſelf there are ſome good People, as well as in other places. At the ſame time, the Devil

Devil keeping his Saddle, and fixing his Eyes upon *Don Quixote*, To thee Sir *Kinght of the Lyons* (and I wiſh thee faſt i' their Claws for the trouble thou giv'ſt me) to Thee am I ſent by the Valiant, but unfortunate *Montefinos*, to bid thee wait his coming where ever I ſhould find thee, for that he brings along with him an acquaintance of thine, one *Dulcinea del Toboſo*, and can tell thee how to diſinchant her—that's my Errand and all I have to ſay—and ſo may Devils like my ſelf be always thy Companions, and Angels guard the reſt of this good Company. And ſo ſaying he blew his dreadful Horn, and diſappear'd without ſtaying for an Anſwer.

At this the Hunters were more aſtoniſh'd then before, but moſt of all affrighted *Sancho* and *Don Quixote*; *Sancho*, to ſee that in deſpight of what he knew to be true, they would have *Dulcinea* ſtill to be Enchanted, and *Don Quixote*, to find that what he had only dream'd of *Montefinos's* Cave, ſhould prove to be Truth. To whom, while he was pondring theſe things in his imagination, What think yee Sir, cry'd the Duke, are yee reſolv'd to expect your friends? Why not, reply'd *Don Quixote*, I'll wait their coming with my wonted Courage, tho I were ſure to encounter all the Devils in Hell. You may do what you pleaſe, quo *Sancho*, but if any more Devils or Horns come hither, they ſhall as ſoon find me in *Flanders* as here.

By this time the Night being far ſpent and very dark, they diſcover'd a great number of Lights, like ſo many *Jack in a Lanthorns*; and immediately after they heard a moſt dreadful noiſe, like that of a Cart laden with Bars of Iron croſſing forty Kennels one after another, and the ungreas'd Wheels creaking at the ſame time; which is a ſort of Melody, they ſay, will fright the very Woolves and Bears themſelves if they hear it. But that which render'd this Diabolical Harmony the more terrible, was another ſort of noiſe of ſo many Bartels joyn'd in all the four Corners of the Wood, where Peals of Cannon, Volleys of Muſquets; the Cryes of the wounded; Groans of the dying ſtupify'd your Ears; ſo that *Don Quixote* himſelf, notwithstanding all his Courage, began to find his Hair ſtand an end. *Sancho* had no leiſure to ſummon up his Reſolution; for ſuch were his fears that he fell down in a ſwoon at the Dutcheſſes Feet: And whether he would ever have come to himſelf agen, is a queſtion, had not the Dutcheſs been ſo kind as to bid her Servants throw good ſtore of Water in his Face.

The Poor Soul began to open his well waſh'd Eyes, juſt as one of the creaking Carts happen'd to paſs along, drawn by four flow-pac'd Oxen, cover'd with Mourning, and carrying upon each Horn a lighted Torch. At the upper end of the Cart, was erected a kind of a Throne, where ſate a Venerable Old Man with a Beard as white as a Parlon's Band, and reaching down to his Girdle, wrapt up in a Gown of black *Buckram*. The Oxen were lead by two Devils very black and ſo very deformed, that *Sancho* having ſeen 'em once, was forc'd to ſhut his Eyes that he might not ſee 'em agen. When the Waggon came near the Duke, the Venerable Old Man roſe up, and with a loud and deep Voice cry'd out, I am the *Necromancer Lirgand*, and ſo the Waggon went forward. After this follow'd another Waggon with another grave old Man ſitting in it, who when he came near the Duke, cry'd out in a hoarſe tone, I am the *Necromancer Alquiſt*, the great Friend of *Ulganda the Ungrateful*. Then follow'd a third Cart, but he that ſate upon the Throne was a ſtrong ſturdy ſtern ſower-fac'd Fellow, and he cry'd out with a Voice more Inward and Devil-like, I am the *Necromancer Arcalaus*, the Mortal Enemy of *Amadis de Gaule* and all his Race; and having ſo ſaid, he follow'd the reſt of the Waggon. All theſe three Waggon made a ſtop, after they had gone ſome few Paces only. And then the unpleaſing

sing wicked noise of the Wheels ceasing, a pleasant sort of Musick began to strike up, which *Sancho* taking for a good Omen, Madam, quo he, to the Dutcheffs, from whom he would not budge an Inch, where there's Musick, there's generally good Chear. Very true, reply'd the Dutcheffs, Musick delights the Ear, as Light rejoyces the Eye. Peranter I, Peranter no, quo *Sancho*, Light proceeds sometimes from Flame, and a Man may set his House a Fire and run away by the Light on't; but Musick is always a sign of Jollity and Revelling. That will be seen by and by, reply'd *Don Quixote*, and so we go on to the next Chapter.

C H A P. II.

Containing the Meanes that were us'd to disinchant *Dulcinea*, with other Admirable Passages.

AS the Musick drew near, they beheld a Tryumphant Chariot coming towards 'em, drawn by six Mules, cover'd with White, and upon every Mule a Penitent fate in the same Colour, bearing a great Torch in his Hand. The Chariot was three times as big as any of the Waggon, carrying twelve other Penitents in White, with their Torches likewise; and at the farther end upon a Throne fate a Nymph, shining all in glittering Tinsel; so that tho she were not in such a Condition as to be sold to her worth, yet to the outward Eye no Queen could be more gloriously array'd; besides that her Face was cover'd with a Transparent Gause, through which you might discern a most Lovely Beauty between Sixteen and Seventeen Years of Age. Close by her fate another Figure, clad in a long side-Garment of black Bayes reaching down to her Feet, her Head being cover'd with a Mourning Vail. So soon as this Chariot came before the Duke and *Don Quixote*, the Musick ceas'd, and this same Figure standing upright upon her Feet, display'd her Garment, and throwing away her Vail, discover'd a meer Skeleton, that represented the deformed and ghastly Figure of Death, which put *Don Quixote* into a Melancholy Dumps, and terrify'd poor *Sancho* in such a manner, that he began to be somewhat offensive; nor were the Duke and Dutcheffs without their seeming disturbances. At what time Death observing still the same Posture, with a Faint utterance and Languishing Tone thus began.

I Merlin am whom Story's fain
To be the Devils Father,
For on my Learning so profound
This Lye did former Ages ground.
Sole Monarch o're Magicians all I Reign;
All Faustus's and Bacons secrets I
Can tell, commanding Fate and Destiny.
I Rule the Demons and the Stars themselves,
King Oberon, and his Fairy Elves;
And for Knights-Errent have a tender Love,
As being favour'd from above;
Their honour I uphold, and still at hand
Their Lives from vile Enchanters I defend.

Within

Within my dark abode
In gloomy Caverns of the Strygian God,
Where I was drawing Circles, crown'd
With Names of Saints and Avemaries round,
I heard the doleful Lamentations
Of Matchless *Dulcinea*, Queen of Nations;
Which drew me from my Rest
To Succour her that lies so sore distressed.
Oh Thou of wandring Chivalry,
The Glory and the Ornament;
Thou that forsak'st the soft repose
Of Downy Beds where Drones and Cowards lye;
Renowned Knight that never dost'st thy Cloaths,
But under Oaks or Beeches, wet or drye,
In pondrous Armour sleepest upon the Ground,
Seeking Adventures never to be found;
To thee Fam'd Hero, that hast long deplor'd
Thy Lady's Fate, by thee so much ador'd,
Thou now Transform'd into a Country Dowdy,
To thee I come, not with a Formal How d' yee;
But to restore her to her Former State,
And make her happy that's unfortunate.
Six hunder'd Stripes upon his naked Bum,
Thy Peerless Squire must first receive,
And then by Fates unalterable Doom,
Then *Dulcinea* shall return and live
For thy Embraces Fit,
And never more shalt thou have cause to grieve.

Very finely contriv'd, quo *Sancho*, me thinks three Lashes might serve turn, gently lay'd on with my own Hand—the Devil take thee for a Pedagogue of a Devil for thy manner of Disinchantment; what have my Buttocks to do with Sorcery? Before *George Mr. Merlin*, if you have no better way of disinchanting Madam *Dulcinea*, let her een go Enchanted as she is into the other World for me.

How Rogue! cry'd *Don Quixote*, all in fury, Scoundrel Garlick-eater—refuse the Oracle, and I'll take thee my self and tye thee as naked to a Tree as ever thy Mother bore thee, where I'll make up the three thousand three hunder'd, yee Varlet, six thousand six hundred, at sixcore to the hunder'd—answer me a word yee Dog and I'll tear out thy Soul.—

Soft and fair, quo *Merlin*, for the Stripes that honest *Sancho* is to receive, must be with his own consent, and he may take his own time, for he is not ty'd to a Day: Nay, he may be exempted from one half of the Lashes too, provided they be lay'd on by another Hand, which perhaps may not indeed be so Compassionate. Neither another Hand nor my own, neither heavy nor light, neither hard nor soft, reply'd *Sancho*: Did I beget Madam *Dulcinea del Toboso*, that my Tayl must pay for the Sins of her Eyes? Een let my Master *Don Quixote* whip himself, 'tis his own business; he that calls her every foot his Life, his Soul, and his Support, let him, if he pleases, try to disinchant her at the expence of his own Flesh and Blood—but for any whipping of me, I beg his Diversion.

Sancho had no sooner made an end of speaking, but the Lady in the Throne stood upon her Feet, and lifting up her Vail, discover'd a Beauty altogether

altogether Extraordinary ; and then with a Countenance full of anger and disdain, addressing her self to *Sancho*, Shame to thy Profession, quo she, with no more Soul than a Black-jack, and no more Heart than a Muscle, Poor Entrails of a Gudgeon, hadst thou been commanded, Varlet of a Hangman, to throw thy self from the Top of some high Tower to the Ground ; hadst thou been requested, Enemy of Mankind, to have eaten a dozen of Toads, two dozen of Efts, and three dozen of Adders ; or hadst thou been perswaded to saw off the Necks of thy Wife and Children, it had been no wonder to have seen thee obstinate and Melancholy ; but to boggle at three thousand three hunder'd Slashes of a Whip, that every pitiful Clout-pricker of a Religious Virgin gives her self once a Month, and every old Cripple of a Fornicator suffers from the flogging Hand of a Brawny Baud, strikes admiration into all that hear it, and will be the Astonishment of all succeeding Ages. See here, perpetual Ragamuffin, look upon these Eyes of mine, more bright then glittering Stars, and but observe how my hot Tears insensibly furrow the Flowry Meadows of my lovely Cheeks, that were before a Paradise Terrestrial. Die cruel Monster ; drop into the Earth for shame, to see a Princess of my Years consume the Flower of her Age, and pine away under the Disfigurement of a Country-puzzle, tho at present my former Charms are for a while return'd me, by Gracious *Merlins* Art, in hopes the sight of so much Beauty would have mollify'd thy Heart. Relent, relent, inexorable Monster ; be not so sparing of that wrinkl'd Skin of thine, th' enclosure of thy Dirty Soul ; vanquish for once that passionate love of thy Belly, and forbear to listen to that greedy Worm that's always bawling to thee for Kitchen Consolation ; vanquish I say this exorbitant Self-love, and assume to thy self the honour, by a little Mortification of thy Flesh, to restore me the Delicacy of my Skin, the sweetness of my Disposition, and the incomparable Beauty of my Complexion : Or if I am not yet sufficiently miserable to move thy Pity, do it for the sake of that poor Knight who stands by thy side, consuming himself in sorrow, I mean thy tender Master, whose very Soul I see just at his Throat, not above ten Fingers breadth from his Lips, ready upon thy kind or rugged answer, to flye out of his Mouth, or return back to his Midriff.

Upon these words *Don Quixote* felt his Throat, and then turning to the Duke, By the Body of *Cesar*, said he, *Dulcinea* has spoken nothing but the Truth ; for I feel my Soul lye cross my Throat, like a Bullet in a Cross-Bow. Well, *Sancho*, quo the Dutcheff, and what say you to all this ? I say, Madam, as I sayd before, that as to the business of Lashing, I renounce the Devil and all his Firkirs— and therefore I beg your *Reversion* ; Diversion you mean, *Sancho*, quo the Duke. Hoyday ! what agen ! I beseech your Grandeur to let me alone ; is this a time to trouble a Man with Niceties, and Spelling of Letters, when he's in danger of losing his Skin ? Therefore I would fain know of my Lady, Madam *Dulcinea del Toboso*, where she learnt to beg Kindnesses of people after such a rude manner ! She desires me that for her sake I would suffer my Skin to be flead from my Back, and at the same time calls me *Savage Monster*, *Soul of a Black-jack*, *Tiger* and *Ragamuffin*, with a hunder'd other reproachful Names, which the Devil himself would never endure. It may be I might have a Body of Brass, if I might gain any thing by disenchanted her. If she had brought along with her a dozen of Shirts, half a score Night-Caps, and three or four new Pair of Shoes, by Gud's Deins I should ha' known what to ha' said to her. But she forsooth to get me into a good humour, presents me with

a Bushel

a Bushel of Injuries and Reproaches, as if she intended to Hector me out of my Skin— No— no— she's too young I see to know that an Ass laden with Gold mounts the more nimbly up the Hill, and that Presents mollifie Stones : But I can tell her, *a Bird is the Hand's worth two of the Bush ; and he's a Fool that will not give an Egg for an Ox*. And then again, my Master too, who one would think should make it his Business to speak me fair, and coax me up, as being the only Person that can serve him, threatens to rye me to a Tree, and to make me pay double the Price which the Devil demands for his Mistresses Ransom. Besides, they ought to consider, 'tis not a Squire only, but a Governour whom they would have to whip himself— Beshrew their Hearts, let 'em know to whom they prate, and what they Petition for— Let 'em learn Civility with a Murrain, and understand times and seasons— for all days are not alike, nor are Men always in a good Humour. They see me penfive and greiv'd for having torn my new Suit, and they would have me tear my own Flesh too, when I have no more mind to it then to turn *Turk*. *Sancho*, quo the Duke, I must tell yee, y'are too nice— and therefore in short, you must either become as soft as a ripe Fig, or renounce your Government. For it would be ill done of me to impose upon my Islanders a Governour so Savage and Cruel, that neither the Tears of distressed Ladies, nor the Admonitions of the wisest Necromancers can move him. Once more therefore, *Sancho*, you must either be Lash'd, or Lash your self, or else you can be no Governour. My Lord, quo *Sancho*, may I not be allow'd two days to consider what I had best to do ? By no means, reply'd *Merlin*. you must resolve one thing or other immediately, and that in this very place too, or *Dulcinea* must return to *Montesinos's* Cave, whence in her Pristin Form of a Country Wastcoteer, she must be hurry'd to the *Elysian* Fields, till the Devil has-given her an Acquittance for the Lashes impos'd upon thy Buttocks ; three thousand for *Belzebub* the Master Jaylor, and three hunder'd for the Turnkeys Fees.

Come *Sancho*, quo the Dutcheff, fye for shame, pluck up a good Courage ; what is thy Heart sunk i' thy Belly for fear of a few School-boy jerks ? Why thou art a sensible Creature, and me thinks shouldst have a little more gratitude for the Bread thou hast eaten from thy Master *Don Quixote's* Table, whom we all Admire and Reverence for his Generosity and renowned Feats of Arms. Were I a man as thou art, and had such a Whitelather Skin as thou hast, I'de defie the Devil, and banish fear to the Wretched— Come *Sancho*, strip and to work— Madam, quo *Sancho*, your Arguments might convince a Dray-man, were he to be whipt with his Leather Jacket on, but Madam the naked Skin is tender, and therefore addressing himself to the Chariot, Mr. *Merlin*, quo he, the Post that rode by just now, told us that Signor *Montesinos* himself was a coming, and bid my Master stay for his Instructions about this Disinchantment ; but as yet we have neither seen *Montesinos*, nor any body like him.

That same Devil, reply'd *Merlin*, was both a Fool and a Knave— 'Twas I that sent him in search of your Master, not by any Warrant of *Montesinos*, but of my own Head. *Montesinos* lyes still in his Cave, expecting the dissolution of his Enchantment, which perhaps may be when two Sundays come together ; but if he ow's yee any Money, or that you have any question to ask him, I'll bring him either hither or to any other place : In the mean time I advise yee to undergo this petty Penance, which I'll assure yee, you will find no less beneficial for your Souls Health then the Welfare of your Body. For your Souls Health, by the Consequences of an Act of Charity : and for the Welfare of your Body, because I know you are of a

hot

hot Sanguine Complexion, and the loss of a little Blood can be no prejudice to yee. In good Faith, quo *Sancho*, I don't find there is such a scarcity of Quacks i' the World at this time, that *Necromancers* should turn Mouqte-banks. Nor should all your *Twittle cum Twattle* persuade me to be angry with my own Flesh and Blood, in despite of my own Natural Affection to my self. But I must confess I do begin to feel my own soft and tender Inclinations, and the innate goodness of my Disposition begin to work upon me: So that in compliance with my Lady Dutchess, and because it shall not be said that ever I spoil'd Madam *Dulcinea's* Marriage, who I must confess to be much more Beautiful then ever I thought her, I am content to give my self the three thousand three hunder'd Lashes, provided I be not limited to a Minute, or a day, or a Month. And I will have these Conditions moreover i' my Bargain, that I will not be oblig'd to whip my self till the Blood come; and that if any of the Slashes happen to fall beside, they shall be reckon'd into the Tale. *Item*, that if I should happen not to tell right, Mr. *Merlin*, who knows all things, shall be oblig'd to take care that I do not exceed my number. There's no danger of that, reply'd *Merlin*; for so soon as the last Lash shall be given, the Spring of your Arm will stop of it self; and at the same moment shall Madam *Dulcinea* be disenchanted, and shall come and acknowledge *Sancho's* Kindness, not only in airy words, but with substantial Presents. And therefore never stand upon more or less—but for that trust to my Conscience; nor indeed will Heaven permit me to deceive any Man whatever of the least Hair of his Head.

Go too then, cry'd *Sancho*, I submit to my Misfortune, and accept my Pennance upon the Conditions and Covenants agreed upon. *Sancho* had no sooner spoken the last words, but the Fiddles strook up again, and three Volleys of small Shot testify'd the general joy of Madam *Dulcinea* and her Friends, for her approaching freedom: *Don Quixote* also threw himself about his Pious Squires Neck, and kiss'd his Cheeks and Forehead a hunder'd times; the Duke and Dutchess were well pleas'd; and then the Chariot beginning to move, the fair *Dulcinea* bow'd her Head and made a low obeysance to *Sancho*. And now the Sun began to guild the tops of the Mountains; at what time the Duke and the Dutchess infinitely satisfy'd that their design had succeeded so well, return'd to the Castle with their Guests, resolv'd to continue the Pastime which had hitherto given 'em so much content.

CHAP. III.

Containing the strange and wonderful Adventure of the Lady Dolorida, other wise Countess of Trifaldi, with a Letter which *Sancho* wrote to his Wife *Teresa Pancha*.

THE Duke had a Seward who was a very Witty Person, full of Conceit and Fancy; and he it was that had invented this whole Comedy, compos'd the Verses, represented *Merlin* himself, and order'd one of the Dutchesses Pages to act Madam *Dulcinea*. And he it was that by the Dukes appointment compos'd another Scene of Mirth, more Artificial and Pleasant then the former.

The

The next day the Dutchess ask'd *Sancho* whether he had begun his Jerking Exercise? To whom *Sancho* reply'd, that he had, and the Night before had given himself five Lashes. The Dutchess ask'd him with what? with my hand, quo *Sancho*. Your hand! quo the Dutchess—That's rather a Pleasure then a Pain; you do but tickle your self I find; and I'm afraid the *Necromancer Merlin* will not be so satisfy'd. He expects that Honest and Just *Sancho* should discipline himself with Brambles, or a good Horse whip at least: Alas, the freedom of so great a Princess as Madam *Dulcinea*, will never be purchas'd at so mean a Price. Madam, reply'd *Sancho*, I'll leave it to your Ladyship to give me what sort of disciplining Whip or Ropes-end you shall think fit, and I'll make use of it, provided it do not put me to Pain: For I must tell your Ladyship, tho I'm a plain Country Bumkin, my Flesh is not made of Canvass, but of Tiffany; nor is it reasonable that I should flea my self for anothers Benefit. Well, well, *Sancho*, quo the Dutchess, if that be all, I'll provide yee a Top scourge to Morrow, that shall agree with the tenderness of your Skin, as if the very Thong and that were Coufen-germans. But you must be sure to be true to your Word; let me have no foul play; no Favour or Affection to your Flesh. I'll warrant your Ladyship for that Madam, quo *Sancho*; or if you mistrust me, Seeing's Believing, Ple strip and whip my self in your Ladyships Presence. Then *Sancho* proceeding; and now Madam, quo he, you must know I have written a Letter to my Wife *Teresa Pancha*, wherein I have giv'n her an Accompt of what has befall'n me from the time that I parted from her: I have it here in my Pocket, wanting nothing but the Superscription; and I would that your Discretion should have the Honour to read it, because methinks it is written as a Governour ought to write. And who sign'd it? quo the Dutchess, Sinner as I am, reply'd *Sancho*, who should sign it but my self? Didst write it too? quo the Dutchess: How could that be, reply'd *Sancho*, for I can neither write nor read; however I can make my Mark. Let's see't, quo the Dutchess, for I dare say 'tis an Ingenious Piece. Thereupon *Sancho* produc'd the Letter, and presented it to the Dutchess, who read therein the following Lines.

Sancho Pancha's Letter to Teresa Pancha his Wife.

T Was well for me, Wife, that I had a strong Back; for it has been soundly curried; but if I get my Government, I value not three thousand Lashes no more then so many strokes of a Feather. This my *Teresa* thou wilt not understand at present, another day thou shalt. In the meantime, *Teresa*, know I am resolv'd thou shalt ride i' thy Coach; for as for all the other usual ways of riding or walking, thou'dst as good be seen to creep abroad upon all four. In short, thou art a Governours Wife; hence forward let no body tread upon thy Heels. I send thee a Green Hunting Suit, which Madam the Dutchess gave me; let it be so order'd as to make a Petticoat and Waistcoat for our Eldest Daughter. *Don Quixote* my Master, as I have heard say i' this Country, is a discreet Fool, and a pleasant Madman, and I am accounted little Inferiour to him. We ha' been at *Montesinos's* Cave; and the *Necromancer Merlin* has made choice of me for the Disenchanted of *Dulcinea del Toboso*; to which purpose I must give my self Three thousand three hunder'd Lashes wanting five, which I have had already, and then she shall be as free as her Mother that bore her: But not a word of this to any of thy Gossips living; for they will be buzzing a hunder'd Shitten cum Shites i' thy Ears, and all to no purpose. Within these few days I shall go to my Government; whither I go with an eager desire to get Money; as all new Governours

vernours do. I'll first see how things go, and then send thee word whether thou shalt come to me or no. Grizzle is fat and lusty, and recommends himself both to thee and thy Children. I will not leave him, tho I were sure they would make him Grandsignor of Constantinople. My Lady Dutchess kisses thy Hands a thousand times over; return her two thousand, seeing there is no Merchandise so cheap as Compliments, as I have often heard my Master say. I have not as yet found another Purse with a hundred Crowns in it, tho it has not been for want of seeking I assure thee. But let not that trouble thee, my dear Teresa; the Government shall make amends for all. One thing perplexes me, which is this, that when once I come to taste this Government, I shall eat my very Fingers, the Sauce is so delicate; which if it should happen, I should have a dear Bargain; and yet the Lame and the Maim'd find good returns from the Alms which they beg; so that come what will come, thou art like to be Rich and Fortunate. Heaven's Plenty be upon thee, and God preserve me to serve thee. From this same Castle, July 20. 1614.

Thy Husband

Sancho Pancha Governour.

The Dutchess having read the Letter; quo she to *Sancho*, methinks Mr. Governour, you are here mistaken in two things. First, in that you would make the World believe that this Government was given yee for the Lashes which you are to endure. Whereas you know that when the Duke my Husband promis'd you this Island, he never dreamt of this Pennance that is now impos'd upon yee. And secondly, you seem to be too much sway'd by your own Self-interest, which in me creates a bad Opinion of any Man; for as they say Covetousness breaks the Sack; and a Covetous Governour will be always doing Injustice for his private Emolument. Truly, Madam, reply'd *Sancho*, I did not much consider what I wrote; however if the Letter does not please your Ladyship, I'll tear it, and write another, tho I'm afraid 'twill be worse if it be left to my editing. No, no, reply'd the Dutchess, 'tis so very well that I intend to shew it the Duke. And so saying she went into a Garden, where they were to Dine that day, and gave the Epistle to her Husband, who read it three or four times over with great delight.

After Dinner they divertiz'd themselves awhile with *Sancho's* Ripartee's, when on a sudden they heard the mournful sound of Flute in consort with an ill-brac'd Drum, that made a very unpleasing sound. While this sad and doleful Musick compos'd their Ears, all the Company seem'd to be amaz'd: *Don Quixote* himself shew'd Trouble in his Countenance; and *Sancho* crept to the Dutchess, his usual Refuge. Soon after there enter'd the Garden two Men in long Mourning Cloaks that trayl'd a long way upon the Ground. They had each a great Drum cover'd with black Bays, which they beat after their manner; and of one side walk'd a *Negro* playing upon a Fife. These three were follow'd by a tall Gyant, in a monstrous ill shap'd Mourning Cassock, over which he wore a Belt with a hugeous Scimitar, the Scabbard of which was blacken'd with Lamb black; his Face was also cover'd with a long Transparent black Vail, through which appear'd a Beard down to his Navel, as white as Snow. In his motion he seem'd to keep time with the Drums, observing a grave and sober Pace. In a word, his Bulk, his Gate, his Ethiopic Colour and his Company were so surprizing, as promis'd no less than some strange and uncouth Adventure. At length this Gyant approaching near the Duke, fell upon his Knee's, and was going to open his Lips; but the Duke would by no means permit him

to

to speak till he had rais'd him upon his Feet. Which done, the prodigious Specter, after he had three or four times stroak'd his Yard-long broad white Beard, the like to which no Mortal Eye had e're before beheld, fix'd his Goggles upon the Duke, and with a deep sonorous Voice that came from the bottom of his spacious Chest, Most Noble and Potent Lord, said he, my Name is *Trifaldin* with the white Beard, Squire to the Countess *Trifaldi*, otherwise call'd the Lady *Dolorida*, from whom I am sent with a Message, that your Highness would be pleas'd to hear the strange and unheard of Story of her Misfortune; to which purpose she begs the Favour to be admitted into your Presence. But first she desires to know whether the Valiant and Invincible *Don Quixote de la Mancha* be at this time in your Castle; for he it is my Mistress seeks, and for whose sake she has taken a tedious Journey a foot, and without so much as Bayting by the way, from the Kingdom of *Cambaya* to these your Graces Territories; a thing that only can be attributed to a Miracle, or the force of Enchantment; and she waits at your Highnesses Castle Gate, till I bring her your permission to enter. Which said, he concluded coughing and stroaking his Beard from the Top to the Bottom, and with a most solemn and formal Gravity expected the Dukes Answer, which was this. 'Tis now a long while since, most Noble Squire with the white Beard, that we understood the Misfortune of my Lady the Countess *Trifaldi*, call'd by the Necromancers Madam *Dolorida*; and therefore most stupendious Squire, you may go and tell her, she is freely welcom, and at such a lucky time, that she will meet the Peerless Knight *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, upon whose Generosity she may assuredly relye for all manner of Favour and Protection. Tell her also from me, that if she thinks me capable to do her any Service, she shall find me equally ready, as being oblig'd by my Profession of Knight-hood, to succour and relieve all Women in distress, especially Ladies of her transcending Quality.

Trifaldin having receiv'd his Answer, made a low Obeysance, and having given a sign to the Fife and Drums to play and beat as they did before, return'd with the same slow Pace and Gravity as when he enter'd, leaving all the Company in a deep Admiration of his Proportion, and Venerable Deportment.

And then it was that the Duke addressing himself to *Don Quixote*, at length, said he, we find that all the Clouds of Envy and Malice, are not able to obscure the Beams of true Courage and Vertue. For you have hardly been six days within this Castle, but here we find yee hunted out, by Persons that come from Regions far remote; not in Coaches or a Horseback, but a foot and without eating by the way; so eager are these poor distressed People to find yee out, and such is their Confidence in the strength of your Arm, and in the Generosity of your Courage. Thanks to the Reputation which your vast Exploits have acquir'd, and that loud Report which Fame has spread of your Valiant Deeds over all the World. Now would I give a Shilling, reply'd *Don Quixote*, that that same *Wisacre* of a Chaplain had been here; he I mean, that t'other day so restily exercis'd his Gifts against *Knight-Errants*; for now his own Eyes might have been judges, whether *Knight-Errant* be such unnecessary things i' this World or no. At least he might have been convinc'd that the Distressed and Disconsolate seek not for the relief of their Misfortunes, nor the redress of Wrong and Injury done 'em in Monastries or Colledges, nor repair to Cowardly and Sloathful Knights, who only are Dubb'd to please their Wives, nere put on Arms i' their Lives, nor gave any Marks of their Courage; nor to Soft and Ef-

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feminate Courtiers, who had rather relate the Stories of other Mens Actions, then Signalize themselves with any Achievement worth rehearsal, or fit to eternize their Memory. And therefore the true Succour of the Distressed, the Support of the Miserable, the Protection of young Virgins, the Comfort of Widows is no where more certainly to be found, then among your *Knight-Errants*. For which reason I return innumerable thanks to Heaven for having call'd me to this Noble Profession; and as for the Toyls and Labours I have already suffer'd, and whatever I am farther yet to endure, I look upon 'em as the chiefest Pleasures of my Life. Therefore let this Distressed Lady come, and make but known her Complaints, that her Relief may be assur'd by the force of my Arm, and the unalterable Resolution of that Courage which guides it.

CHAP. IV.

Being a Continuation of the Famous Adventure of the Lady Dolorida.

THE Duke and the Dutchess were extremely pleas'd to find that their Contrivance had so well hit *Don Quixote's* Humour, nor were they wanting in themselves to act their Parts. But *Sancho*, who carefully observ'd all Passages, and made his Reflections upon 'em, could not be so easily satisfy'd in his Mind. Pox o' these *Lady Matrons*, quo he; I'll be hang'd if the ben't come to carry my Master a Dog-trot to some Fag end of the World or other, and so I must lose my Government. I remember I was once acquainted with an Old *Potecary* that lov'd a Glas of good Wine, and talk'd like a Starling, who was wont to say, that where ever your *Lady Matrons* intrude themselves, nothing ever prosper'd i' that Family. So God help me, he knew 'em too well, and therefore hated 'em as bad. Whence I gather, that if all your *Lady Matrons* are such Impertinent troublesome Gossips, of what Condition or Quality soever, there can be no good expected from these Distressed *Twittles cum Twattles*, that muffle up their wither'd Faces in old Riding-hoods, such as they describe this same Countess of *Three-Clacks* to be. Soft and fair *Sancho*, cry'd *Don Quixote*, for since this Lady comes so far in search of me, she can be none of those *Matrons* thy *Apothecary* talk'd of, more especially being a Countess: For when Countesses become *Governantes* or *Matrons*, they never serve any but Queens and Empreses, and are themselves attended by other Servants which are under them. I'll assure yee, cry'd *Madam Dorothy*, who was there present, My Lady Dutchess has Women that serve her, who might have been Countesses, had Fortune been so kind as she shou'd ha' been: But Fate Governs the World, and therefore let no body speak ill of *Governantes*, especially of Maids at Forty. For tho I ha' been Marry'd my self, yet I find the advantage that your Maiden *Governantes* have over your *Governantes* that are Widows; but after all's done, he that thinks to sheer an Egg has little to do with his Scissars. However, quo *Sancho*, your *Governantes* are not so bare but that they may be shorn sometimes, if my Barber spoke Truth; but it seems we must not stir the Rice tho it stick to the Pot. Your Squires, reply'd Mrs. *Dorothy*, are always our Enemies; for that being themselves confin'd to the Antichambers, and seeing us whiskin and out every where and at all Times, they spend their idle Hours,

Hours, which are very many God wot, in reviling, and striving to deprive us of our Honour and good Names. But let 'em go to the Hospital of Fools, we shall live i' the World in spite of their Teeth, and be wanted by Ladies of the best Quality, tho when we grow Old and turn'd out of Service for doating, perhaps we may be put to snap at a Crust, and cover our Winter *John-Apple Skins* with the Tatters of my Lady's old Gown, just as they cover a Dunghil with an old peice of Hanging when the Procession goes by. And therefore, I would have all you Mr. Do-little Squires to hold your Tongues; For had I time I durst undertake to make it out, not only to you, but all the World, that there is no Vertue Honour'd among Men, which is not enclos'd within the *Stays* of a *Governante*.

Truly, quo the Dutchess, I am apt to believe my Woman is in the Right; and therefore we must have another time to bring about this dispute agen, as well to confute this Heathenish *Apothecary*, as to root up that same bad Opinion which the great *Sancho* has so unwarily fix'd in his Breast. Faith Madam, change of Condition alter's Manners—I don't know my own Opinion my self; for ever since the Thoughts of being a Governour have steam'd up into my Brains, I ha' layd aside my petty Title of Squire, scorn Disputes with *Governantes*, and care not a Fig for a whole Ships Loading of such sort of Cattel.

These words had bred ill Blood, and the Storm had risen higher, but that the sound of the Drums and Fife returning, gave 'em to understand that *Madam Dolorida* was at hand. The Dutchess ask'd the Duke, whether it might not be convenient to go and meet her, since she was a Countess and a Person of worth. To which *Sancho* made answer, That as she was a Countess, it might be proper for her Ladyship to meet her; but as she was a *Matron Governante*, his Opinion was that neither of their Excellencies ought to stir an Inch.

Good-man Coxcomb, cry'd *Don Quixote*, what dost thou trouble thy self for, who requires thy Advice? Why do I trouble my self? reply'd *Sancho*—I trouble my self as it is my business to trouble my self in these Affairs—I trouble my self as being a Squire bred up in your Worship's School, who is a Knight the best bred of any in the World, the very Mirror and Quintessence of Curtesie and Courtship it self; and I have heard you often say, that in these matters a Man may as well lose a Card too much as a Card too little, and a word to the Wife is sufficient. *Sancho* speaks Truth, reply'd the Duke, let's first see how the Lady deports her self, and then we shall know how to entertain her. And then it was that the Fife and the Drums enter'd the Garden after the same doleful manner as before.

Here also the Author concluded this short Chapter to begin the next; prosecuting the same Adventure, which is one of the most remarkable in the whole History.

CHAP. V.

Wherein Madam Dolorida recounts her Misfortunes.

THE sad and dismal Drummers were attended by twelve Damsels in two Files, marching two and two together, clad in large Mourning habits, cover'd with white Vails of white Linnen, that reach'd down to their
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very Feet. After them follow'd the Countess of *Three-Skirts*, led by her Squire, *Trifaldin with the White Beard*, in a long Garment of Black Bays, with three Trains carry'd up by three Pages in Mourning. This same threefold Train of Hers, made all the Company believe she had borrow'd her Title from some new Fashion of her own Invention then lately come up, for the Ladies to have three Skirts to one Gown, and therefore call'd her self the Countess of *Three-Skirts*. Which *Benengeli* confirms, and says moreover that she was call'd the Countess of *Wolf-Land*, by reason of the great number of Wolves that bred in her Territories. However it were, the Countess and her Damsels march'd a Procession Pace, with close Vails over their Faces, that hinder'd the sight of their Countenances; only the Vail which the Countess her self wore was Transparent.

So soon as the Black Squadron drew neer, the Duke, the Dutches, and *D. Quixote* rose up; at what time the twelve Damsels ranging themselves in two Rows, Madam *Dolorida* advanc'd with a slow Pace toward the Duke, who stepping forward to meet and receive her, she threw her self upon her Knees, and with a Tone of Humility, I am utterly asham'd, quo she, of the Honour which your Excellency does me; I beseech yee therefore give your self no farther trouble, for being distress'd to the degree that I am, my Mind is not at Liberty to make Returns of so many Civilities, since my Misfortunes have bereav'd me of my Senses. Rather Madam, you might say that we had lost our own, did we not in your Person discover your high Merit, and pay those Honours due to your Transcending worth: And so saying, he rais'd her from the Ground, and seated her by the Dutches, who fail'd not to Complement her according to her Quality. *Don Quixote* lookt on, but said not a word, his Complements were all lockt up for the present; and as for *Sancho* he was mad to see the Countesses Face, or of some of her Damsels; but 'twas impossible, till they themselves were willing.

At length the Complements on both sides being over, Madam *Dolorida* made a profound Reverence, and thus bespake the Company. I make no question, said she, most High and Potent Lord; thrice Beautiful and most Excellent Lady; and most Prudent and Illustrious Auditors, but that I have met with a favourable Reception in the Generosity of your Hearts; since my Misfortunes are such as would mollifie Marble, soften Diamonds, and melt Brass and Steel into a Hasty-Pudding. But before the Rehearsal of my unutterable Adventures reach your Courteous Ears, I would fain be satisfy'd whether the most Magnanimous Knight *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, and his most Illustrious Squire of Squires, *Pancha*, be a part of this Company, or no. *Pancha*, cry'd *Sancho*, interrupting her, is here in proper Person; and so is my Lord *Don Quixote* likewise: Proceed therefore most *Dolorous Metron*, and tell out your Teale at large to those that are willing to learn, and ready to serve your Metronship to the utmost of their *Ebilities*. But then *Don Quixote* Majestically approaching the Distressed Lady, Oppressed Princess, quo he, if you have any design to be reliev'd in your Misfortune by the Strength and Valour of any Knight-Errant, I offer yee my Force and Courage, and such as they are, I dedicate 'em to your service. I am *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, whose Profession it is to take care of all persons in necessity, and being so, you need not put your self to the trouble of Preambles, or studied flights of Eloquence to circumvent my favour; but utter your Calamities in down-right Terms without far-fetch'd Speeches; for they that hear yee, will be ready to redress your Grievances with all the willingness, that your Compassion or Generosity can claim.

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At those words Madam *Sorrowful* threw her self at *Don Quixotes* Feet; and striving to embrace his Knees, maugre all the kind resistance of the Knight; most invincible Champion, cry'd she, at these most Indefatigable Feet I throw my self, the Foundations and Pillars of Chivalry-Errant; these Feet, that I can never too much adore, since their steps must hasten the Succour of my Misfortunes, remediless by any other then your Potent Arm, most Valiant Knight-Errant, whose real Atchievements obscure the Fables of all the *Amadis's*, *Guy's* of *Warwick*, *Bevis's* of *Southampton*, and *Belianis's* i' the World. Then turning to *Sancho*, and taking him by the Hand; And thou, most Faithful Squire that ever attended the Magnanimity of *Knight-Errantry*; whose goodness is of a larger extent then the broad and long Beard of *Trifaldin* my Squire, well mayst thou accompt thy self most Fortunate in serving the Great *Don Quixote*, paying thy duty to all the Valour and Courage of all the whole Rabble of *Knight-Errants* that ever handl'd Arms, epitomiz'd in one single Person. I conjure thee most noble Squire, by that unpotted Loyalty of all thy careful Services, to be a Courteous Intercessour to thy Master, for a most Unfortunate Countess, and thy Humble Servant.

Madam Countess, reply'd *Sancho*, whether my Goodness be as large as your Squires Beard or no, that's nothing to the purpose. I shall have a Beard and Mustachio's to boot, let me die soon or late; nor do I measure my Goodness by any Man's Beard. And therefore without gilding my Pills with your Flatteries, which I deserve not, I shall desire my Master (who I know loves me, and at this time stands in some need of me upon a particular occasion) to assist yee to the uttermost of his Power. In the meantime, dear Madam, discharge your burthen'd Soul, let us understand what it is that perplexes your Spirits, and leave the rest to Us.

The Duke and the Dutches were ready to burst with Laughter, to see their Project take so good Effect; for *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* were very serious upon the Matter, and the Countess of *Three-Skirts* acted her part to a Miracle. Returning therefore to her Seat, after silence commanded, she began her Story thus.

Queen *Maguncia*, King *Archipiela's* Widow, was Empress of the Famous Kingdom of *Candaya*, lying between the Great *Tabrobana*, and the Sea of *Sur*, Six Leagues more or less from *Cape Comorin*. By the King the Queen had a Daughter named *Antanomasia*, who remain'd under my Charge, as being Mother of the Maids to the Queen. In process of Time the young Princess arriv'd at the Age of Fourteen Years, with more Beauty then Nature had ever bestow'd upon any of her greatest Favourites. But notwithstanding her Youth, she was ripe in Knowledge and Judgment: She was no less discreet then fair, and the fairest Creature in the World, and is so still, if Jealous Destiny and the Marble-hearted Sisters have not cut the Thread of her Life. Which certainly they have not done, for Heaven could nere permit so great an Injury to be done the Earth, to pluck the unripe Grapes before their time; from the Loveliest Vinyard under the Skie. Of this same Peerless Beauty, not to be express'd by my unpolisht Tongue, an infinite number of Princes, as well Natives as Forreigners, became enamour'd; and among the rest of these great Personages, a Private Knight was so presumptuous as to advance his Thoughts to this Ninth Heaven of Beauty, born upon the rapid Wings of his Inordinate Ambition, and confiding in his Youth, his Courtship, his goodly Aspect, and the Vivacity of his Wit.

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I may say without telling an untruth, that this young Knight was endu'd with wonderful Qualities, not only capable to move the Heart of a young Lady, but also to shake Mountains. He play'd with that Skill upon the Guittar, that he made it speak several Languages; he made Verses like another *Ovid*, and out-caper'd a *French* Dancing Master: And he was so great an Artist at making of Straw Bird-cages, that had he had nothing else to live upon, he could have kept his Coach and six Horses meely by that Trade. Yet all these great Parts and Endowments could never have prevail'd to win the Fortrefs of which I was made the Commanders, if this same Hangman of a Knight had not made use of all his cunning Shifts and Contrivances to ensnare me first. To that purpose he first besieg'd me at a distance, then making his Approaches nearer and nearer, he began to undermine my Fidelity, and wrought so deeply undiscov'rd, that what with Sugar words, what with his Gold and his Jewels, he blew me up of a sudden, and perswaded me to deliver him the Keys of the Fort wherewith I was intrusted. But that which chiefly brought me to surrender, was a Copy of Verses that he Sang one Night under my Window, of which I remember the first four Lines to this Effect.

*From the fair Eyes of my adored Saint,
A Hurt I feel that wounds me to the Heart;
Which the sly Gypsie, for my greater smart
Would have me feel, without the least Complaint.*

These Verses Charm'd me, and his Voice Enchanted me to that degree, that I lost my Reason, and from that time forward every time I reflected upon the Crime I had committed, I concluded that *Plato* was in the Right, in giving his Advice that all Poets, especially your Wanton and Lascivious Rhimers, should be banish'd out of all well Govern'd Common Wealths; their Compositions being such, as like that sort of Thunder which melts the Sword without any hurt to the Scabberd, consume and waste the Soul; never so much as touching the Body. Another time he bewitch'd me with the following Lines.

*Come quickly, Death, but come Incognito,
If thou intendst to ease my pain;
Else in the midst of all my woe,
The pleasure I
shall take to dye
Will make me covet Life again.*

He likewise repeated to me a great number of other Verses of that Nature, that they Charm yee when they are sung, and Ravish yee when they are read; and among the rest he shew'd and sung to me several of his Compositions, which he call'd *Ballads*, a precious sort of Rhime doggrel, much in Fashion in *Candaya*, that will make a Womans Soul to skip in her Belly, tickle her into a Convulsion with laughter, distemper her whole Body, and put Quick-silver into her very Thoughts: Therefore I say such kind of Poets ought to be sent to the *Antipodes*. Tho had I stood upon my Guard as a Faithful Governess ought to have done, all their Whimsies could never have mov'd me, nor would I have believ'd 'em to be other than a Company of Lyers when they cry,

I live dying— I burn in Ice— I tremble in Fire— I hope without hope—
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My Heart remains and yet is fled— With a number of other Impossibilities of this Nature, with which they shift their Raptures. No less ridiculous are their vain Promises of *Arabian Phoenixes*, Golden Fleeces, *Ariadne's* Gowns, *Gygis's* Rings, Mountains of Gold and heaps of Diamonds, of which they are very Liberal, since they know it costs 'em little to promise what they ever can, nor ever intend to perform. But whether do I wander, Miserable as I am? What folly rides me thus to count the Impertinences of others, that have committed more my self than will fill whole Volumes. Alas, alas! Why waitst thou thus abandon'd Wretch! For neither did those Verses deceive thee, nor those Sugard perswasions undo thee; 'twas thy own Simplicity, thy own Ignorance, thy own Weakness and Inordinate Passions that open'd the Gap, and levell'd the way for *Don Picklochio's* designs (for that was the Name of the Knight.) 'Twas I my self that introduc'd him, not only once or twice into *Antonomasia's* Chamber, rather by me deluded, then by *Don Picklochio's* Cunning; tho in reality he has a lawful claim to be her Husband; for had it not been for that, as much a Baud as I was, He could never have kiss'd the Hem of her Garment. No, no, there must be first a Forenoon Walk to the *Minories*, or *Dukes Place*, or *St. Katherns*, or at least a fair Promise, before I meddle in such Affairs. Herein I did the Lady wrong, that I too slightly consider'd the Inequality of their Conditions; *Don Picklochio* being but a private Knight, and the Infanta *Antonomasia* Heir, as I have said, of the Kingdom. Now for some time this Intreague continu'd undiscover'd, till at length I perceiv'd a certain Swelling below *Antonomasia's* Stomach, and then I fear'd her Treacherous Belly would betray us all. These fears of ours forc'd us to several private Consultations, wherein it was at last resolv'd, that before the Impostume broke, *Don Picklochio* should demand the Princess in Marriage before a Parson, by virtue of a Promise or Contract, which I my self had dictat'd in such due form, that all the strength of *Sampson* was not able, as I knew full well, to break it. Great Diligence was us'd, the Parson saw the Contract, Gold rain'd into his Hand, and he dispatch'd the Business forthwith, despising all Suspensions.

How, quo *Sancho*, be there Parsons and Poets in *Candaya* too? Well, I see the World's the same from one Corner to the other— only I don't believe the Parsons wear Perriwigs in *Candaya* as they do here. But pray go on Madam *Three Skirts*, and make an end as soon as you can, for it grows late, and I long to hear the end of this Story, which as I may tell to you, is a little o'the longest.

CHAP. VI.

Being a Continuation of the Wonderful History of the Countess of Three-Skirts.

Sancho spoke not a word, which did not infinitely please the Dutches; on the other side *Don Quixote* was ready to hang himself every time the Squire open'd his Mouth; insomuch that in a great Passion he commanded him to hold his Tongue; and then the Countess proceeding, At length, said she, the Business was canvass'd in the Civil Court, where the Doctors and Proctors got the Devil and all by replies and double replies, till at last the Judge gave Sentence in favour of *Don Picklochio*, which Queen

Queen *Maguncia* lay'd so greivously to Heart, that within three Days she was bury'd. Then, as far as I find by the Story, the Queendy'd, quo *Sancho*. 'Tis very clear, reply'd *Trifaldin*, for in *Candaya* they never bury the Living but the Dead. With your good leave, Mr. Squire, answer'd *Sancho*, I have heard of a Woman that lay in a swoon and was bury'd alive; afterwards the Sexton coming i' the Night to rob her of her Shrowd, the Woman started up in her Coffin, the Sexton ran away, the Woman got to her Friends, recover'd and was Marry'd again. In good faith between you and I, your Queen *Maguncia* was too hasty in dying so soon; my thinks it had been enough for her to have only shut her Teeth and her Eyes for an Hour or too; for we may help many things while we are alive; nor do I find the Infanta's folly was so great, that the Mother should take such a pet at the World, for her Daughters being gotten with Child. Had she Marry'd one of her Pages, or the Coach-man, as I have heard many young Ladies of Quality have done, that had been a Scandal indeed; but to Espouse a Knight so rarely well qualify'd as you set him forth, in good sooth Law, tho' 'twere a folly, yet was it no such prodigious Crime as you would make it to be; for according to my Masters Maximes, who is here present, and will not suffer me to lye, as learned Men are made of the same Mould as Bishops; so Knights, if they be *Knights Errant*, are made of the same Materials as Kings and Emperours.

Thou say'st very true, reply'd *Don Quixote*, for a *Knight-Errant* if he have but two Fingers breadth of good luck, is in a probability to be the Greatest Monarch i' the World. But pray let Madam Countess go on; certainly the worst of the Story's behind; for I profess I have heard nothing hitherto but what has been very pleasant. You say very right, the bitter is to come, and indeed far more bitter then *Wormwood* and *Aloes*.

The Queen being Dead, and not in a Swoon, we buried her; but no sooner had we cover'd her with Earth, and taken our last leaves, when—*Ab! who rehearsing woes like these from sorrow can refrain?* When mounted on a Wooden Horse, there appear'd upon the Grave the Gyant *Malambrune*, Cousin German to the deceased Queen, casting upon all that were present such Wild and Cruel looks, as were more piercing then pointed Arrows. This Gyant, as he was cruel to excess, so was he likewise a great *Necromancer*, and came to revenge the Death of his Cousin German; and therefore to chastise *Don Picktochio's* Presumption, and punish *Antonmasta's* for being so hasty, he left 'em both Enchanted upon the same Tomb; the one being turn'd into a Brass Female Monkey, and the other into a dreadful *Crocodile* of an unknown Mettal, with a Pillar between both, on which were engrav'd these words in Syriac Letters.

These inconsiderate Lovers shall never recover their pristine shape, till the Valiant Manchegan shall come to Encounter me in single Combat; for only for him it is, that th' unalterable Destinies reserve this Adventure so Extraordinary.

Which done, he drew from his Scimitar a hugeous, broad, fwinging Cutlace, and catching me fast by the Hair, made as if he would have par'd off my Head. I stood immoveable as a Statue, not so much as daring to cry out Murder, till at length making a Virtue of Necessity, I wept so bitterly, and gave such melting good words, that he surceas'd the rigorous execution of his intended Punishment. At length he caus'd to be dragg'd before him all the Ladies of the Palace, who are these that you see here before yee; and after he had aggravated upon us our breach of Trueth, reproach'd us with the vile Conditions of Ma-

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trons and Governantes, upbraided 'em with their Procurations and Panderisms, charging all with the wickedness of which I was only Guilty; he told us he would lay a punishment upon us that should be worse then Capital, for that it should be a kind of continual dying; and having so said, we felt of a sudden the Pores of our Skins open, and such a vehement pricking and itching over all our Faces, like the pricking of so many Needles; and then laying our Hands upon our Faces, we felt our selves as you shall presently see; and so saying, Madam *Sorrowful* and the rest of the Damsels lifting up their Vails, discover'd their Chins and Lips overgrown with thick Beards of several Hews; some black, some white, some Carror colour'd, and others Motley. A sight that greatly astonish'd the Duke and the Dutchess, put *Don Quixote* into a cold Sweat, and had like to have lay'd Poor *Sancho* in another Swoon, but that he was more afraid of being bury'd alive. Thus, said the Countess of *Three-Shirts*, continuing her Story, did this same Barbarous Villain of a Gyant, *Malambrune*, disfigure the Beauty of our Cheeks with these rough Beards, so unusual to our Sex; far more happy, had he taken our Heads from our Shoulders with his dreadful Scimitar, then to let us live disgrac'd before all the World with these Furbushes upon our Chins, like so many Cloven footed Satyrs. For if your Excellencies consider it, Where shall a Lady dare to appear with such a Rubbing-Brush about her Chaps? What will the World think of her? What will busie and scandalous Tongues say of her? What Parents will acknowledge her? Or who will be so Charitable as to pity her? Women, we find, have much ado already, with their Paints, their Washes and their Puppy-dog Waters to preserve their Complexions, so as to win the Love of nice Mankind—What then will become of us with our Faces like Bears Arses? O Dearest Ladies, and Companions of my Misery, what unfortunate Stars were we born under! In what unlucky Hour did our Fathers beget, and our Mothers bring us forth! and so saying she fell into a Swoon.

CHAP. VII.

Containing several Matters that appertain and belong to this Remarkable Adventure.

BY the Faith of a Living Man, quo *Sancho*, seeing Madam *Sorrowful* in a Swoon, and by the Life of all the *Panchés*, my Ancestours, never in all my Life did I ever see or hear of the like Adventure; nor did my Master ever tell me or think of the like. A thousand Satans hale him to the bottom of the Abyss, for a Dog of a *Necromancer*; could he find no other Punishment for these poor Creatures, then by All-to-be-grandfathering their Muzzles. By the Lord Harry, he had better have split their Nostrils, tho they had snuff'd through the Noses, like so many Pockify'd Daughters of *Venus*—For now Ile be hang'd if the poor Souls have Money enough to pay a Barber for shaving 'em.

'Tis very true, Sir, reply'd one of the twelve, we have not Money enough to pay for shaving; and therefore some of us are constrain'd for saving of Charges, to lay on Playsters of Pitch upon the places affected, which pull away roots and all, and leave our Chins as smooth as the bot-

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tom of a Stone Morter. Not but that there are Women in *Candaya*, that go about from house to house, to rectifie over-grown Beards, and Beetle Brows: Nay, and as there are some Women that are as bald as Death's Heads, there are another sort of Female Barbers, that will make yee a whole head of hair, or a Tower for the Forehead only, which sets a Woman out extreemly; but we that are Ladies of Honour, never make use of these kind of Cattel, because they are generally Women of bad fame. So that if my Lord *Don Quixote*, do not relieve us, we must carry our Beards to our Graves. I'll first give the *Moors* leave, reply'd *Don Quixote*, to tear off mine hair by hair, but I'll have your disguises off without any other shaving, then shaving off the Sorcerers head who thus bewitch'd yee.

By this the Countess of *Three-skirts* being come to her self, Most valiant Knight, quo she, the grateful sound of your promise reach'd my Ears in the midst of my Fit, and re-call'd both my strength and senses. I beseech yee therefore once more, renowned and Invincible Champion, to let your Deeds be answerable to your Words, with all the speed that may be. That shall be none of my fault, reply'd *Don Quixote*: Tell me but what I must do, and you shall find me wholly at your service.

Your Magnanimity then must understand, reply'd the Lady *Sorrowful*, that from hence to the Kingdom of *Candaya* it is about some five thousand Leagues by Land; I will not stand with your Worship for a League over or under. But if yca ride through the Air, in a direct Line, 'tis not above three thousand two hundred twenty seven Leagues: and the Giant *Malabrune* told me, that so soon as it should be my good fortune to meet the Champion that was to dissolve our Enchantment, he would send him an excellent Steed, much better, and with far less resty Jades tricks, then any of your Common *Hackney* Post-horses, as being the same Woodden Horse that carried the Valiant *Pedro*, and the fair *Magalona* double, when he stole her away. A peaceable creature, and govern'd with ease, only by turning a Pin which he has in his Forehead, but such a one as flies i the Air with that swiftness, that you would swear the Devil was at his heels with a hunting Whip. This same Horse, according to ancient Tradition, was the Master-piece of the Necromancer *Merlin*, who lent him to *Peter of Provence*, his great friend, who rode him many a long journey through the Air; and when he had stolen *Magalona*, set her behind him, and carried her away with a jerk, while his Enemies, and her Friends, in vain stood gaping after him, like people that gape after a Paper Kite with a Candle and Lanthorn, but are never the nearer; even so gap'd they till their hearts ak'd, and then left off. After that *Merlin* lent this Horse to no body but his best Friends, or such as paid him well, and a Crown a day was his lowest price. Since that, *Malabrune* found a way to get him into his Stable; so that he saves a world of Horse flesh, considering how many Stone herides, and how he posts about to all the Fairs i the world. You shall have him here to day, to morrow in *France*, the next day in *China*, to morrow in *America*: for as he is a great Giant, so is he a great Merchant. And being so, he could never have met with such a convenient Beast, for he neither eats nor drinks, nor sleeps, nor wears out any Shooes, and paces so pleasantly through the Air, that you may carry a Glass of Wine i your hand without spilling a drop: Which was the reason the fair *Magalona*, by her good will, would ne're be off of his Back.

As for a delicate *Pacer*, quo *Sancho*, commend me to my *Grizzle*, tho I confesse he cannot fly i the Air; but upon plain ground I desie all the Amblers

blers i' the world. Which set 'em all a laughing; but then Madam *Sorrowful* proceeding,

This same Horse quo she, if it be *Malabrune's* pleasure to put an end to our Misfortunes, will be here within half an hour after 'tis dark: for it was agreed between us, that as soon as I had found the Knight, he would send the Horse.

Pray now, quo *Sancho*, how many people will this Beast carry? Two Persons, reply'd Madam *Sorrowful*, one in the seat, and the other behind: and these two persons are generally the Knight and the Squire, unless some stollen Lady be to be whirld out of humane reach, like *Ganymed* upon the Eagles back.

Pray Madam *Sorrowful*, how d' yee call this Horse's Name? To which the Lady reply'd, neither *Pegasus* like *Bellerophon's*, nor *Bucephalus* like *Alexander the Great's*; nor *Golden Bridle*, like *Orlando's*; nor *Bayard*, like *Rinaldo's*; nor *Frontin*, like *Rogiero's*; nor *Bootes* nor *Pirithous*, like the Horses of the *Sun*; nor *Otelia*, that unfortunate Horse, upon whose back King *Rodrigo* lost both his Life and his Kingdom. I do not ask yee, Madam, quo *Sancho*, negatively, how he was not call'd; for that I know as well as another. More then that, I'll hold my life his name is not *Rosinante* neither; for so is my Master's Horse call'd, according to his worth; which is such, that I'll be hang'd if all the Horses with hard names that you have reckon'd up, could ever match him either for heels or courage. I believe that, reply'd the Countess; nevertheless he has a Name too, very proper and significant; for he is call'd *Screw-Pegg* the *Swift*, which answers to the swiftness of his heels, and the Pegg in his forehead. I like the name well, quo *Sancho*, but how d' yee rein him, with a Bridle or a Headstall? I have told yee already, reply'd Madam *Three-skirts*, with a Peg, which being turn'd this way or that way, the Horse moves accordingly, either aloft i the Air, or brushing the tops of the gras with his Hoofs, or else so in the middle between both, as to avoid the trouble of leaping hedges: he is the best for a Fox-chase in the world. I would willingly see this beast, quo *Sancho*, not that I have any thoughts to ride either behind or before. I don't say so neither; for they that expect any such thing from me, may as well expect *Pears from an Elm*. Is it likely that I, who can hardly sit my own *Grizzle* upon a Pack-saddle as soft as Silk, will suffer my self to be hors'd upon a hard piece of enchanted Timber, without either Pillow or Cushion? Not I by my faith, I thank yee, I'll not gaul my Buttocks to dis-inchant the best Ladies Beard i' the world——Let them that have Beards wear Beards, or else shave themselves as well as they can. For my part, if my Master intends to go this long journey, let him een go by himself; he must not think to concern me in his Beard shaving, as he has done in the Disinchantment of *Dulcinea*. Oh dear, Sir, reply'd the Lady *Sorrowful*, your preference is so requisite that we can do nothing without yee. Pray seek another Champion, I beseech yee, good Madam, where d' you find the Squires coupl'd with their Masters in their Adventures? Only they get all the Profit, and we all the Trouble.——Body a' me, when shall yee hear any Historian say, *Such a Knight perform'd such an Adventure indeed, but it was with the assistance of such a one, his Squire, without whose help he could never have accomplish'd it?* No, before George, but barely and singly, *Don Paralipomenon*, of the three Stars, finish'd the Adventure of the *Hobgoblins*, making no more mention of the Squire, then if there were no such person i the world, tho he were present, and were well strapp'd for his pains. For once therefore let my Master een go by himself, and much good

may his Honour do him; For my part, I'll keep my Lady Dutchess's Company, and it may be by that time he returns, he may find Madam *Dulcinea's* business in a good forwardness; for whenever I have nothing else to do, I intend to lick my self soundly. However, honest *Sancho*, quo the *Dutchess*, if there be a necessity, you must accompany your Master; for 'tis unreasonable these Ladies should remain in this Monkey-fac'd condition, because of your vain fears. With reverence be it spoken, Madam, quo *Sancho*, *Must I for the King*—Were it to do a kindness for an honest virtuous Kinswoman, or the whole Bevy of Blew-coat-Girls, 'twere a deed of Charity; but to hazard the breaking of a man's bones, to unbecome a parcel of Baudy *Governantes*, the Devil shall do it for me; let 'em een seek out other Shavers; for *Sancho Pancho* will be none of their Barber. By this light I had rather see 'em hairy all over, like Goats, from the Lady to the Kitchen-wench. I wonder you should be so angry with *Governantes*, friend *Sancho*, reply'd the *Dutchess*—In truth, you do 'em wrong—Among the Rest I have a *Governante* of my own; such a pattern of fidelity, that I'll put my life in her hands, and I'll go no farther than Mistress *Dorothy*. Your Excellency may say what you please, reply'd Mistress *Dorothy*, but God knows the truth of every thing—and whether bad or good, bearded or not bearded, we were all the Daughters of our Mothers, as well as others; and since God has sent us into the World, he knows wherefore, and 'tis in his Mercy, and my Ladies Favour and Charity that I must trust, and I hope I have learnt to wink at small faults: 'tis a good Horse that never trips.

Mrs. *Dorothy* is in the right, cry'd *Don Quixote*: And as for you, Madam Countess, with the rest of your illustrious Company, I make no question but Heaven will look upon your misfortunes with a propitious Eye, and that *Sancho* will do what I command him. In the mean time, I wish that *Screw-Peg* were come, and that I were at cut and slash with *Malambruno*; there's no Razor should shave your Ladyships Beard with that ease as I would have his head from his shoulders, and teach him at the price of his life to furbush Countesses Chins, and challenge Knights Errant. High Heaven, cry'd Madam *Sorrowful*, with Eyes of Favour behold your Grandeur, and may all the Stars of the Celestial Regions, shed down their Influence upon your Valour, and bless with all prosperity your Highness, the Buckler and support of the forlorn Society of *Waiting-women* and *Chambermaids*, so condemn'd by *Pothecaries*, accus'd by *Squires*, and revild by *Pages*. Most unfortunate among Females, better were it for us to Cloyster our selves in the flower of our Age, then thus to be the scorn of all Mankind. Disgrace of the Earth, as we are, were we descended in a direct Line from *Heitor* of *Troy*, I question whether exasperated men would allow us to prove our Pedigrees—And thou most mighty Giant *Malambruno*, as much an Enchanter as thou art, be faithful however to thy word, and send away the peerless *Screw-Peg*, that so at last we may see an end of our misfortunes. For should the hot weather surprise us with so much *Goats wool* about our Noses, woe be to us and all our Progeny; since we can expect no other, then to bring a Race of Baboons into the world.

These last words the Lady *Three-Skirts*, wringing her hands, utter'd with such a lamentable tone, that she drew tears from all the Company; and among the rest caus'd *Sancho* also to water his plants, who now, compassion having melted his heart, resolv'd in his mind to follow his Master to the farthest parts of the Earth, so he might any way contribute

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to clear away that venerable Camomile which be-spread the Ladies Checks.

CHAP. VIII.

Containing the Arrival of Screw-Peg, and the End of this Tedious Adventure.

BY this the Night was come, and with it, the appointed hour for *Screw-Peg's* arrival, for which *Don Quixote* waited with an extraordinary impatience; believing that because *Malambruno* delay'd so long the sending him, that either he was not the Knight for whom this Adventure was reserv'd, or else that the Giant was afraid to grapple with him. But when he least expected it, behold of a sudden four *Savages*, cover'd with green Ivy, enter'd the Garden, bearing a huge Wooden Horse upon their shoulders. Which as soon as they had set down upon the ground, presently one of the *Savages* cry'd out, Now let him that has the Courage, mount this wooden Animal. I'll mount no mounts, quo *Sancho*; for neither have I so much Courage, neither am I, God be thanked, a *Knight-Errant*. Then the *Savage* proceeding, and let the Squire, quo he, if there be any such person here, get up behind; and let the Knight be assur'd from *Malambruno's* own Mouth, that he intends nothing but a fair Stage, and fair Play, and that only with his trusty Sword. As for the Horse, let the Knight but turn the Peg in his Forehead, and he will carry his Riders in a trice to the place where *Malambruno* expects 'em. And lest the vast height of the way should turn their brains, let 'em only bind a Kerchief about their Eyes till the Horse neighs, and then they may be sure they're at the end of their journey. Which said, the *Savages* skipp'd and frisk'd out of sight, the same way they came.

And then it was that Madam *Sorrowful*, beholding the Horse with tears of gladness; Most valiant Knight, quo she, addressing her self to *Don Quixote*, *Malambruno*, you see, has fulfill'd his promise, the Horse is come, our Beards grow, and therefore we beseech both thee and thy Squire, by all the hairs upon our Chins, to get up, and set forward with all speed, that we may be rid at last of this same troublesome Stool-ball-stuffing which thus disfigures the seat of Beauty.

Distressed Lady, reply'd *Don Quixote*, such is my impatience to serve yee, that you shall see I will not so much as stay for a Cushion, or to put on my Spurs. For to tell ye truth, I long to see what pretty dimpl'd Chins, and soft lips, you had before this deformity seiz'd yee.

With your good leave, Madam Countess, quo *Sancho*, I am in no such haste; and therefore if you cannot be trimm'd without a Squire gets up behind, my Master must hire another Squire, and these fair Ladies must seek another Barber; for I am no Conjuror, to fly among the Clouds upon a Broomstick. What will my Islanders say, when they hear their Governor rides a Witch-hunting i' the Air? Besides, 'tis three or four thousand Leagues from hence to *Candaya*; so that if either the Horse should tire by the way, or the Giant grow humourfome, it may be six or seven years before we return; and by that time there will be neither Islands nor Drylands i' the world, that will know me agen. I have heard say, *Delay breeds dan-*

dangers; and when thou hast a Cow giv'n thee, never run to fetch a Cord. Therefore these Ladies Beards must pardon me; St. Peter is at Rome, and I am here, where I am well us'd, I know when I am well; and where my Lord Duke has promis'd me the Government of an Island.

Sancho, Sancho, reply'd the Duke, the Island which I promis'd thee is no moving Island, nor going to run away; the Foundations of it are lay'd in the deep Abysses of the Earth. And therefore, since you know as well as I, that there is no Office of moment in this Age which is not purchas'd with some kind of you know what I mean; all that I shall demand for your Government is only to ride behind your Master, that there may be an end of this perilous Adventure. For whether you return so speedily as the swiftness of the Horse promises, or whether you be forc'd to foot it back like a Hermite, begging from Inn to Inn, and Door to Door, you will find the Island still where you left it, and your Islanders as ready to receive you for their Governour as ever they were. And for my own part I'll give thee my Oath, if requir'd, never to recede a Tittle from my word.

No more, my Lord Duke, quo Sancho, I am a poor Squire, that am not able to bear the burden of so many favours, let my Master get up, then blind my Eyes; and so good People pray for me till I am got above the Clouds, for then I intend to call upon the Angels myself. That you may safely do, reply'd the Countess of Three-Skirts; for tho Malabrune be a Necromancer, he's a kind of a Mungrel Christian, that contrives all his Enchantments with great Prudence to avoid all manner of Scandal. Go too then, quo Sancho, let's away, and the Lady of Loretta be our Guide.

Since the Remarkable Adventure of the Fulling Mills, quo Don Quixote, never did I see poor Sancho in such a bodily fear as at this time, and were I as superstitious as other People, I cannot tell but that I might be alarm'd at his fears. But come hither Sancho, for with their Excellencies leave, I have a word to say to thee in private. And so saying, he led Sancho into a thicket of Trees, on the other side of the Garden, and there taking him by the Hand,

Friend Sancho, said he, thou seest we have a long Journey to ride, and God only knows when we shall return, or what Hardships we may meet with, and therefore I would have thee make an excuse, and retire to thy Chamber, where I desire thee to give thy self, if it be but five hundred Lashes of the three thousand three hundred, to which thou hast oblig'd thy self; for a thing once begun is half ended. By this Light, very fine, quo Sancho, surely Master you are turn'd Changeling—This is just as they say, you see me in haste, and ask for my Daughter; I am going to ride the Wooden Horse, and you would have me flea my Posteriors. In truth, in truth Master, you are out of the way. Let's first go and get these Ladies unbearded, since the Devil has found us an Employment, and when we return, we'll tell yee more of our mind; let that suffice at present. Well, Sancho, quo Don Quixote, I trust to thy Promise, and make no question but thou wilt keep thy Word, for tho th' art a Fool I know th' art Honest. Ay, Ay, relye upon me, cry'd Sancho, and never undertake too much Business at once.

After this short Parley they return'd to the Company, and Don Quixote being just ready to get up, blind my Eyes, said he, to Sancho, and mount boldly: For 'tis not likely that he who sends so far for us, has any intention to deceive us; since he can get no benefit by deluding People that relye upon him; and tho Fortune should cross our expectations, yet is it impossible that Envy should obscure the Honour we shall gain by having undertaken

taken so glorious an Enterprize. Dispatch, Sir, then, Dispatch, quo Sancho, for methinks I feel these Ladies Beards now sticking in my Heart; and I'm resolv'd not to put a morsel of Bread i' my Mouth, till I see their Chins as smooth as a Looking-glass. Therefore I say, get up first and bind your Eyes; for if I must ride behind 'tis clear you must get up first. 'Tis very true, Sancho, reply'd Don Quixote, and presently pulling a Handkerchief out of his Pocket, he desir'd Madam Sorrowful to bind it fast about his Eyes. Which being done, if my Memory fail me not, said he, I have read in Virgil, of the Trojan Palladium, that was a Wooden Horse, which the Greeks presented to Pallas, and carry'd a Company of Armed Knights in his Belly, who were the Total Ruin of Troy: Which makes me think it not amiss, to examin what our Screw-Peg also carry's in his Guts. There's no necessity for that, answer'd Madam Sorrowful, I'll warrant yee no such thing; I know Malabrune, that I dare affirm him to be neither Mischievous, nor Treacherous; get up, Sir, upon my word, and if any harm befall yee, I'll be bound to make yee amends. Thereupon Don Quixote believing it a Scandal to his Courage to make any farther Scruples, got up without more ado; and because his Legs hung down for want of Stirrups, he lookt like a Roman Consul a Horse-back in an old Fashion'd piece of Arras. Sancho also mounted last, like one that had been going up a Ladder to be hang'd, and fixing himself upon the Crupper, felt it so hard and uneven, that he desir'd the Duke to lend him one of the Dutcheffes Pillows; for, quo he, I'm afraid this Horse Trots damnable hard. To which Madam Sorrowful made answer, that Screw-Pin would endure no such thing upon his Buttocks, only for his ease, he might if he pleas'd ride sideways like a Woman; which he did, and then, after they had bound his Eyes, he bid the Company farewell. But he had not fate a Moment in that Condition, before he unbound himself, and looking round about him, besought the Company, with Tears in his Eyes, to bestow a certain number of Pater Nosters and Avemaries upon him, in that same dismal danger he was in, as they hop'd for succour in the same distress. Dog in a Doubler, cry'd Don Quixote, what! dost think th' art going to the Gallows, that thou art begging the Prayers of the People? Rascal as thou art, dost thou not sit where formerly the fair Magalona sat, and from whence she alighted to be Queen of France? And am not I sufficient to put Life into thee, that now possessest the place of old possess'd by Peter of Provence. Blind thy self, blind thy self, fenceless Brute, and let me hear no more of these thy Womanish Complaints, especially in my Presence.

Blind me then, blind me, cry'd Sancho, and seeing 'tis so, that I must neither be Pray'd for by others, nor suffer'd to Pray for my self, in an ill Hour lets go on, and a Fig for all the Devils in Hell.

And now all things being ready, and due leave taken, Don Quixote began to turn the Pin; at what time all that were present set up their Throats, crying out, Heaven prosper thee most Valiant Knight, Heaven protect th' undaunted Squire; sit fast Courageous Squire, have a care of falling, for the Squelch will be far more fatal then his that misguid'd the Chariot of the Sun: See how they cut the Clouds—what a height are they mounted already, and now quite out of sight.—

All this while Sancho got close to his Master, and clasping his Arms about his Waist, Sir, said he, why do they cry below that we are so high, since we can hear 'em so plainly, that one would think they were close at our Ears? Nere trouble thy self for that, reply'd Don Quixote; for these things being extraordinary beyond the Common Course of Nature, I know

no reason but that if we were a thousand Leagues off, we might hear 'em, and see 'em too, if our Eyes were at Liberty, and that as plainly and distinctly, as if they were but three Paviers Feet from us. But prithee don't grasp me so hard, lest thou pull me out of the Saddle. For my part I admire at thy frights and thy fears, for the Duce take me, if ever I rid a Horse that went more easie i' my Life; a Man would swear he never so much as mov'd at all. Banish therefore those idle Fancies of thine, for as far as I can find, all things go very well, and we have the Wind in our Poop, as they say. So we have by my Faith, quo *Sancho*, for I feel such a brisk Gale at my Back, as if no less then four Smiths Pair of Bellows were blowing Wind i' my Tayl. And he had reason enough to say so; for there were no less then four or five Men stood behind continually puffing, with each a large Pair of Kitchin Bellows in his Hands; so well had the Dukes Steward order'd his Business to perfect his design.

At length *Don Quixote* feeling the Wind, Certainly, said he, *Sancho* we are now in the Middle Region of the Air, where all the Meteors are produc'd, as Wind, Hail, Thunder, Lightning, Snow, Rain, and the Like; so that if we mount a little longer at this rate, we shall be by and by in the Region of Fire; neither do I know how to govern this Peg to prevent our being burnt in those Ethereal Flames. At the same time they began to warm their Noses with lighted Tow, that made a sudden blaze, and as soon went out agen, ty'd at the end of long Cains, lest they should be perceiv'd.

'Ple be hang'd, Sir, quo *Sancho*, if we be not come to that place you last spoke of, or at least very near, for my Chin is half roasted, and my Beard confoundly sing'd already—Pray let me unbind my self, to see where we are. Take heed, *Sancho*, quo *Don Quixote*, take heed what thou doest; and remember the Story of the Curate *Toralva*, whom the Devils carry'd a Pick-back through the Air, with a Muffler before his Eyes; and in twelve Hours they brought him to *Rome*, where they set him down upon the Tower of *Nona*; from whence after he had beheld the hideous Tumult, Assault, and Death of the Constable of *Bourbon*, the next Morning by break of day they return'd him back to *Madrid*, where he gave an Account of what he had seen. He farther said, that when he was in the Air, the Devil bid him unbind his Eyes, and then he saw himself so near the Body of the Moon, that he could have taken hold of her Horns; but that he durst not look down for fear his Brains should turn round. Thus *Sancho*, thou see'st Curiosity may be dangerous, and therefore let this satisfaction, that he who has taken charge of us, will be answerable for our safeties: Nay, my Mind gives me that we are just Towing over the Kingdom of *Candaya*, where we shall come stooping down upon our Enemies, like a *Saker* upon a *Heron*; for tho we have not been a Horse back much above half an Hour, believe me, we have dispatch'd a vast deal of Ground. As for that, reply'd *Sancho*, I know not what to think on't; but this I am sure of, that if *Madam Magalona*, as you call her, could sit this confounded Crupper without a good Cushion under her Tayl, she had a harder pair of Buttocks then mine.

All this while the Duke, the Dutchess, and all the rest of the Company were very attentive to this delightful Dialogue, and now being willing to put an end to this so well manag'd Adventure, order'd a Fellow to give Fire to the Horses Tail; at what time the Nimble *Scream-Pegs* Belly being full of Squibs, Crackers, and other Fireworks that rumbld in his Guts, gave such a Curvet i' the Air, that with the Jolt upon his downfall, he threw his

his Riders *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* to the Ground, smoak'd and sing'd, and smelling of burnt Bristles like two Bacon-Hogs.

Now by this time *Madam Sorrowful* with her Bearded Regiment were departed the Garden; and they that remain'd behind lay all like so many Dead People, stretch'd forth upon the Greensod. At what time *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* got upon their Legs, half doaz'd with their fall, and looking round about 'em, were amaz'd to find themselves in the same Garden agen, and so many People lying upon the Ground without Life or Motion. But they were much more astonish'd when they spy'd a Lance stuck up in the Ground, and a fair piece of green Parchment hanging by two Silken Strings that were fasten'd to the upper end, wherein were these words.

Th' Illustrious and Valiant Knight, Don Quixote de la Mancha, has put an End to the Adventure of the Countess of Three-Skirts, otherwise Madam Sorrowful, and her Companions in Distress, only by undertaking it. The Giant Malabrune is satisfy'd; the Ladies have lost their Beards; and Don Picklochio the King, and Antonomalia the Queen, have resum'd their former shapes: And so soon as the Squire shall have fulfill'd his Penance of three thousand six hundred Stripes, the White Dove shall be deliver'd from the pernicious Pounces of her Adversaries, and be receiv'd into the Arms of her beloved Adorer. This the Necromancer Merlin, King of the Magicians has ordain'd.

Don Quixote had no sooner read those words, but finding a new Confirmation of *Dulcinea's* Disenchantment, in the first place he shew'd his Piety, by returning a thousand Thanks to Heaven, that he had finish'd such a desperate Adventure with so little trouble, and then caressing himself with the Obligation he had lay'd upon those poor Bearded Ladies, who now appear'd no more, he went where the Duke and Dutchess lay as it were in a swoon, and taking the Duke by the Hand; Wake, Sir, wake, quo he, pluck up a good Heart, all's well, the Adventure is at an end, and all the Danger's over, as you may see by this Writing.

Thereupon the Duke, as it were wak'd out of a deep sleep, began by little and little to recover himself, as did the Dutchess and all the rest of the Company that were in the same Posture, drowsie and heavy, like People that had been in a Trance, and hardly knew where they were, and looking as if they had all been bewitch'd. Presently the Duke fell a reading with his Eyes half open and half shut, rubbing his Forehead at every Line; which when he had done, he threw his Arms about *Don Quixote's* Neck, assuring him, that he was the best and most renowned Knight that ever had been in all these Latter Ages. As for *Sancho* he star'd about for *Madam Sorrowful*, to see how she look'd now her Beard was off, and whether she were so Beautiful as she pretended to be before she was Chin-bristl'd. But they told him, that as soon as *Scream-Peg* was fallen to the Ground, all of a light Fire, the Countess with all her Company vanish'd without so much as the sign of any Beards, or the least appearance that ever they had any. Then the Dutchess ask'd *Sancho*, how he found himself after so long a Journey. To whom *Sancho*, I find my self, said he, indifferent well, thanks be to Heaven, only a little Shoulder sprain'd with my fall. As for the Journey it self, 'tis very true as my Master said, that we were in the Middle Region of the Air: for to tell yee the Truth, having naturally some Chips of Curiosity within me, and being willing to look about me when I Travel, I thrust up the Handkerchief from my Eyes a little above my Nose, and look'd down upon the Earth. God's Precious! Judge you now whether we were not got a prodigious height; for the Earth seem'd to me no bigger then a Mustard-Seed, and the Men walking

walking to and fro, no bigger then Hazle-nuts. Have a care what you say Friend *Sancho*, quo the Dutcheſs, for if the Earth were no bigger then a Muſtard-Seed, and the Men as big as Hazle nuts, 'twas impoſſible thou couldſt ſee the Earth for one ſingle Man. That's nothing, quo *Sancho*, for I ſpy'd firſt one little ſide of it, and then I ſaw it all. Theſe are Riddles, *Sancho*, reply'd the Dutcheſs, for how can a Man ſee the whole of what he ſees but a part. I don't underſtand your Viſions nor your Philoſophies, but I ſaw as I ſaw, reply'd *Sancho*. Your Highneſs knows we flew i' the Air by Enchantment, and by Vertue of that Enchantment, I ſaw the Earth and the Men, which way ſoever I turn'd my Head. And if you wont believe that, you will leſs believe, that when I pull'd down my Blinder and look'd up, I found my ſelf ſo near Heaven, that I was within a Foot of the Main Skie. And I can ſafely ſwear 'tis a very large Place; and by and by we came to the *Seven Goats*. Before Heaven and upon my Soul, if I don't believe we were above two Leagues above *Pen men Maure*; and in regard I had in my younger days been a Goat-herd, I had a longing deſire to have a little Diſcourſe with thoſe pretty Creatures, and had I not done it, i' my Conſcience I had been dead of a Conſumption ere this, as ſhort a while as it is. And therefore by my Life 'tis true; without ſaying a word to my Maſter, I ſlid down ſoftly from *Seven Pegs* Crupper, and went and twattl'd for three quarters of an Hour with thoſe pretty Creatures, that are made and ſmell juſt like Clove gillow flowres, and all the while *Seven-Peg* flood as ſtill as a *Dormon*, never moving an Inch.

And while *Sancho* was diſcourſing the Goats, how did my Lord *Don Quixote* ſpend his time? cry'd the Duke. Truly, reply'd *Don Quixote*, it is a thing ſo frequent for me to meet with ſtrange Adventures, contrary to the uſual Courſe of Nature, that I dare not queſtion *Sancho's* Relation in the leaſt; but for my own part, I muſt needs ſay that I never unblinded my ſelf, and conſequently ſaw neither the Heavens nor the Earth, nor Sea nor Mountains; only I found that when we had paſſ'd the middle Region of the Air, we were very near the Region of Fire, but that we were in it I cannot believe. For the Region of Fire lying between the Sphear of the Moon and the upper Region of the Air, we could not get to the Sphear of the *Seven Pleiades* or *Goats*, as he call's 'em, without being burnt to Charcoal; and therefore *Sancho* muſt either lye or dream.

I neither lye nor dream, reply'd *Sancho*; if you think otherwiſe, let any body ask me the Marks of the *Seven Goats*, and then you ſhall ſee whether I ſpeak truth or no. There need no Interrogatories, reply'd the Dutcheſs, you may tell what you know of your own accord. Why then, reply'd *Sancho*, I ſay there are two Green, two Carnation, two Blew, and one Motley colour'd. Very pretty colour'd Goats indeed, quo the Duke, we ha' no ſuch upon Earth. Is that ſuch a wonder, quo *Sancho*, that the Goats upon Earth ſhould be of one Colour, and the Goats in Heaven of another? Prithee tell me *Sancho*, quo the Duke, didſt thou ſee ne're a Hee Goat among the She Goats? No indeed, Sir, reply'd *Sancho*, and beſides I have heard that neither Hee Goats nor Tups are permitted to go beyond the Horns of the Moon.

Thus ended the Memorable Adventure of Madam *Dolorida*, to the great ſatisfaction of the Duke and all the reſt of the Spectators; as being that which found 'em ſport not only for the preſent, but matter to laugh at during all the reſt of their Lives.

C H A P. IX.

Containing the Counſel which Don Quixote gave Sancho, before he went to his Government.

AFTER this ſame lucky Succeſs of Madam *Sorrowful's* Adventure, the Duke and Dutcheſs, finding they could ſo eaſily impoſe upon their Gueſts, reſolv'd not to want Paſtime, but to be ſtill contriving new Inventions for devertiſement. To which purpoſe the Plot was layd, and Inſtructions given to all the Servants how to behave themſelves towards *Sancho*. The next day therefore the Duke told *Sancho*, that he muſt now prepare himſelf to take Poſſeſſion of his Government, for that his Iſlanders expected him with the ſame impatience as the Earth gapes for May Dew. Upon which, *Sancho* bow'd himſelf almoſt to the Ground, and with a ſtrange ſudden fit of Indifference told the Duke, that ever ſince he deſcended from Heaven, and had view'd the Earth no bigger then a Muſtard-Seed, he had no great Stomach to be a Governour. For, ſaid he, what a great piece of Buſineſs it is to Govern a Point of a Grain of Muſtard, and half a dozen Men no bigger then the end of my Little Finger; for I could not ſee any more i' the whole World. If your Excellency would give me a ſmall Canton in Heaven, tho it were but half a League or ſo, I'de rather have it then all the Iſlands in the World. Look yee *Sancho*, reply'd the Duke, I can diſpoſe of no part of Heaven, tho 'twere no bigger then my Nail. But what I am able to beſtow I give thee, that is to ſay an Iſland as ſmooth as a Dye, as round as a Bulruh, and as fertile as the Elyſian Fields, where with Pious Care and good Management thou maiſt get Wealth on Earth to purchaſe the Riches of Heaven. 'Tis very well, Sir, quo *Sancho*, then let me have the Iſland, and I'll endeavour ſo to govern here, that if I han't a Corner of Heavento my ſhare, it ſhall go hard: For I don't quit my own homely Cottage, Ambitious of being a Governour, but only to know what theſe Governments are, ſo thirſted after i' this World. Oh—*Sancho*, cry'd the Duke, when y' have once taſted the Sweets of one, you'l never leave licking your Fingers—'tis ſuch a bewitching thing to command and to be obey'd; and this I muſt tell yee when *Don Quixote* comes to be an Emperour, as he cannot fail to be in a ſhort time, according to the Courſes he takes, he'll be ready to bite his Nails off, for reſuſing the Empreſs of *Micomicon*. You ſay very true, Sir, quo *Sancho*, 'tis a very delightful thing to Command, tho it be but over a Flock of Sheep. Let me dye, *Sancho*, quo the Duke, if thou haſt not an Inſight into every thing. But no more at preſent—to Morrow's the day for taking Poſſeſſion—This Evening therefore prepare thy Equipage, and get all things in a readineſs.

Let 'em Robe me, and Scarlet me, as they pleaſe themſelves, quo *Sancho*, that's no care of mine—For whether in Red, or in Yellow, or both together, I ſhall be the ſame *Sancho* ſtill. However, reply'd the Duke, the Habit muſt be conformable to the Place and Dignity of the Perſon; Governours muſt not go like Soldiers, nor Soldiers like Priests. For your part *Sancho*, you are to wear the Habit as well of a Soldier as of a Civil Magiſtrate; for that to a Governour Learning and Valour are equally neceſſary. As for Learning, Sir, quo *Sancho*, I muſt confeſs I am not over plentifully ſtor'd with it; for without Diſſimulation, I never read my

A B C. But I can say my *Pater Noster* backward and forward, and that's as much as needs for a Governour. As for Weapons, I shall make use of such as they give me, till they fall out of my Hands—*Sancho* for the King, and God for us All. Well—well—quo the Duke, with so much Knowledge *Sancho* can never mistake in any thing.

As the Duke and *Sancho* were thus discoursing, *Don Quixote* arriv'd, and understanding that *Sancho* was to depart the next Morning, after leave obtain'd of the Duke, he took him by the Hand, and carry'd him into his Chamber, there to give him some Instructions how to behave himself in his Government. To which purpose, *Don Quixote* having lock'd the Chamber Door within side, and caus'd *Sancho*, tho against his will, to sit down by him, with a Grave and serious Tone,

Infinite are the Thanks which I return to Heaven, said he, that Fortune thus is pleas'd to Crown thee with her Kindnesses, before she has bestow'd on Me the least of her Favours. I that was labouring my own Advancement, that I might be in a Condition to recompence thy Services, now find my self behind the Lighter, and thou contrary to the order of Nature, enjoy'st the Fruit of thy desires. Others bribe, solicit, importune, rise early, go to Bed late, wait all day long in Great Men's Antichambers, and all to no purpose. With thee, that art neither Laborious nor Vigilant, 'tis presently, unexpectedly, and of a sudden nothing but *up and ride*; so that 'tis a True saying, there's nothing but good and bad luck i' this World; and all this because thou only smell'st of *Knight-Errantry*. I speak, this my dear *Sancho*, not to upbraid thee, nor out of Envy; but only to let thee know, that thou art not to ascribe thy good Fortune to thy Merit, but only to the kindness of Heaven. Acknowledg therefore the Favours of Providence, and above all things be sure to reverence the Profession of *Knight-Errantry*, which includes within it self whole Magazines of Honour and Preferment. And now thy Mind and Thoughts being thus prepar'd, listen with the Attention of a Scholler that desires to learn; listen I say to the Instructions of thy Master, and the Precepts of thy *Cato*, who is willing to be thy *North-star* and *Pilot* in that perillous Sea, where thou art going to embark thy self, that so thou maist arrive safe in the Port of Honour. For Offices and Great Employments are but a profound Gulph of Confusion.

In the first place, fear God and Love him; for the fear of God is the beginning of Wisdom; and Wisdom will never suffer thee to go astray.

In the next place, look backward what thou wert, and endeavour to know thy self; which is the most difficult Knowledge i' the World. That Knowledg will instruct thee, not to swell like a Toad, which Envyng the Stature of an Ox, strove to be as big as he, and burst. For if thou dost, what will Men say? They'l say, he need not be so proud, for the Time was when he kept Hogs in his own Country. That was only when I was a little Boy, reply'd *Sancho*; for when I came to be bigger I kept Geese, and not Hogs. But that's nothing to the purpose, all Governours did not come from the Loyns of Princes. 'Tis very true, reply'd *Don Quixote*, and therefore Men of mean descent, ought so much the rather to behave themselves with Curtesie and Civility, to avoid the Reproaches of Envy and Malice, which else they will never escape.

Sancho, never deny thy Parents, nor be asham'd of the meanness of thy Birth; for when no body see's thee run, no body will run with thee. 'Tis better to be virtuously Humble, then a proud Transgressor. Innumerable are the Examples of those that have been rais'd almost from the Dunghil

to

to the Papal Chair and Imperial Throne; but I pass 'em over in silence for want of Time.

Let Vertue be the Guide of all thy Actions; and prize thy self for doing Vertuous Actions, and never envy Kings and Princes their Dignity. For Nobility is Hereditary; Vertue is acquir'd; Vertue is valu'd for its self; so is not Nobility.

If any of thy poor Kindred come to see thee, never disown 'em, nor refuse to see 'em, but entertain 'em withal the Respect imaginable: So, thou wilt fulfill the Will of Heaven, and satisfy the Law of Nature.

If thou send'st for thy Wife, as it is but reasonable she should partake of thy good Fortune, Polish her the best thou canst; Instruct, Admonish and Advise her, and keep her from appearing much in Company, till she has shook off her Rustical behaviour, that she may not appear ridiculous in Company; and what she wants in dancing and talking out of *Grand Cyrus*, let her make out in Modesty and sober Behaviour, and then let all the Giggling-prying Gossips talk what they will.

If thou happen'st to be a Widower, and that the Cares of thy Family and thy Employment oblige thee to Marry again, have a care of Marrying a Hook and a Line; such a one, I mean, as will be taking with both Hands, and is all for making Hay while the Sun shines. For a Judges Wife ought not to be a Solicitress; nor to be her Husbands Conduite Pipe for the more cleanly conveyance of Bribes.

Have a care of Obstinate Self conceit; for that's the only folly of ignorant People, that will presume to be wiser then they are.

Let the Tears of the Poor move thy Compassion, but no more Justice to them, then to the Informations of the Rich.

Let not the Presents of the Rich blind thee, nor be tir'd out with the Importunities of the Poor; for there may be delusion in both.

When thou art upon Tryal of Criminals, stand not too nicely upon the Rigour of the Law: For a Judge gets as little Reputation by being too severe, as by being too Indulgent.

If any of thy Enemies have a Cause before thee, lay aside thy Resentment, and Proceed only according to the Merits of the Cause; lest blinded by thy Passion, thou be forc'd to repair the Injuries of thy Injustice, by building of Clock-Houses.

When a Beautiful Woman comes before thee, be not surpriz'd by her Tears or Prayers; shut thy Eyes, and stop thy Ears, and stay no longer then to examin the Truth: For Beauty's a dangerous allurements; and there is no Poyson sooner corrupts the Integrity of a Judge.

Neither joke, nor be too severe upon those thou condemn'st for their Crimes; for that's to insult over the Misfortunes of the Miserable, that rather deserve thy Pity.

Be Merciful in Judgment, for God approves Mercy beyond Judgment.

If thou observ'st these Rules, *Sancho*, thou shalt live many Years upon the Earth, and perpetually in the Memory of good Men. Thou shalt be happy whilst thou liv'st and blest in thy Posterity. Thou shalt live in Peace and Honour, enjoying lawful Pleasure, and dye in a good-old Age, lamented by all the World, to receive eternal Recompence in Heaven. These are the Precepts which I give thee in reference to thy Reputation, and the Salvation of thy Soul. And now I shall instruct thee in what concerns thy Person, and the Government of thy Family.

C H A P. X.

Being a Continuation of Don Quixote's Instructions to Sancho.

I Would fain know now whether there be any Man living that had heard this profound Discourse, but would have thought our Knight not only to have been a Person of most Excellent Morals, but of great Prudence and Policy: Only this damn'd *Knight-Errantry* spoil'd all, the very smell of a Romance put him quite beside his Reason, and dislocated the whole Frame of his Understanding. As for his Oeconomics, they were not indeed of that Importance as his Politicks, only they shew'd us, that he had an Insight into the most minute of Family Duties. To which purpose he thus proceeded.

As for the Government of thy House and thy own Person, my first Admonition, *Sancho*, is, to go neat and cleanly; to keep thy Nails par'd, and not to let 'em grow like *Orson* the Brother of *Valentine*, who was the most nasty and slovenly *Knight-Errant* that ever was i' the World, as having been bred and suck'd by a Bear: and therefore deservedly Expung'd out of the Roll.

Never appear in publick with thy Kneestrings unty'd, and thy Doublet unbutton'd, as if thou hadst been drunk over Night. 'Tis an affected Negligence that will but render thee despicable.

Examine carefully what thy Revenues amount to by the Year, and if they will afford thee sufficient to put thy Servants in Liveries, let 'em be decent and lasting, not for Gaudy Pomp and shew; and for the Overplus of thy Thrift, expend it upon the Poor. If thy Estate will afford thee six Lacqueys, keep no more than three, and let 'em be Poor Orphans; for by that means thou shalt have three Lacqueys in Heaven, as well as upon Earth, which they shall never have that hunt only after vain Glory.

Never defile thy Breath with Onions and Garlick, lest People judge of thy former Condition, and the Rusticity of thy Manners by the scent of thy Mouth.

Let thy Pace be grave, and thy Speech compos'd; yet not mumbling to thy self, and as it were whispering i' thy own Ears; for Affectation is Ridiculous.

Eat little at Dinner, and less at Supper; for the Health of the Body consists in not overcharging thy Stomach.

Be moderate in thy Cups, considering that excessive Drinking neither keeps a Secret, nor observes any promise.

Never shew thy self greedy in Eating; and above all things have a care of *Eruetation* before People. That's a hard word, quo *Sancho*, I don't understand it. That is, reply'd *Don Quixote*, have a care of Belching, which is one of the most nasty Words in our Language, tho very significant; and therefore I made use of the Latin Word *Eruetation*, which is much more cleanly. Upon my Life, quo *Sancho*, I shall be sure to remember this Admonition; for 'twas a Custom I had got, to Belch very frequently. Fye, *Sancho*, quo *Don Quixote*, you must not say Belch, but *Eruet*. Well—quo *Sancho*, *Eruet* then let it be; tho 'tis a Plague Cramp Word, I wish I may be able to think oup'n it.

In the next place have a care of mixing such a Hodg-podge of Proverbs in thy Common discourse; for tho they are Concise and Pithy sayings, yet thou dragst 'em so often by the Hair, that they seem to be rather

Extravagancies

Extravagancies then Maxims. God alone can remedy that, quo *Sancho*, for I have a Church Bible full; and they throng so thick, when I talk, to my Teeth, that they quarrel which shall get out first; so that my Tongue is forc'd to let go the first that comes, tho it be nothing to the purpose. But I shall take care for the Future to make use of no more than become the Grandeur of my Employment. For in a Rich mans House the Cloath is always layd—and 'tis a hard Winter when one Wolf eats another—Scratch my Breech and I'll claw your Elbow—Money will do more then my Lords Letter—In giving and taking there is no mistaking—More to do with one Jackanapes, then all the Bears.—

Courage—honest friend, quo *Don Quixote*, too't agen, there's no body coming, My Mother whips me, and I whip the Gigg. I am correcting thee for a confounded Proverb monger as thou art, and here thou spewst me up a whole Legend of Proverbs, as much to the purpose, as to give a Goose Hay. A Proverb is not amiss when pertinent, but dragg'd in by head and Shoulders, renders Conversation troublesome, and tyres human Patience.

Be not a slave to thy Bed; for he that rises not with the Sun, loses so much Day-light. And I must tell thee, Diligence is the Mother of good Fortune, but Sloath brings a Man to Beggary.

Thus *Sancho*, I have bestow'd upon thee the best Instructions I could call to mind; I might think of others perhaps, but the Time and Season will not permit me. And I'me afraid I ha' giv'n thee more already then thou art able to barrel up in thy shallow Memory.

All these Instructions, Sir, quo *Sancho*, I do believe i' my Conscience to be extremely profitable as well for this Life as for the next; but what good will they do one, if I should forget 'em? 'Tis true, that as for the paring my Nails, and marrying agen, if it should ever be my good luck to be a Widower, they will never out of my Mind; but as for that other Gallimaufrey, and fardel of Stories and Flimflams, I shall no more remember 'em then the Clouds of last Year, unless you give 'em me in writing, for my Confessour to read 'em to me, when I have occasion; for you know I can neither write nor read my self. Oh—*Sancho*, quo *Don Quixote*, what a Governour, and neither write nor read! For certainly, for a Man to be so Illiterate, and to be Left-handed, argues that either his Parents were very poor and mean, or that the Son was such a Blockheaded thick-Scul'd Dunce, that no Learning would enter his Brains. Poor Soul, I pity thee—for shame therefore, *Sancho*, learn at least to write thy Name. I can set my Name already, quo *Sancho*, that is to say, my Mark; I learnt to do it when I was Churchwarden of our Parish, and gave in my Account in Round O's that stood for Shillings. Besides, I may pretend that my right Hand is lame, and let another sign for me; for there is a remedy for all things but Death; and having the Power i' my own hands, I may do what I please. Let 'em handle and see, and then they'll be satisfy'd—I desire no Man to buy a Pig in a Poke—They buy Honey too dear that lick it off the Brambles—When God intends a Man a kindness he comes to his House—The Follies of the Rich pass for Sentences i' the World. So that when I come to be a Governour, and consequently Rich, and Liberal withal, there's no Man will dare to question what I do. Daub your self with Honey and you'll never want Flies—What a Man has, so much he's sure of, cry'd my Old Grandmother—Who shall hang the Bell about the Cats Neck—Muzzled Dogs never bite—Where e're a Man dwells he shall be sure of a Thorn-bush neer his own Door—But 'tis good farting before a Mans own Fire—A good Stomach is the best Sauce—And a scalded Cat—

Accurs'd

Accurs'd of Heaven, cry'd *Don Quixote*, interrupting him, seventy thousand *Belzebubs* take thee, and thy Proverb-Master together—this hour hast thou been tormenting me with thy Proverbs; but if these Proverbs don't bring thee to the Gallows I am no false Prophet. I wonder where the Devil thou hast 'em all—for to speak One to the purpose, it makes me Sweat Mill stones. Why now by my Life, Sir, quo *Sancho*, you are as Angry as a Cook, for just nothing—for who do I wrong in making use of my own? My Estate lyes in Proverbs—nor do I borrow from any body—and if good faith I had four coming out as pat to the purpose as Mustard to a Sawcidge; but I'll keep 'em between my Teeth now I think on't, for *Sancho* has always had the Reputation of a Close-Mouth'd Squire. *Sancho* the Close-mouth'd! cry'd *Don Quixote*, *Sancho* the Babler, and *Sancho* the Coxcomb, thou meanst—but *Sirrah*, what Proverbs were those thou braggest of so pat to the purpose? tell me but one, and I'll forgive thee all the Rest—Why, what four Proverbs would you have better than these? First, *An Humble-Bee in a Comard thinks himself a King*—and agen, *He that Thatches his House with a Turd shall ha' more Teachers then Reachers*—And agen, *The Horse thinks one thing, and he that rides him another*—And agen, *Tickle my Throat with a Feather and make a Fool of my Stomach*. What a de-kins ayls yee, would yee have better Bread then is made of Wheat? They that so easily see a Mote in another Mans Eye, should do well to take out the Beam in their own, lest the Pot call the Kettle Black-arse. Now have I rais'd the Devil, and there's no laying him, quo *Don Quixote*, however this is my Comfort, I ha' done my duty like a Man of Honour, and discharg'd my Confidence. God direct thee *Sancho*, and may his Providence preserve thee, and deliver me from those fears that continually disturb me, lest thou shouldst ruin this poor Island, and sink in the Ruins; which however I may prevent by discovering in time to the Duke what thou art; a meer Swag-belly, laden with Proverbs and Corruption.

Sir, quo *Sancho*, if you think me not fit to do the Duty of a good Governour, I am ready to quit my pretensions without proceeding any farther. Alas! the least part of my Soul, tho no bigger then a poynt of a Needle, is far dearer to me, then the Guts and Garbage with which you upbraid me, and I hope I shall live Plain *Sancho*, with a Morfel of Bread and an Onion as contentedly, as Governour *Sancho* upon Pheasants and Turkeys. For all Men are equal in the Grave and when they're asleep; Rich and Poor, High and Low. Only I desire your Worship to remember who put this Government into my Head. For I knew what belong'd to Islands and Governours no more then an Oyfter; so that if you believe the Devil will have the Governour, I had rather go *Sancho* to Paradise, then Governour to Hell.

In Truth *Sancho*, these last Pious Expressions of thine deserve the Government of a hunder'd Islands. Thou art naturally well dispos'd to Vertue, without which Knowledge little avails. Recommend thy self to God, and above all things beware of swerving from uprightness of Intention: For Heaven never fails to favour good designs; and so lets go and wait upon their Excellencies; for I believe 'tis now neer Supper time.

CHAP.

CHAP. XI.

How Sancho went to take Possession of his Island; and of the strange Adventure that befel Don Quixote in the Castle.

*D*ON *Quixote* after he had supp'd, wrote down the Instructions which he had given *Sancho*, and deliver'd 'em into his Hands. But it was not long after *Sancho* had receiv'd the Paper before he as carelessly dropt it; so that it was taken up and carry'd to the Duke and the Dutches, who could not forbear admiring the Wit and Folly of the Knight. And to carry on a piece of sport that afforded them so much content, they resolv'd to send away *Sancho* the same Evening to his pretended Island. Now the Person that was order'd to accompany *Sancho* was the Dukes Steward, a Witty Man, and of a jocular Humour, and the same Person who had acted the part of the Countess of *Three-Skirts*; so that by means of his copious Fancy, and the Instructions which he had receiv'd from the Duke, he prov'd no less successful in this then in the former Contrivance.

In the mean while *Sancho* having wistfully view'd the Stewards Face, perceiv'd at length that he extreamly resembl'd the Countess of *Three-Skirts*, and turning to his Master, Sir, said he, the Devil must immediately carry me away from the place where I stand, unless you will acknowledge the Dukes Steward to be Madam *Sorrowful*. Whereupon *Don Quixote* having exactly survey'd the Lineaments of his Face; why, *Sancho*, said he, I see no reason why the Devil should be so hasty to carry thee away; for tho there may be some Resemblance between the Features of Madam *Sorrowful* and the Steward, yet cannot the Steward be Madam *Sorrowful*; since it would imply a Contradiction. But 'tis no time now to dispute this Affair, for fear of bringing an old House upon our Heads. All we have to do is to pray to God to deliver us from Sorcerers and wicked *Necromancers*. Sir, quo *Sancho*, you may think perhaps I jest—upon my Life there's no such Matter. 'Tis not long since I heard the Steward speak, and upon my Soul I thought I heard Madam *Sorrowful's* Tongue. However I shall say no more at present, but I will take more notice for the future, and trye whether I cannot discover something that may give us more Light. That thou maist do, reply'd *Don Quixote*, and let me know what thou hast discover'd, and how thou succeedst in thy Government.

At length the Hour of his departure being come, *Sancho* set forward with a numerous Train, clad himself like a Judge in a long Gown of Waterd Camblet, and a Bonnet of the same Colour, and mounted upon a *Spanish* Genet, and attended by honest *Grizzle*, richly Caparison'd, bridl'd and saddl'd like a Horse of State; upon whom *Sancho* ever and anon lookt back, so well satisfy'd with his own and *Grizzle's* Pomp, that he would not have chang'd Fortunes with the Emperour of *Germany*. Taking leave of the Duke and the Dutches he kiss'd their Hands, and then ran to embrace his Masters Knees, who gave Poor *Sancho*, whimpring at his Feet, his Benediction with Tears in his Eyes.

Thus let the Noble Governour go in Peace; and now expect a Bushel of Laughter when yee come to hear how he behav'd himself in his Employment. In the mean time it will not be amiss to understand how *Don Quixote* spent the Night after he had parted with his faithful Squire. At which,

which, they that cannot laugh out-right, may be pleas'd to draw the Curtains of their Lips like Monkeys and shew their Teeth; for I must tell yee the famous Archievements of *Don Quixote*, are to be recounted either with Admiration, or as provocations to Laughter.

The Story relates, that after *Sancho's* departure, so soon as *Don Quixote* was alone by himself; he would fain have recall'd him, to the depriving him of his Government, had it been possible. But the Dutcheffs discovering him to look like a Dog that had lost his Tail, why so Melancholy my Lord *Don Quixote*? quo she. If it be for the loss of your Squire, I have Squires and Damfels enow, that will serve yee with all the respect and diligence imaginable. I confesse, Madam, reply'd *Don Quixote*, I do miss my Companion, poor *Sancho*, already; but that is not all that wrings me under the Withers; and therefore as your favours have been hitherto beyond measure, so I beseech your Ladyship to permit me that in my own Chamber I may enjoy my Soliloquies, and Contemplations alone by my self. By no means, quo the Dutcheffs, I have four Damfels that shall attend yee, as fresh as May Flowers. Such Flowers, Madam, reply'd *Don Quixote*, will be but as Thornes i' my Soul, and therefore Madam, I beseech yee, let me be troubl'd with no such Flowers nor Flower-pots i' my Chamber: I will rather lye i' my Cloaths, then suffer any of your Flowry Damfels to see me Naked. I'll only lock the Chamber Door, and that shall serve me for a Barricado between my Desires and my Chastity.

'Tis enough, reply'd the Dutcheffs, since you will not have it so, there's not so much as a Flie shall enter your Chamber if I can help it: I would not willingly transgress the Laws of Civility; especially considering that among all the rest of your Vertues, there is none in which you pride your self as in your Modesty. Therefore dress and undress, as you please your self—only you shall have all things necessary carry'd up into your Chamber, that you may not be forc'd to rise in your Shirt to call for the least Trifle. And may the Peerless *Dulcinea* live a thousand Ages, and may her Fame be spread over all the Earth, since she has the happiness to be belov'd by such a Chast and Loyal Knight: and Heaven incline our Governour *Sancho Pancha's* Heart to put a speedy end to his Penance, that the World may no longer be depriv'd of so much Beauty. 'Tis your Pencil, Madam, reply'd *Don Quixote*, that gives the last Touches to *Dulcinea's* Merit—For being prais'd by those Charming Lips of yours, she must needs become more known, and more esteem'd in the World, then if all the Orators i' the Earth had employ'd all their Rhetorick in her Commendations. I cannot speak too much, reply'd the Dutcheffs; and indeed what Language can suffice to praise a Creature so Celestial, whose Vertues are above all Imitation?—But Supper staies, and 'tis but reason you should refresh your self, since you cannot but be very weary after your tedious Journey to *Candaya*. I protest, Madam, reply'd *Don Quixote*, I feel no such thing, and I can safely swear to your Excellency, that in my Life, I never rid a more easie going Nag then gentle *Scrën-Peg*. I wonder i' my Heart, what came into *Malambunes* Pate, to lend out such a pleasant Beast, and then to split him in pieces when he had done. I am apt to believe, quo the Dutcheffs, some qualm of Repentance came over his Conscience for having injur'd the Countesses of *Three-Skirts*, and the rest of her Companions; and for many other Villanies he had committed as a *Necromancer*; and therefore he resolv'd to destroy all the Instruments of his illegal Arts, especially *Scrën-Peg*, that gave him so many opportunities of doing Mischief; or else perhaps not deeming him worthy to carry any other Person, after his having been bestrid by the renowned *Don Quixote de la Mancha*.

Don

Don Quixote a second time return'd the Dutcheffs thanks, and after Supper retir'd to his Chamber, not suffering any living Soul to attend him, so timorous he was of giving the least Crack to that Fidelity which he had wholly dedicated to his Mistress *Dulcinea*, taking for his Rule of Imitation the Constancy and Fidelity of the Great *Amadis de Gaul*, the Mirrour of all *Knights-Errant*.

He lockt the Door therefore, and made himself unready by the light of two searing Candles, that were set up in his Chamber. But oh! the dismal Misfortune that beset him in pulling off his Breeches, nere before observ'd to have ever befallen a Knight of his Quality. For straining to pull off one of his Stockins, he tore a great hole i' the Seam behind, above a Quarter of a yard long. And then it was that he took most impatiently the Absence of his Squire, and would have given all the Shoes in his Shop for a Skain of Green Silk.

Here *Benengeli* could not forbear exclaiming, O Poverty, Poverty! which makes me wonder at that same Gooftap of a Water-Poet that call'd thee a *Sacred Present*. I have learn'd indeed from the Christians, that Holiness consists in Humility, in Faith, in Obedience, in Charity and Poverty. All which I acknowledge for Truth: But I am apt to believe that this same Poverty which is number'd among the Vertues, is only that Poorness in Spirit, by which we are taught to make use of our Riches as if we had 'em not, and not that indigency of every thing, which every Hour causes us to feel necessity. Cruel Necessity! Why dost thou trouble the repose of Men of Honour? Why dost thou constrain 'em to their Shifts, and to set the best Foot forwards? Why dost thou enforce a Knight to mend the only Stockins that he has i' the World, without being able to buy another pair? Contemptible Poverty, what is Honour in Rags? How silly does a Knight of the *Sun* look, when you may discover a League off the Darns of his Hose, the Patches upon his Cloak, the Sweat of his Forehead soakt through his Rusty Castor, and the very hunger of his famisht Stomach?

These Reflections enter'd *Don Quixote's* thoughts, when he tore his Stockin, and he must have lain abed the next day like a Gentleman of *Furnival's Inn*, had not *Sancho* left him a pair of Riding Boots, which he resolv'd to put on, to conceal his Disaster.

At length full of unquiet and troublefom thoughts, he compos'd himself to rest; but *Sancho's* Absence, and the Heat of the Weather would not permit him. Up he got therefore walk'd about the Room in his Shirt, and then to let in the cool Air he open'd a Window that look'd into the Garden, where he overheard two Females talking together. Says one to the other, why d' yee desire me to sing, who ever since this Stranger came to the Castle, have had more cause to weep, then to be chanting of Carols? Besides, thou knowst, my Lady is very wakeful, and I would not for all the Gold i' the World she should find us here. But grant she should sleep as fast as a Dormouse, what would my Singing avail me, if this same Dangerous *Eneas*, that is come to trouble my repose, should be snoring at the same time, and not hear the sound of my Complaints, nor the sad occasion of my disturbances. Never let such idle thoughts as these put a Cork i' thy Windpipe, my dear *Joan Tomboy*, reply'd Mistress *Gilian a Croyden* (for so were the two Damfels call'd) I'll warrant thee for a *Graves-End-Toast*, that all the rest of the House are fast i' their Nests, but only the Lord of thy Heart: for, if I mistake not, I heard him open his Window. Therefore never be afraid to sing, my dear Sister; it may be thy sweet Voice and thy Lute together may charm his Adamant Soul, and bring him to thy Lure. Oh!

R r r 2

my

my dear *Gilian a Croyden*, reply'd *Joan Tomboy*, there is something more in the Case than thou dreamst of—— for I'm afraid lest my Complaints should discover the thoughts of my Heart, and then they that know not the force of Love will take me for a light and indiscreet Huffle. But it behoves me to gratify thy humour, tho' it cost me a little shame to seek the remedy of my tormenting Pains. And so saying she took her Lute and touch'd it to a wonder.

Don Quixote was ravish'd with what he had heard, and at the same Moment call'd to mind all that he had read of such like Adventures, and presently fancy'd that some one of the Dutchesse Damsels was fall'n in Love with him; but fearing the danger his Fidelity was in, he prepar'd to resist all manner of Temptation; and so recommending himself to his Peerless *Dulcinea*, he thought himself sufficiently guarded, and resolv'd to hear the Musick. To which purpose, as he stood, he fain'd a kind of Sneeze, to let 'em understand he was awake; which was Nuts to the Ladies, who desir'd nothing more: And then Mrs. *Tomboy* thus began.

Thou that from Ten to Ten sleepest on,
With Legs stretch'd out 'twixt Holland Sheets;
Regardless of my Doleful moan,
And Likelihood to lose my Wits.

So Sweet, so Gentle, Mild and Calm,
Renowned Knight in Mancha born,
A Peck of Gold and Quart of Balme
I'd squander, to buy off thy Scorn.

Oh bear the shrill and woful Cries
Of Lady drowned all in Tears;
With thy Alluring Boar-pig's Eyes
In Love, in Love up to the Ears.

Whilst Thou run'st rambling up and down,
O're Mountains, Forrests, Hills and Dales;
Thy Rigour at a distance wounds,
For which, no Remedy but failes.

Tell me, O tell me, Heart of Oak,
What Savage Monster brought thee forth?
Didst thou descend from Scorpions Womb,
The Prodigie of Lybian Earth?

Or wer'st thou lick'd by Greenland Bear?
Or else begot by Dragon Father?
No, no, some Serpent suckled thee
Or Panther of the Desert, rather.

Oh *Dulcinea*, what didst Thou
To vanquish this same Savage Tiger?
The secrets tell; I'll try 'em all,
Were they Ten thousand Millions, by Gar.

Well

Well mai'st thou boast thy charming Eyes,
That such a Conquest hast obtain'd;
For such a dangerous Beast as this
Was never by Knight-Errant tam'd.

Surrender but thy Right to Me,
I'll fairly give thee in Exchange
My best Embroider'd Petticoat,
Or t'other with a Golden Fringe.

Genteel and Lovely Son of Mars,
How happy should I be to kiss
Thy Velvet Nerves, and Skin that smells
Like Album-Gracum-Ambergreece.

But stay fond Heart, whether so fast?
Thou art too hasty by my Truth;
For such a Morsel so divine
Was never made to please thy Tooth.

Wouldst thou but spare my dear Adonis
Thy longing Captive one Nights Lodging,
I have a hundred Curious Toys
Which I would give thee without dodging.

A fine white Beaver and a Feather,
A Silver Sword and Scarlet Cloak;
A Watch and Pendants for thy Ears,
And Guinies always 't' thy Poak.

I'll look thy Head and comb thy Hair,
And come and sit upon thy Knee;
Thou shalt see my Marck Antony;
Thy Cleopatra I will be.

Alas, in vain I make my Moans
To one that pity's not my smart;
The Cruel Nero laughs to see
The Conflagration of my Heart.

And yet my Tears might pity move,
For I am young and very fair;
A Maid upon my Honour too;
And not above Eighteen, I'll swear.

No Bulrush freighter than my self,
Nor any slenderer in the Waste;
And for my Hair, more bright than Gold,
It hangs an Ell below my Brest.

No glittering Topaz e're out-shind
The dazle of my sparkling Eyes;
Then knowing what the Proverb says,
Guess by the Proverb at my Thighs.

Besides,

Besides, if thou hast heard my Voice,
I need not tell thee how I sing;
Thou must conclude it better far
Than any Nightingales in Spring.

I have a thousand other Gifts,
Which I omit for want of Time;
And therefore if thy Heart be good,
Say but the word, Joan Tomboy's thine.

Thus the Inamour'd Madam Tomboy having put up her Pipes, the Indifferent Knight, after he had fetch'd a profound Sigh, what Squint-ey'd Constellation scowld upon me at my Birth, said he, that no Damsel can look upon me but she must fall in Love? And thou transcendent, yet unfortunate *Dulcinea del Toboso*, how hast thou offended Heaven that will not let thee enjoy my Constancy in Peace? Why should Empresses persecute her? And why should Damsels of Fifteen thus study to disturb her? Oh—leave her to enjoy to her self the Present which Love has made her, in subduing to her alone, my Heart and Soul. Avaunt Impertinent Crew, for I declare 'tis only for her sake I live; for her alone my Heart is altogether Marchpane and Sugar-Plums, but to all Womankind beside meer Flint and Brass—To her I am Honey, to others bitter Aloes. In *Dulcinea* only there is Beauty, Discretion, Debonairness, Modesty and Nobility of Birth. All other Women are to me deformed, Foolish, meer *Town-Cracks*, and meanly descended. Let Mrs. Joan Tomboy sing or weep; let her Heart harbour vain desires, live in hopes or dye in despair; let all those Ladies, the Causes of my former Torments, arm in their Enchanted Castles, all the Powers of Hell in their Revenge, I live for *Dulcinea's* sake alone, and her Adorer will I dye, mauler all the Sorceries and Inchantments in the World. And having thus offer'd this Oblation of his Soul to his Mistress, he clapt to the Window, and flung himself into his Bed with so much Indignation, as if he had receiv'd some terrible Affront. Where we must leave him a while to his Meditations, in regard the Great *Sancho Pancha* calls us now to be Witnesses of the happy Commencement of his Reign.

CHAP. XII.

How the Famous Sancho Pancha took possession of his Island, and how he behav'd himself in his Government.

Thou perpetual Surveyour of the *Antipodes*, Torch to the World, and Eye of Heaven; Here *Timbrus* call'd, there *Phæbus*, in one place an Archer, in another a Physician, Father of Poesie, and Inventor of Musick: Thou that art always in Motion, never at rest, thee I implore, O Sun, by whose assistance Men beget Men to the end of the Chapter; thee I beseech to inspire me, and quicken my dull Brains, that so I may be able to give a just and faithful account of the Great *Sancho's* Actions, who rather deserves a *Homer*, a *Virgil*, a *Tasso*, or an *Ariosto*, to celebrate his Fame, &c.

Sancho

Sancho had not travell'd long with his Train and his Equipage aforesaid, before he arriv'd at a small Town, containing about a thousand Inhabitants; being one of the best within the Dukes Territories. This they presently told him was call'd the Island of *Barataria* or *Cheap-side*, and had therefore this Name given it, because his Government cost him so little. So soon as he came to the Gates the Inhabitants were drawn up in Arms to receive him; the People shouted, the Bells rang, the Conduits piss'd Wine, and the new Governour was hois'd up like a Relique upon a stout Wine-Porters Shoulders, and so attended to the Great Church, where after the performance of some Ridiculous Ceremonies, the Keys of the Gates were presented him, and so he was sworn perpetual Governour of the Island of *Barataria* or *Cheap-side*.

In the mean time the Air, the Meen, the thick Beard, the Tunbelly'd, Crumplshoulder'd shape of the new Governour, strangely surpriz'd all those that knew nothing of the Contrivance, insomuch that they who were acquainted with it could hardly believe their own Eyes.

From Church they carry'd him to the Court of Justice; where so soon as he had taken his Seat, the Steward making him a low Obedience; Sir, said he, 'tis an ancient Custom, that when ever any Governour takes possession of an Island, he is bound to unriddle some difficult Questions that is propounded to him, to the end that by his Answer, the People may judge of his Abilities, and whether they have reason to rejoyce or be sorry for his coming. All the while the Steward was Speaking, *Sancho's* Eyes were fixt upon a Writing upon the Wall over against his Seat in great Letters, which because he could not read, he ask'd the next that stood by him, what was the meaning of those Pictures upon the Wall? Sir, said they, 'tis only a Memorandum to let Posterity know when you took Possession of this Island.

This day being such a day of the Month, in such a Year, The Lord Don Sancho Pancha took Possession of this Island: May he enjoy it many Tears in all Prosperity.

Pray who is he, cry'd *Sancho*, whom they call *Don Sancho Pancha*? Your Lordship, my Lord, reply'd the Steward, for never any other *Pancha* then your self sate where you sit, before. Pray friend, take notice, quo *Sancho*, that I disown the name of *Don*; my Name is *Sancho Pancha*, quick and short. My Fathers Name was *Sancho*, and my Grandfathers Name was *Sancho*, without any Addition of *Dons*, or *Tons*, or *Cons*—See the Vanities of Men! I'll warrant yee there are in this Island as many *Dons* as Stones—But God hears me, so God help me, let me but Govern the Island four days; If I don't clear the Island of these *Dons*, more offensive then so many Flea-flies, I'll give yee my Mother for a Maid. And now Mr. Steward, let 'em ask me what Question they please, I'll answer 'em as well as I can; nor shall it trouble me whether the People be glad or sorry.

At the same Instant two Men came puffing and blowing into Court, the one clad like a Country Fellow, the other seem'd to be a Taylour, both by his Aporn, and his Scissars, which he carry'd in his Hand. My Lord, cry'd the Taylour, I beseech your Lordship do me Justice; yesterday this Countryman came to my Shop; for under your Worships Correction, I am a sworn Taylour, and by the permission of Heaven free of my Company; whereof, he deliver'd me a piece of Cloath, which he said was enough to make him a Cloak. Whereof, I lookt upon the Cloath, and answer'd him

him, an't please your Worship, so it would. Now an't like your Worship, he thought, as I am apt to believe, and perhaps he thought true, that I had a mind to steal some of his Cloath, grounding his Conjecture upon the bad Opinion which the World generally has of us Taylours. Whereof, he bid me look again, and see whether there were not enough to make two? I smelt, an't like your Worship, what the old Fox drove at, whereof, I answer'd him, yes, there was. Whereof, he pursuing still his first design, ask'd me again, whether 'twould make no more? Whereof, being still willing to humour my Customer, I answer'd him all along, yes, and it would, till at length we agreed that the Cloath would make five Cloaks. Whereof, I made five Cloaks, and now the Cloaks are made, and I desire my Money, he will have me to pay him for his Cloath, or return it him agen.

Is this true, honest Friend? quo *Sancho*; yes an't please yee my Lord, reply'd the Countryman—But pray my Lord, let him produce the Cloaks which he pretends he has made. With all my Heart, reply'd the Taylour; and so saying, he pull'd his Hand from under his Coat, and held up five leetle Cloaks, as if they had been for so many *Fairies*, hanging as upon so many Pins upon his Thumb and four Fingers; and before Heaven and upon my Conscience, quo the Taylour, I have not wrong'd him of an Inch of his Cloath, and let any Workman be judg. Upon which there was such a Shout i' the Court, as if it had been at a Baudy Tryal.

Sancho having ponder'd a while, Methinks, said he, this Complaint requires not so much examination—and therefore the judgment of the Court is, that the Taylour shall lose his making, the Countryman his Cloath, and that the Cloaks be divided among the poor Prisoners. Upon which, there was as loud a Shout as before, and so the Sentence was put in Execution.

After this there appear'd two very old Men, the one with a great Cane in his Hand, upon which he rested himself; and the other presently addressing himself to *Sancho*, My Lord Governour, quo he, it is now some Months ago that I lent this Man in his Necessity Ten Crowns in Gold, upon condition that he would pay me again when I ask'd him. I let him alone above a Year, because I believ'd he had it not; but when I found that he never took any notice of the Debt, I askt him several times for my Money; But then he not only refus'd to pay me, but deny'd he ow'd me any; or if I had lent him any, that he had paid me already. Now because I have no Witnesses of the Loan, nor he of the Payment, I beg your Lordship to put him to his Oath, and if he will swear he has paid me, I am contented to forgive him before God and all the World.

What say you to this, Grandfather? quo *Sancho*. Sir, reply'd the Old Man, I confess this Man did lend me Ten Crowns in Gold, and since he refers himself to my Oath, I am ready to swear that I have truly and faithfully repaid 'em. Presently the Governour order'd him to lay his Hand upon the Book; at what time the Old Man giving his Cane to one of his Friends that stood next him, as if it had encumber'd him, layd his Hand upon the Bible, and swore that he had borrow'd the Ten Crowns, 'twas true; but that he had deliver'd 'em into the hands of that honest Man; which was the reason that his Creditor being paid by another, had forgot the repayment of the Money. Presently the Governour ask'd the Creditor what he had to reply? Who made answer, that since the old Man had sworn it, he was bound to believe him as he was a Christian, and ready to drop into his Grave, but that for certain he could not remember that ever he was paid. Thereupon the Debtor took his Cane agen, and after he had made a low obeysance to the Judg, was trudging as fast as he could out of the

the Hall. But *Sancho* observing the fellow's haste, and his taking care of his Cane, and admiring the Patience of the Creditor, after he had study'd a while with his Fore-finger upon his Nose, of a sudden he order'd the Old Man to be fetch'd back agen; to whom, so soon as he return'd, Prithee friend, said he, let me see thy Cane a little? There 'tis, at your Service, an't please your Worship. *Sancho* took the Cane, and at the same time giving it the other Old Man, There, said he, honest friend, you are now paid, or I'm mistaken. How so, my Lord, reply'd the Old Man, d' yee think this Cane to be worth Ten Crowns in Gold? Or else, quo the Governour, I am the greatest fool alive; and now you shall see whether I understand how to govern or no: Let the Cane be broken, added he. Presently the Cane was broken, and out dropt the Ten Crowns. Which so surpriz'd all the Beholders, that they look'd upon *Sancho* as another *Solon* of *Greece*, and ask'd him how he knew the Ten Crowns were in the Cane? Because, said he, I perceiv'd the owner had put it into his Friends hands while he swore, when he had no occasion so to do; and when he had sworn presently took it again, which made me believe he would never have sworn with so much Confidence, a thing that the other so positively deny'd, had he not been upon sure Grounds. Thus the two old Men were dispatch'd, the one to his full satisfaction, the other with that shame and ignominy that attended him to his Grave. Infomuch that the Register knew not what to think or what to do, believing it a great piece of Absurdity to Register so Wife a Person for a Fool.

By and by comes a Woman with all her force, haling along into Court a Man that lookt like a Farmer pretty well to pass. Justice, My Lord Governour, Justice, cry'd she, and if I can't have it on Earth, I'll have it from Heaven—This wicked Fellow met me i' the Middle of a Field, and has had the full use of my Body; he has handl'd me worse then a Dish-clout, and unfortunate as I am, has robb'd me of that which for above these three and twenty Years I have defended against Jews and Christians, Natives and Forreigners: No Rock was ever so Constant as I; nor *Salamander* i' the Fire ever so Chast, till this same Fornicator with his nasty baudy Fists first mumbld the Posie which I had so long preserv'd. Woman, quo *Sancho*, 'tis no matter whether your Gallant's Hands were nasty or clean—And then casting a scowling look upon the Farmer, he ask'd him what he had to say to the Womans Complaint. My Lord, reply'd the Countryman, looking all the while as if the Hangman had been at his Elbow, I am a poor Shepherd, that keep a Flock of Sheep hard by, and this Morning I went, under your Lordships Correction be it spoken, to sell four Hogs, to pay my Taxes. As I was coming home agen, I met this Woman, and presently the Devil enter'd my Codpeice. Truly my Lord, his Temptations were so strong, that he forc'd us to Yoak together, and I think I gave her that which would ha' given any reasonable Woman content: Nevertheless this Strong-dockt Beldame would never leave hawling and tugging me till she brought me into Court; and now she says I ravish'd her with a Pox to her, but by my Mothers Virginity she lyes like a Quean as she is. And this, as I hope for your Worships Compassion, is the whole Truth of the Story.

Haft thou any Money about thee honest Friend? quo *Sancho*. Yes, an't like your Worship, about Twenty Crowns in a little Purse, and that's all—Give it the Woman, Money and all, quo *Sancho*. The Fellow did so, but with a heavy Heart God wot. On the other side, the Woman having got the Purse in her Clutches, fell upon her Marrow-bones, and powr'd
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forth a thousand Prayers for the present Felicity and future Happiness of Mr. Governours Body and Soul, who took such pity upon distressed Orphans and Widows; and streightway tript out of Court. But then it was that *Sancho* commanded the Shepherd, who look'd like death to see the Departure of his Purse, to follow the Woman, take the Purse from her agen by main force, and bring it into Court. Nor was the Shepherd to be twice bid; away he flew like Lightning, and while all the People were gazing to see what would be the Event of this Judgment, the Woman and the Shepherd return'd, she tugging and he pulling, she with her Petticoat tuckt up, and holding the Purse fast between her Legs, and he using all the strength he had to wrest it from her. But the Woman defended her prize so well, that all the Shepherds Manhood little avail'd. At length the Woman setting up her Throat, cry'd out, Justice, Justice, My Lord; see this Impudent Varlet, that in the Face of the Court would rob me of the Purse which your Worship gave me. And hast got it honest Friend? quo *Sancho*. Got it! quo the Woman, I'll first lose all my Bowels and my Life to boot—Got it! not ten such Chitterlings as he, poor Peel Garlick as he is, shall get it from me—Pincers, Mallets, Fire nor Flames shall make me let go my hold; no not the Claws of a Lyon, tho they tore all the Flesh from my Bones.

The Devil helps her, My Lord, I think, quo the Shepherd, the Jade's too strong for me, and at the same time he let her go. Presently, let me see the Purse, good Woman, cry'd the Governour; which the Woman had no sooner reach'd him, but he return'd it to the Shepherd, saying withal to the Woman, Mistress, Mistress, had you guarded your self this Morning from this Man, with half the strength and courage as you defended your Purse, not twenty Men together could have been able to have forc'd a Chastity so well fortify'd. Hence Harlot, hence, and let me find thee no more within six Leagues compass of this Island, under the Penalty of two hundred good *Bridewell* Lashes; and let me hear no more. At which words away sneak'd the Woman with a flea in her Ear. *Sancho* also bid the Shepherd get him home with his Money, advising him withal, to take care another time of sporting with such Strumpets as these, unless he intended to lose not only his Purse, but something else to boot. The Countryman thank'd him in the best Terms he could; and all the People stood in Admiration of their new Governours Judgments, which his Register fail'd not to send Post to the Duke, who expected their coming with no less impatience. And now let us see what becomes of *Don Quixote*, whose thoughts were all in a ferment, ever since he had heard the Amorous Complaint of Mrs. *Joan Tomboy*.

C H A P. XIII.

Of the strange Accident that befel Don Quixote while he was pondring upon Madam Joan Tomboy.

WE left the Great *Don Quixote*, as you have heard, not a little troubl'd in mind, perceiving himself so affectionately belov'd by the young and tender Madam *Joan Tomboy*. He had thrown himself into his Bed, with the same Indignation as if he had receiv'd some affront at her Hands,

Hands, so that the Misfortune of his torn Stockin adding to his affliction, it was impossible for him to take a wink of rest. In the mean time the Sun having with his usual swiftness visited the other Hemisphere, was now return'd again to our *Horizon*, at what time *Don Quixote* bouncing out of his Bed, put on his Cloaths, and drew on his riding Boots to conceal the want of his Hose. About his Shoulders he button'd his Scarlet Cloak, and cover'd his Vaillant Head with his Hat turn'd up a one side, and edg'd with a Silver Parchment lace; not forgetting his broad Belt, nor to fasten his Rolary about his Wrist, which he always carry'd about him: and thus accouter'd, away he march'd with his usual Gravity toward the Parlour, where the Duke and the Dutcheffs were ready prepar'd to receive him.

But as he pass'd through a Gallery, he met the Beautiful Mrs. *Joan Tomboy* and her friend, who waited for his coming in the passage. So soon as Madam *Joan* perceiv'd the Knight, the Gipsie presently dissembl'd a swooning fit, and let her self fall into the Arms of her Companion, who presently fell to unlacing her Stays, seemingly to give her Air. At the same time *Don Quixote* approach'd, and without shewing the least Commotion, this signifies little, said he, I understand from whence such Accidents as these proceed. You know more then I do, reply'd the other Lady, for of all the Virgins in the World, I never knew any iⁿ my Life that had her Health better then this Mrs. *Joan*; nor did I ever know her Finger ake before. The Curse of Curses light upon all *Knights-Errants* in the World for me, if they are all so Ingrateful, and Discourteous as I imagin 'em to be. I beseech yee my Lord *Don Quixote* withdraw from hence, for this poor Lady will never come to her self so long as you are in presence. I beseech yee, Madam, reply'd *Don Quixote*, let there be a Lute left in my Chamber at Night, that I may endeavour the Consolation of this Afflicted Lady; for in the beginning of an Amour, the most Sovereign remedy is to discover the abuse and vanity of that idle Passion. And so saying he made haste away, for fear of being found in that place alone with two young Damsels. So soon as he was gone, Mrs. *Joan* forthwith immediately came to her self, and bid her Companion be sure to leave a Lute in *Don Quixote's* Room, for that without doubt they should have strange Musick and rare Sport; and at the same time they went and told the Dutcheffs what they had done, who overjoy'd at the occasion, immediately plotted with the Duke a new Contrivance to make themselves merry with their Guest. The same day also they sent away a Page with *Sancho's* Letter to his Wife; and the Bundle which he had left behind, charging him to take peculiar notice of all that pass'd, and to bring back a faithful accompt. All that day the Duke and Dutcheffs kept *Don Quixote* Company, extremely pleas'd with his Conversation. But at length the Clock having struck Eleven at Night, *Don Quixote* retir'd to his Chamber, where finding a Lute upon his Table, he tun'd it, open'd the Window, and perceiving there was some body in the Garden, fell a tickling the Lower Strings, and with a hoarse woollen Voice, much after the rate of a Ten-pound a Year Songster in a Cathedral, he Sung the following Song, which he had compos'd himself the same day.

I Ove is a dangerous Disease
To every lazie idle Slut;
They that have nothing else to do
Are still for going all to Put.

*But let 'em at the Wash-bowl toile,
Or for their Livings rub and spin;
Love raps at Door, and goes his way,
There's no body to let him in.*

*'Tis only Sloath and Ease prevails
O're Pamper'd Ramps, that live at ease;
Where Love excites the Beastial part,
Enflam'd by reading Bandy Plays.*

*But if a Husband 'tis you want,
Madam, the World is wide and spacious;
Enow would lick their Lips at You;
In truth I am not so salacious.*

*For we Knights-Errant never care
With Fliperous Titifists to couple;
Much more refin'd are our Amours;
Discretion only makes us supple.*

*Hot Loves soon cold, the Proverb says,
Like Flames that on dry Bawins feed:
And you may quench your Parching heat
With Vinegar and Lettice-feed.*

*One Picture on another drawn
Will scarce appear, at least but dull;
Then seek some Empty-hearted Man,
For I protest, my Heart is full.*

*Fair Dulcinea has my Heart,
There you may see her Face engrav'd:
I courted her, and my blest Fate
Kindly bequeath'd me what I crav'd.*

*Shall I then break Piecorner Law,
And prove a false Inconstant Knave?
'Tisall nere be said Don Quixote went
A faithless Lover to his Grave.*

Don Quixote had no sooner concluded his Madrigal, to which the Duke, the Dutcheß, Madam Joan, and a great number of other Ladies, full of Curiosity, had listen'd with most attentive Ears, but of a sudden the Disdainful Champion heard the tinkling of a hunder'd little Bells over his Head; and by and by down came a whole Legion of Cats pour'd out of a Sack into the Balcony before his Window, with little Bells ty'd to their Tails. The Miewing of those affrighted Animals, and the gingling of the Bells made such a confused noise, that they who were privie to the Contrivance were not a little scar'd for the present themselves. On the other side Don Quixote thought Hell had been broke lose, and stood like Mumbudget in a Trance; at what time, as ill luck would have it, four of the poor terrify'd Cats leapt into his Chamber; where seeking which way to get out again, they ran like so many Sprights from one end of the Room

to

to the other; flew against the Hangings; put out the Candle; threw down the Candle-stick; down came the Lute; never Hobgoblin made such a Confusion in a Brew-house, while the Cats still flew about the Room affrighted at the gingling which they made themselves. At length *Don Quixote* unsheathing his Sword began to lay about him back-stroak and fore-stroak like a Devil with two sticks, crying out ever and anon, as loud as he could baul, Hence Villain *Necromancers*, hence Infernal Scoundrels—Devils, you have mistook your Man y'faith; 'tis I *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, who fears not you, nor all your ineffectual Charms. And then running after the Cats, whom he follow'd by the Glimmering of their Eyes, he attack'd 'em so furiously, and pursu'd 'em with that Vigour, that he drove three out again at the Window; but the fourth remaining behind, and so hard put to't, that she could not escape, or else perhaps being wounded, flew directly at *Don Quixote's* Face, and seizing his Leathern Jaws with her Claws and her Teeth, made such deep Impressions in his Skin, that the Champion began to roar out, like a Man tortur'd with the Strangury. Presently the Duke, conjecturing the cause of *Don Quixote's* distress by the hideous noise he made, ran to his assistance with Lights and several of his Servants; and indeed the Duke guess'd right, for no sooner were they enter'd the Chamber, but there they saw the enraged Mouse-catcher and poor *Don Quixote* striving for the Mastery, while the Cat held her hold, and the Champion us'd all his Art and strength to make her let go. Thereupon the Duke proffer'd to assist him, but *Don Quixote* scorn'd all manner of succour, let me alone, I beseech yee, quo he, hand to hand with this evil Demon, this Pagan Necromancer, this Son of a Whore Enchanter, Ile warrant yee Ile teach him another time to know *Don Quixote de la Mancha* from *Tom-Bell*. Nevertheless the Cat, little regarding these Vain-glorious Threats, growld and held fast her Prey, till at length the Duke caus'd her to be unhook'd from the Knights Jaws and thrown out at Window. All this while the Blood ran down *Don Quixote's* Doublet from his mangl'd Cheeks; but nothing madd'd him so much, as that they had rescu'd out of his Hands that Hell-hound of a *Necromancer*, and prevented him from Triumphing o're an Incarnate Enemy. In the mean time there was great care taken of his Wounds; for Madam Joan Tomboy her self with her own Lilly white Hands apply'd a Plaister to his Soars, and whispering him i' the Ear as she was dressing him, Cruel and Ingrateful Knight, said she, this Misfortune is but the just punishment of your disdain and contempt of Ladies; and I wish with all my Heart, your Squire may forget to Lash himself, that you may nere enjoy the Embraces of your dear *Dulcinea*, at least so long as I, th' Adorer of your Shadow live. To all which *Don Quixote* made no other answer then with a profound Sigh, and so prepar'd for his Bed, after he had return'd Thanks, not so much for his deliverance from that rabble of *Necromantick* Rat-catchers, which he fear'd no more then so many Snails, but for the Kindness and Civility of their proffer'd Assistance. Thereupon the Duke and the Dutcheß retir'd, and left him to his Repose, not a little troubl'd at the ill success of a Jest, that cost poor *Don Quixote* no less then six days keeping his Chamber. During which Interval there befel him another Accident much more pleasant, which we must refer till another time, it behoving us now to return and find out *Sancho*, no less careful then affable and Curteous in his Government.

C H A P. XIV.

Containing a Continuation of Sancho's Government.

SO soon as the Court rose *Sancho* was conducted to a Magnificent Palace, where he found the Cloth laid in a Dining-Room richly and sumptuously furnish'd. When he was enter'd the Room, the Wind Musick play'd all the while Dinner was serving up; and four Pages brought him a Basin of Water, where he wash'd himself, as reverently He warrant yee, as if he had been five Years learning to take State upon him.

And now the Musick ceasing, *Sancho* sat down to Dinner all alone by himself, at what time a certain Person, who was afterwards known to be a Physician, came and stood at his Elbow with a Whale-bone Wand in his Hand. So soon as the Almoner had said Grace, a Page brought *Sancho* a Napkin edg'd about with a Point Lace, and the Steward set before him a Plate of Musk Melon. But *Sancho* had hardly put one Bit into his Mouth before the Physician touch'd it with his Wand, and then it was presently taken away. Presently the Steward supply'd the Vacancy with another full Plate, but the Doctor laying his Wand upon it, it was as soon whisk'd away as the former. *Sancho* was not a little surpriz'd at the oddness of the Ceremony, and looking about him upon the Standers by, demanded the meaning of it, and whether it were the Fashion in that Island to feed with their Eyes, and dine upon *Hei pass and be gone*? Sir, reply'd the Physician, it is not the Custom to eat in this Island, as they do in other Islands where there are Governours. I am a Doctor of Physick, an like your Worship, and I receive a Salary from the Islanders to wait upon the Governour. 'Tis therefore my Duty to take care of his Health much more than of my own, and to make it my study day and night to understand the Composition and Temper of his Body, that I may be able to know what to do when he falls Sick; and for this reason it is that I always attend him at his Meals, to prevent his eating what I know to be prejudicial to his Health. To that purpose I order'd the Melon to be taken away, as being too moist; and the other Plate to be remov'd, as being too hot and over season'd with Spices, which are corroding and cause drouth; for he that drinks much consumes the radical Moisture, which is the Principal of Life.

At this rate, reply'd *Sancho*, you'll tell me I must not eat none of these Roasted Partridges, because they'll do me hurt—By no means, Sir, reply'd the Physician—God forbid, and let me never live to suffer it—Why so? cry'd *Sancho*. Because our Great Master *Hippocrates*, said the Physician, the North Star and Luminary of Physick, in one of his Aphorisms says, *All repletion is bad, especially that of Partridges*. If it be so, cry'd *Sancho*, prithee take a view of the Meat upon the Table, and tell me what I may eat and what not, without playing the fool with your Wand; for I'm so hungry I could eat a piece of a Horse.

Why truly, an like your Excellency, I would have these roasted Conies taken away, as being a Terrene and Melancholy sort of Dyet; nor can I approve this Veal, unless it were better build, besides that the Cook has forgot Green sauce. Prithee Doctor, quo *Sancho*, what think yee of that Dish yonder that smoaks so, which I take to be a kind of a French Potage; and therefore being a Mith-mash of several sorts, certainly I may meet with something there that may be wholesome enough.—Not for a World cry'd the

the Physician; there is not a more dangerous sort of Diet, than these Mith-mashes, under the Sun. They are fit for none but Country-Attorneys, poor Singing-men, and at *Thrasbers* Weddings, that will digest Iron: but Governours must be serv'd with more delicate Viands, and not so fiercely season'd. For always simple Medicines are better than those that are compounded of many Ingredients: for that one Drug alters the Quality of the other. And therefore after all, I think the best thing your Excellency can eat at present, for the support and preservation of your Health, is about a hundred Caraway-Comfits, and some two or three small slices of Marmalede, which are good for the Stomack, and ease of digestion.

Sancho having heard the Doctor's Opinion, turn'd himself in his Chair, and fixing his Eye earnestly upon him, ask'd him very seriously what his Name was, and where he had taken his Degrees. Sir, reply'd the Physician, they call me Signior *Pedro Puncinello*, a Native of *Ditto* in *Pomerania*; from whence I travell'd all over *Germany*, *Moravia*, *Silesia*, *Poland*, *Muscovy*, *Candaya*, *Lapland*, *China*, *Danemark*, *Abyssinia*, *Nova Zembla*, and most parts of *America*, for Experience; and being as full as a Bee, I went and took my Degrees at *Padua* in *Italy*. Mr. Doctor *Pedro Puncinello*, quo *Sancho*, Native of *Ditto* in *Pomerania*, you that travell'd over *Germany*, *Poland*, *Muscovy*, *Candaya*, *Lapland*, and I know not where my self: Few words to the wife; in short, Sir, avoid the Room forthwith, or by the Life of *Pharaoh*, I will immediately slit that venomous Wind-pipe of thine, and all the rest of your Post-daubing Mountebanks that I find within this Island: for as for Learned and Approv'd Physicians, I both esteem and honour 'em. Once more therefore I say, avoid Satan, and let me eat as I please; or else by the Body of *Cesar*, I'll cap thee a new with this Elbow-Chair, and send thee to set up thy Stage in the other World; and let them that are offended turn the Buckles of their Girdles behind 'em. For my part, I think I shall do God good Service in ridding the World of such a *Homicide* Doctor; such a Pest and Plague of the Common-weal. S'life——let me eat, or let 'em rake their Government agen—for a Doctor that will not let his Master eat, is not worth two Horse beans.

The Physician thus terrify'd at the Governours dismal Menaces, and ready to be-foul himself for fear, was making all the nimble speed he could to the Door, when of a sudden they heard the found of a Post-horn in the street; and presently looking out at Window, they understood there was a Courier arriv'd from the Duke. Immediately the Post enter'd sweating and puffing, and pulling a Packet out of his Pocket, deliver'd it to the Governour, who gave it the Steward, ordering him to read the Direction; which was thus:

For Don Sancho Pancha, Governour of the Island of Barataria, to be deliver'd either to his own, or the hands of his Secretary.

Who is my Secretary? cry'd *Sancho*. 'Tis I, my Lord, reply'd a certain young Lad; for besides that I can write and read, I am a *Biscayner* at your Service. With such a Train of Characters thou maist be Secretary to the Emperor, quo *Sancho*——Open the Letter then, and read the Contents: which the young man having done, told the Governour, that it was business both of importance and privacy. Thereupon *Sancho* order'd the Room to be clear'd, and none to stay but the Steward and the Master of the House; and then the Secretary read as follows:

I have

I Have receiv'd Intelligence, Don Sancho Pancha, that certain Enemies of yours and mine, have laid a Plot to surprize your Person within these few Nights. Therefore it behoves yee to be watchful, and to stand upon your Guard, lest you be taken unprovided. I am also farther inform'd by faithful Spies, that there are Four Men got into your Island, in disguise, with a design to assassinate the Governour, as being afraid of your Courage and your Conduct. Keep strict Guards, be careful who you speak with, and eat nothing that they bring to your Table, for fear of Treachery. I will take care to send you speedy Assistance, if there be occasion. I leave the success of this Affair to your Prudence: and so farewell.

16th of August, at
Four in the Morning.

Your Friend,

The DUKE.

Sancho was strangely astonish'd at the News, as the rest of his Council seem'd to be; but at length turning to the Steward; that which is first to be done, said he, in this case, and that speedily too, is to lay that same Doctor Puncinello by the heels; manacle, and fetter him, and thrust him into the Dungeon of the Common Goal; and there let him feed upon Caraway-Comfits and Marmalade with a Pox to him. For if any body be in this Plot, upon my Life it must be he; since you see, he was going about already to have starv'd me. 'Tis my Opinion, Sir, reply'd the Master of the House, that you forbear to eat any of the Meat that stands here before yee: for it was most of it sent in by the Jesuites; and they use to say, *the Devil stands behind the Cross*. I am apt to believe, Master, quo Sancho, you give me good advice. However, let me have a Groat-Loaf, and four Pound of Reasons; there can be no Poyson in them: For in short, 'tis impossible I should subsist without eating; especially since we must be preparing for action. 'Tis never to be imagin'd we can fight, and not feed: for 'tis the Belly supports the Heart, and not the Heart the Belly. In the mean time, Secretary, do you return an Answer to the Duke, and let him know, that all his Commands shall be punctually observ'd. Present my Humble Service likewise to Madam the Dutchess, and beg of her in my Name, to be mindful to send away an Express with my Letter and the Bundle, to Teresa Pancha my Wife; and tell her withal, that as soon as my Business is over, I intend to send her a parcel of High Lines, becoming a Governour, under my own hand. Moreover, crowd in among the rest, the Choicest of my Commendations to my Lord Don Quixote de la Mancha, that he may see I am neither forgetful nor ingrateful: The rest I leave to your Judgment, to write as an expert Secretary. In the mean time, let 'em take away these Vittles, and give me something to eat, and then they shall see how little I care for all the Spies, or Bravo's, or Enchanters in the World.

At the same time a Page entering the Room, My Lord, said he, here is a Country man desires to speak with your Honour about Business of Importance. By the Lord Harry, quo Sancho, these Men of Business are so troublesome. Is it possible that Men should be such Sots, as not to understand, that this is not a time for Business? Certainly, they think that we Governours and Distributers of Justice, are made of Iron or Marble; and that we have no need of Rest and Repose, like other Men.

Before

Before Heaven and upon my Conscience, if I continue in this Government (as I don't believe I shall) I shall cause the bare Shoulders of some of these Men of Business to be well Curry-comb'd. Well—for once let the Country Fellow come in; but first let him be well search'd—he may be one of those Fellows, for ought I know, that threaten my Life. O, Sir, for that, reply'd the Page, my Life for yours; this Fellow, God help him, looks as if he had no more Soul than an Oyfter. I dare say he's as Innocent as the Child unborn. But d' yee hear, quo Sancho, Master of the House, now Doctor Puncinello's gone, might not I eat something that has some substance in it, tho it were but a Luncheon of Bread and an Onion? Sir, quo the Master of the House, never fear, Supper shall make amends I warrant yee for the loss of your Dinner, and that amply to your satisfaction. I wish it may, quo Sancho, I don't love these baukings of my Stomach.

At the same time the Countryman enter'd the Room, and seem'd by his looks to be a harmless silly poor fellow. As soon as he came in, he ask'd which was the Governour? Who but he that sits yonder in the Elbow Chair, reply'd the Secretary. I beg your pardon, cry'd the Countryman, and presently throwing himself at the Governour's Feet, he desired to kiss his Hands: Which Sancho refus'd to do, but bid him rise, and tell him briefly what he had to say. Thereupon the Countryman rising up, and addressing himself to the Governour, Sir, said he, I am a Native of Monks-Zeal twelve Leagues from Charity Bridge. What more Ditto's in Pomera-nia? quo Sancho—well go on Friend—I know Monks-Zeal very well—for I don't live far from it myself.

Then, quo the Countryman, pursuing his discourse, my business is this, I was Marry'd, through Gods Mercy, in the face of the Holy Roman, Catholick and Apostolick Church, I ha' two Children at the University, the one a Student and the other a Batchelour of Art. I am a Widower, because my Wife is dead, or to say more truly, kill'd by a cursed Mountebank, that with permission be it spoken, gave her a Purge when she was big with Child. Had she liv'd and been brought to Bed of a Boy, 'twas my Intention to have made him a Doctor, that he might have no cause to envy his Brothers. So then, quo the Governour, had not your Wife dy'd, or been kill'd by the Mountebank, you had not been a Widower. Very right, Sir, quo the Countryman. Go too honest Friend, quo Sancho, I find we have the full length of the Ell. But prithee dispatch—'tis more than time to go to sleep then to talk of Business. Now, Sir, I say, continu'd the Country Fellow, that one of my Sons, the Batchelour of Art, fell in Love with a Maid in our Village, whose name was Clara Singlestone, the Daughter of Andrew Singlestone: And indeed she might well be call'd Singlestone; for she was a Diamond for Beauty, especially if you stood on her Right side and view'd her; for I must confess if you took a prospect of her from the other hand, she was not altogether so handfom, for that the Small Pox had depriv'd her of her left Eye; besides that that same Devil of a Disease had walk'd with his Hobnails over all the rest of her Face; but they tell me that's nothing, in regard those Pits are but the Sepulchers to bury Lovers Hearts. She is so cleanly, that because she will not have her Nose drop upon her Lips, she has turn'd up the ends of her Nostrils toward her Forehead, that you would swear they had taken a disgust at her Mouth, which is very wide; and were it not for some ten or a dozen Teeth which she wants, she would be one of the most absolute Beauties in the Country. As for her Lips I cannot commend 'em too much, for they are so thin and

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so soft, that were it the Fashion to wind Lips as they do Silk, they would make a Skain of I know not what to call it. Besides, they are of the strangest Colour that ever was seen, as being of a speckl'd Jasper Colour, Blew, Green and Violet. And I most humbly beg your Pardon my Lord Governor, for being so particular and punctual in the description of her Beauties, who is to be my Daughter, in regard it is meerly out of the transports of my affection for her.

Prithee paint on, quo *Sancho*, as long as thou wilt: I am mightily pleas'd with these kind of Sketches; and had I but din'd, I wou'd not desire a better Banquet then the Portraiture which thou hast drawn me. Both my self and the Portraiture, my Lord, are at your Service; or at least if now we are not, the time will come when we may be. But alas, Sir, this is nothing, could I depaint to the Life, her Gate, and the Proportions of her Sature, you would be wrapt up in wonder and delight. But that's impossible for me to do, for that she is so bow'd and crumpl'd up together, that her Knees and her Chin meet; but it is apparent that if she could but unbend her self and stand upright, she would touch the Sealing with her Head. And she had certainly before now given her Hand to my Son, the Batchelour of Art, had she been able to stretch it forth, which she cannot do by reason her Sinews are quite shrunk up; and yet by her broad chamfur'd Nails you may see she has a Hand like a Countess.

'Tis very well hitherto, honest friend, reply'd *Sancho*, but suppose you should have drawn her from the Crown of the Head to the Soles of the Feet, prithee what is that thou wou'dst have? come to the point Man, without so many windings and turnings, so many circumlocutions, and going about the Hedge.

With submission to your Honour, reply'd the Countryman, I would humbly desire and intreat that your Excellency would be graciously pleas'd to favour me with a Letter to the Father of my Daughter in Law, signifying to him, that it is your pleasure he should no longer delay the Marriage, seeing there can be no objections made against the equality of both our Fortunes, nor the Person of my Son. For not to conceal a Mite of Truth from your Lordship, my Son is possess'd; yesterday the Evil Spirit tormented him three or four times, and at length threw him i' the Fire, which is the reason that the Skin of his Face is shrivell'd up like a piece of Parchment, and that his Eyes water as if he had a spring in his Brains. Nevertheless he is one of the best natur'd Men i' the World; and were it not but that he lyes wallowing upon the Ground, and tearing and thumping himself, you would take him to be an Angel.

Have yee any thing more to say? quo *Sancho*; yes an't please your Lordship, I have one request more, but I am afraid to give it vent, for fear of your Honours displeasure; yet it lyes rowling at my Tongues end; and therefore fall back fall edg, I must out with it. An't like your Lordship, I would beg of your Honour to bestow upon your poor Servant Six hunder'd Crowns toward the Marriage of my Son, to put him into a Convenient Equipage; not that he wants Household stuff, but to buy him Good Books at the next Divinity Auction, for the improvement of his Studies; for which if you think well of it, he shall every time he goes into the Pulpit pray for your Honours long Life and Prosperity, as in duty bound.

If you have any thing farther to ask, quo *Sancho*, do it, honest friend, and let not your Bashfulness do yee any prejudice. I have nothing more, this is all an't like your Honour, reply'd the Countryman. Thereupon
Sancho

Sancho finding that the Countryman had shut up his Lips, starting up briskly upon his Legs, and snatching up his Chair with both Hands, Yee Slabber-chapt Wither-fac'd sneaking old Son of a Whore, cry'd he, all in a fury, get thee out of my Prefence, or else by the Body of St. George and all the Seven Champions, I'll ding out thy pestiferous Brains.—Hast thou been all this while painting out *Belzebub* and his Triggremate, and com'st to ask me for Six hunder'd Crowns! perpetual Ragamuffin! where dost thou think I should have 'em? Impudent Vagabond. And therefore be gone, I say, or by the Life of the Duke, my Lord and Master, I'll be as good as my word—Thou art no Inhabitant of *Monks-Zeal*, but some Imp of the Devil sent from Hell to tempt me. 'Tis now not above twenty four Hours that I have been Governour of this Island, and thou wou'dst have me give thee Six hunder'd Crowns. Death of my Life! if I could not find i' my heart to daunce upon thy Belly and tread out thy Bowels.

Presently the Steward made a sign to the Countryman to withdraw, who retir'd with an humble and submissive Bow, shaking and shivering, and pretending a Pannick fear lest *Sancho* should pursue him; for the Rogue acted his part incomparably. As for *Sancho*, they had much ado to appease his Wrath; for the Countryman's tedious discourse and his Impertinent Petition had put him into a dreadful fume. But we must leave him to champ upon his Bridle, and return to *Don Quixote* who lay wrapt up in Plaisters, like a Post bedaub'd with Mountebanks Bills. During which time there befel him what we shall tell yee in the next Chapter; for *Benengeli* would not relate it in this.

CHAP. XV.

What befel Don Quixote with Madam Doroty the Dutcheesses Waiting-Woman, with other Accidents worthy Eternal Memory.

THE poor distressed Knight sad and melancholy to see himself so despihtfully us'd, upon every occasion where there was so little honour to be got, kept his Chamber six whole days and nights together; but at length one Evening when it was grown dark, as he lay reflecting upon his Misfortunes, and the Importunities of Mrs. *Tomboy*, he heard the Door open; and believing it to be the Amorous Damsel that came to make an Assault upon his Chastity, and shake that Loyalty which he had solemnly devoted to his Chimera, Madam *Dulcinea*; No, no, cry'd he, loud enough to be heard, no, no, not all the Beauty upon Earth can deface from my Heart that Fidelity which Love has there so deeply engraven. No, no, most amiable Object of my Vows, and Sovereign Mistress of my Thoughts, whatever may be thy Condition; whether transform'd into a Country *Hoyden*, put to winnow Wheat, or serve the Swine; or whether *Merlin* or *Montesinos* detain thee still conceal'd from my sight; whether Incanted or at Liberty, my Constancy is still unalterable: Absent or present, thou art always before my Eyes, and my Heart is always with thee. And so saying, he rose from the side of the Bed, wrapt up in a Coverlet of yellow Sattin, his Stocking serving him for a Night-Cap, his Face all bepatch'd with Plaisters, and his Mustachio's half claw'd off; so that in short, he lookt like a Hobgoblin in a *Masque*.

In this Condition fixing his Eyes toward the Door, instead of the *Sorrowful* Mrs. *Jean Tombey* whom he expected, he beheld a venerable Matron, with a white Vail all in folds, and so long that it cover'd all her Body from Top to Toe. In her left Hand she carry'd about half a Candle lighted; and held her Right Hand before her Face to keep the blaze of the Candle from her Eyes, upon which she wore a large pair of Spectacles, and all the way she mov'd as if she had trod upon Thorns. *Don Quixote* watch'd her like a Sentinel, and observing her slow pace, her silence, and her Habit of a Priestess, took her for some Inchantress that came to put her Charms in Execution; and presently had recourse to his usual Christian Remedy. All this while the Female advanc'd toward the Knights Bed, to which approaching neer, she lifted up her Eyes, and saw *Don Quixote* in that forlorn Condition making a thousand Crosses upon his Breast. But if the Knight were astonish'd to see such a Ghost-like Figure of a Woman, the Woman was no less surpriz'd to behold the Knight with his long slender Shanks, so pale and beparch'd, with his Stockin upon his Head. So that giving a loud Scream, Holy Virgin, cry'd she, what *Rav Head and Bloody Bones* is this? In this affright, the Candle dropping out of her Hand, went out, and she her self, thinking to run away, while the length of her Vail entangl'd her Feet, fell down at her full extent upon the Floor. The noise that she made, and the darkness of the Night, redoubl'd *Don Quixote's* fears, so that in great Confusion, he cry'd out, I conjure thee *Phantome*, to tell me what thou art, and what thy Errand is from the Infernal Shades? If thou art a Soul in Torment, tell me, and thou shalt not want the Consolation of what Assistance I can give thee. For I am a Catholick Christian, and one that makes it my business to do good to all Mankind: for which reason I took upon me the Order of *Knight Errantry*, the Benefit of which Profession extends it self even to the succour of Souls in Purgatory.

The poor Lady hearing *Don Quixote* Conjure at that rate, guess'd by her own fears at his affrightment, and therefore with a low and mournful Voice, My Lord *Don Quixote*, said she, at least if it be you, I am neither Vision nor Phantome, nor Soul in Purgatory; I am Mrs. *Doroty*, Waiting Gentlewoman to my Lady Dutcheff; who came hither to desire of you the remedy of an Affliction, which it is in your power to afford me. First, Mrs. *Doroty*, quo *Don Quixote*, be free with me, and tell me; are you not come upon some Amorous Embassie? If you are, you lose your time; for Madam *Dulcinea's* Beauty is so imprinted in my Soul, that I am deaf and insensible to all Importunities of this Nature. In a word Madam *Doroty*, provided it be no Love Message, you may go light your Candle and return, and when we understand your Distemper we'll endeavour to apply the safest Remedies we can; but no Provocatives, no tempting Glances, I beseech yee, Madam. Who I, Sir Knight, procure for others? You know me not I find, cry'd Madam *Doroty*; I am neither so old, nor so deformed, to be trading in that venerable Mystery yet; I am still in health, Heaven be prais'd, and have all my Teeth in my Head, except some few that I spoil'd with eating of Sweet Meats. But stay a little, I'll go light my Candle, and then I'll tell my Greivances to the only Physician of the Mind this day in the World; and having so said away she tript.

In the mean time *Don Quixote* ruminating upon this Adventure, of which he could not imagin the Reason, entertain'd so many strange *Conundrum's* in his Fancy, that he could not think himself secure, mauer all his Resolution, and the reservedness which he might well expect from Mrs. *Doroties* Years. Sinner as I am, cry'd he, who knows, who knows I say, but

but that the Enemy of human Race is now plotting for my destruction; and whether by these dangerous Addresses I may not be intangl'd with this *Governante* to my Ruin. What an Ignominy would it be to me, and what an affront to *Dulcinea's* Honour? if this same Toothless Matron should Triumph at length over that Fidelity which neither Princeffes, nor Queens, nor Empreffes, nor all the most accomplish'd Beauties under the Sun, could ever so much as move an Inch. Yet who knows but this same Solitude, this Opportunity, this silence, may waken my sleepy desires, and cause me in my old Age to fall, where I never stumbl'd before? And therefore in such cases 'tis better to vanquish by flight, then to make Head against the Enemy. On the other side, why am I thus unjust to injure Madam *Doroties* Discretion? Is there any Probability that so venerable a Matron, with so long a Vail, a whither'd Face and Spectacles, can harbour in her Heart immodest and lascivious thoughts, and lay contrivances so opposite to Verue? There may be one *Governante* in the World that may perhaps be honest; but I must tell yee she must be a *Phoenix*; 'tis the most unanctify'd and unprofitable Rabble of Smother-Farts that ever were admitted into human Society. How is that Lady to be commended, that only set up two *Governantes* in Effigie in her Chamber, hard at their Needles while their Spectacles upon their Noses, and by virtue of that awful Representative kept all her Damfels in orderly decorum. And so saying, he started up from the Bed with an Intention to have lock'd the Chamber Door, and shut out Madam *Doroty*. But she had already set one Foot over the Threshold with her Candle lighted; at what time perceiving *Don Quixote* bedizond as we have already describ'd him, as if her former fears had return'd, she stept back, and with a timorous utterance, Is there no danger, my Lord, said she, for I don't like your standing up so brisk upon your Legs, as if you had some unlucky design? I ask you the same Question, Madam *Doroty*, reply'd *Don Quixote*; for I am weak and feeble, and would not willingly be forc'd against my own Nature. Who do you take for such a Masculine Rampscuttle? reply'd Mrs. *Doroty*. Even your own self, Madam, quo *Don Quixote*; for in short, as I am Flesh and Blood, so I deem you to be of the same Mould; and besides, this is a suspicious hour of the Night, especially in a Chamber so far remote from Company, and no less private then the Den where that perfidious *Eneas* taking the Advantage of unfortunate *Dido's* Imbecillity, enjoy'd her Beauty. Nevertheless, give me your Hand, Madam; for I rely upon those Marks of honour which you wear about yee, and desire no other Assurance then my own Fidelity and Discretion. And at the same time he offer'd Madam *Doroty* his Hand, who gave him likewise her own with all the Ceremony of a Courty Lady.

Here *Cid Hamet* swears by *Mahomet* he would ha' given all the Shoes in his Shop to ha' beheld the Amorous Countenances of the Knight and the Lady, and the Charming Air with which they walk'd hand in hand from the Chamber Door to the Bed side. *Don Quixote* layd himself down again upon the Bed, and cover'd all his Face; but Madam *Doroty* took a Chair and sat by the Bed side, with her Spectacles still upon her Nose, and her Candle in her hand: and after they had both continu'd in that Posture for some time without speaking a word, at length *Don Quixote* breaking silence, you may now, Madam, said he, freely unburd'n your Heart, and tell me the cause of your Annoiance; I shall listen attentively to your Complaints, you may be sure, and afterwards you shall have all the Assistance from me, that can be expected from a Generous and Charitable Knight. I was convinc'd

vinced of that before, reply'd Madam *Doroty*, and therefore expected no other then such a Christian-like Answer from an Air so full of Curtesie and Nobleness as yours. And now, Sir Knight, altho you see me sitting here in this Chair in the habit of an unfortunate Servant under Contempt, yet am I a native of *Oviedo*, and descended from one of the most noble Families in that Province; but my Father and Mother by their feasting, and junketing, and ill Husbandry, reduc'd themselves betimes to a mean Condition, and carry'd me to *Madrid*; where, because they could do no better, they plac'd me with a Lady of Quality to be her Dressing maid, and to work Point. And that you may know, Sir Knight, how I improv'd my time, I believe there is not a Maid in the Country that can wash and starch fine Linnen better then I can. After this my Father and Mother dy'd and went to Paradise; for tho they lay abed all day, and sate up at *Cards* all night from years end to years end, *Sundays* and all, yet they were very good Christians. Then was I left an Orphan, without any thing more to maintain Me, then the short Wages usually given to persons in my Condition; and at the same time the Gentleman-Usher fell in love with me before I ever dreamt, Heaven knows, of any such thing. He was a person well advanc'd in years, but comely, and of a good Figure, and as free as a Lord; for he was descended from the Race of *St. Tassie*. However our Amours could not be kept so private, but that they were discover'd to my Mistresses, who to prevent impertinent Stories abroad, caus'd us to be marry'd in the face of our Holy Mother the Catholick Church; and this Matrimony produc'd a Daughter to accomplish our Misfortunes: nor that I dy'd in Child bed; for I had an experienc'd Midwife, and an extraordinary good Labour; but because my Husband, God rest his Soul, dy'd not long after of a certain Fright which he took, the particulars of which would now be too tedious to recount.

Here the tender-hearted Madam *Doroty* letting fall a Showre of Tears, Pardon me, Sir Knight, said she, I am not Mistresses of my Eyes, nor can I ever mention this Misfortune of mine, but it costs me a Pail-full of Salt-water. Good God! with what a comely Grace he rode before my Mistresses, that sate behind him upon a lovely pacing Mare, as black as Jet. For then there were no Sedans, nor Coaches and six horses, but the Ladies of best Quality rode behind their Gentlemen Ushers; and here I find I must be forc'd to tell your Worship the whole Story now my Tongue's in, that you may see what a compleat, well-bred man my Husband was, and how exact in every thing.

One day as my Husband was entring, with my Mistress behind him, into *St. James's Street* in *Madrid*, he met the City-Marshal riding out of Town, with two of his Men attending him. Whereupon, my Husband out of Civility to so great an Officer, turn'd about his Mare with an intention to have waited on him to the Town's end: But my Mistress, whispering him in the Ear, What dost do, *Fool-aturn*, quo she, hast forgot thy way? Upon that the Provost Marshal, in return of his Civility, stopping his Horse, your humble Servant Sir, said he, by no means—it becomes me rather to wait upon Madam *Cassilda*, (for that was my Mistress's Name) then that she should wait upon me. Nevertheless my Husband, with his Hat in his hand, persisted in his genteel Resolutions. But oh, the fatal Consequence of these mutual Complements! For my Mistress being enrag'd at my Husband, and fearing to lose her Visit, took a great Pin from her Stomacher, or rather, as I am apt to believe, a long Bodkin, out of her Tweezers, and thrust it into my Husband's Neck; upon which my Husband giving a loud groan, fell from his Horse, and pull'd my Mistress after him. Presently her two

Lacques

Lacques ran, and the Provost Marshal alighted to help her up again; the Lacques were soon at their Masters heels, and all the Gate, I mean the People about the Gate, were immediately in a *Hubbub*. To be short, my Mistress return'd home a-foot, and my Husband went to a Surgeon, complaining that all his Bowels were skewer'd together. And now all the Coffee-houses rang of my Husband's Civility, and the Women and Children flock'd to see such a Mirror of Courtship. Nevertheless, because he was a little pur-blind, my Mistress dismiss'd him her Service; and this it was that griev'd him so, that he quite pin'd away and dy'd.

And now no sooner was he dead but I became a Widow, abandon'd and forlorn, and left with a Daughter, whose Beauty was the Wonder of all that beheld her. At length, having the Reputation of being a most admirable Needle-woman, my Lady Dutches being newly marry'd to his Grace, took me home along with her, and my Daughter likewise. In process of time my Daughter grew to Maturity, displaying the most charming Qualities in the World; she sings like a Wood-Lark, dances like a Fairy, jumps like a wild Colt, writes like an Angel, and casts Accompt like a Banquer. I say nothing of her Neatness; for certainly the purest Spring-water that runs, is not so cleanly: and she is now, if I mistake not, just seventeen years five Months and three days old.

Now with this pretty Creature did the Son of a rich Farmer fall in love. Verily I can't tell how he manag'd his business, but he so turn'd her and twist'd her about, that upon an absolute Promise of Marriage, he got his Will of the poor silly Creature, and now refuses to be as good as his word. And tho my Lord Duke has been acquainted with the whole business, for the Farmer is one of his Tenents; tho I have made my Complaint to him, and besought him so to use his Authority, that the young Man may marry my Daughter, he turns his deaf Ear to me, and will hardly endure that I should speak to him in my Daughter's behalf, because the Farmer is rich, and lends him Money, and is bound for him upon all Occasions.

Now, Sir Knight, my Request to you, is, That you would be pleas'd to undertake my Daughter's Quarrel, and either by Mediation, or by force of Arms procure the Reparation of her Honour; in regard, that as it is the general Discourse in these Parts, Heaven has sent you into this World to revenge the Injuries done the innocent, and to succour the distressed; be pleas'd to cast your compassionate Eyes upon the Orphan State of my Daughter, upon her Youth, her Gentility, and all her other amiable Endowments; for upon my Honour, and upon my Conscience, of all the Damfels that attend my Lady Dutches, there is not one to compare with her: Nay, that same Mrs. *Malapert*, Madam *Tomboy*, that pretends to so much quaintness, and so much complaisance above all the rest, upon my faith is a meer Hoyden and a Dowdy to her. For do but consider, Sir, and you will find, all is not Gold that glisters; you will find, I say, that this Mrs. *Riggle-tail* is a Hoiry-Toiry, that has more of Vanity in her then Beauty; and has all the behaviour rather of a ranting Town-Crack, then of a Virgin fit to make a Wife of; not to tell ye that she is now none of the soundest neither; for her Breath is so strong, and such a Hogo steams from her Armpits, that there is no standing within a Coir's cast of her; and altho my Lady Dutches—but I must say no more, because, as they say, the Walls have Ears.

Prithee what was that you were going to say about Madam Dutches, quo *Don Quixote*? I conjure ye by the first Pleasures of your Nuptial Bed to tell me, dear Mrs. *Doroty*. O, Sir, quo Madam *Doroty*, that Charm has forc'd

forc'd open my Lips — Know then, Sir Knight, said she, as for that Beauty of Madam Dutchess, that same glistering Complexion that shines like the Blade of a new Sword; those Cheeks all Milk and Vermillion, and the air of her Gate while she treads, as if she disdain'd to touch the ground, and shews a Constitution as sane as Mother Eve's; for all this, I say she may thank two Issues in both Arms, and two Blisters in her Legs, which she always keeps open to convey all the ill Humours out of her Body. Good God, what News you tell me, quo *Don Quixote*! can such a thing be possible? Is it possible that Madam Dutchess should have such Water-courses as those? In verity I should never ha' believ'd it, but from your Lips, tho all the *Franciscans* in the Kingdom had sworn it: tho I am perswaded that those Fountains that have their Springs in such parts as those, must rather flow with liquid Amber, then such Humours as you speak of; but for all this I can never be perswaded, but that these sort of Issues are pernicious to Health.

Don Quixote had no sooner said those words, but of a sudden the Chamber-door flew open with such a Thunder-clap, that Madam *Doroty*, being seiz'd with a pannick Fear, let fall her Candle; and while they were thus all in the dark, Mrs. *Doroty* felt some body squeeze her Wind-pipe so hard, that she could scarcely take her Breath; and after another had pull'd up all her Coats, a third lay'd on so unmercifully upon her bare Buttocks as if she had renounc'd Compassion. As for *Don Quixote*, as charitable as he pretended to be, he never stirr'd from the Bed, but there lay pondering what the meaning of this Combustion should be, fearing also at the same time the Tempest that pour'd upon Mrs. *Doroty's* Posteriors; nor were his Fears without good ground. For after the invisible Fantomes had tir'd themselves in blistering Mrs. *Governante's* blind Cheeks, who durst not cry out for her Ears, they off with *Don Quixote's* Coverlet, and fell a pinching and pulling him by the Nose so fast, and so cruelly, that he could not forbear imploying his Fists, *se defendendo*, till at length after the Combat had lasted almost half an hour, and that with an extraordinary silence, the Fantomes disappear'd. And then it was that Mrs. *Doroty* got up agen upon her Legs, and dolefully bewailing her misfortune, departed the Room without speaking a word to *Don Quixote*. As for the Knight, he still kept himself upon his Bed, pensive and melancholy, and so tir'd, that he was hardly able to stir his Bones; yet eagerly thirsting to know who this *Necromancer* should be, that had put him into such a Condition. But we shall hear more of that another time; now let us return to see what becomes of our noble Governour, as the order of our History requires.

C H A P. XVI.

What befel Sancho in his Progress round the Island.

WE left our noble Governour most highly incens'd, as you know, against that same Impostor of a Countryman, who according to the Instructions he had receiv'd, had put that ungracious Trick upon him, which you have heard related. Yet as thick Scull'd as he was, he made assize to make his party good with 'em all; nor did he seem much to regard what they did; but turning himself to those that were in the Chamber, among whom

whom was *Monsieur Puncinello*; By what has happen'd, said he, I understand now that Governours and Judges ought to be made of Brass to resist the Importunities of those that pretend Business, who come at all Hours, and at all Seasons for Audience and Dispatch, considering no body's Interest but their own. And let what will come of the rest, provided they have their Desires, they care not a Straw. On the other side, if a poor Judge do not hear 'em presently, or dispatch 'em with Expedition, either because he is at Dinner, or perhaps at mine Uncle's House, or other ways busie, they presently give him their Benedictions backward, and curse him and all his Generation. But w! your leave, good *Mr. Impertinent*, kind *Mr. To-and-agen*, you are too hasty, pray be not so urgent, but observe your Measures as ye ought to do. There is a time for business, and yet neither when a man is at Dinner, nor asleep. We are Flesh and Blood as well as other People; and we must allow to Nature as well as others, what Nature requires. Tho for my own part, I think I have not over pamper'd my own Nature, thanks be to God, and my Friend Dr. *Puncinello* of *Ditto* in *Pomerania* yonder. He would fain starve me, and then swears 'tis for my Health; God send him the same Sauce, and all such Doctors as he is.

All that knew *Sancho* wonder'd to hear him talk so rationally, and began to think that places of Honour and Profit insus'd Understanding and Parts into some, as they stupify'd and confounded other Men. However, Dr. *Puncinello* to regain his Favour, promis'd him he should sup that Night to his Heart's content, tho he sinn'd against all the Aphorisms of *Hippocrates*, which begat a perfect Reconciliation between him and *Sancho*.

The Evening being now come, which in *Sancho's* Opinion had been so long a coming, that he thought Time's Wings had been clipp'd, they serv'd him up a Giggot of Veal, with half a dozen *St. Omers* Onions handsomely peel'd, and two Calves Feet of a more then ordinary size. The well-minded Governour beheld his Commons with a smerking Eye, and fell on with such a vigorous Appetite, as if they had been the choicest Dainties at a City Feast: and after he had pretty well allay'd the Passion of his Stomach, turning to Dr. *Puncinello*, You see now, Mr. Doctor, you need not torment your Brains to seek for Dainties and Curiosities to please my Appetite, for that would be to unhinge my Stomach that has been accusom'd to other Diet; that can very well bear with Beef, Bacon, Turneps, and Onions; or if by chance you tempt it with more courtly Dishes, may sometimes perhaps entertain 'em with a *Gusto*, but at other times loath the very scent of their spicy *Hogo's*. Not but that if the Master of the House take a fancy sometimes to change his Bills of Fare, he may set before me one of those *Olla Podrida's*, as they call 'em, which the more tainted, the better they are; and there he may make a Jumblement of all to mull, of whatever he thinks convenient, provided the Ingredients be eatable; I shall take it kindly, and pay him for it at one time or other. But let no body think to play the fool with me, for either we are or we are not: come, come, let us eat and drink quietly and sociably together; for when God sent his light, he sent it to all Mankind; as for my own part, I shall endeavour to govern this Island without doing wrong to the least Worm that crawls in it, and without taking a hair from any Man's head. On the other side, I do not intend to lose any thing of my own Right, for we must all live i' this World. Only let us have our Brains about us, and every man look to his own business, or else the Devil will be among the Cows; they that anger me a' my word will find me a cross Piece; they that won't believe it, let 'em try, and they shall find what Mettle I am made of.

U u u

Sir,

Sir, quo the Master of the House, your Worship speaks like an Oracle, and I will undertake for all the Inhabitants of this Island, that they shall punctually obey and observe your Commands, with Love and Respect. I am apt to believe it, reply'd *Sancho*, and they would be a company of Fools if they should do otherwise: and so give me leave to tell ye, 'tis my pleasure, you take care of me and my Grizzle, that we may have our Food in due season: that done, I hope we shall live merrily and happily together. In the mean time pray tell me when it will be proper for me to walk my Rounds, for I am resolv'd to purge the Island of all Vagabonds and idle Persons. For you know, my good Friends, that your sloathful, lazy Lunks and Street-walkers, are like your Drones among Bees, that waste and consume what the other had painfully gather'd together. I am for protecting the industrious and the laborious among the meaner sort, and for preserving the Privileges of the Nobility; but above all things to be tender of the publick Religion, and careful that the zealous Ministers of the Church be not injur'd of their Rights. What say ye, my good Friends, do I say well or ill?

You speak so piously, and so nobly, my Lord Governour, reply'd the Steward, that I am altogether astonish'd, I profess, to hear that a man so illiterate, for I believe you never made it your business to study, should utter such uncontrollable Truths, and in every word a Sentence; And I dare say, far from what they who sent you hither, and they who are here present ever expected from your mean Capacity; which makes me believe Miracles are not yet ceas'd.

The Governour had no sooner supp'd with *Puncinello's* leave, but he prepar'd to walk his Round, and presently set forward, attended by the Steward, the Secretary, the Master of the House, the Register, who recorded all his Acts, several Halbardiers and others, enow to make a good Guard, while he himself march'd in the middle with his Staff of Authority in his Hand. But hardly had they walk'd above two Streets before they heard the clashing of Swords, which made 'em hast'n to the noise. When they came to the place, they saw two men a fighting, who gave over, perceiving so much Company; at what time one of the two cry'd out, What a God's Name, cannot a Man pass quietly along, but he must be robb'd i' the middle of the Street? Hold Friend, come hither, quo *Sancho*, and let me know the occasion of this Quarrel, for I am now Governour. An't please ye my Lord Governour, Ple tell ye in two words. This Gentleman, my Lord, has been at play in a gaming Academy hard by, and has won above fifty broad Pieces; I stood by all the while, and God knows how many false Casts I judg'd for him, quite against my Conscience. At length when he had won all the Man's Money, he went away with his Winnings: and when I expected he would ha' given me a Peece or two (as it is a Claim among us *Bully-rocks* from Gentlemen that win for wishing well o' their sides, and preventing the Box and Dice from flying about their Ears, as many times they do in such Places) nevertheless he took no notice of my Kindness, but like an ungrateful Hedghog as he was, went away without giving me a Crofs. Thereupon I ran after him, and very civilly desir'd him to consider that I was his Friend, that he knew me to be a Gentleman, tho run to decay, and without Employment, and therefore to give me two or three Peeeces to drink for his sake; but he was still at his old lock, not a Doit for all my Kindness. And now, my Lord, Ple refer it to your Lordship, whether this Mr. Pinch-penny have dealt by me like one that had ever been born with a Conscience? But y' faith, had not your Lordship come just i' the nick,

nick, I had torn it out of his Throat, and taught him to put the Dice up on a Man of Honour.

What say you to this, cry'd *Sancho*, to the dother? who made answer, that all that his Adversary had said was very true, only thus far, that he had proffer'd him four Crown-pieces and he would not take 'em; besides, that he was a Common Mumper at Ordinaries, and that he had frequently given him Money. And then agen, said he, methinks my Lord that beggars should not be choosers, but be thankful for what is given 'em, without haggling with those that have won, unless they have been privy to the Cheat; now to shew that I am no *Topper* nor *Paurner*, no *Low* or *High-fullam* Man, needs no other proof then my refusal to give him any thing; for your common Cheats are always tributary to these Bully-Rocks who know the Cheat and connive at it.

That's very true, reply'd the Steward; and therefore what's your Excellencies Pleasure shall be done with these two Men? Why then, quo *Sancho*, I know nothing more to be done then this: You that are the winner, whether by fair or foul play, that's no matter, give your Adversary five Pieces, and Thirty more to the Poor Prisoners: And you Mr. Bully-Rock, that have neither Office nor Benefice, nor any Employment, but go sharking up and down from Place to Place, take your five Pieces, and to morrow Morning depart this Island, and come no more here in ten Years, unless you are weary of your Life before. For by the Life of *Pharaoh*, if I catch thee here agen, I will hang thee up i' the Sun, were there no more Men Living, or the Hangman shall do it for me.

Accordingly this Sentence was put in Execution, and then *Sancho*, continuing his discourse, either I'll want of my will, said he, or I'll send all these Gaming Ordinaries to the Devil; for it shall nere be said that ever I permitted any disorderly Houses while I was a Governour. As for this same Academy, Sir, said the Register, it will be a hard matter to suppress it; for he is a Person of great Quality keeps it, tho it is certain he loses much more in a Year then he gets. But, an't like your Lordship, you may exercise your Authority over a number of other meaner Tippling Houses, that are open to all Comers and Goers, where there are a thousand Merchants and Citizens Prentices undone, and where numbers of Silk-Throwsters, Joyners, Shoemakers and Journey-men Printers, sit carding and dicing all Night long, while their Wives and Children want Bread at Home, and at length are stript to their Naked Skins themselves; for your Cheats and Bullies never dare to practice their *Leigerdumain* where Persons of Quality haunt, but in such Sinks of Iniquity as these. These are Disorders indeed, reply'd *Sancho*, that cry loud for Reformation; nor shall they scape our Consideration so soon as we have leisure.

Immediately after this, a Watchman came hawling a Young Man along, and bringing him before the Governour; My Lord, said he, this young Slip-string was coming this way, but perceiving it was the Round, the Rogue rubb'd off, and fell a running as fast as his Legs could carry him; a certain sign of his being no better then he should be; which made me run after him, tho had he not fallen, I had never overtaken him. What made you run so fast, honest friend, quo *Sancho*. Sir, quo the young Man, because I had no mind to be Catechiz'd by the Constable—What Trade are yee, Sirrah? A Weaver—and what d' yee Weave? Steel Heads for Lances, an't like your Worship: Cuds niggers Daggers, quo *Sancho*, a very pleasant Stripping, I am very glad to find yee so merry. Pray whether are you Scaperloytring at this time a night? To take the Air, an't please

ye— And where do they take the Air i' this Island. Where it blows— Very well answer'd, quo *Sancho*, of a young Crackrope, a my word, I find you ha' been well bred. But now Mr. *Nimble Chaps*, suppose I should be the Wind that should blow i' your Tail, and send yee to *Bridewell*? Here— Officer, take him and carry him away; he may chance to catch cold by lying abroad all Night. Gad, Mr. Governour, you can as soon make me a Duke as send me to *Bridewell*. Why yee Insolent Varlet, is't not in my power to send thee to *Bridewell*, and send for thee out agen, as I please my self? I good faith, Sir, had yee a hunder'd times more authority then you have, you shant make me sleep in *Bridewell*. How, quo *Sancho*! does the raskal mock me? Drag him away presently to the Jail, and let him see with his own Eyes whose Master he or I. You are pleas'd to make your self Merry, reply'd young *Gracelless*, for I defie all the Men i' the World to make me sleep this Night in Prison, tho they flea me alive. What art the Devil, quo *Sancho*, in a Passion, or hast thou any Familiar that will take off thy Irons and open the Prison Locks? Why look yee, Sir, worthy Mr. Governour, let us talk reason and come to the point; suppose your Worship should send me to Prison, lay me i' the Dungeon and load me with Irons, and set a Guard upon me besides; yet if I have a mind to keep my self waking all Night, 'tis not you nor all the Power you have can make me sleep. That's very true, quo the Secretary, an't like your Lordship, the young Fellow talks Sence. However I hope it is not in opposition to my Will that you keep your self awake, quo *Sancho*, but only as a Man may choose to sleep if he will himself. I never meant no otherwise an't like your Worship, quo the Boy. Why then prithee get thee home and sleep, and God send thee good Rest, but have a care another time of sporting with Justice, for a my word you may meet with a Company of Peevish Cupshorten Constables that will not take half what I ha' done at your hands.

By and by, by that time *Sancho* was got a little farther, came two more Watchmen bringing along with 'em another young Youth, very handsome and very well apparell'd. Sir, said one of the Watchmen, we have brought before yee here a Damsel in disguise. Thereupon they view'd her by the light of their Lanthorns, and found her to be a young Virgin about sixteen years of Age. She had her Hair put up in a Net-work Cawle of Gold and Green Silk, and appear'd very amiable. They survey'd her from Head to Foot, and found her to be clad in Cap of Tissue upon a Green Ground, with a Coat of the same Stuff; under which she wore a Doublet of Cloth of Gold upon a White Ground: Her Breeches were of Carnation Silk; and her Garters of White Taffaty, Fring'd with Gold and Pearls; and her Shoes were of white Leather made like Mens: she had no Sword, but only a rich Dagger, and several Rings of value upon her Fingers. In a word, she seem'd Lovely to all that beheld her, but there was no body that knew her. The Inhabitants of the Island could not imagin who she was; and they that were Privy to all the Tricks that were to be put upon *Sancho*, were more confounded then any of the rest, as knowing nothing of this Adventure, and were therefore in great expectation of the Event. *Sancho* surpriz'd at the Beauty of the Virgin, upon whom he kept his Eyes fix'd all the while, ask'd her who she was, whither she was going, and why she had put her self into such a Disguise? To whom the Virgin, fixing her Eyes upon the Ground with a modest Bashfulness, made answer, That the secret which concern'd her was of great Importance, but that she was asham'd to discover it before so many People. Only, said she, I do assure your Lordship that I am no Bulker nor House-breaker,

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nor have any evil designs, but an unfortunate Damsel, whom Jealousie has constrain'd to break the Laws of Modesty and Maiden Decency. Which when the Steward heard, My Lord Governour, quo he, to *Sancho*, command your Retinue to retire, to the end the Lady may more freely speak her Mind. Thereupon all the Company remov'd at a distance, except the Steward, the Master of the House; and the Secretary, at what time the Damsel thus proceeded.

I am the Daughter of *Pedro Perez Mazorca*, Farmer of the Customs of Wooll in this City, who frequently comes to my Fathers House. How! Madam, quo the Steward, you contradict your self in every thing you say. I know Senieur *Perez* very well, and I am certain he has no Children at all. Besides, that after you had told us you were his Daughter, you said with the same Breath, that he frequently came to your Fathers House, which is Nonsense. I observ'd the very same mistake, quo *Sancho*. I beg your pardon, Gentlemen, I am so troubl'd in mind, that I know not what I say. But the Truth is, I am the Daughter of *Diego de Lana*, otherwise Mr. *James Woollman*, a Person known to all your Worships. I know Senieur *Diego de Lana* very well: I know him also to be a good Gentleman, and very Rich, and that he has a Son and a Daughter. But since he happen'd to be a Widower, there is no Person in this City that can say they ever saw his Daughter, he keeps her so charily lockt up; tho indeed the general Report is, that she is extremely Beautiful. You say very true, Sir, reply'd the Damsel, I am that very Daughter of my Father; and whether Report have bely'd me or no, you are now the Judges who have seen me. And having so said, the Poor young Lady fell a weeping like a Tipple Nurse over Burnt Claret. *Sancho* condol'd her the best he could, and desir'd her not to be afraid, but to discover her Misfortunes to her Friends, who would not be wanting in any thing that might procure her satisfaction.

Then the Damsel proceeding; It is now Ten years ago since my Mother dy'd, and that my Father has kept me his Prisoner, not suffering me so much as to stir, tho hooded mask'd and fear'd, to Morning Prayers. During which time I never saw any Man breathing but my Father, my Brother, and that *Pedro* whom I call'd Father, that I might conceal my true Parents Name. This same strict retirement, and severe Injunction upon me not to stir abroad, griev'd me to the highest degree, and made me stark madd to see the World, or at least the Place of my Nativity, which I thought no unlawful desire. When I heard 'em talk of Masques, and Shows, and Plays, I ask'd my Brother, who was a year younger then my self, what they meant? who told me as well as he could, and that set me agog to be gadding. In short, I desir'd my Brother, I wish to God I had never made him the Request— And here she began again to moisten her Cheeks, at that rate, that she drew Compassion from all that beheld her. Come, come, Madam, quo the Steward, there's no such harme done yet— pray go on, and relye for once upon the Governours Generosity. I have little more to say, reply'd the Damsel, but I have great reason to bewail my Imprudence and Curiosity.

The Master of the House who was smitten of a sudden with her Beauty, survey'd and view'd her, and look'd upon her not with Eyes of indifferency, but with earnest wishes to Heaven, that the cause of her Grief might not prove to be so great as she seem'd to testify by her Sighs and Tears. On the other side the Governour was madd in his Mind, to find her hang so long upon her Story, and therefore desir'd her to make haste, and consider his time. Whereupon the Distressed Damsel, with languish-

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ing utterance intermix'd with Tears and Sighs, continuing her Relation, I desir'd my Brother, said she, to lend me his Cloaths, and that we might take a walk together about the City, while my Father was asleep. And such was my importunity, that my Brother lent me his Cloaths, and he took mine, which fit him to a Hair, so that you would take him for one of the prettiest Moppets about the Town. 'Tis not above an Hour, since we left the House, but after we had walk'd about and seen as much as we could, as we were returning home, we heard a great number of People trampling i' the Street; whereupon, said my Brother, This is certainly the Watch; follow me and let us make our escape as fast as we can; for if it should chance to be the Constable of *Bow*, he'll send us to the Counter as sure as a Gun. Thereupon he fell a running so fast, that they cry'd out, stop Thief; I fell a running too, but alack a-day, I was so frighted that I fell down in the middle of my Flight. And at the same time the Watchman overtook me that brought me hither, to my shame and utter disgrace, among so many People. And has nothing else befallen yee but this, quo *Sancho*? If I mistake not, you talk'd at first of certain jealousies that had constrain'd yee to break your Chains. Nothing else indeed, an't please your Worship, has befallen me but what I tell yee, quo the Damsel, nor did I venture out with any other design then only to see the Streets of the City, which I had never seen before i' my Life. All which was afterwards confirm'd by her Brother, whom the Watchmen brought as soon as they could overtake him. He was clad in Womans Apparel, a Simar, and over that a Blew Damask Mantle, with a Gold Fringe. However he had nothing about his Head, but his own Hair that hung down, Flaxen white and naturally curling: So that he appear'd no less beautiful then his Sister had bespake him.

Thereupon the Governour, the Steward, and the Master of the House took him aside, and after they had examin'd him apart, what he did in that disguise, he gave the same answer as his Sister had done, and with the same native Modesty and Simplicity; which infinitely satisfy'd the Master of the House, who was extremely concern'd for the young Damsel.

All in good time, quo *Sancho* to the young Man and his Sister, Here's a little piece of Youthful Extravagance—what need all these Tears and bitter Lamentation to relate a Childish piece of Folly? Could not you have said we were such and such Persons, and that we have a mind to play the Night-walkers for an Hour or two, not out of any Evil design, but only out of a Frolick to satisfy a little Curiosity! Alas, Sir, quo the young Damsel, I was frighten'd an please your Worship; and in that Condition I was in, I thought 'twere the least I could do to cry as all Children cry when they think they shall be whipt. Go too, quo *Sancho*, there's no harme done, go along with us and we'll return yee to your Fathers House; perhaps you may not yet be mis'd. But the next time have a care of being so desirous to see Fashions; a young Virgin ought to have one Leg broken. A Hen and a Woman lose themselves by gadding; and that Woman that longs to see, longs also to be seen.

The young Lad return'd the Governour thanks for his Civility and his good advice; and so *Don Sancho* marching forward brought the two Night-walkers home; where the young Lad throwing a Stone against the Window, was presently heard and let in by a Servant that staid up on purpose. After which *Don Sancho* continu'd his Rounds, talking all the way he went of the Genteel Carriage of the Brother and the Sister, and the great desire those poor Children had to see Fashions i' the Night. In the mean time

the Master of the House was so charm'd with the Beauty of the young Damsel, that he resolv'd to go the next day and demand her of her Father in Marriage, believing he could not have a denial, as being one of the Dukes Principal Domestick Servants. On the other side *Sancho* had a design to treat with *Don Diego* for a Match between *Sancho* and the young Damsels Brother, believing no Husband could think himself too good for a Governours Daughter. But *Sancho* having thus gone his Rounds, and losing his Government within two days, all his Designs and Contrivances were overturn'd and came to nothing.

C H A P. XVII.

Who they were that whipp'd Madam Doroty and claw'd Don Quixote; with the successs of the Page that carry'd Sancho's Letter to his Wife.

TO clear this Mystery, you must understand, that when Mrs. *Doroty* rose out of her Bed to visit *Don Quixote*, one of her Companions that lay next her, heard her make a bustle; and as all your Governantes are violently inquisitive, and eagerly desirous to pry into every thing, this same Mrs. Busie-body follow'd her softly and close at her Heels, and seeing her enter into the Knights Apartment, according to the Custom of Governantes, that love to carry News, away she flew to tell the Dutcheß that Mrs. *Doroty* was gone to *Don Quixote's* Chamber. Presently the Dutcheß told the Duke, and begg'd of him that she and her Woman Mrs. *Riggle-tail* might go and listen; for she was with Child to hear the issue of such a Night Visit. To that end they made haste you may be sure; and such was the spite which the Devil ow'd Mrs. *Doroty*, that she talk'd so loud that the Dutcheß and Mrs. *Riggle-tail* heard every word they said: So that when Mrs. *Doroty* came to make that Fatal Discovery of the Dutcheß's Issues, and Mrs. *Riggle-tails* stinking Breath, 'Slife, the Protector might as well have held in his Coach Horses, as ha' prevented the enrag'd Females from thundring open the Door, and revenging themselves as they did both upon Mrs. *Doroty* and her Champion. Where after they had satisfy'd their unruly Passions, away went the Dutcheß to give the Duke an Accompt of so memorable a Transaction, and after they had tir'd their Spleens with laughter at what was past, they were all for new Plots and Contrivances to make themselves merry with the Poor Adventurer.

At the same time, a Page was dispatch'd away to *Teresa Pancha*, *Sancho's* Wife, with a Letter from her Husband and another from the Dutcheß, and a Necklace of Coral, of which the Dutcheß made the good Woman a Present. To this purpose they made choice of the same Lacquey, as the Story says; that had acted *Dulcinea* in the Enchanted Chariot. Who departed without delay with his Lesson by heart, for he was a well tutor'd Page, a Pick'd Youth that could mark his Cards, and carry'd his own Dice in his Pocket.

When he came neer the Village, he ask'd certain Women that were washing at the Brook, whether they knew a Woman that liv'd in the Town, whose Name was Mrs. *Teresa Pancha*, Wife to one *Sancho Pancha*, Squire to a certain Knight call'd *Don Quixote de la Mancha*. The Lad had no sooner ask'd the Question, but a young Girl that was rining among

the rest, looking up and staring the Boy in the Face, Yes Sir, said she, *Teresa Pancha* is my Mother, and that same Gaffer *Sancho* is my Father, and the Knight you speak of is our Master. Very good, quo the Page, prithee go along with me, my pretty Sweet-heart, and bring me to her, for I have a Letter and a Token here to deliver her from your Father. With that the Girl throwing aside her Clouts, and leaving her Shoes behind her for haste, run before the Pages Horse like a Gypsie upon the Road, and ever and anon looking back, Come, Sir, quo she, come along, our house is hard by, and my Mother's at home, but full of Sorrow, God knows, to think what was become of my Father. Well—well—, quo the Page, I bring those Tidings that will cheer her Heart, I warrant her. And now being come to the House, before she open'd the Gate next the Common, Mother, Mother, cry'd the young Girl with a shrill Voice, come out Mother, here's a Mon has brought Letters and fine Things from my Father. Presently Mistress *Teresa* came forth with her Reel and her Spindle in a red Petticoat so short, that it hardly reach'd to the Calves of her Legs, and her Waistcoat hanging loose about her Hips, discover'd her Smock that was none of the cleanest. Take her otherwise she was 'bout forty, strong doct, active, and of a good jolly Humour.

What's the matter, Girl, quo she, to her Daughter, what Gentleman is that? An humble Servant of yours, Madam *Teresa*, quo the Page; and at the same time alighting and falling upon one Knee before Madam *Teresa*; Permit me the Honour to kiss your fair Hand, thrice honour'd Lady, quo he, as the only legitimate Wife of my Lord D. *Sancho Pancha*, Governour of the Island of *Barattaria*. God's my life, what's all this for, quo *Teresa*? I beseech ye rise, Sir, I am no Lady, but a poor Country Dowdy, the Daughter of a Logg-cleaver, the Wife indeed of a *Squire-Errant*, but no Governour, I beseech ye. Your Ladyship, reply'd the Page, is the deserving Wife of a most worthy Governour; and for Proof of what I say, pray Madam be pleas'd to read this Letter, and receive this Present. And at the same time he deliver'd her the Letter and the Coral-Bracelet, the Beads of which were set in Gold: Telling her withal, that the Letter was from his Honour the Governour, but that the Present was from her Grace the Lady Dutchess.

Never was *Teresa* so surpriz'd, nor her Daughter so over-joy'd. I'll lay my Virginity to a Harry Groat, quo the young Titmouse, my Master *Don Quixote* hath given my Father the Island which I have heard him so much talk of. You say very true, pretty Miss, quo the Page, for it is for the sake of my Lord *Don Quixote* that the honourable *Don Sancho* is now Governour of *Barattaria*. Read me the Letter then, I pray, young Gentleman; for tho' she con spin, she cannot read Letters: By my Truly nor I neither, quo young *Sancha*. But I'll run and vetch our Curate, he con read I'm zure on't, and he'll be glad to hear the good News. 'Tis no matter for troubling any body, quo the Page; for tho' I can't spin, I can read and write too, God be thanked. And so saying, he read the same that *Sancho* shew'd the Dutchess, which therefore we thought not fit to repeat any more. And having so done, he pull'd out the Dutchess's Letter to *Teresa*, where he read as follows.

Friend *Teresa*,

Y Our Husband *Sancho's* rare Endowments and his pregnant Wit oblig'd me to desire the Duke to bestow upon him a vacant Government of one of his Islands: Where I understand he so behaves himself, as if he had been a Governour

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now from his Cradle. For which I am as glad as if any man had given me forty good Shillings; and my Lord Duke is so pleas'd with his Choice, that he swears he'll not change him for all the Governours he has. For you must know, *Teresa*, 'tis a difficult thing to meet with a good Governour in this World. I have sent thee, my dearest Delight, a Neck-lace of Coral; I could wish they were every one Oriental Pearls, for thy sake; but she that gives thee Fire, does not desire to see thee dead: The time will come when we shall be better acquainted. Commend me to little *Sancha* thy Daughter, and bid her not be too hasty, for I intend to marry her to a great Lord that I have in my Eye, when she least dreams of it. They say you have in your Parts a rare sort of Acorns, pray send me about two dozen; I shall take it kindly, and endeavour to requite your Civility. In the mean time let me hear from you every Week, and if you stand in need of any thing wherein I can serve ye, 'tis but ask and have. Your Friend that loves you dearly,

The Dutchess.

Heav'n's blest me, quo *Teresa*, what a good Lady's this! how humble and familiar she is? God send me to be bury'd with such Ladies as these, and not with such Madam *Squeamishes* as we have in our Village; who, because they are Ladies, forsooth, think the Wind must not blow upon 'em; and come flaunting to Church in their embroidered Petticoats, as if they were Queens. They think it scorn to look upon a poor Chair-woman, and yet here's my Lady Dutchess that calls me her Friend, and writes to me as if I were her Companion. May Heaven advance her Grace, and send her to be as high as the highest Bell in *Mancha* Steeple. As for the Acorns she sends for, tell my Lady, I'll send her half a Bushel, and pick 'em my self. And now, *Sancha*, pull off the Gentleman's Boots, and take as much care of his Horse, as thou wou'dst of thy self: Run to the Barn, and see for some Eggs; take down the Bacon, and get a good Fire; and let the young Gentleman eat like a Prince: Good News deserves good Vittles at any time. In the mean while I must among my Neighbours, I can't hold; 'tis in, and it must out. The Curate and the Barber are thy Father's Friends, and when I ha' told 'em the News, my Heart will be at rest. I dare say, 'twill be twenty Pence to night in poor Mr. *Nichlas's* way. Ay, do Mother do, quo *Sancha*; but as she was going, stay Mother, quo she, shan't I have half of the Neck-lace? For I don't take my Lady Dutchess to be so ill bred as to send it all to you. No, no, Chicken, 'tis all thine own; but let me wear it, and look like a Lady for two or three days, thou canst not think how it rejoyces my Heart. You will rejoyce more by and by, quo the Page, when you see what I ha' got in my Portmantle, a new green Sute which the Governour wore a hunting but one day, and has here sent it his Daughter pretty Mistress *Sancha*. Now the Lord love my good Father, cry'd little *Sancha*, and the fine Gentleman that brought me the Present.

Presently *Teresa* scuttled away with the Neck-lace about her Neck, and the Letters in her Hand, and meeting the Curate and the Student *Carraasco* by chance, she fell a frisking and jogging her Tail like a Milk-maid upon a May-day. I faith now the time's come, quo she, that no body shall twit us with our poor Kindred— for we have our share in the World as well as other People. And now let the best Lady in the Town sling up her Nose at me, and I'll sling up my Nose at her agen— I'll make 'em know their distance— How now, *Teresa*, quo the Curate, has Midsummer Moon infected thy Noddle too? What Extasie's this? What Papers are those?— No, no, Mr. Curate, quo *Teresa*, the Cafe is alter'd, quo *Plowden*; these

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are the Governour's and the Dutcheſs's Letters; this is my Coral Neck-lace, and here's Mrs. Governess. Why these are all Riddles to us, quo the Student *Carraſco*. They will be easily unfolded by and by, quo *Tereſa*; but first read these Letters. Thereupon the *Curate* having read the Epistles with an audible Voice, both *Samſon* and he were more in a Mist than before. *Carraſco* ask'd her who brought the Letters? Come home and see, quo *Tereſa*, the prettiest young Smock-face that ever you saw. The *Curate* took the Neck-lace in his Hand, view'd it, and view'd it three or four times over, and finding it was a thing of Value, his Imagination was quite confounded. By the Habit I wear, quo the *Curate*, I cannot comprehend this Mystery—yet the Present is worth accepting—Nay, quo *Carraſco*, there's something in't you may be sure, and therefore lets go see the Messenger. Thereupon they went home with *Tereſa*, where they found the Page sifting Oats for his Horse, and young *Sancho* fliv'ring the Gammon to make a Bacon Phraife. They lik'd the Page's Aspect and his Habit, so that after the usual Compliments, *Carraſco* ask'd him what was become of *Don Quixote* and *Sancho*? telling him withal, That they could make neither Head nor Tail of the Letters they had read; nor could they imagin how *Sancho* should come by a Government, especially of an Island, well knowing that all the Islands thereabouts were the Kings. Gentlemen, reply'd the Page, there's nothing so true as that my Lord *Sancho* is a Governour, but whether of an Island, or a By-land, or a Dry-land, I cannot be so particular as to inform 'em. But this I am sure of, he lords it over a City that has above a thousand good Scot and Lot Men in it. And as for the Dutcheſs's sending to a Country Gentlewoman for a few Acorns, that's no such Wonder; I have seen her borrow a Comb of one of her Neighbours. For you must know, our Country Ladies never stand upon their Formalities and Punctilio's, like your City Dames, but as their Garb is plain, so is their Conversation easie and familiar.

While they were thus discoursing little *Sancho* came with her Eggs in her Petticoat, and at the same time turning to the Page, Pray Sir, quo she, does my Father truss up his Breeches with Hooks and Eyes now he's a Governour? I never observ'd it, quo the Page, but no question, little Mistress, 'tis just as you say—Good God! quo *Sancho*, what would I give to see my Father all of a piece, with his Breeches and Doublet tite about his Waste—I have always begg'd it in my Prayers, ever since I was an Infant. Never fear it, quo the Page, you will have him here shortly; and if his Government holds but two Months, you will see him ride in his Glass Sedan.

The *Curate* and the Student plainly perceiv'd that the Page did but laugh at the Mother and the Daughter; yet for all that, they could not tell what to think of the Neck-lace and the Hunting Sute, which by this time they had well consider'd. And tho the Daughter had made 'em smile at her Simplicity already, the Mother made 'em ten times merrier; who after she had fetch'd a frisk about the Room, quo she to the *Curate*, Pray enquire whether any of our Neighbours are going to the City—I'de have 'em to buy me a Mantreau Gown i' the fashion—for I intend to honour my Husband's Government; and then I'll go to Court and ride i' my Coach, as all Governours Wives do; 'tis a silly Government won't maintain a Coach—O law Mother, quo *Sancho*, I would to God 'twere to night before to morrow—Perhaps they would cry when they saw me sitting by my Lady Mother—Hov-day! whose here? Marry-gap! What! the Hog-driver's Daughter! how she flaunts it, and taunts it like a little Pope *Joan*! But what would I care; let 'em jeer and flout on, so I ride at my ease—Don't I speak reason,

ſon, Mother? Yes by my Truly, Chicken, reply'd *Tereſa*: besides thy Father has often told me, we should one day see better times, and that Fortune would never forsake me till she had made me a Countess: And now 'tis a coming to come. But there must be a beginning of all things, as thy Father was wont to say, who knows more Proverbs than a Doctor. When they give thee a Cow, run and fetch a Halter; when they give thee a Government, take it; when they proffer thee an Earldom, embrace it. That which is good to give, is good to take. Cry *Sus, Sus*, and the Dog never refuses to lap. When Fortune knocks be sure to open the Door. Let 'em talk on and cry, the Hare has pick'd up her Crums, I knew when her Belly was lanker. Ay, ay, Mother, let 'em jeer on a God's Name, provided my Belly be full; the old Woman that saw the Monkeys in good Cloaths, took 'em for the Gentleman's Children.

In truth, quo the *Curate*, hearing the Mother and the Daughter talk at that rate, I think the whole Race of the *Pancha*'s came into the World with their Guts stuff'd with Proverbs; I never knew one of the Name, but threw out a dozen at a time. I think so too, quo the Page, for the Governour thunders 'em out by hook or by crook, nor is there any Man that makes the Duke and the Dutcheſs more merry. But Sir, quo *Carraſco* to the Page, pray tell us seriously, for our Understandings are so entangl'd, that we can find no way to untie the Knot; and therefore I say, pray tell us seriously what's the meaning of this Government *Sancho* has got, and who this Dutcheſs should be that sends these gay Presents and Letters to a poor Corn-weeder; for we cannot otherwise but look upon 'em as the strange Effects of some Enchantment that has happen'd to *Don Quixote*. For my part, Gentlemen, reply'd the Page, I can say no more, but that I was seriously, and in good earnest sent with these Letters and Presents hither: That my Lord *Sancho Pancha* is actually a Governour, where he does Wonders; and that my Lord Duke bestow'd the Government upon him. If there be any Enchantment in it, do you examine that: this is all I have to say. All this may be, reply'd *Carraſco*, but you will give me leave to say, St. *Austin* may doubt. For that you may do as you please, reply'd the Page, you are Master of your own Thoughts. But I tell ye the truth: Don't think I swim upon a Lye, like Oil upon Water—*Operibus credite, non verbis*—go along with me, and you shall see with your Eyes what your Ears will not believe.

Who I! quo *Sancho*, with all my Heart, take me but up behind ye, Sir—I long to see my Father. No, Madam, Governours Daughters must not travel alone, but in their Coaches, or their Litters, and then well attended too. Law ye now, Sir, quo *Sancho*, I can ride a Horse back as well as in a Coach—I am none o' your tender Dillings, not I by my Truly. Peace, Girl, peace, quo *Tereſa* to her Daughter, thou dost not know what thou say'st, the Gentlemon is i' the right. There are Times and Times; when 'twas plain *Sancho*, 'twas plain *Sancho*; but now he's a Governour 'tis Madam *Sancho*, remember thy self. Madam *Tereſa* speaks truth, reply'd the Page. But now, said he, give me a Mouth-ful to eat, that I may be gone; for I hope to be back this Evening. Presently the *Curate* invited him to a short Commons at his House; for that Madam *Tereſa* was more willing then able to provide for a Person of his Quality. To which the Page consented, as believing it would be much for the better; nor was the Parson less glad of his Company, in hopes to understand the whole Truth concerning *Sancho* and *Don Quixote*. *Carraſco* proffer'd *Tereſa* to write her Answer, but she knowing him to be a Droll, would not permit him to be of her Coun-

fell. And so she gave a Penny white-Loaf and two Eggs to a young Querister to be her Secretary, who wrote her two Letters, one to the Dutchess, the other to *Sancho*, perhaps not the worst Pieces in this long History.

C H A P. XVI.

Containing the Continuation of Sancho's Government.

THE Master of the House, as we said before, was so deeply in love with *Diego de Lana's* Daughter, that he could take no rest all that Night, his Thoughts were so taken up in musing and pondering on the bewitching Beauty of that young Lady. On the other side, the Steward spent his time in writing to the Duke *D. Sancho's* admirable Sentences, and wonderfull Actions, of which he admir'd the strange and unexpected intermixture. In the Morning the Governour rose, and by that time he was ready, they brought him, by *Dr. Puncinello's* Order, a small Plate of Preserves, and a Glafs of fair Water, which he would have exchange'd with all his Heart for a cut round a Peck-brown-Loaf, and half a Frail of blew Reasons. However, being oblig'd to *Hobson's* Choice, he seem'd to be content. The Doctor told him, 'twas highly expedient for those that were in great Employments to eat but little, and that which was dainty, and easie of Digestion; for that such a sort of Diet only reviv'd the Spirits and quicken'd the Wit. Arguments that only serv'd to famish *Sancho*, who as hungry as a Kite, and curs'd in his Heart both the Government and him that had giv'n it him. However, he fail'd not to give Audience that day; and the first that came was a Stranger, who propos'd this Question.

Sir, said he, not far off there is a great River which parts the Lands of the same Lord. I beg your Honour to hear me with Attention, for 'tis a matter of great weight and difficulty. Upon this River there is a Bridge, at one end of which there stands a Gibbet, and not far from thence a little House, where four Judges are appointed to sit for the Execution of a certain Law, which is peculiar to the Lord of the Soil, and runs thus:

He that intends to pass this Bridge from one end to the other, must upon his Oath declare from whence he came, and whither he goes. If he swear truth, he shall pass freely without Interruption; but if he swear false, he shall be hang'd forthwith, without mercy upon this Gibbet.

Now this Law being known over all the Kingdom, whoever they are that pass this Bridge, they are examin'd, and if they swear true, there's nothing more said to 'em. It happen'd one day that a certain Passenger after he had taken his Oath, upon his Examination made answer, That he parted from such a place, and that he was come to die upon that Gallows. Thereupon the Judges laying their Heads together, quo they, if we let this Man pass, he swears a false Oath, and according to the Law he must die; if we hang him, he swears Truth, and then by the same Law we must let him pass. Now I humbly beg your Opinion, my Lord, what the Judges ought to do with this Man in this Case? For they are at a *Non-plus* at present, not knowing what to determine; but understanding by common Fame your great Abilities in resolving difficult Questions, they sent me hither to crave your Judgment in such a knotty Point.

To

To tell you truth, reply'd *Sancho*, the Judges that sent you hither, might as well have spar'd you the Labour: For I am not so cunning as they take me to be; many times a Man that outwardly seems a Man, may be a Beast withinside. However let me hear your Question once more, and I'll endeavour to understand it, perhaps I may at length hit the Nail in the Head. Thereupon the Stranger propounded the Question again. To whom, when he had done, *Sancho* having paw'd a while, This Question in my opinion may be easily answer'd in two Words, as thus: You say, the Man swore he came to dye upon the Gibbet: If he dyes, he swears true, now if he swears true, the Law must let him pass; and if they do not hang him, he swears false, and therefore he ought to be hang'd: is this true? You take it right, my Lord, reply'd the Stranger. Why then, quo *Sancho*, let 'em pass that part of the Man that swore true, and hang the other part of the Man that swore false; and so the Law will be fully satisfy'd.

But then my Lord, quo the Stranger, the Man must be divided into two halves; which not being to be done without killing him, the Question remains still undecided.

Hark yee me, Sir, reply'd *Sancho*, This same Stranger you talk of, either I am a Faggot Stick, or there is as much reason to discharge him as to put him to death; for if the Lye condemn him, the Truth saves him; and therefore I would have yee tell the Judges, that sent yee, since there is as much reason to absolve as to condemn him, that they let him go. For where the Ballance is even between Mercy and Rigour, the mild Judg is to be preferred before the severe and cruel. And this is that which I would give yee under my Hand, if I knew how to write: Nor do I speak this of my own Head, but I remember it as being a particular Precept, which my Lord *Don Quixote* gave me among others, the night before I came to govern this Island; and this occasion has brought it to my Remembrance. Sir, said the Steward, your Sentence is so just and equitable, that *Lycurgus* himself, who gave Laws to the *Lacedemonians*, could never have given a better then the great *Sancho Pancha* has done. And now, Sir, I think you have sate long enough for this Morning; be pleas'd to Adjourn the Court, while I go and look after Dinner. That's well said, quo *Sancho*; feed me well, and let 'em ask me as many Questions as a Horse will carry; if I don't snuff 'em as bright as a Candle, I'm a Ragamuffin. Nor was the Steward worse then his word, as one that made a Conscience of famishing so worthy a Governour, and such a perspicacious Judg; besides that he had a desire the next night to conclude the last Act, which he had prepar'd for *Sancho*, by the Dukes Instructions.

And now had *Sancho* din'd to his full Content, in spite of all the Aphorisms of Doctor *Ditto in Pomerania*, when a Courier entering the Hall, deliver'd him a Letter from *Don Quixote*. Which when the Secretary by *Sancho's* order had read to himself, he told his Master, that it might not only be publicly read, but that it deserv'd to be engrav'd in Letters of Gold; and then proceeded to read as follows.

Don Quixote de la Mancha to Sancho Pancha Governour of the Island of Barattaria.

WHEN I was afraid to have news of thy Negligence and Fooleries, all the Countryrings of thy Prudence and Diligence; for which I return Thanks to Heaven. However because I know there are some Relicks of thy former Meanness

Meanness that hang about thee, I would have thee know how to raise thy self above the Vulgar, for the better support of thy Authority. Let thy Apparel be clean, fashionable and neat, not layd with Laces and Embroideries like a Courtier, but grave and decent like a Judge. Gain the Hearts of thy People by dealing uprightly with all the World; and be sure to preserve Plenty in thy Island. For nothing hurries the Mobile sooner to Tumult and revolt, then scarcity and Poverty.

Never make many new Laws; but see that such as are wholesome and good be exactly observ'd: For Laws that are not obey'd are no Laws; but like the Log that was given to rule the Frogs, which they fear'd at first, but scorn'd and contem'd when they perceiv'd it without force or courage.

Reward Virtue and punish Vice; Visit the Prisons, the Shambles and the Publick Markets. For there particularly the Eye of a Governour is necessary to prevent Extortion, and regulate the Enormities of Weights and Measures, and the general Dishonesty of Traders. And let thy Exemplary punishments render thee formidable to all deceitful and fraudulent Dealers.

Avoid what thou wert alway naturally inclin'd to; Covetousness, Ambition, and irregular Love of Women: For snares will then be certainly layd for thee, and thy Passion will be thy Ruin.

Read over and over Morning and Night the Admonitions which I gave thee in writing; of which thou wilt find the Benefit upon all difficult occasions. Write to thy Masters, and lose no opportunity of making thy acknowledgments; for Ingratitude is the worst of all Vices.

Some Persons that par'd not their Nails were very sharp upon my Nose and my Cheeks within these few nights; but I am now pretty well recover'd again: For tho there are some Necromancers that hate me, I have others that are my Friends. Send me word whether thou thinkest the Steward were he that acted Madam Three-Skirts, as thou wert once of Opinion. For I am engag'd in a Business, which I am afraid will cause me to Break with the Duke. 'Tis true I owe him much for his Civilities, but I owe more to my Profession, Amicus Plauto, sed magis Amica veritas. I sent thee this same scrap of Latin in hopes thou might have in some measure learnt the Language since thou cam'st to be a Governour. So Heaven defend thee from all Misfortunes.

Thy Friend

Don Quixote de la Mancha,

Knight of the Lyons.

This Letter was highly applauded, both for Sence and Integrity, while every body that heard it, judg'd Don Quixote to be an honest worthy well meaning Gentleman. And such was Sancho's Zeal to answer it, that rising from his Chair, he went and lockt himself up in his Chamber with his Secretary, whom he order'd to write as follows, without adding or diminishing.

MY Employment finds me so much business, that I have no time so much as either to scratch my Head or pair my Nails; which is the reason they are now so long that I could scratch my Grannam out of her Grave. I tell you this, that you may know the reason why I have not wrote to yee all this while, to let you understand how things go.

The Duke sent to me two days since, to inform me of certain Spies that were come disguis'd into the Island to kill me. But as yet they have done me no harm

harm that I know of. Only here's a damn'd Hell bound of a Doctor, hir'd as he says by the Islanders, and I think so too, to kill all the Governours that ever come neer it. They call him Dr. Pedro Puncinello of Ditto in Pomerania; and I tell yee his Name that you may be sure never to give him a Fee. This Doctor says himself, he can never cure those that are sick already, only 'tis his business to prevent Diseases; and the Physick he prescribes is a Dyet, or rather no Dyet, that in time will leave a Man no Flesh upon his Bones, as if want of Flesh were not as bad as a Fever. For my part I am almost starv'd to death, and it makes me madd, that when I thought as a Governour to eat roasted Larks by the Busbel, to drink brisk Wine by the Gallon, and recreate my Bones between Holland Sheets and upon Down Pillows, I should be constrain'd to do Penance like a Hermite; which because I do against my will, I am afraid the Devil will take his Opportunity, and carry me a Skeleton to Hell.

I have as yet not so much as finger'd either Salary or Duties, and I cannot imagin the meaning of it; for I was told that the Inhabitants were wont either to give or lend their Governours Money before they enter'd into the Island.

Last night going my Rounds I met with a delicate young Miskin y'faith, in Boys Apparel, and her Brother in Womans Habit. My Landlord presently fell in Love with the Girl, and they say intends to be at her; For my part I design the Boy for my Son in Law. This day my Landlord and I are to discourse the Father, one Diego de Lana, a Gentleman and a notable old Toper I warrant him.

I visited the Markets according to your advice, and yesterday—stay—Yes, 'twas yesterday—I met with an old Woman selling a Nuts—She pretended to sell new Filberds, but I found she had mix'd a whole Busbel of old Nuts among 'em—presently I confiscated all her Ware, and sent 'em to the Blewcoat-Boys to mend their Voices, and forbid the Woman to appear i the Market in fifteen days; and they said I did well. To tell yee truth, I never met with such a Ras-cally Sawcy Foulmouth'd Generation of People then these Market-folks—they make nothing to call Gentlemen Whores that will not give 'em their price—but I sent some of 'em to the Whipping-Post for their Civility.

I am glad my Lady Dutcheß has writ to Teresa, and sent her the Present you mean: By the Grace a God I'll endeavour to requite her kindness when my leisure serves me. Present my Service to her, and tell her she has not strew'd her Favours upon the Water.

I wish you had no occasion to fall out with the Duke, for if you two quarrel, 'tis I shall come by the worst on't. Nor do you follow the Precepts you give others, in shewing your self ingrateful to those who have been so kind to you.

As for these Pharisee's with long Nails, I can say little to't, only I find you are still haunted after the old rate. I would ha' sent you a Token, but I could not tell what to imagin worth your acceptance, unless it were half a dozen Glisten-Pipes, which they have the Art of making here to a Miracle, with the Bladders belonging to 'em, and which they are very curious at setting on i this Island. But if I stay, I'll endeavour to send yee a new Knife and Fork. If Teresa writes me an Answer, pray pay the Carrier, and send me the Letter as soon as you can; for I long to hear how she does. Heaven preserve you from the Malice of Enchanters, and send me safe and sound out of this Government, which I am much afraid of, as Doctor Ditto dyets me.

Your Worships most humble Servant

Sancho Pancho

From my Island the same
day that I wrote.

Governour.

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The Letter being thus written, the Secretary Seal'd it, and dispatch'd away the Courier. In the mean time they that play'd the Dukes Game resolv'd to put an end to *Sancho's* Government. But he that meant no harm was studying new Laws for the Regulation of abuses in his Island. To which purpose he suppress'd all the publick Taverns; however he would not stop the Importation of Wine from any Part whatever, provided they told him whence it came, to the end it might be rated according to its Goodness, ordering withal, that they who should mix Water with their Wine, or any other way adulterate it, or sell it in Flasks or small Bottles, should suffer death as common Cheats and poys'ners of human Bodies. He brought down the Price of Shoes, which to him seem'd excessive. He set a rate upon Servants Wages; deeming it unsufferable that Maid Servants should ask so much and do so little as now adays they did, and be at no command neither: And he also forbid Kitchen-wench to wear Silk Gowns and Petticoats. He layd great Penalties upon Lampooners and Ballad-singers, and forbid the carrying about of all Penny Divinity Books, and all Vagabonds the reading of Godly Exhortations through the Nose in the Streets. He also made a Peculiar Officer or Beadle to clear the City of those shoals of Raw-Heads and Bloody-Bones, that pester'd the Streets with their fore Legs and mangy Sculs, and hung about Church Doors like Bees to suck the Honey of Peoples ignorant and irregular Charity, believing nothing more ignominious to a well Regulated Common-wealth, than the sufferance of such swarms of idle and lazy Vagabonds, that endur'd more hardship to be Idle, than they that took pains for their Living. And upon complaint of some that curs'd because they mis'd an Alms, or were rebuk'd, he order'd 'em forthwith to the Whipping-Post. With several other wholesome Constitutions, which are observ'd to this day, under the Title of *The Constitutions of the Great and Prudent Governour Sancho Pancha*.

C H A P. XIX.

The Adventure of the Second Madam Sorrowful, otherwise Mistress Dorothy.

*C*Id *Hamet* relates, that *Don Quixote* being cur'd of his Nail-marks, and growing weary of the lazie Life which he led in the Castle, fo contrary to the Orders of his Profession, determin'd to take leave of the Duke and depart for *Saragosa*, where he thought to purchase Immortal honour at the approaching Festivals. But as he was sitting at Table with the Duke, with a resolution to reveal his Intention, a new Accident entangl'd, and for a time delay'd his laudable Purposes. For just as he was ushering in his design with a graceful and study'd Complement, behold two Women enter'd the Room, clad in Mourning from Head to Foot. At what time, one of the two, throwing her self at *Don Quixote's* Feet, and kissing his Shoes, fetch'd such profound and doleful Sighs, as if she would have breath'd out her Soul at the Champions Toes. All the Company were astonish'd at the Spectacle; and tho the Duke and the Dutchess imagin'd it to be some new Project upon *D. Quixote*, yet there appear'd a sorrow so natural and unfained in the Women, that he knew not what to think; till *Don Quixote* raising her from the Ground, and with much Importunity having prevail'd

prevail'd with her to lift up her Vail, she discover'd a Countenance all overflown with Tears, and what they least suspected, expos'd to view all the Lineaments of Mrs. *Doroties* Face, Mother of the Maids to the Dutchess, and found her to be the same. And at the same time they likewise perceiv'd, that the young Lady that attended her was her Daughter, that had been so lately baukd by the Farmers Son. A Spectacle so unlookt for redoubl'd the Astonishment of all the Company, especially of the Duke and Dutchess; for tho they knew her to be as silly as Simplicity it self could make her, a kind of an Image of *Rye-dough*, yet they never took her to be a madd Woman. But at length Mrs. *Doroty* addressing her self to the Duke and the Dutchess, after she had dropt 'em a Midwives Curchie, I beseech your Excellencies, quo she, permit me to discourse this Knight a few Minutes, who is the only Person that can help me out at a dead Lift, dishonour'd as I am by the treacherous Infolence of a debauch'd young Country Bumkin. Good leave have yee, quo the Duke, and I make no doubt but my Lord *Don Quixote's* Ears are open to your Complaint. Then Mrs. *Doroty*, turning to *Don Quixote*,

Some few days ago, quo she, Most Valiant Champion, I gave your Worship an accompt how basely and perfidiously an ungracious Villain of a Farmers Son had us'd my Daughter, this unfortunate Virgin which here you see before your Eyes, and then you promis'd to undertake my Quarrel, and revenge the Injury done me. But this day I understand you are about to leave this Castle in search of new Adventures, which I beseech Heaven may redound to your Everlasting honour. Nevertheless I have one Boon to beg of your Worship, that before you go, you would be pleas'd to challenge this Lourdain of a Clown, and compell him to Marry my Daughter according to his Promise, before she vouchsaf'd him her last Favours. For as for my Lord Duke, I can expect no justice from him for the Reasons I have already told yee. And this perform'd, the Prosperity of Heaven attend yee the Remainder of your days.

Dry up your Tears dear Lady, quo *Don Quixote*, and make a Truce with your Sighs. I am bound to do your Daughter Reason, tho doubtless she had done much better, had she not given such unwary Credit to the Protestations of Lovers, who are lavish of their Vows, but rarely keep their words. But in short, the Jobb's done; and now the Matter is, how to solder up the Crack agen. To which purpose I promise yee, with my Lord Duke's permission, to find out this young Hedgbird: Nay, I will find him out if he be above ground, I will challenge him, and give yee a satisfactory accompt of your business. And if he be so audacious as not to stand to his Bargain, I will deliver him into your hands to dismember him, if you please. For the chief end of my Profession is to pardon the submissive, and chastize the stubborn. There will be no such need, Sir Knight, reply'd the Duke, for you to run after this same Country Lad, so dreadfully complain'd of by this Lady; for I will undertake my self, he shall accept your Challenge, and come here in Person to answer it; and I'll secure yee besides, a fair Stage, observing the Laws, and Conditions customary upon such Occasions; and doing Justice to both Sides, as Princes are oblig'd to do, that admit of single Combats within their Territories. Upon this Assurance which your Highness gives me, reply'd *Don Quixote*, I renounce all my Punctilio's of Gentility and Knight Errantry, and condescend to equal my self with my Antagonist: I yield my self to be as mean as he, and him to be as noble as my self, that he may be qualify'd to measure Lances with me. And so, let him be absent or present, I defy him as a Traytor, that

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has abus'd this Poor Lady, and robb'd her of her Honour, or else to dye in her defence. And at the same time, pulling off his Glove, he flung it into the middle of the Room; which the Duke immediately took up, declaring that he accepted the Challenge in the name of his Vassal, and assign'd the day for Combat to be the Sixth ensuing, and the place to be the Castle Court, with Lance, Buckler and Armour of proof, according to the Custom of Knights, without Fraud or Treachery, or Enchantments, after search made by the Judges of the Field. On the other side, quo the Duke, this Lady and her distressed Daughter must deposite the Justice of their Quarrel in the hands of their Champion, *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, for otherwise the Challenge is *ipso facto*, void in Law. That I do withal my Soul, cry'd Mrs. *Doroty*, and so do I, quo the Daughter, weeping and holding her Fingers before her Eyes, like a ravish'd Maid giving Evidence at the Bar. All things thus concluded upon, the Dutcheffs order'd that the Mother and the Daughter should no longer be lookt upon as her Domestick Servants, but as Lady-Errants, that came to demand Justice in her Castle. To which purpose there was a peculiar Apartment appointed for 'em, where they were serv'd and attended as Strangers, to the Amazement of all that understood not the Mystry of Mistris *Doroties* rashness and indiscretion.

Toward the conclusion of Dinner, as it were for the last Course, in came the Page that had carry'd the Present to the Governours Wife. You may be sure the Duke was eager to know the Success of his Journey; to whom the Page made answer, that he had many things to tell his Grace, but in regard they were such as requir'd Secrecy, he desir'd that he might deliver his Relation in private. Thereupon the Duke having order'd the Dutcheffs with part of his Attendants to withdraw, the Page presented the Dutcheffs with two Letters; the one directed to her self, and the other to *Sancho*, with this Superscription.

For my Husband Sancho Pancha, Governour of the Island of Barattaria, whose Life God prolong.

The Dutcheffs had not patience to stay a Moment, but presently open'd her own Epistle, and finding there was nothing of secrecy in it, she read it thus aloud.

Teresa Pancha's Letter to the Dutcheffs.

Madam,
THE Letter which your Greatness sent me, was like a Cordial to my Heart, and i' good feth law, you could not have better pleas'd me. The Necklace is a wonderful pretty Thing, and the Green Hunting Suit was as welcome to me as my Wedding Smock. Our Village have rung the Bells for joy, that you made my Husband a Governour, and some of 'em were Tipse last night with drinking your Health; more especially our Curate, Mr. Nicholas the Barber, and the young Schollar Carrasco. They would not believe it a good while, but what care I whether they believe it or no, as long as I am sure on't. Truly I would not ha' believ'd it neither but for the Necklace and the Hunting Suit. For all our Neighbours take my Husband for an Honest Man; yet they wonder that a Man who never govern'd anything but Goats and Sheep, should be able to Govern Cities. But they whom God assists, are well aided. I must tell yee dear Madam, that I intend within these few days to go to Court i' my Coach, tho it be but to bite some of our Twittering Ladies. And therefore I desire yee to bid my

my Husband send me good store of Money; for the Court's a chargeable Place; where a Loaf of Bread costs Sixpence, and a little Dish of Meat, as they dress it, comes to a Crown; therefore let him send to me quickly, for my Tail itches to be jogging. Besides, that my Neighbours tell me if I carry my self and my Daughter to Court, hoity toity alamode in a Lacker Coach, I shall be known by my Husband, and my Husband by me; while the People cry what Ladies are those, and my Coachman makes answer, The Governour of Barattaria, Sancho Pancha's Wife and Daughter. And thus shall my Husband be known, and I shall be honour'd by every Body as far as Rome it self.

You cannot think how I am troubl'd that our People have gather'd no Acorns as yet; but I will send you half a Bushel of my own which I pick'd up i' the Woods my self: nor is it my fault if they be not as big as Turkey Eggs.

Pray do not forget your Promise of writing to me, which I shall be sure to retaliate with an Answer, and to send you all the news in our Village. My Son Sancho, and Sancha my Daughter, present their humble Service to your Greatness.

She that more desires your acquaintance then to write to yee,

Your Affectionate Servant Teresa Pancha,

The Governour Sancho's Wife.

This Letter was very acceptable to all that heard it: But the Dutcheffs Curiosity was not yet satisfy'd, and therefore having obtain'd *Don Quixote's* permission to open the Letter directed to *Sancho*, she could not forbear reading it as follows:

DEAR HONORABLE SANCHO, I receiv'd thy Letter, and I vow and protest to thee upon the Faith of a Catholick Christian, that I was within two Fingers breadth of running mad for joy. I was so transported, my Chuck, to hear thou wert made a Governour, that I thought I should ha' given the Crow a Pudding. For thou knowst, my dear Chuck, that sometimes sudden Joy as well as violent Sorrow kills. And as for thy Daughter Sancha, she was so ravish'd with delight, that she went Figet, Figet, about the House as if her Tail had been stung with Cowitch. I saw the Suit before my Eyes, had the Dutcheffs Necklace about my Neck, held the Letters i' my hands, and talkt with the Messenger, and yet I thought my self in a Dream. For who could ha' thought that a Goat-keeper should ever have been Governour of Barattaria? But what said thy old Grandmother, and she was a wise Woman, God rest her Soul, Little knows the Wife that sits by the Fire, how the Wind blows in Hurly Burly fwire. I speak this because I hope to see thee one day a Farmer of the Customs or the Excise; for tho they be Offices that send many to the Devil, yet they bring Grice to the Mill. My Lady Dutcheffs will tell thee, that I have a desire to go to Court; pray send me word whether thou thinkest it proper or no; for I intend to go i' my Coach, because I would not dishonour thee. The Curate, the Barber, nor the Schollar, nay the very Sexton neither will believe thou art a Governour, but say 'tis some of thy Masters Dreams or one of his Frantick Enchantments; and the Schollar threatens to come and tear the Government from thy Shoulders, and cut thy Master of the Simples. For my part I laugh at 'em, when I look upon my Necklace, and the Suit which I am about to fit for thy Daughter. I am to send my Lady Dutcheffs some Acorns, and I wish they were of Gold; do thou send me some Pearl, enow to make another Necklace, if there be any grow i' thy Island.

The news here is that Gaffer Barrueca has marry'd his Daughter to a Sign-Post-Painter, who came to our Town to paint all he met with. The Churchwardens have order'd him to paint the Kings Arms over their Pew in our Church, for which they offer'd him an Angel in yellow Gold. He was eight days about it, but could make nothing of it; since that, he has taken a Spade upon his Shoulders, and goes a digging i the Turnep Gardens. Peter Lobo the Crier of Carrots is turn'd Priest and wears a Cassock; but young Minfa the Chandlers Daughter sues him in the Arches upon a promise of Marriage; they say she is with Child by him; but she stiffly denies it. Toother day there march'd a Company of Soldiers through this Village; however they staid long enough to pick up three of our Town Girles, and carry'd 'em away along with 'em. I dare not name the Girles, because it may be, they may return when the Soldiers ha' done with 'em. We have had few Olives this Tear, neither is there any Vinegar to be got for Love or Money. Sancha makes Cabbidge-Nets, and gets her Sixpence a day, which she lays up for her Portion, only a little she spends in Apples and Ginger-bread; but now she's a Governours Daughter she intends to go to the Dancing-School. Yesterday a violent clap of Thunder broke down the Gallows, I wish it had stood a little longer for some bodies sake. I expect thy Answer about my going to Court. So God send thee a long Life and a merry; and the same I wish to my self; for I would not willingly leave thee behind me.

Thy Wife Teresa Pancha.

These Letters were a pleasant Divertisement, solemniz'd and admir'd by the Duke and all the rest of the Company. And to compleat their Mirth, at the same time the Courier enter'd, that brought *Sancho's* Letter to *Don Quixote*, which was read publickly, and indeed startl'd all the Hearers who took the Governour for a Fool. To whom we are now to return, as being the Flowre and Mirrour of all Mankind that ever govern'd Islands.

T H E

THE
FOURTH BOOK
OF the Ingenious KNIGHT
Don Quixote
DE LA
MANCHA.

PART II.

CHAP. I.

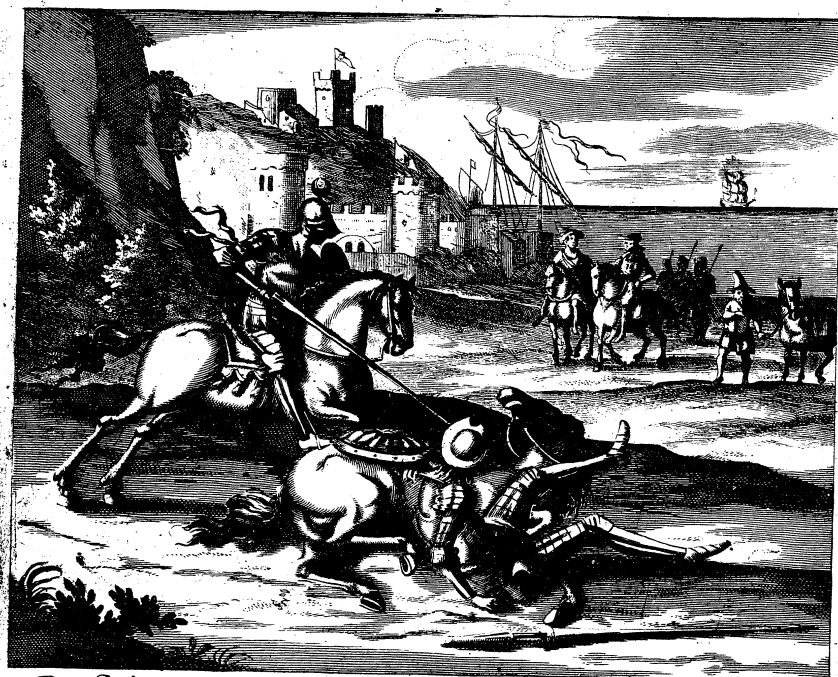
Containing the toilsome Conclusion of Sancho Pancha's Government.

There is nothing certain in this World, cry'd *Cid Hamet*, the *Mahometan* Philosopher: The Seasons devour one another; Time passes away; Day swallows Night, and Night the Day; yet all things in their order still appear agen: Only the Life of man runs headlong to its end, and labours under short Vicissitudes, not able to call any thing his own, nor Master of his present Enjoyments. But this same Moral Reflection of our Author is not here to be suppos'd as meant by him in its full and universal extent, it being plain, that he intended it only to shew the Instability of *Sancho's* Fortune, cropp'd in the Bud of his Preferment, and thrown from the Pinnacle of his Honour to the mean degree from whence he rose, ere he had time to look about him; so that his Government so happily begun, seem'd only to be a Dream; and that he wak'd out of his Sleep when he return'd to his former Condition.

For it was now but the seventh Night of his Rule, when the careful Governour had betaken himself, tho late, to his Rest, with his Belly more full of dispatch of Business than Vittles, either sumptuous or homely; and more tired with labouring the Reformation of Abuses, and studying the good of the People under his Care, then with the nocturnal Toils of drinking and gaming. And now he thought to have refresh'd his animal Spirits with Sleep, and was beginning to close his Eyes, when of a sudden he heard most dreadful Out-cries, the Bells rung backward, and the confused noises of Tumult and Up roar at once invaded his Ears, as if his Island had been sinking



The Adventure of the Enchanted Head. page 570.



Don Quixot conquer'd by the Knight of the White Moon page 581.

sinking to the bottom of the Ocean. Presently he started upon his Breech, and listen'd like a Hare in her Form, as attentive as an old Woman at a Lecture, and full of Meditation how far this Hurly Burly might concern him. But while he was thus musing, without the Gift of Divination, the Drums and Trumpets gave a fresh Alarum; and what with the Bawling and Cries of the People i' the Street, what with the hideous jangling of the Bells, there was such a Doom's day Clutter, that the Bolts of *Sancho's* back side were ready to fly open. Up he leapt out of his Bed, and opening the Chamber-door in his Shirt, he saw above twenty of his Subjects making with all speed toward him through a long Gallery, with their Flambeaus lighted in one Hand, and their Swords glittering in the other, crying out, *Arm, arm, my Lord Governour, the Enemy is already i' the Island, and we are all undone and lost for ever, unless assisted by your Valour and Prudence.* In this panick Consternation approaching the Governour, one cry'd out, *Arm, for Heavens sake, arm, Sir, or certain Bondage attends both you and all your Subjects.*

What would ye have Me arm for, quo *Sancho*, who know nothing what belongs to Arms?—If your danger be so great, fend for *Don Quixote* my Master, he'll dispatch your Enemies in the twinkling of an Eye. For as I'm a Sinner to Heaven, I understand not what belongs to these things. Oh, my Lord Governour! what a cowardly Excuse is this? Arm, Sir, for the love of Mercy; arm; will you abandon us in our necessity, we that bring you Arms offensive and defensive?—Shew your self a Governour, you that are our Captain and Governour. Why then arm me with a Vengeance, quo *Sancho*, since I must be arm'd. With that they brought him two long Bucklers as he stood in his Shirt, and ty'd the one behind upon his Back, and the other before upon his Breast, leaving out both his Arms, and fastning the Shields to his Body as hard as well they could bind 'em with tough Leather Thongs. So that the poor Governour was clos'd up like a Heater in a Smoothing-Iron, not able so much as to bend his Knees. And now having thus cas'd him, they besought him to lead 'em on, and head 'em against the Enemies, telling him withal, that they were assur'd of Victory, having him for their Commander. Well! but how d' ye think I am able to go now, thus squeez'd as I am, like a Bag of sweet Almonds in a Potecary's Press? You must 'een carry me to the Place where you would have me to stand, and I'll defend that single Spot either with my Lance, or my Iron Body—that's all I can do, that I know of. No, no,—my Lord Governour, 'tis your fear, not the weight of your Armour that stiffens your Legs—Move Sir, move, the Alarum grows hotter and hotter, the Enemy's at hand, and delay redoubles our danger. Poor *Sancho* thus taunted and upbraided, endeavour'd to put on, but the first step he took threw him to the ground at his full length, where he gave over all his Bones for Broken. Nor was it possible for him to rise again, but there he lay like a massie Tortoise, or like a great Boat overturn'd upon the Sands, with the Keel upward. Nor had those drolling *Cannibals* the Compassion of Hangmen upon him as he lay; but on the other side, they put out their Lights, and making a hideous Hurly-burly, and clattering with their Swords, as if it had been the Battel of Lepanto, they trampled to and agen upon the poor Governour's body, and by and by laying on upon his Buckler, like Farriers making Horse-shoes, they put the disconsolate and helpless Governour into such a Fright, that he lay sweating like a piece of Beef in an Oven, and praying for Deliverance from the curst Trade of governing of Islands. Some kick'd him, some tell upon him for the nonce; and one ungracious Hang-dog jump'd full up—

on him, and there stood for some time, like a General encouraging his Souldiers, and giving Orders, crying out, There Boys, there, stop that Gap, make good that Ground, down with those Scaling-Ladders, bring more melted Pitch, more Bombs, more Granado's, fly Boys, fly, and fetch more scalding Tallow. In short, he bawl'd out for all the dismal Trinkets, and killing Instruments of Murder he could think of, and pour'd out so thick, and so fast such a thundering Peal of hard Names, that *Sancho* lay in his Shell half murder'd with the found of the words; and near expiring with Fear, quo he to himself, Would to God this Island were taken once, and I either well i' my Grave, or else deliver'd from this unsufferable Torment.

At length Heaven heard his soft Ejaculations, and when he least expected it, he heard 'em cry *Victory, Victory*; courage Mr. Governour, the Enemy's put to flight: Rise, my Lord, cry'd another, rise, my Lord, and come and share with us the Fruits of our Conquest. Help me up, cry'd *Sancho* in a doleful and lamentable Tone. And when they had set him upon his Legs; The Enemy that I ha' kill'd, quo he, let him come and drive a Nail i' my Forehead; and therefore divide the Spoils among your selves, I ha' nothing to say to 'em. But if I have any one Friend here, let him give me a Gill of Brandy, for I am ready to faint; and for Heaven's sake let me have a Towel, for I am all over in a Water. Thereupon they gave him a draught of Sack, wip'd him dry, and uncas'd him; at what time finding himself at Liberty, and going to rest himself upon his Bed, what with the Fright, and what with his being violently teaz'd and harass'd, he fell into a Swoon: Inasmuch that they who had acted the Droll, began to repent that they had carry'd their Pastime so high. But that pious Qualm was soon over, when they saw him revive agen, which he did in a little time.

No sooner was he come to himself, but he ask'd what 'twas a clock? They answer'd, just break of day. Upon that, without saying a word more, he dress'd himself with all the speed imaginable; the Company admiring all the while both at his haste and his silence. But he having dress'd himself, not without some Member-twitches ye may be sure, observing his first reserv'dness, and taking no notice of any body, trudg'd toward the Stable, follow'd however by all the Company, and coming within a hairs breadth of his Grizz'e, he embrac'd the dumb Beast, kiss'd his Forehead, and with Tears in his Eyes, Come hither, my Joy, said he, the faithful Companion and Consolation of my Miseries. When thee and I liv'd together, and had a right understanding one of another, then all my Cares were only to get Virtues for thee, and look after thy Pack-saddle; happy were my Days, my Months, and Years. But when I forsook thee, and clamber'd up the Towers of Pride and Ambition, a thousand Hardships, carking Thoughts and Tribulations have harass'd my very Soul, and plung'd me over head and ears in Miserie. At the same time he saddl'd his Ass, and got upon her Back; and then addressing himself to the Steward, the Doctor, and the rest of the Company, Open the Gate, said he, and let me return to my former Liberty, suffer me good now, to seek my old Course of Life, that I may rise again from that same death that buries me here alive. I find I am not born to be a Governour, nor to defend Islands against Fools and Knaves: I better understand how to go to Plough and Cart, and fill a Dung-pot, then to make Laws, and govern Cities and Provinces. *St. Peter* lives at *Rome*, that is to say, let every Man mind the Employment he was bred to. A Spade does better in my Hand, then a Marshal's

Marshall's Truncheon: And I had rather have a Sop in a Mefs of Onion-Broth, then lie at the Mercy of a Son of a Whore Mountebanck, that would starve me to death before he can find what's proper for me to eat. I can sleep as well under an Oak i' the Summer, and i' the Winter nuzzl'd up in an *Irish* Rugg, as in the best Holland Sheets that ever were spun. Give me a good warm *Kentish* Cloth, and the Devil take your Foins and your Furs for me. Once more, Gentlemen, farewell, and tell my Lord Duke from me, that naked I came, and naked I return; I have neither won nor lost; without a Farthing I came into the Island, and without a Farthing I leave it, quite contrary, I am sure, to the Custom of other Governours. Good night and good morrow, Gentlemen, and so let me pass, and go seek out a Surgeon, for i' my Conscience all my Bones are broken; God reward my Enemies that stamp'd upon my Back like so many Fencers.

You will not be thus unkind, I hope, good my Lord Governour, reply'd the Doctor, I will give you a Balsom to drink, that shall ease all your Pains, and restore ye to your former Vigour. And then for your Diet, you shall eat what you please, and as long as you please.

'Tis too late, Mr. Doctor, reply'd *Sancho*; I thank ye for your Balsoms, but you shall as soon make me turn *Turk* as stop me. By the Lord *Harry*, if ever ye catch me panting after Governments agen, I'll give ye leave to make a Whistle o' my Tail. No, no, Mr. *Glisten-pipe*, I find you don't know the *Pancha's*; for when they say 'tis odd, it shall be odd, in spite of all the World. Go too then, let's begon, and leave behind us those Flies Wings that would ha' been wanting me up i' the Air to eat Swallows. Now fair and softly; when pinkt Cordovan Pumps fail us, good Neats-Leather will carry us through thick and thin. *Every Sheep to her Mate; and let us not be more Beasts than the Wolf that devours us.* And so let me go; 'tis late.

My Lord Governour, quo the Steward, Heaven forbid that we should stop your Lordship; yet we cannot but let you know how much it grieves us to part with such a person, whose Merit and Christian Behaviour has so highly oblig'd us. But you know that every Governour when he knows his Employment, is bound to give an Account of his Administration. Be pleas'd therefore to give an Account of yours, and we shall detain ye no longer. Nobody has power to call me to an Account, reply'd *Sancho*, unless it be the Duke himself, and to him it is that I am going; tho it may well be thought, that a Man that goes away penniless, as I do, has had no great Bargain of his Administration. Before *George*, cry'd the Doctor, the Great *Sancho* is in the Right, and therefore we ought to let him go; besides that I that the Duke has a great desire to see him. Thereupon they all agreed to let him pass, proffering withal to attend him, and furnish him with what he wanted for his Journey. *Sancho* thank'd 'em for their Civility, but told 'em that all he desir'd, was a little Barley for his As, and a piece of Bread and Cheese for himself. With that they embrac'd him, and took their leaves; and then *Sancho* gave them his Benediction, and set forward, leaving the Company in Admiration of his rational Discourses, and his sudden Resolution.

CHAP. II.

Containing several things that tend to the Illustration of this History, and no other.

THE Duke and the Dutcheß who desir'd nothing more then to divertise themselves, resolv'd that *Don Quixote's* Challenge should not sleep. And tho the Country Lad were fled into *Flanders*, for fear of being Madam *Dorothy's* Son-in-law, they made choice of a *Gascogn* Lacquey to supply his Room, whose Name was *Tosillos*; to whom they gave Instructions before hand how to play his Game. The Duke also told *Don Quixote*, that within two days his Antagonist would return, and four days after that, would meet him arm'd at all Points to maintain, that the young Damsel was a Strumpet, and ly'd, to say that he had ever promis'd her Marriage. *Don Quixote* was over joy'd at the News, as one that long'd for an opportunity to shew the Extent of his Courage, and the Strength of his Arm in such good Company; and therefore waited as impatiently for the end of these four days, as a Lover for the appointed hour of an Assignment.

Now therefore while *Don Quixote* lies idle, let us see what becomes of poor *Sancho*, who was now upon the Road, better satisfy'd to find himself upon the Back of his faithful *Grizzle*, then afflicted for the loss of his Government. Nor was he got far from his Island, or City, or Village, for we could never yet tell what it was, before he met six Pilgrims, with their Staves, of that merry sort, that beg singing, like your Sweet Singers of *Israel*. So soon as they drew near him, they divided themselves, and surrounding his As, fell a singing all together, but in such a kind of *Pedlers French*, that *Sancho* could not understand a word they said, but only the Word *Alms*; by which he conjectur'd, that 'twas Money they wanted. Thereupon, being a very charitable person, as *Cid Hamet* reports him, he pull'd out half his Bread and Cheese, and gave it 'em, making signs withal, that he had nothing else to give 'em. They gladly receiv'd his kindness, but still not so satisfy'd, they still cry'd out, *Guelte, Guelte*. Friends, quo *Sancho*, y' good faith I do not understand this *Gibberish* of yours. Thereupon one of the Gang pull'd out a Purse out of his Bosome, and shew'd it to *Sancho*, shaking it as he held it in his Hand. But he putting his Thumb to his Throat, and extending his four fingers toward his Mouth, made a sign that he had not a Farthing; and so was riding on as fast as he could: at what time one of the Pilgrims calling him to remembrance, made him stop; and clipping him about the middle, Good God! said he, Who's this? What, my old Friend *Sancho*? 'Tis he I'm sure, for I am not yet drunk. *Sancho* was strangely surpriz'd to hear himself call'd by his Name, and to see himself so lovingly hugg'd by the Pilgrim, that he fix'd his Eyes upon him for some time without speaking a word; but for all his looking and gaping, he could not, for the life of him, tell who he was. So that the Pilgrim beholding *Sancho's* Amazement, What, said he, don't you know your old Acquaintance, *Ricote the Moor*, that sold Hogs Cheeks and Chitterlings i' your Town? Then *Sancho* calling him to mind, and hugging him about the Neck, as he fate upon his As—— Who the Devil, quo he, could ever ha' known *Ricote the Moor* in this same strange Disguise? Why how durst thou return into *Spain*?— y' good faith I would not be i' thy Coat, shouldst thou be discover'd. If thou dost not betray me

me, *Sancho*, quo the *Pilgrim*, no Man living can know me i' this Habit. But let us get out of the Road, and retire to yonder Wood, where the rest of my Comrades are resolv'd to repose themselves: there thou shalt dine with us, too; for they are choice Lads, Ile assure thee, and such as will please thy Humour; and there I shall have leisure to tell thee how I have spent my time since I was forc'd to leave the Village. And so saying, he return'd to his Company; with whom after he had jabber'd a while, they went all together to the Wood, where, after they had laid by their *Pilgrims* Staves, and their Shoulder-Blankets, they were almost naked. They were a Knot of brisk young *Gusmans*, notable Tongue-Pads, lov'd ease and a merry life, but car'd not how they came by what they had. Onely *Ricot* was somewhat stricken in years, and by consequence Master of Misrule. Every one carry'd his Wallet, and that well furnish'd too. They wanted not their good Bits, nor their Shoeing-horns to draw down good Liquor, especially Bolony Sawcidges and Caveer: special Saints where the Devil wore the Cross.

Nature had furnish'd 'em with a Table-cloth, which was the green Grass; so that the Cloth being laid, every one clubbing according to what Fortune had sent him, presently there was a comfortable appearance of Bread, Salt, Knives, Nuts, halfe Cheeses; and some Bones on which there were still some good pickings left, together with several Pots of Caveer: Olives they had also good store, tho none of the moistest. But the chief Glory of the Feast, was six Bottles of Wine, every one contributing his share; and *Ricot*, who was now transform'd from a *Moor* to a *Dutchman*, pretended above all the rest, to have a choice piece of the Pipe next the Wall. To be short, to't they went tooth and nail, for they were too sharp set to make use of their Knives; and then finding drouth stealing upon 'em, all at once they lifted up their Arms, and turning the bottoms of their Bottles up i' the Air, with their Eyes devoutly fix'd upon the Skies, they suffer'd the precious Liquor to stream down their Throats, moving their heads all the while like Puppets in a Show, to signify the Raptures they were in. Nor could you say they were Jades, for they drew after the manner of Men, with Deliberation, not like Horses. *Sancho* admir'd this harmonious fashion of Drinking; and to shew he was able to bear his part in such a Comfort, and that when he was at *Rome*, he could do as they did at *Rome*, he desir'd *Ricot* to lend him his Bottle; and when he had it at his Mouth, he gave 'em to understand, that he wanted neither Method nor Breath. At what time one of the *Pilgrims* giving *Sancho* his right hand, God-a-mercy *Spaniard*, well done *Dutchman*, quo he, the Bottle makes good Companions I see—As good as ever wet Whistle, quo *Sancho*, Ho—ho—ho—and then holding his fat Sides, he fell a shewing his two rows of broad Teeth for half an hour together, no more concern'd for the loss of his Government, then for the loss of a Scape, that will away. Four times they rang the same Peal, but 'twas impossible to ring the fifth; for by that time they had not left a *Supernaculum* drop to drown a Nit, which turn'd their Mirth into Sorrow. However, as their Bellies were full, their Bones desir'd to be at rest; and so five of the seven fell fast asleep. Only *Sancho* and *Ricot* having weighty Concerns to discourse of, betook themselves under the covert of a Hedge, where *Ricot* having chang'd his Language, thus began:

Sancho, said *Ricot*, thou well knowst how I was compell'd to fly the Kingdom upon the King's severe Proclamation. I do confess, I cannot blame His Majesty; for to my Knowledge my Countrymen had very dangerous Designs against him; and therefore I think he was inspir'd by Heaven to expel

expel those Snakes out of the Bosom of his Kingdom. For my part I was in nothing their Confederate; as being a good Christian and no *Moor*. But finding my self wrapt up in the same danger with the rest of my Countrymen, I thought it not safe to abide where there was no security for me. For that reason it was, as thou knowst, that I left our Town, and went into *France*, with some other of my acquaintance, where after I had staid awhile, having a running Pate of my own, I travel'd into *Italy*, and from thence into *Germany*; where me-thought I lik'd the humour of the People, as not being so inquisitive and prying into their Neighbours affairs, and living with more freedom, and more sociably one with another; besides, that every one enjoys the Liberty of his own Conscience. This made me make sure of a Dwelling in a Village near *Ausburgh*, where I met with these *Pilgrims*, who make it their Business frequently to visit the Shrines of the *Spanish* Saints, which they look upon as their Mines of *Peru*, as being certain to be no losers by their Journey. For which purpose they ramble all the Kingdom over, not missing a Village, where they are sure to meet with some good Prog or other, and many times ready Silver with the Kings Picture fairly engraven. And they husband their business so well, that at the end of their Travels they are able to muster up a hunder'd Crowns in a bright heap, which they change into Gold and croud into the hollow of their Staves, or quilt into their Mantles; and are so industrious as to scape all searches at their going out of the Kingdom.

Now my design in returning hither is to fetch a certain parcel of Money that I buried upon my departure out of the Realm; which I may the better do, in regard it is in a place quite out of the Town. And having done that, I intend to go and fetch my Wife and my Daughter out of *Barbary*, and return into *Germany* agen. For I am sure my Wife and my Daughter are as good Catholics and as true Christians as my self. Only I wonder, *Sancho*, that my Wife should rather choose to go for *Barbary* then into *France*, where she knew she might live like a Christian.

That was none of thy Wives fault, quo *Sancho*, for her Brother-in-Law to my knowledg took her along with him, and she made him her Companion the rather, believing he could best provide for her, as being a rank *Moor*. But Neighbour, my fears are that thou go'st in vain to look after thy hidden Treasure: Alas—alas—the Bird's flown. For the report was hot among us, that they had seiz'd a great Quantity of Pearls and Gold which thy Wife and thy Brother-in-Law were privately conveying away. That may be *Sancho*, reply'd *Ricot*, but I am sure they have not met with my Hoord, for I never told so much as my Wife where I had hid my concerns for fear of the worst. And therefore if thou wilt go along with me and help me to carry off this Money, I will give thee two hunder'd Crowns, and that will be better to Thee, then a flap with a Fox Tail.

I would do it withal my Heart, reply'd *Sancho*, but I am not covetous; for if I had lov'd Money, I would nere ha' quitted an Employment, as I did this Morning, wherein I might ha' got enough to ha' til'd my House with Gold if I would ha' staid, and before six Months had been at an end, might ha' fed my Horses in Silver Mangers. And therefore because I believe it would be a piece of Treason to the King, to serve his Enemies, I would not go with thee, tho thou wouldst double the Sum, and pay it me down in ready Cash. What Employment priethee *Sancho*, is this which thou hast so Self-denyingly left? quo *Ricot*.

Why, I have left the Government of an Island; and such an Island that there is not the like of it again i' the World; 'tis above a quarter of a

League in Compass. Where does this Island lye? quo *Ricot*. Where does it lye? quo *Sancho*, about two Leagues off, and it is call'd the Island of *Cheap-side*. What dost mean, *Sancho*? reply'd *Ricot*; be there any Islands upon the main Land? Why not? quo *Sancho*—I tell thee, I parted from thence this Morning; and last night I commanded it like an Emperor; yet I left it, because 'tis my Judgment, that the Office of a Governour is not only troublesome, but very dangerous. And what didst get during thy Government? quo *Ricot*. What the Cart left i' the Malt, quo *Sancho*—only I learnt that I was not born to be a Governour, unless it were over a Flock of Sheep; and then agen, I learnt that Governours get their Wealth by watching and toying, and hunger and droughth. For in Islands Governours never eat, especially if they have Physicians to take care of their Health.

Who the Devil should this be, quo *Ricot*, that was such a Fool to give thee an Island to Govern? could he find out no body to Govern his Island but such a *Gee-bo-man* as thou? Certainly *Sancho*, thou dreamst and tak'st fool's Paradise for an Island—Come—come—come along with me and help me away with my Money—there will be the Bird i' thy hand. I ha' told thee my Resolution already—let it suffice that I make no discoveries, and so adieu—*He that will dye well must live well—and he gains enough that escapes an ill offer—and Goods ill got seldom prosper.* Well—*Sancho*, quo *Ricot*, I'll press thee no farther—but little dost thou know what a Shoe thy Horse has lost—And now prithee tell me—wer'thou i' the Town when my Brother carry'd away my Wife and my Daughter? Yes I was, by the same token there was such crowding to see thy Daughter, as if it had been at a Show, and every body cry'd, there goes the Primrose of *Spain*. 'Tis thought there were young Men enow that would ha' lockt her up i' their Cabinets, she was such a Jewel. Among the rest, they say the young Rich Batchelour *Peter Gregory* was mad for her—The truth is, he hath never been seen i' the Town since he went—which makes some think, that he is run a Wild-Goose chase after her. Death o' the Devil, quo *Ricot*, I always thought that young Whipster had a Plot upon my Daughter—but I hope the Girl's honest, or at least that she knows how to play her Game wisely—For I must tell yee, your inamour'd Christians will many times play a young Virgin a Heathenish Trick, if she does not look well to her self—And so farewell honest Neighbour—Farewel, quo *Sancho*, and good Fortune attend thee. With that *Ricot* return'd to his Fellow Pilgrims, who by this time had fetch'd out their Naps, and *Sancho* continu'd his Journey.

CHAP. III.

What befel Sancho upon the Road, which is all Truth.

BUT this same Story of Father *Ricot* had kept *Sancho* so long, that before he could reach within a League of the Castle it grew dark, so that *Sancho* was forc'd to seek out for the next Summer Lodging he could find. But his unfortunate Hour being come, so it happen'd, that poor *Grizzle*, not seeing her way, tumbld of a sudden into a deep Cellar, which belong'd to the Ruins of an old House that had formerly stood in that Place. *Sancho* perceiving himself a going, as he thought to the Center of

of the Earth, had all his Prayers at his Fingers end. But there was no need of so much Devotion; for by that time he had descended the depth of two Stories, dismay'd *Grizzle* lighted upon her Feet like a Cat, and made a full stop. Presently *Sancho* began to consider the Condition of his Bones, held his Breath, and felt upon his Nose to try whether any Blood came, and finding himself found in all his Members, gave thanks to Heaven in the first place for his deliverance from the Abyss. Then lighting from his Ass, he felt about to examin whether there might be any passage; but none could be found. The Walls were so steep and high, that there was no footing for a Mouse. On the other side poor *Grizzle's* Lamentations peirc'd his Ears; and not without Reason, whilst her Crickling Hams were hardly able to support the weight of her Body. *Sancho* therefore to comfort her in her misery, Ah, poor Soul, cry'd he, how many are the unfortunate and unexpected Calamities that beset us Mortals in this Vale of sorrow, call'd the World! Who would have thought that he who but yesterday sat in the Throne of an Island Governour, should now be found buried in a bottomless Pit without Slaves or Servants to assist him! All our Comfort is in speedy Death, thou dying of thy Hurts, and I of Mortal Hunger, or grief to see thee go before me. There is nothing but good and bad Luck i' this World—We are fall'n below the hopes of success, when *Don Quixote* could find a Table ready spread at the bottom of *Montesinos's* Dungeon. His Bed was made in a second Hell against his coming, and pleasant Visions attended him; while we are like to be Companions for none but Toads and Serpents. Unfortunate, whether will my Folly and my fond Imaginations hurry me! Had we dy'd at home and among our Friends, we should ha' found those that would ha' clos'd our Eyes at the point of Death, and seen us layd in our Graves.

Oh! my Dear Companion and Friend, how ill do I reward thee for all thy Faithful Services! But pardon me, for 'tis none of my fault—and therefore implore of Fortune the best thou canst, to deliver us out of this Plunge, and thou shalt see I will not prove Ingrateful. Thus *Sancho* complain'd, but whatsoe're she thought, the afflicted *Grizzle* answer'd not a word. Her pains were so great, that she could not study Complements in return of her Masters Kindness.

At length the Sun appear'd once more, and *Sancho* finding then the Impossibility of getting forth without help, he set up his Throat like a Cryer of Flounders; but he was far from Neighbours. So that now altogether helpless and despairing, he cast his Eyes upon *Grizzle*, and seeing her stretcht forth upon the Ground, as he thought with Tears in her Eyes, he went to her and perswaded her to rise; which with much ado, by means of his assistance, at last she did; and then, as tender of her as of his old Bedrid Mother, he gave her for a Cordial all the Bread he had in his Waller; telling her withal, that Vittles did well in Affliction. In the highth of this Disconsolation, at length he perceiv'd a hole in the Wall of the Cellar, wide enough for a Man to pass thorough, which led into a Vault, that seem'd to enlarge it self the farther it extended.

Thereupon *Sancho* fell to work, and being a Man of Labour, and one that knew what belong'd to digging, he so well bestir'd his hands and his Nails, that in a short time he had open'd a passage for his Ass. Then taking her by the Halter, he led her along fair and softly through the Vault, sometimes in the light, sometimes i' the dark; but still perplex'd with a thousand fears and frightful Imaginations. Heavens defend me, said he, what a Heart of a Gudgeon have I! This were now a fit Adventure for my Master—

Master—He would fancy these Profundities and Ruins for lovely Gardens and magnificent Palaces, and expect to be led out of these Obscurities into some Celestial Paradise. While luckless I, depriv'd of all my Sences, and fainting every step I take, am still afraid of every Chink I see, lest it should be some cunning Trap-door of Satan's to send me Post to his Infernal Mansions.

With these doleful Lamentations, and despairing Thoughts, *Sancho* crept on slowly about half a League; but then the Day began to come in so bright and comfortable, that he began to be somewhat refresh'd, in hopes his deliverance was at hand. But here *Benengeli* leaves him awhile to return to *Don Quixote*, who impatiently expected the Day appointed for the Combat between him and the Dishonourer of Madam *Doroties* Daughter.

In the Interim, it was his constant Course to ride out *Rosinante* every Morning to air and keep him in breath, that he might not fail him in his Necessity. Now to see how strangely Fortune will bring her conceits about; for it so fell out, that the same Morning that *Sancho* was in *Lob's Pound*, *Rosinante* being upon the Gallop, pitch'd both his Fore Legs upon a yielding piece of Ground, that discover'd a villanous Hole by the fall of the Earth; and into which both Horse and Champion had tumbld without redemption, had not *Don Quixote* by his Skill and Dexterity forc'd *Rosinante*, contrary to his considerate Humour, to take a saving leap. And now *Don Quixote*, being out of danger, would needs satisfy his Curiosity; to which purpose, wheeling about, he rode up to the Hole, which he found to be wide and large, as if it had been the Mouth of another *Montesinos's* Cave. But this was not all; for while he was attentively musing, and making way for a thousand Crotchets that were crowding into his Noddle, he thought he heard a Voice that utter'd these words in a Mournful tone. Ah, woe is me, is there no good Christian that hears me, no Charitable Knight to take compassion of a Sinner, and Succour a distressed Governour, that knew not how to Govern the Reins of his own Beast?

Presently *Don Quixote* fancy'd that this must be *Sancho's* Voice; and for his better satisfaction, with a roaring Sound, Who's that below, quo he, that makes those doleful Complaints? Who should it be, to his sorrow cry'd *Sancho*, but the most wretched of Men, *Sancho Pancho*, for his Sins, and the punishment of his Transgressions, made Governour of the Island of *Barattaria*, formerly Squire to the most Famous *Don Quixote de la Mancha*.

These words redoubl'd *Don Quixote's* Amazement; for immediately it came into his Pate that *Sancho* was dead, and that his Soul was in Purgatory. Full of those Imaginations, I conjure thee, cry'd he, by all that can conjure thee, to tell me who thou art; and if thou art a Soul in Purgatory, let me know what 'tis thoud'st have me do to give thee ease. For as my Profession obliges me to succour all that are afflicted in this World, so am I bound to relieve the distresses of those that are helpless in the other World. Surely, Sir, 'twas answer'd from below, by the Tone of your Voice, you should be the Valiant Knight *Don Quixote de la Mancha*. My name is *Don Quixote*, reply'd the Knight, and my Profession it is to assist and comfort the Dead as well as the Living. Tell me then who thou art thyself? for if thou be'st *Sancho*, and dead, provided thou art not already in the Devils Clutches, but only detain'd in Purgatory, there is that Mercy still on Earth that can redeem thee from those Pains, and for my part I shall do whatever lyes in my power. But tell me then sincerely and quickly, who thou art?

Why

Why then, reply'd the Voice, As one Christian may believe another, I do swear and make oath, that I am *Sancho Pancho* your Squire, and that I never was dead yet in my Life. Only since I quitted my Government, for reasons now too long to tell yee, last night I fell into this Cave, where I am still because I know not how to get out, and *Grizzle* with me, that will not suffer me to Lye; and immediately as if the As's had understood what her Master said, she fell a *Roaring* so strenuously in confirmation of her Masters *Affidavit*, that you would ha' sworn there had been a thousand As's braying together in the Cavern. I need no other Testimony, reply'd *Don Quixote*, I see thou art my real Squire, *Sancho*—stay therefore till I gallop to the Castle and fetch more Company to help thee out. Make haste I beseech yee, Sir, quo *Sancho*, and come quickly agen, for my Imprisonment here is very tedious, and my Guts ready to go together by the ears with my Stomach.

Away *Don Quixote* posted to give the Duke and Dutche's an account of the Disaster that had befall'n *Sancho*; but they were strangely surpriz'd to hear that *Sancho* had deserted his Government, before they had Information of it. However they sent their Servants with Ropes and Ladders, who with much Labour and Industry, at length recover'd *Sancho* and his *Grizzle* from uncomfortable Darkness to behold once more the light of the Sun.

At what time a certain Schollar standing by, that had never seen *Sancho* before, 'Twere well, said he, that all such Governours might leave their Governments as this *Shack-rag* of a Governour has done, half starv'd to death, and as I believe without a Cross in his Pocket. What's that you say, Mr. Coffee-board-Censurer? quo *Sancho*; 'Tis now eight days since I enter'd upon this Government which they gave me, and in all that time I have nere had my Belly full but once. I have been persecuted by a Physician; my Enemies have trampld me under their Feet; so that I had not time to rob or pillage. Which being so, I think I deserv'd a better passage out, then through the Gates of Hell. But Man proposes, and God disposes: He knows what best suits with every Mans Condition—We must take our lot as it falls—There's no Man can say I will not drink of this Water—We count our Chickens before they be hatch'd—But I say no more, whatever I think—

Nere trouble thy self, friend *Sancho*, quo *Don Quixote*, so thy Conscience be free, let the World talk at random, as it uses to do, 'tis not a Pin matter what the best of 'em prate over their Parch'd-Bean-Porridge. They that go about to tie Fooles Tongues, may as soon carry the City Gates to *Highgate*. If a Governour returns Rich from his Government, then they say he has been an Oppressour; if Poor, then they call him *Simpleton* and *Ill-Husband*. Truly, quo *Sancho*, they that call me *Simpleton*, I think are not much out of the way; but for a *Fleecer* or an *Oppressour*, I defie all the World.

In the midst of these and such like Discourses, with a great number of Boys and such sort of Rabble at their Heels, they at length arriv'd at the Castle, where the Duke and the Dutche's waited for their coming in one of the Galleries; but *Sancho* was resolv'd to dispence with all Ceremonies and Complements, till he had seen his *Grizzle* well litter'd and meated. Which done, away he went to attend their Excellencies; at what time throwing himself upon his Knees, My Lord, said he, I have been to govern your Island of *Barattaria*, whether your Excellencies sent me, and which was more your kindness then my desert. Naked I enter'd, and naked I return. Whether I govern'd well or ill, there are some in this Room that can tell; and

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let them tell, if they please, that can tell better than I can. I unriddl'd hard Questions, I determin'd Differences, and all the while ready to eat my Fingers ends for hunger, thanks to Dr. Pedro Puncinello of Ditto in Pomerania, Executioner in Ordinary to the Devil. At night the Enemy fell upon me, and after they had almost traml'd me to Death, the Islanders cry'd out, that the strength of my Arm had got 'em the Victory; and if 'twere so, *Mitch que ditch* 'em with their Victory; but I desire 'em to get some body else to conquer for 'em next time. However it were, I did my utmost to performe all the Duties of a Governour, but I found that my Shoulders were not strong enough to bear the burthen, and that I was not cut out for a Ruler. So that I was resolv'd, before the Government left me, to leave the Government. And so yesterday Morning I quitted the Island as I found it, with the same Streets and the same Houses, just cover'd as they were when I first enter'd. I borrow'd of no body, nor made any Provision for rainy days—'Tis true indeed I intended to have made some wholesome Laws, but I made none, because I did not find the People dispos'd to keep 'em. Thus as I said before, I quitted the Island without any other Company, but only poor *Grizzle* and my self. At night we fell both into a Hole, where we staid all night, and might ha' staid till Doomsday, had not Heaven sent my Lord *Don Quixote* to relieve us. And now my Lord Duke and Madam Dutcheß, here's your Governour *Sancho Pancha* agen, who by a Government of ten days has learnt to know so much of Government, that he would not give a straw for all the Governments i' the World. And so I humbly kiss your Excellencies Feet, and with your permission Lift my self again in the Service of my old Master, with whom I have my Belly full, tho many times I take pains for't; yet still I eat; and for my part, provided my Belly be but full, 'tis all one to me whether of Hasty Pudding or Turky-Powts.

Thus *Sancho* concluded his Speech, to the great satisfaction of *Don Quixote*, who was afraid he would not have so well contain'd himself. The Duke embrac'd him, and told him withal, that he was very sorry he had quitted his Government so soon, but that he would take care to find him out some other Employment that should be more beneficial and less troublesome. The Dutcheß also was no less kind, giving order that he should want for nothing that her House would afford; which last command so comforted the Cockles of *Sancho's* Heart, that seiz'd with a Courtier-like rapture, he profess'd their Excellencies Favours were to him more acceptable than all the Governments under the Sun.

CHAP. IV.

Of the strange Combat between Don Quixote and the Lacquey Tosilos, in vindication of Madam Doroties Daughter.

AND now the Story says, the day was come appointed for the long expected Combat; nor had the Duke been wanting to give *Tosilos* all requisite Instructions how to vanquish his Enemy, and yet neither kill nor hurt him. To which purpose he order'd that the Lances should be disarm'd of their Steel Heads. And to pacifie *Don Quixote* he made him sensible, that Religion, for which he had so great a Veneration, forbad propense Malice in such Combats as those; and that it was sufficient he had fair

Play

play and a clear Stage, where the Conquest would be as honourable tho won by drye Blows only, as by Murder. To which *Don Quixote* reply'd, that his Excellency had the sole disposal of all things within his own Dominions, and that it was only his duty to obey his Graces Orders.

And now the day for wonders being come, the Duke caus'd a Scaffold to be erected for the Judges of the Combat, and for the Injur'd Ladies that made the Complaint. Nor can you imagin what a noise this Combat had made all over the Country, so that the People flock'd from all parrs far and near to behold this terrible Conflict, the like to which had nere been heard of since the days of *Amadis de Gaul*. Costermongers with their Apples, Ginger-bread Women and Brandy Booths cover'd all the neighbouring Fields. All the *Cuckolds-point* and *Triple-tree Heath* Fairs were nothing to this Inundation of Butchers, Weavers, Dyers, &c. and the shoals of Women and Children that crowded to behold this dreadful Encounter.

The first that appear'd within the Barriers was the Marshal of the Field, who came to survey the Ground, and see there were no Pitfalls, nor Plots upon *Rosinante*. After that enter'd the Complaining Ladies, who seated themselves in their Places, all in close Mourning, that shew'd their Grievance was not small, and that they were not so sad for nothing. By and by, at one end, enter'd the Formidable Skipkennel *Tosilos*, preceded by a great number of Trumpeters, *Tantantaring* before him, all enclos'd in Bright shining Iron, as if he had been under the Bone-setters Cure for crooked Legs and a hunch Back, mounted on a Steed as big as a Draymans Horse, but somewhat more fiery; and setting so hard, that he shook the very Earth. Afterwards appear'd the Peerless Champion *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, whom the Duke had besought to spare his Adversaries Life, and to that purpose to be merciful in his first Career. *Tosilos* fetch'd a Compass about the Barriers, and at length making a stop right against the two Ladies, cast a leering Eye upon the young Damsel that demanded him in Marriage. On the other side the Judges of the Field call'd to *Don Quixote*, and in *Tosilos's* presence, ask'd the Ladies whether they consented that *Don Quixote de la Mancha* should defend the Justice of their Quarrel? and whether they would stand or fall by the Fortune of their Champion? All this the Duke and Dutcheß, to their great content beheld from a Gallery that was over the Barriers, where the number of Spectators was such, that they were almost stiff'd to death.

The Conditions to which the Combatants were oblig'd, were these, That if *Don Quixote* were the Victor, his Adversary should marry Madam *Doroties* Daughter; and if he were overcome, then that the Conquerour should be quit of his Promise; and that he should not be bound to make her any satisfaction for the kindness he had receiv'd. Then the Marshal of the Field divided equally between 'em the Advantage of the Sun; and assign'd to each his place where they should start. And now both Champions seeming to be ready, the Drums rattl'd, and the Trumpets fill'd the Air with their Martial sounds, that echo'd back the loud Signals of Battel. At what time the Spectators trembl'd, *Don Quixote* in pithie Ejaculations bequeath'd his Soul to Heaven and his Body to the fair *Dulcinea*, and all was silent of a sudden, in expectation of the issue of the Fatal event of the first Assault.

But *Tosilos* had other thoughts in his Pate. For the cunning Varlet, as I said before, having beheld the amiable Countenance of his lovely Enemy, immediately happend to be ravish'd with her Beauty; which that little blind Elf yee call Love no sooner perceiv'd, but as he is one that makes it

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his business to improve his Triumphs over poor Mortals, he took his Advantage and shot the poor Skipkennel so smartly 'i the Ball of his Eye, that he was wounded to the Heart before his Antagonist had touch'd him; so that now no less the slave of Beauty, then he was before his Masters Footman, he forgot what he was to do.

On the other side, *Don Quixote* had no sooner heard the signal given, but clapping Spur to *Rosinante*, he began to thunder upon his Enemy with the swiftness of a Bomb out of a Morter Piece. At what time *Sancho* seeing him start, Heavens preserve, cry'd he, the Flowre and Cream of Chivalry-Errant, and grant thee Victory and Conquest according to thy inestimable Merits.

Tosilos saw *Don Quixote* coming on with a Vengeance; but Love having strang'd all his Malice, so far was he from making either defence or offence, or any Fence 'i the World, that he call'd out three times as loud as he could to the Marshal of the Field, who riding up to him; Sir, said he, is it not the design of this Combat to constrain me to Marry yonder Lady? Yes, reply'd the Marshal—Why then, quo *Tosilos*, there need no Bloodshed for the Matter—my Conscience is awake—I yield my self vanquish'd; for my Conscience tells me I must marry her; and I am ready to do it before all these Witnesses—This submission of *Tosilos* put the Marshal of the Field to such a Nonplus, that he knew not what to answer. On the other side *Don Quixote* stop'd in the middle of his Careere, seeing his Opponent made no resistance. The Duke was amaz'd; nor could he imagin what the matter should be, till being inform'd by the Marshal, he bit his Lips, and call'd his Footman Ten thousand Sons of Whores and Cowardly Dogs, but did not think it a time convenient then to display his Indignation.

In the mean time, *Tosilos* advancing where the Ladies sat, after a Reverend Obeysance to the Scaffold; Madam, cry'd he, my Heart relents—I am ready to marry your Daughter without the trouble of Law Suits and Combats, which I dare not undertake without the hazard of my Soul. Which words *Don Quixote* heard, and presently riding up to the Judges; then, quo he, I am discharg'd of my Promise. The Knight y' good faith, has taken the safest Course; let him een marry the Lady and enjoy the Fruits of his Repentance.

At the same time the Duke coming down, and applying himself to *Tosilos*; Is it true, Sir Knight, that you yield your Enemy the Conquest, and through remorse of Conscience are resolv'd to marry the Damsel? 'Tis right what your Lordship says, reply'd the Lacquey. Marry and I think 'tis very well done, quo *Sancho*—For what says the Proverb, Give the Cat willingly what thou hast to give her and keep thy self out of trouble.

In the mean time *Tosilos* made haste to unlace his Helmet, and in the Tone of a Penitent call'd out for Assistance to help him off with it, as being so choakt up with his Armour, that he could hardly breath. But then Mrs. *Doroty* and her Daughter knowing who he was; a Cheat, a Cheat, they cry'd, This is *Tosilos*, the Dukes Footman, suborn'd to counterfeit my Daughters Husband—Justice of Heaven and the King—This is a piece of Treachery not to be endur'd.

Ladies, quo *Don Quixote*, never afflict your selves; 'tis neither Cheat nor Treachery—or if there be, I'm sure the Duke is in no fault—But those perpetual Plagues of mine the *Necromancers*, they are the Traytors that have put this trick upon us, who envying the Honour I should have won by this Combat, have transform'd my Antagonist into the shape of a Footman. And therefore Madam, speaking to the young Damsel, take my Advice

Advice and marry the Knight; for I dare undertake 'tis the same Person you Challenge, or else I'll be bound to marry my Horse. The Duke heard all this, and tho he were so mad with his Footman, that he could ha' kickt him to the Devil, yet he could not choose but laugh, to hear how neatly *Don Quixote* had excus'd him. In truth, said he, those Accidents that every day befall the Champion of *Mancha* are every one so extraordinary, that I am easily induc'd to believe this Knight could be none of my Footman. But for our better satisfaction let us defer the Marriage for fifteen days, and in the mean while secure this Person that has put us into this Confusion; it may be by that time he may resume his former shape. For surely this inveterate Animosity of these *Necromancers* against my Lord *Don Quixote* cannot always last, especially, when they shall find that all their tricks and contrivances so little avail. Oh, Sir, quo *Sancho*, these Devils of *Necromancers* are not so soon tir'd, as you think for; they'll not leave my Master so easily, my Life for yours. Where my Master is concern'd, they form and deform, and turn this into that, and that into 't'other. By the Holy Shrove-Tuesday, 'tis not long ago that they transform'd the Knight of the Looking-Glasses, whom my Master had vanquish'd in open Field, into the Schollar *Carrasco*, the Schoolmaster of our Village, and our familiar Acquaintance. But for the Lady *Dulcinea*, our Mistress, what d'ye think they ha' done with her? They ha' chang'd her and chopt her, and chopt her and chang'd her from the fairest Princess alive, into the most deformed Trugmullion that ever was born in *Kent-street*; and i' good faith, either I am mistaken, or this Footman will be a Footman as long as he lives.

Let him be what he will, reply'd Mrs. *Doroties* Daughter, if he'll have me, I'll have him; for I had rather be a Lacqueys Wife, then Mistress to a Knight that makes no more Conscience of cheating those he pretends to relieve.

But at last the Conclusion of all was, that *Tosilos* was secur'd between two Walls, to see whether he would recover his former shape or no. *Don Quixote* was proclaim'd Victor by general Consent; and the Rabble dispers'd, very much dejected because the Combatants had not cut one another to pieces to make them sport; according to their wonted Custom, to be sorry when there is but one Man to be hang'd, and there comes a Reprieve for him too. As for Mrs. *Doroty* and her Daughter, they took their disappointment a little heinously; however they were in hopes the Skie would one day fall, and then they should catch Larks. Which was all the present Consolation they had.

CHAP. V.

How *Don Quixote* took his leave of the Duke, and what pass'd between him and the Discreet but Impudent Hoyden Madam Tomboy.

AT length *Don Quixote*, quite tir'd out with the lazie Life which he led in the Castle, so averse to his Nature, and so opposite to his Profession, he resolv'd to take his leave of the Duke and be gone. The Duke seem'd very unwilling to part with him; but the Champions reasons were so convincing, that his Grace was forc'd at last to submit to him that conquer'd as well with his Tongue as with his Arm.

At the same time the Dutchess also gave *Sancho* his Wives Letter, which he had no sooner heard read, but with Tears in his Eyes, Who would have imagin'd, said he, that the hopes which my Wife conceiv'd at the news of my Advancement, so soon should vanish into Smoak, and that I should be reduc'd again to trot after my Unfortunate Master in search of hunger and broken Bones. However I am glad *Teresa* was so mindful of her duty as to send your Ladyship the Acorns; which if she had not done, I should ha' lookt aquint upon her as long as she had liv'd. And I am glad that no Man can say the Present was any Bribe that ever I receiv'd in the Island, since it came to your Ladyships hands without my knowledge: And tho it be but small, yet it shews we are not come of an Ingrateful Generation. In short, naked I went into the Island, and naked I return'd; and unless it be for my Teeth and my Beard, here I am, just as my Mother brought me into the World. These were *Sancho's* Sentences at his Departure, which I repeat for the Ponderosity of the words, which it behoves not a true Historian to omit.

Don Quixote had taken his solemn leave of the Duke and Dutchess over night, and therefore he was up before the Sun the next Morning, and in a short time appear'd all in Armour mounted upon sober *Rosinante* ready to be gone, all the Galleries round the Court-yard being fill'd at the same time with Spectators, curious to behold the Formalities of his departure. *Sancho* was also got upon his Patient Grizzle with his Cloak-bag and his Waller, much better furnish'd then he thought he had been, for the Steward by the Dukes order had lin'd it with two hunder'd Crowns in Gold, to defray Expences, which was more then *Don Quixote* knew. And now being ready to set forward in the midst of the crowd, the Brazen-fac'd Gipsie *Madam Tomboy*, casting a Sheeps Eye after him, with a loud, and Amorously melting Voice, breath'd forth the following Madrigale.

Stay, stay, oh stay, remorseless Knight,
And yet my only Hearts delight?
What Nettle stings in thee Britch?
Whither, ah, whether dost thou Spur
That brok'n winded Hackney, which
No Man would give Five Shillings for.
Thou Fly'st not, Orphans brave defender,
From an enraged Vipers sting,
But from a Lamb more soft and tender
Then either Swans or Thistle Down,
A Bedfellow for any King,
Sound Wind and Limb, and Woman grown.
Ill luck attend a Hangman so uncivil,
And Barabbas conduct thee to the Devil.

Monster of Men, thou'ast disappointed
The fairest Nymph, altho I say't,
That ever with Diana hunted,
Or ever did on Venus wait;
Eneas thus forsook with scorn
The vainly Fond Phœnician Queen,
That quench'd his Heat, her self to burn;
But thou art still more false then he,
For I alas, made sure of thee.

Ill luck attend a Hangman so uncivil,
And Barabbas conduct thee to the Devil.

My Heart the Thief has stol'n too,
Prophanely ravi'sh'd from my Breast;
A heart too precious for a Jew,
Tho I did love him, I protest.
Nor did the Russian stick to pull
My Garters from my Legs, and tear
Two rich lac'd Night Coifes from my Hair,
While I am robb'd to please his Trull.
A thousand Sighs too he has got,
No cooling Blasts, but Furnace hot;
Enough a thousand Troys to fire,
So fiery hot was my Desire.

Ill luck attend a Hangman so uncivil,
And Barabbas conduct thee to Devil.

May that same Splay-foot Squire of thine
Forget his Vows and spare his Hide;
And curst Enchantment still confine
Thy Tatter'd Harlot of a Bride.
In Bridewell every Friday whipt,
And to her Task severely kept;
May she the due Chastisements feel
To thy Obdurate Heart of Steel:
In thy Adventures wretched prove;
To every Tapster forc'd to yield;
And may I live to see fulfill'd
The wishes of my scorn'd Love.

Ill luck attend a Hangman so uncivil,
And Barabbas conduct thee to the Devil.

After Mrs. *Tomboy* had thus concluded her Poetical complaint, *Don Quixote*, who had fix'd a serious look upon her all the while, return'd her not a word of Answer good or bad, but presently turning about to *Sancho*, hast thou any Heart or Night-coifs, or Garters, said he, that belong to this Damsel i' thy Cloak-bag? As for any Hearts or Night-Coifes, quo *Sancho*, no more then upon the back of my Hand—As for the Garters, I wont be so confident. The Dutchess altogether a stranger to this last part of the Game, could not tell what to think of it; for tho she knew Mrs. *Tomboy* to be Hoyden and Ramp enough, yet she did not believe her Waiting Gentlewoman would be so familiar with the Knight, as to give him those wanton Opportunities. But the Duke being pleas'd with the Humour, and resolv'd to put it forward; In truth Sir Knight, said he, this was not done like a Gentleman and a Person of Honour, as I took you to be, especially after such a civil Entertainment as you have had here i' my Castle—Therefore restore the Lady her Garters agen, or else upon my word you and I must have a Career for't. To which purpose I fling yee my Glove, and let the Enchanters do their worst with their Transformations. God forbid, quo *Don Quixote*, that I should draw my Sword against a Person so Illustrious as you are, at whose hands I have receiv'd so many Favours and Kindnesses. As for the Garters I will cause 'em to be restor'd, if they

they are to be found; for I ever took *Sancho* to be honest; but for the Coifs let the Damsel go look for 'em in her Night-bag, for I never saw nor heard of any such Female Toys of hers i' my Life. I am no Pilferer, my Lord, nor ever was born with that mean and narrow Soul; but this Lady you see talks like one that is in Love, and seeks her revenge because she finds me engag'd to another. So that having no occasion to beg pardon either of her or your Excellency, I only beseech your Excellency to have a better Opinion of me, and to permit me to continue my Journey. Farewel my Lord *Don Quixote*, reply'd the Duke, and may your good Fortune be such, that we may always be blest with the joyful Tidings of your great Achievements. Go in Peace, since your Presence does but add fresh Fuel to the Flames which you have kindl'd in these Ladies Breasts, and which your Absence only can cure.

One word more I beseech yee most Valiant Champion, then cry'd Madam *Tomboy*, I beg your Pardon for laying the Felony of my Garters to your Charge, for i' my Conscience I have 'em on; but the Raptures of my Love were such, that I was like the Butcher, who lookt for his Knife when he had it in his Mouth. And I hope you are so much a Gentleman as to take this acknowledgment before all this Company for full satisfaction. Marry gap, quo *Sancho*, my Master had had a great Prize indeed of this Ladys old Garters, as if he had not Money in his Pocket to buy other *Princum Prancums*, were it the Fashion for Horses to wear Forehead-Knots. Thus *Sancho* having had the last word, as was his due, *Don Quixote* bow'd to the Pommel of his Saddle, and after he had made his Obedience to the Duke and all the Company, he turn'd about and took the Road for *Saragosa*.

CHAP. VI.

How Don Quixote met with Adventures upon Adventures, so thick that he knew not which way to turn himself.

DON *Quixote* once again perceiving himself in the open Field, and free from Mrs. *Tomboys* Importunities, began to be now more Zealous than ever in the chace of Adventures and discharge of the Duty of his Profession. Liberty, said he to *Sancho*, is the greatest blessing that Heaven can bestow upon Mankind. Not all the Treasures conceal'd within the Bowels of the Earth, nor what the Sea has swallow'd up within her vast Abysses, are to be compar'd in any measure with it. We run the hazard of our Lives for the sake of Liberty, as well as for the sake of Honour, accomplishing servitude the greatest Misery we can endure. Thou wert a Witness, *Sancho*, of that overflowing Plenty which we met with in the Castle, yet in the midst of all those exquisitely season'd Viands, and delicious Wines as cool as Snow, my thought I suffer'd the extremity of Hunger, because I did not enjoy 'em with that freedom as if they had been my own. For the Obligations that lye upon us to make answerable returns for those Kindnesses, are Knots that a free Soul can never unravel. Happy the Man whom Heaven has blest, tho but with a Morfel of Bread, for which he has no farther Obligation to any body, but only to Heaven that gave it——How-
ever, quo *Sancho*, interrupting his Master, I cannot but think my self oblig'd
for

for the two hunder'd Crowns in Gold which the Dukes Steward gave me, and which I have here in a Purse, and cherish i' my Bosom, as a sacred Relick against Necessity, and a Cataplasm to preserve us from all unlucky Accidents. For, for one Castle where we met with our Bellies full, we may meet with a hunder'd Inns where we may have our Bones and our Limbs bruisd like Egg-shells.

Thus discoursing together, the two Adventurers had not rid above a League, before they elpy'd about a dozen People in the Habit of Country-men, sitting at Dinner upon the Grass, and close by 'em they beheld several white Table-Cloaths spread upon the Ground that cover'd some thing that was underneath. *Don Quixote* rode up to 'em, and after he had giv'n 'em the Time of the Day, he ask'd 'em what they had got under those Linnen Cloaths? Sir, said one of the Company, they are certain Images that we are going to place upon a new Altar, which we have erected in our Parish Church. We carry 'em upon our Shoulders for fear they should break, and we cover 'em to keep 'em from the Air and the Dust. I would you would do me the favour to let me see 'em, reply'd *Don Quixote*, for considering the care you take of 'em, they should be Pieces of no small value—You would say so, reply'd the other, should we tell you what they cost; for there is nere a Figure that stands us in less than fifty Ducats—and with that, starting up upon his Legs, he took off the Linnen Cloth from one that happen'd to be a *George* a Horse-back, trampling a terrible Dragon under his Feet, with his Lance in the Monsters Mouth; all as they use to say, Fire new guilt with Gold. *Don Quixote* having view'd the Figure, this Knight, said he, was one of the Valiantest Knight-Errants that ever handl'd a Lance. His name was St. *George*, a great Protector of Ladies Honour; should a Fellow ha' bragg'd to him of his Familiarity with a Lady that never saw her in his Life, he would ha' made him chaw'd his Tongue and spit it out agen. What's the next I beseech yee?—Which being uncover'd, prov'd to be St. *Martin* a Horse-back. This Knight, said he, was one of the best natur'd Knight-Errants, that ever put Foot in a Stirrup; for he divided his Cloak with a poor Man, and gave him half; and 'tis thought 'twas Winter-time, or else he would ha' given it him whole, he was so Charitable. That was not the reason on't, quo *Sancho*, but to shew he understood the Proverb, *He that lends his whole Breech must shite through his Ribs*. Very right *Sancho*, quo *Don Quixote*, thou wilt ha' thy saying—but now to the next. Which being discover'd prov'd to be the Patron of *Spain*, with his Bloody Sword, mowing down the *Moors* like Ripe Barley. Ay marry, quo *Don Quixote*, this was one of the most Famous Knight-Errants that ever fought under the Standard of the Cross; He was call'd St. *James*, and Sirnam'd the *Scourge-Moor*: I would not ha' given three Pence for any Mans Life, if he once lay'd his Clutches on him; he was no less Pious than Valiant, and now rests in Heaven.

The next that appear'd was the Figure of St. *Paul*, falling from his Horse, with all the Circumstances usually painted, upon his Conversion;—Oh, quo *Don Quixote*, I know him——this was once the bloodiest Persecutor, and afterwards the greatest Defender of the Christian Faith that ever was in the World——A Knight-Errant for his Course of Life, that was always in motion, but steadfast in the Faith till Death; an Indefatigable Labourer in the Vinyard of Christ, and Pastor of the *Gentiles*, who deriv'd his Doctrine from Heaven, while the Lord of Heaven vouchsaf'd to be his Master. And now my good Friends, cry'd *Don Quixote*, I take this sight which I have seen for a prosperous Omen to my Undertakings. For these

these Saints and Knights follow'd the Profession that I do, which is that of Arms: Only that they are Saints, and fought according to the Rules of Holy Discipline; and I am a Sinner, and combat after the manner of Men. They took Heaven by force (for Heaven I must tell yee suffers Violence), but after all my travel and pains, I know not of any thing Considerable that I have won. Nevertheless, were my dear *Dulcinea* but once deliver'd from that Captivity she endures, upon the change of my Condition and the return of my Sences, I might perhaps redeem my time, and recover what I have lost. God grant it, quo *Sancho*, and give us Grace to forget our old Sins.

All this while, the Country Fellows gap'd and star'd, like so many Bumkins in *Henry the Seventh's Chappel*; for both his Garb and his Language were a strain too high for their Understanding. So that after they had made an end of their Dinner, they shoulder'd their Images, took their leaves of *Don Quixote*, and continu'd their Journey.

And now *Sancho* survey'd his Master more then ever he had done before, wondering how he should come to know all these things, yet believing there was not that History or Adventure i' the World but he had it at his Fingers ends. Sir, said he, in troth Mr. Master of ours, if what has befallen us to day may be call'd an Adventure, it is the most quiet and pleasant one that ever wemet with in all our Rambles. We are rid of it without so much as a dry basting; we have not so much as laid our Hands upon our Swords; nor has any body call'd us worse then our own names; we are here safe and sound, neither a dry nor a hungry. Thanks be prais'd, that I ha' seen all this with my own Eyes; for I should nere ha' believ'd it else, tho an Angel had told it me. Thou saist well, *Sancho*, quo *Don Quixote*; but there are Seasons and Times, and Times and Seasons, but neither these Seasons nor Times are always the same. And therefore what the Vulgar admire as Forebodings and Omens, a wise Man only ought to call by the name of *Happy Encounters*. One of these Superstitious Bigots, going out betimes i' the Morning, met a Franciscan Fryer, and as if he had met St. *Georges* Dragon, presently run back again, and barr'd up his Doors. Another thought himself undone, to see the Salt-celler overturn'd upon the Table, as if such slight Accidents as these could be any assured Prognosticks of ill Fortune. He that has but a Grain of Prudence and Christianity never troubles himself to dive into the Secrets of Heaven, nor frights himself with these little Puntillo's of old Womens Divination. *Scipio* landing in *Africa*, stumbld and fell down; the Soldiers were agast at the Accident, which they presently took for an ill Omen: but he embracing the Earth with both Arms, I have thee fast *Africa*, said he, thou shalt not scape me. And thus, friend *Sancho*, I take it for a good Omen to have met these Images.

I believe it to be as you say, quo *Sancho*; but I would fain know, why, when the *Spaniards* invoke St. *James the Scourge-Moor*, before they engage in Battel, they cry St. *Jago*, and close up *Spain*: Is it because *Spain* is divid'd like my Buttocks and wants to be clos'd up again? Pray what's the meaning of that Ceremony? 'Slife, quo *Don Quixote*, what an ignorant Booby art thou? Dost thou not know that this Renowned Knight of the Vermilion Cross is the Protector of *Spain*, and more especially of the Soldiery in all the desperate Battels that have been fought against the Infidels. Therefore they invoke him in all their bloody Inagagements; and he has been Personally seen hacking, hewing, slashing, cutting, overturning and destroying whole Squadrons of the Enemy at a time. *Sancho* seem'd well satisfy'd, and therefore changing the Discourse, I cannot but admire, quo he,

he, at the Impudence of Madam *Tomboy*, my Lady Dutcheffes Waiting Gentlewoman; Beshrew my Heart, that Slipstring Love, must have given her a plaguy Wound; in at the Armpits, and out at the Navel, a whole Ell long i' my Conscience. And yet I have heard say, that the Modesty and Reservedness of a young Virgin will many times blunt the Points of those Amourous Darts, as if they had been shot against a Flint; But the contrary appears by Mrs. *Tomboy*, as if her Chastity had rather set an edge upon 'em. Love, Friend *Sancho*, quo *Don Quixote*, acts without consideration or guidance of Reason. For like Death, he spares neither Prince nor Peasant; and wherever he gets Possession, the first thing he does, is to turn fear and shame quite out of Doors. Which were no sooner strangers to Mrs. *Tomboy*, but you see she made nothing to discover her wanton Desires, to him that rather scorn'd then pity'd her lose Amours. That's an inhumane piece of Cruelty, quo *Sancho*, an unheard of Ingratitude—had the poor Damsel address'd her self to me, I dare say I should have yielded at the first word—Surely you must have a Heart of Marble and Bowels of Brass—But now I think on't, what did that poor Creature see i' your Face, to make her out-run the Constable as she did? Where the Devil was the noble Air, the sparkling Eye, or Beauty that bewitcht her? I have survey'd yee a hunder'd times from Head to Foot, and by my Life, not to flatter yee, I never could see any thing i' your Face that was not more likely to scare then enamour a young Lady; so that either this unfortunate Virgin must be blind, or else Enchantment has a Finger i' this Pye.

Dost thou not know, *Sancho*, quo *Don Quixote*, that there are two sorts of Beauty, the one of the Soul, the other of the Body? That of the Soul appears in a Mans Wit, his Vertue, his Generosity and his prudent Carriage and Demeanour; and all these Graces of the mind may happen to meet together in a Person not so accomplish'd in outward Features: and when a Lady fixes her Eyes upon this Beauty, the Assaults of Love are far more vigorous and surprizing. For my part, quo *Sancho*, I know I am no Beauty, neither am I a Monster—and therefore seeing 'tis sufficient for a Man to be belov'd for the Graces of his Mind, I wonder how I scape making holes in Ladies Hearts.

In the midst of these and such like Discourses, they found themselves entering into a Forrest quite out of the Road; and *Don Quixote* afore he knew where he was, perceiv'd himself entangl'd in certain little Nets of Green Silk that were spread among the Trees. With that, *Sancho*, quo he, either I am deceiv'd, or this is one of the strangest Adventures that ever I met with. Let me dye now if I don't believe my Capital Enemies the *Ne-cromancers* to be at work; and now their design is to entangle me in these Nets, on purpose to stop my Journey, and revenge my Contempt of Mrs. *Tomboy's* Folly. But I'll spoil their Plots; for were these Nets as strong as those wherewith the Jealous God of Fire envelop'd once the God of War and the Goddess of Beauty, I would make no more to break 'em, then so many Spiders Webs. And so saying, he put briskly forward, with a resolution to tear the Silken Encomberments that environ'd him: at what time there sprung from a Thicker of Bushes two fair Shepherdesses, at least they appear'd to be so by their Habits; only with this difference, that they were Richly clad in sumptuous Tissue. Their dishevel'd Locks hung dangling down about their Shoulders in a Thousand Curles; enterwoven with Garlands of Lawrel, Mirtle, and several sorts of Flowers; nor did they seem to be above fifteen or sixteen Years of Age. This Vision of *Don Quixote*

Quixote and the Shepherdesses, so unexpected to both, equally surpriz'd as well the one as the other, and held 'em for some time in the same suspense and silence; till at length one of the Shepherdesses opening her Corral Lips, cry'd out, Hold Sir Knight, and do not tear those Nets, which we have only spread for our divertisement, and not to catch such Birds as you. And therefore to let yee know our design, and who we are, I shall tell yee in few words.

Two Leagues from hence lies our Village, where live a great number of Wealthy Gentlemen; among whom the younger sort have made up a Company together all of the same humour, to come and divertise themselves in this place, which is one of the pleasantest in all these parts; to which purpose we have design'd to act a New Pastoral, the young Men in the habit of Shepherds and the young Virgins in the dress of Shepherdesses. We have all got our parts by heart, some out of the Famous *Garcilasso*, and others cul'd from the works of the most Excellent *Comoes*, a Portuguese Poet. Yesterday was the first day of our Arrival, and we have set up our Tents neer the Banks of a River that Waters all the Meadows round about. And last night we spread these Nets to catch such little Birds, as the noise we made should scare into the Silken Snares. Now Sir if you think fit to make one of our Society, you shall be extremely welcom; and you may be assur'd that the rest will be as glad as we of your good Company.

In truth, fair Lady, reply'd *Don Quixote*, I do not believe *Alceon* was more surpriz'd to see *Diana* bathing her self, then I was to meet your Beauty. I applaud your Innocent Mirth, and I return yee a thousand Thanks for the favour of your obliging offers. If you think me capable to serve yee, you may command the Person that will study an exact obedience to all your Impositions: For my Profession is to despise Ingratitude, and do good to all Mankind; and particularly to Persons of your Sex, your Quality, and your Merit: And let me tell yee, were these Nets spread over the Surface of the whole Earth, I would seek to find some other Passage into another World, before I would break the smallest Thread that conduces to your Pastime. Nor will you question the Truth of what I say, when you understand that he who acknowledges your Civility is *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, if ere his Name has reach'd your Ears.

Oh, Sister, Sister, cry'd the other, what good Fortune have we! This worthy Person, who d' yee think he is? the honestest, best natur'd Knight i' the World, if the History of his Life speak truth. I ha' read it, Sister, and Ple hold an even Wager, that the Punchin that is with him is *Sancho Pancha* his Squire, one of the pleasantest *Merry-Andrews* that ever droll'd upon a Mountebanks Stage. You say very true, Madam, quo *Sancho*, I am that very *Merry-Andrew*, that Squire you speak of, and this Gentleman, My Master is the same *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, so famous in his History. Nay then, Sister, if it be so, we must entreat 'em to stay; the whole Company will be everjoy'd to see 'em—I have already heard of his Valour and his Vertue, the same thou now tell'st me—They say moreover that he is one of the most constant and amorous Persons i' the World, and that his Mistress, one *Madam Dulcinea del Toboso*, is the fairest Lady in all Spain. They do not talk without Book, quo *Don Quixote*; tho no disparagement to your Transcended Beauties neither; tho of all that ever I yet beheld, you are the only Persons capable to dispute the Advantage with her. But Ladies I beseech yee loose no time, for the Duties to which my Profession obliges me are so nice and exact, that they will not permit me to stay long in any Place.

At

At the same time arriv'd the Brother of one of the Shepherdesses, clad like a Swayn, but in a Garb nothing inferior to the Gallantry of the young Ladies. Brother, cry'd his Sister, now you have the Happiness to see with your own Eyes, the Famous *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, and *Sancho* his Squire, whose Life you have so often read over with so much pleasure and delight. Thereupon the young Shepherd so highly Complemented *Don Quixote*, and begg'd his Company with that Importunity, that 'twas impossible for the Champion to deny him. At the same time they heard the hooping and hallowing of several Voices at a distance, which drove a thousand Birds of different sorts into the danger which they fought to avoid. This united all the rest of the Company, who made toward the Nets, to the number of about fifty Persons variously habited in Shepherds and Shepherdesses Weeds, and overjoy'd that they had met with *Don Quixote* and his Squire, carry'd 'em to their Tents, where Dinner was ready upon the Table. *Don Quixote* was constrain'd to take the place of Honour, tho not without a great deal of modest Resistance; and all the while that Dinner lasted, there was not one that did not gaze with admiration to behold so strange an Object.

But at length the Cloth being taken away, *Don Quixote* with a grave and serious Countenance lifting up his Voice, Of all the sins which Men commit, said he, in my Opinion Ingratitude is the fowlest, notwithstanding the judgment of others, who affirm Pride to be a greater; and I ground my Allegation on this, that Hell is said to be stuff'd with the ungrateful. Ever since I have had the use of Reason, I have always endeavour'd to avoid this Crime. For tho I have not been able always to return acknowledgments answerable to the Benefits I have receiv'd, yet I repay 'em with the real intentions and desires of my Heart; and as a mark of my acknowledgment, I make 'em known to all the World: For he that proclaims the Kindnesses he has receiv'd, at the same time declares his desire to make requital, were it in his power. But the greatest part of those that receive, being inferior to those that give, it is a difficult thing for such to discharge the Obligation but in Thanks. God, who is infinitely above all the World, bestows his Favours and his Blessings upon us, so vastly more then we deserve, that all the acknowledgment which Men can make, can never hold proportion with his Goodness. Nevertheless Men are not absolutely deem'd ungrateful, while they supply their want of Power with their cordial Desires, their Thanksgivings, and the Confessions of their own unworthiness.

Gentlemen, I am in this condition in respect of your selves; you have treated me with all the Civilities Imaginable, you have entertain'd me like a Prince, while I am utterly unable to make an acknowledgment equal to the Kindnesses I have receiv'd. I shall therefore contain my self within the narrow Limits of my own Abilities, and only offer yee what I have within my Power. Which is to maintain for two whole days together in the middle of the Road that leads to *Saragosa*, that these Ladies here disguiz'd in the Habit of Shepherdesses, are the fairest and the civillest Ladies in the World, the Lady *Dulcinea del Toboso* only excepted, sole Mistress of my Thoughts; without offence to all that hear me be it spoken.

Here *Don Quixote* made a Pause; at what time *Sancho* believing it his Turn, before any body else could have liberty to chop in a word of answer to his Master; Is it possible, said he, that there should be any People in the World so arrogant, as to say my Master is a Fool? Pray tell me Ladies and Gentlemen, did you ever know any of your Country Parsons that

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pretend

pretend to talk Greek and Hebrew, that ever discours'd so *Metemphiscally* as he does; or any of your *Knight-Errants* with all their *Rodomontado's* that ever made such a Frank and Generous offer as he has done? How! quo *Don Quixote*, turning toward *Sancho*, and beholding him with Eyes full of Fiery Indignation, Yee Pewter-button'd Rakeshame, quo he, is there any Man living upon the Face of the Earth, that would take thee for any other then the meerest Changeling that ever begg'd at a Towns end with a blew Coat and a Muckender, or at least for a Sawcy Impertinent Hobnail Hangdog as thou art? Who made you so bold, good Mr. *Apple-Squire*, to busie your self with my Folly or Wildom? Dog in a Doubler, make no replies, if you love your Sconce; but go and saddle *Rosinante*, that this noble Company may see I am no *Bouncer*, but one that does as he says; and as I have Right of my side, you may number those among the Dead already that deny the contrary. And so saying he flung from the Table in a dreadful Fury, to the wonder of all the Company, who were in a quandary what Judgment to make of him, whether Fool or Madman. They perswaded him to lay his Challenges aside, for that they were assur'd of his Gratitude, without the hazard of such dangerous Demonstrations; and for his Valour they were sufficiently convinc'd of it, by what they had already read of his famous Exploits. By the Body of *Pharoah*, quo *Don Quixote*, 'twas never question'd yet, nor ever shall be; and so saying he mounted *Rosinante*, shoulder'd his Target, and with his Lance couch'd in his Rest, mauger all persuasion to the contrary, he went and posted himself in the middle of the High-way, attended by *Sancho* and all the Company, who were desirous to behold the Event of such a Hairbraind Resolution. And now having taken his Ground, he rang these loud Expressions through the neighbouring Air.

All you who e're you are, Knights-Errent, Squires, a foot or a horse-back, that pass or shall pass this Road for these two days together, know that *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, Knight-Errent, stays here to aver and maintain that the Nymphs which inhabit these Woods and Meadows, surpass in Beauty and Civility all the Beauties of the Earth, except the Mistress of my Soul, the Lady *Dulcinea del Toboso*. And he that will uphold the contrary, let him dare venture hither, where I expect his coming. These lofty words he twice in vain repeated, for all the Knight Adventurers were deaf or else a sleep in their Graves. But Fortune, his dear Friend, that always would be cutting him out work to make her self sport, shew'd him a jolly fight; for by and by he saw at a distance a great number of People a Horse-back, and some with Lances in their Hands, all trooping together, and in great haste. The Company that were with *Don Quixote*, no sooner beheld such a number of Cavaliers driving the Dust before 'em, but they got out of harms way, not judging it safe to be so neer danger. Only *Sancho* shelter'd himself behind *Rosinante*, while *Don Quixote* stood like an Oak, and with an undaunted Courage daring all Extremities. At length when the Horsemen drew neer, one of the foremost calling out to *Don Quixote*; What a Devil, cry'd he, does the fellow stand there for! get out of the way and be hang'd, do yee intend the Bulls should gore yee to pieces.

Scoundrels, reply'd *Don Quixote*, don't think to scare me with your Bulls or your Bears either; but acknowledg, I say acknowledg what I maintain to be Truth, or else prepare to fight me. But the Cowherd had no leisure to make him any answer; neither had *Don Quixote* any time to get out of the way if he would; for the Bulls came powdring on apace, and being

chaf'd

chaf'd by their Drivers, bore down all before 'em, Champion and Squire, Horse and Man; and they that came after, never minding where they trod, tramp'd Valour, Gratitude and Fidelity under foot, at a most unmerciful rate. Never were human Bodies so poach'd and bescar'd with Bulls Drivel, Foam, and Dust before in this World: Nor did they leave poor helpless *Rosinante* and *Grizzle* insensible of the weight of their Hoofs. But for all this, after the unruly Herd was past, *Don Quixote* started up, stunn'd with his fall and bruises, reeling, staggering, stumbling; then falling, then up agen, and running a Dog trot as fast as he could, made a hideous noise, bawling all the way as loud as he could open his Throat, and crying out after the unmannerly Cowherds, stop Scoundrels, stop, and answer the Challenge of a single Knight, who scorns the Humour of making a Golden Bridg for his flying Enemy. But no body vouchsaf'd him an answer; nor no body minded his threats or his Rodomontado's; so that Men and Beasts by this time being out of sight, *Don Quixote*, Sinew-sprain'd, Shoulder-pight, and Hip shot, but most of all tormented in his Soul for the loss of his Revenge, was forc'd to sit down in the middle of the Road, till *Sancho* arriv'd with *Rosinante* and *Grizzle*, all three so mortify'd, that they were hardly able to creep. However the two Adventurers made a shift to mount their Four-footed Cripples, and a sham'd of their bad success, held on their Journey, without ever taking leave of the Shepherds of New Arcadia.

CHAP. VII.

What happen'd to Don Quixote, which may be truly call'd an Adventure.

A Fountain of clear and cool Water which they met with in a small Coppice not far from the Field of their Misfortune, was the only Refreshment that could be found to comfort the forlorn and tir'd Adventurers. By the Prink of which, leaving *Rosinante* and *Grizzle* unbrid'd and unhalter'd to their own discretion, they sat down, and after they had dusted themselves, as you would have dusted two pieces of old Hangings, they wash'd their Hands, their Faces and their Mouths. Which done, *Sancho* the most careful of his Belly, of all Squires Errant under the Sun, went to his Waller, which he always call'd his *Mad Mecum*, and having brought forth his Provision, set it before his Master. But *Don Quixote's* Stomach was too full of his Misfortunes to eat, and *Sancho* was so mannerly, that he would not fall too before his Master; however at last, finding that his Masters sorrows would not permit him to lift his Hand to his Mouth, he laid aside all considerations of good behaviour, and fell a cramming his Jaws, as if he had not eaten in fifteen days before. Eat, friend *Sancho*, cry'd *Don Quixote*, eat and enjoy the Pleasures of this Life, which thou hast the happiness to relish with a more pleasing Gusto then I can. I am born, *Sancho*, to live like one continually dying, and thou to dye continually eating. And for proof of this, do but reflect upon me, Famous in the History of my Life, more famous by my Exploits, honour'd and esteem'd by Kings and Princes, belov'd by Ladies of the highest Quality; yet after all this, when I expected Laurel Wreaths, and the Triumphs which my Achievements Merit, behold me Morter-trod, and tramp'd like the High-way

way Dirt, under the Hoofs of unclean Beasts, and likely to be the scorn of all that shall come to understand the fatal Issue of so generous an undertaking. The consideration of these Misfortunes it is that files my Teeth; that dulls my Appetite and stupifies my Sences: for to tell thee truth I have not the Courage to lift my Hand to my Mouth, as fearing more to live, then starve my self to death; tho I confess it to be a most unnatural thing for a Man to have such a grudge against himself. Then you don't approve of the Proverb belike, quo *Sancho*, munching and swallowing all the while, *He must needs be Friendless that dyes with an empty Stomach*. For my part I am not so simple yet as to kill my self—I am like the Shoemaker that stretches his Leather with his Teeth; I am for prolonging my Life by eating—and I'll stretch it with my Teeth as far as Heaven will let it run—In good faith Master, there is no greater Madness i' this World, then for a Man to despair—And therefore take my advice, follow my example and eat; and when yee have done, lye down upon the fresh Grass with your Belly to the Sun, and take a Nap; and if you ben't the better for it when you wake, say I'm a Fool and no Physician.

Don Quixote yielded to *Sancho's* Arguments; for he was convinc'd that the Squire spoke good Natural Philosophy at that time. However, having another project in his Head; Ah, *Sancho*, quo he, my Stomach is at thy disposal, and the ponderous weight of my Cares would fit much more light upon my Shoulders, if thou wouldst but step aside, and uncasing thy blind Cheeks, give thy self some two or three hunder'd smart Licks with the Reins of *Rosinante* Bridle, and put 'em to accompt of what are past, and what are to come toward the disenchament of thy distressed Mistress *Dulcinea*. For in truth 'tis a shame that poor Lady should suffer all this while through thy Negligence.

That's a Business requires a more serious Consideration, quo *Sancho*, first let's go sleep, and then we'll debate that question more at leisure. Do you think 'tis a reasonable thing for a Man to whip himself in cold Blood, especially when the Lashes must light upon a body so forrily lin'd within as mine is? Patience good Madam *Dulcinea*—one of these days you shall see me with as many holes i' my Skin as a Cullender—There's nothing lost that comes at last—I'll warrant yee for a *Gravesend* Tostle, you'll find me exact to my Promise. *Don Quixote* return'd his Squire many thanks; and so laying themselves down at their full length upon the green Grass, they betook themselves to their Rest; leaving *Rosinante* and *Grizzle* to feed or repose at their own discretion.

The day was now far gone when the Adventurers wak'd, and made haste to mount their Spittles, in hopes to get to an Inn before it grew dark. I call it an Inn, because *Don Quixote* call'd it so himself; contrary to his custom, as being wont to take Inns for Castles; nor was *Sancho* any way displeas'd at his design. And here fortune favour'd 'em, for they had not rode above a League before they met with what they sought for. Where being arriv'd, *Sancho* ask'd the Innkeeper whether he had any lodging?—Yes—quo the Innkeeper, and the best Conveniencies of any Inn in all Spain. Thereupon they alighted, and *Sancho* having lock'd up his Portmante and Wallet in his Chamber and taken the Key, after he had seen *Rosinante* and *Grizzle* well provided for i' the Stable, went to find out his Master, whom he found sitting upon a Bench in the Yard. Supper-time approaching *Don Quixote* went up to his Chamber; and *Sancho* staying with the Host, ask'd him what he had to eat. For Flesh and Fish, quo the Innkeeper, you cannot speak but have—let him but take measure of his Mouth and

and he would fit him with Birds of the Air, Barn-door Fowl, Beasts of the Field, or of the Forrest, and what not? And then for Wine he had all sorts, *Vin Chablay*, *Vin de bon*, *Puntack*, *Obryan*, *Champain*, *Vin de Pari*, *Hermitage*, *Rouffillon*, and twenty more hard names, that *Sancho* thought himself in Paradise.

There's no need of all this, quo *Sancho*, two good Capons will do our business, and what's left will serve for Breakfast; for my Master has a very nice Stomach, and eats so little at a time, that the Peckle of a Lark will serve his turn, but only that I eat for him and my self too. As for Capons, reply'd the Host, we have none, for no less then four Lords din'd here to day and had all we had. Why then, quo *Sancho*, roast us a couple of Pullets with Eggs, so they be young and tender. Pullets! quo the Innkeeper, in truth, in truth, now I think on't, I sold above Fifty yesterday to a Hegler to carry to the City: But setting aside Capons and Pullets, you may have any thing else. Why then let's have a good Joynt of Veal or Lamb, quo *Sancho*. Slife, now I remember me, here were some Citizens and their Wives this Morning that clear'd my Larder. Courage, quo *Sancho*, there's Life in a Muscle yet—now will I hold a Wager, that all this Monstrous Bill of Fare will end in a Dish of Collops and Eggs at last. There you have found it out indeed, quo the Host, I told yee I had no Hens, and you would have me have Eggs. The Devil twist the Neck of thee for a Fool, quo *Sancho*, prithee tell me what thou hast, and don't put me to puzzle my Brains i' this fashion. Why then look yee d' yee see, quo the Innkeeper, in short, I ha' two Neats Feet ready drest, with Onions and Mustard, a Dish for a Prince. Neats Feet! quo *Sancho*, let no body touch 'em, but keep 'em for me, I'll pay thee thy own rate. By the Ghost of St. Marriot, there's nothing I love better. I'll warrant 'em secure, quo the Innkeeper, for all the Guests at present in my House are Persons of Quality, that carry their Steward, their Cook and their Butler along with 'em, and cater abroad for themselves. As for Persons of Quality, quo *Sancho*, let that pass, my Master's a Person of as good Quality as the proudest He of 'em all, but his Profession does not allow him Butlers nor Cooks. We generally dine i' the Field under a Tree or a Hedg, and many times have nothing neither to dinner but a few Chestnuts, or a Sallad of my Masters own Pickling. Thus ended the Discourse between *Sancho* and the Innkeeper; for as to the Innkeepers Interrogatories concerning his Masters Quality and Profession, *Sancho* was not then at leisure to make him any answer.

And now Supper time being come, the Innkeeper carry'd up his *Ragou*, such as it was, into the Champions Chamber; but ere *Don Quixote* had set his Teeth to the first Morfel he put in his Mouth, i' the next Room, between which and his own there was but a slender partition, he over-heard two Gentlemen talking together, and the one saying to the other, I pray Signour *Jeronimo* let us read one Chapter of the second Part of *Don Quixote*, till Supper come in. The Knight no sooner heard himself nam'd, but he rose from the Table, and went to hark'n what they said; at what time he heard *Jeronimo* make answer; wherefore have you such a desire to read those Impertinencies, Signour *Don John*? Methinks that after you have read the first Part, you should take but little delight in reading the second. I agree wi' yee, reply'd *Jeronimo*; however, there is no Book so bad, but there is something of good to be pickt out of it. Only that which I dislike in this part is this, that *Don Quixote* does not seem to be so much enamour'd of *Dulcinea del Toboso* as he was in the second. Upon those words, *Don Quixote* all Fire and Tow, cry'd out, Whoever says that

that *Don Quixote* has forgot, or is capable to forget *Dulcinea del Toboso*, lyes in his Throat, and I'll make him eat the Blade of his Sword; for the Peerless *Dulcinea del Toboso* is not a Person to be forgot; and such a forgetfulness would be beneath *Don Quixote de la Mancha*: Constancy is his Motto, and his Profession is to preserve his Fidelity inviolable.

Who's that prates there, cry'd one of the Gentlemen, i' the other Chamber? Who should it be, quo *Sancho*, but *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, the same that will maintain what he has said, my Life for yours; for a good Paymaster never grudges to part with his Money.

Sancho's words were no sooner out of his Mouth, but the two Gentlemen made bold to enter *Don Quixote's* Chamber; and one of the two throwing his Arms about *Don Quixote's* Neck, Your Presence, Sir Knight, does no way belye your Reputation, nor your Reputation your Presence—you are certainly the true and undaunted *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, the Load-stone and North-Star of Chivalry-Errant, in despite of him that has usurpt your Name, and endeavours to eclipse the Luster of your famous Exploits, as appears by this Book which I have here i' my Hand. *Don Quixote* took the Book, without saying a word, turn'd over the Leaves, and then returning it agen, I find fault, said he, with three things that deserve Reprehension. First, I except against some words that are in the Preface; the next is, that the Language is *Aragonnois*; and in the third place, he shews himself an Ignoramus, while he fails in one of the principal parts of the History, in calling *Sancho Pancha*, my Squire's Wife, *Mary Gutteridge*, when her name is *Teresa Pancha*, and I'me afraid that an Author who mistakes in such an Important Passage of the Story, may commit as many Errors in the Rest. By my Faith, quo *Sancho*, he's a very pleasant Fellow of a Historian, to call my Wife *Teresa*, *Mary Gutteridge*—the Devil *Gutteridge* him for a Coxcomb—pray Sir will you be pleas'd to read a little i' your Book, that I may hear whether he says any thing of me, and whether he ha' not chang'd my name too. Then I find you are *Sancho Pancha*, reply'd *Jeronimo*, Squire to Monsieur *Don Quixote*. Yes, Sir, reply'd *Sancho*, and I would have yee to know, I am not a little proud of my Employment. In truth, Sir, quo the Gentleman, then the last Author does not deal so civilly by yee as you deserve. For he gives you the Character of a half-witted Guttle-gut; not able to say *Bo* to a Goose. Heaven pardon him, quo *Sancho*; however he might ha' let me alone, unless he had known me better, but St. Peter is at Rome.

Presently the Gentlemen invited *Don Quixote* to sup with them in their Chamber, for that they well knew there was nothing in the Inn that was fit for him to eat. A modest request, which *Don Quixote*, who was all Civility and Complaisance would not deny; so that he went along with the Gentleman to better Chear than his own. And now *Sancho* seeing himself Master of the soust Neats Feet, plac'd himself at the upper end of the Table, and bidding the Innkeeper sit down by him, they both fell on with keen Appetites, drinking and laughing as if they had had a Master and Wardens Feast before 'em.

In the mean time, as they were at Supper i' the next Room, *Don John* ask'd *Don Quixote* when he had heard of Madam *Dulcinea del Toboso*, whether she were marry'd; whether she had any Childern; and whether she were with Child or no; or whether he thought she would tarry to reward the Constancy of her faithful Servant *Don Quixote*? *Dulcinea*, reply'd *Don Quixote*, is still a Maid, and my thoughts are still the same that ever they were; but alas, she is disfigur'd, and her Beauty is transform'd into the

Deformity

Deformity of a Country-dowdy; and with that he up and told the Gentlemen the whole Story of her being Enchanted, what had befallen him in the Cave of *Montesinos*, and the means that *Merlin* had prescrib'd for *Dulcinea's* Release, which now depended solely upon *Sancho's* flogging himself only for an hour or two. The Gentlemen were overjoy'd to hear from *Don Quixote's* own Mouth, the strange Adventures of his Life, not more astonish'd at his Extravagancies, then at his Eloquent manner of relating 'em.

By this time *Sancho* having supp'd, and half fuddl'd his Host, chang'd Rooms, and coming into the Gentlemen's Chamber, let me be hang'd, quo he, Gentlemen, if I believe that he who wrote that Book had any design that ever he and I should take a loving Cup together—I wonder he did not blazon me for a Drunkard as well as a Glutton. So he does, I will assure yee, reply'd *Jeronimo*, but I cannot well turn to the Place; only I remember he is forc'd to strain hard for his Yeasts, and now I find that *Sancho's* Physiognomy proves him a Lyar. Believe me, Gentlemen, quo *Sancho*, *Benengeli's* *Sancho* and his *Don Quixote* can never be the same Persons with those your Book talks of. For *Benengeli's* *Don Quixote* was Prudent, Valiant and Amorous; and his *Sancho* Simple and Merry, but neither Glutton nor Drunkard. I believe as you do, reply'd *Don John*, and for my part I think 'twere fit that all other Writers whatever should be forbid to write *Don Quixote's* Life, but only *Cid Hamet* the first Author; as *Alexander* forbid all other Painters to draw his Picture except *Apelles*. Let who's will draw my Picture, quo *Don Quixote*, but let him have a care he takes it right; for there are some Injuries will provoke a Saint. There's no Man can injure *Don Quixote*, reply'd *Don John*, but he is able to revenge himself, especially if once he lay aside his Patience and take up his Buckler; for then I'me sure the World must be at an end with some body.

These and such like discourses wasted a good part of the Night; and tho *Don John* most earnestly desir'd *Don Quixote* to read on, and see if he could find any more mistakes of the Historian, he could by no means prevail with the Knight, whose answer was, that if the Author should ever come to know he had had it in his Hand, he would be proud to think he had read it; whereas he scorn'd to vouchsafe a Fabulous Writer so much as the Glance of his Eye. Thereupon *Don John* made bold to ask him what design he was now upon, and which way he was travelling. To which *Don Quixote* answer'd, that he was going for *Saragosa*, to be present at the Turnaments annually held i' that City. Why, quo *Don John*, this same Book tells yee a Story of *Don Quixote's* being at *Saragosa* once before at a publick Running at the Ring; so wretchedly simple, so miserably poor, but so full of Extravagancies and Rodomontado's, that nothing could be more ridiculous. Why now you shall see, quo *Don Quixote*, what a Lyar I will make of this Historian, for I'me resolv'd for his sake not to set foot i' the City—and then the World shall know whether I am his *Don Quixote* or no. You will do very well, reply'd *Don John*, besides there is a Grand Turnament at *Barcelona*, where you may Signalize your Valour as well as at *Saragosa*. That's my Design, and so Gentlemen good Night and good Repose to yee—and pray do me the favour to number me among your best and most faithful Servants—Pray Gentlemen do me the same honour too, quo *Sancho*, it may be you may find me good for something.

Thus the Knight and the Squire retir'd to their Chamber, leaving the Gentlemen fully satisfy'd, that these two Persons were the same *Don Quixote* and *Sancho*, so famous in the first part of their History. So soon as it was day,

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Don Quixote went and took his leave of the Gentlemen, while *Sancho* reckon'd with his Host, whom he paid like an Emperour, advising him withal, to brag less, and furnish his Inn better.

C H A P. VIII.

What befel Don Quixote going to Barcellona.

TWAS a fair Morning, and promis'd a fair day, when *Don Quixote* left the Inn, after he had taken Instructions to guide him in the Road to *Barcellona*. For he was resolv'd he would not so much as see *Saragosa*, that he might make the *Arroganian* a Lye, who had so foully belpatter'd him in his History. Six days he rode on, not meeting with any Adventure Considerable; but the seventh toward Evening, having lost his way, and being surpriz'd by the Night, he was constrain'd to stop under a Covert of thick Trees, not being able to travel any farther. There they alighted both, and laying themselves down at the foot of a spreading Oak, they resolv'd to expect Day-light. *Sancho* having drank a little hard that day, quickly fell a snoring; but *Don Quixote*, amus'd with his wonted Whims and Fancies, could not so much as close his Eyes, while his roving Imagination kept his busie Sences hurry'd a thousand several ways at once. Sometimes he thought himself in *Montesinos's* Cave, where he saw his deformed *Dulcinea* skipping upon on Asses Back like a Country Hoyden; sometimes he thought himself discoursing with the Necromancer *Merlin*, and taking new Instructions how to disenchanted her. Then a fit of despair seiz'd him, to think how careless *Sancho* was, and how remis in the Execution of his Penance, which was never likely to be accomplish'd, considering the slow rate that he went on, as not having given himself above five Lashes in three Weeks. And this Reflection so tormented him, that he resolv'd to put an end to his Affliction forthwith. If *Alexander*, said he, cut the *Gordian* Knot, when he could not untye it, and yet became Lord of all *Asia*, why may not I have the same success by whipping *Sancho* my self? For if the force of the Remedy consists in *Sancho's* receiving three thousand three hundred Lashes, what matter is it, whether he be his own Pedagogue, or whether another lay on the strokes for him; seeing the main Point is this, that he must be scourg'd. Thereupon having taken this Resolution, and the Stirrup Leathers from *Resnantes* Saddle, he stole softly upon *Sancho*, and began to untruss his Points. With that *Sancho* started out of his sleep, Who's there? cry'd he, whose that untrusses my Breeches? 'Tis I, quo *Don Quixote*, I am come to repair thy Negligence, and to seek the Remedy of my Torments. I come to whip thee, *Sancho*, and discharge thee of that Debt, for which thou standst engage. Poor *Dulcinea* perishes, and I languish in Despair and Affliction: untruss therefore peaceably and willingly, for my design is only to give thee about two thousand-strokes while we are here alone together.

Hands off, quo *Sancho*, pray be patient and let me alone, or else by all the Monuments of my Progenitours, I'll make such a noise as shall alarm all the Dead within ten Miles round. The Lashes which I am to give my self, are to be voluntary and not by compulsion; I am to be whipt neither by Beadles nor Hangmen; and at this time I have no mind to be whipt at all; 'tis sufficient that I promise yee to scourge my

my self, when the Humour takes me; but you must stay my Humours leisure.

I am not to stand to thy Curtesie, *Sancho*, quo *Don Quixote*; thou hast a hard Heart, hard and flinty toward a distressed Lady, but tender and compassionate toward thy own Skin: and so saying, he fell to untying his Squires Points with all his force. Which *Sancho* perceiving, started upon his Legs, and taking his Master about the middle, gave him a trip, and threw him fairly upon his Back; and then setting his Knee upon his Breast, held his Hands so fast, that he could hardly stir or fetch his Breath.

How Traytor! cry'd *Don Quixote*, what, rebel against thy Master! against thy natural Lord! against him that gives thee Bread! I commit neither Murder nor Manslaughter, quo *Sancho*, I am purely in my own defence, as being my own Master, Lord and King. If your Worship will promise to let me alone, and lay aside your whipping design, I will give yee leave to rise; if not, you shall dye, like a Traytor and an Enemy of *Gammer Sancho*, as you are. Thereupon *Don Quixote* was forc'd to submit, and swore by the Life of *Dulcinea*, not to touch a Hair of his Head, but to leave the whipping of himself to his own free will and discretion.

Sancho, having thus conquer'd his Master, rose up and went to another place to sleep out the rest of his sleep, at such a distance from the Knight, where he thought he might lye secure. At what time he had no sooner laid himself down at the feet of another Tree, but feeling something lye hard against his Head, he put forth his Hand and felt a couple of Feet with Shoes and Stockings. This put him in a deadly fright, so that rising from thence, he betook himself to another Covert, where the same Accident befel him again. But then ten times more scar'd and terrify'd then he was before, he set up his Throat, and fell a bawling for help as loud as he could yawl. Immediately *Don Quixote* flying to his Assistance, what's the matter, quo he? Why, quo *Sancho*, sure these Trees walk, I can find nothing but Legs and Feet at the Roots of 'em— Thereupon *Don Quixote* felt, and presently conjecturing what was probable enough— Oh, quo he, Thou wert more afraid then hurt— This place is the Common place of Execution, and the Fruit which these Trees bear are High-way-men and Robbers, hang'd upon the Boughs for their Crimes and Villanies. For Justice is constrain'd to hang 'em up by Twenties and Thirties at a Time; and this makes me think we are not far from *Barcellona*; wherein he was not mistaken. Soon after day appearing, they saw the Trees laden with the Bodies of executed Felons. But while they were considering this Melancholy Spectacle, they were more surpriz'd to see a whole Regiment of St. *Nicholas's* Clerks come rushing out of the Thickets, and crying out, stand, and speak with their Captain. 'Twas then a word of Command that must be obey'd, for *Don Quixote* was a foot, his Horse unbridl'd, and his Lance not to be recover'd, so that unable to make any defence, he was forc'd to cross his Arms and shrug up his Shoulders. Presently the Rakehells discharg'd *Grizzle* of her Burthen, the Portmantle and Wallet; and well it was that *Sancho* had his yellow Boys about him, fast ty'd in the Lapper of his Shirt, which however those honest Men would ha' found out, tho' they had been hid in the Pith of his Back (for they were beginning to uncase him) had not their Captain appear'd at the same Instant. He had on a Coat of Male, and four Pocket Pistols stuck in his waste Belt: He was about Thirty years of Age; vigorous and lusty; proper and well featur'd; brown of Complexion; his Locks black and dangling; and the Air of his Countenance furly and resolute; yet where there appear'd how-

ever something of Gentility and good Nature. Upon his approach, seeing his Squires undressing *Sancho*, he commanded 'em to hold their Hands and quit him, which they did at the first word. Then looking about him, and not a little surpriz'd to see a Lance set up against a Tree, a Buckler lying upon the Ground, and *Don Quixote* in his *Cap-a-pe*, walking with a sad pensive Look, like a Merchant newly stript at Sea, and set ashore; he made up to the Knight, and with a smiling Aspect, come, Sir, quo he, be a' good Chear, you are not fallen into the hands of a Cruel Enemy; but into the hands of *Roques Guimard*, who never injures them that never injur'd him. Most Valiant *Roques*, reply'd *Don Quixote*, my discontents arise not from my being at thy Disposall, but that thy Soldiers surpriz'd me unawares and unprovided, whereas by the Laws of my Order of *Knight-Errantry*, which I profess, I should have been upon the watch, and guarding my self as my own Sentinel. For thou know'st brave *Roques*, had they found me a Horse-back with my Lance and Shield ready fix'd, they had not so easily been Masters of my Person. The Apprehensive *Roques* soon guess'd by these last words, what was *Don Quixote's* Disease: He had often heard of him, but could not believe what was reported of him to be true, or that such Fantastick Whimfies could ever enter the thoughts of a rational Man. Nevertheless he was glad he had met with such an Opportunity to judge whether the Original agreed with the Copie. Renowned Knight, said he, never droop for this; nor count it any Act of Sinister Fortune, which I am apt to think will rather redound to the advancement of your Fame, and the raising higher then ever your deprest and languishing condition.

Don Quixote was about to have return'd the Generous *Roques* a Complement befitting himself; but he was prevented, by the trampling, as they both conjectur'd, of several Horses. However it prov'd to be but one single Horseman, mounted like a Prince, and riding full speed, as if he had been galloping for a Doctor of Physick. Turning about, they discover'd him to be a young lovely Gentleman, about Twenty years of Age, clad in a green Damask Suit laid with Gold Lace, with his Hat button'd up a one side, his Boots new and pull'd up, Horseman like; his Sword, his Dagger and his Spurs gilt, and two Pocket Pistols fix'd to his waste Belt. His speed soon brought him to the Company, where making a stand, Brave *Roques*, said he, 'tis thee I seek, to find, if not the Cure, at least th' Asswagement of my Sorrows. And therefore, not to keep thee long in suspense, for I perceive thou know'st me not; I am *Claudia Geronima* the Daughter of *Simon the Strong*, thy particular Friend; and sworn Enemy of *Claudel Torrellas*. His Son *Don Vincent Torrellas* not long since fell in Love with me, which he finding a means to discover to me, faith I, finding him civil and handsom, lent him a favourable Ear; insomuch that at length we struck up a Bargain, and he gave me his Hand, and I gave him mine upon it; but we did not go presently to Church, because we staid to have both our Parents consent. Nevertheless this very Morning was this ungrateful wretch to ha' marry'd another; but I think I ha' spoil'd his sport; for understanding they were to be marry'd in the Country, I overtook him within a League of this Place, and without standing to expostulate the matter, or to give him leave to say his Prayers, I clapt a brace of Bullers in his middle Region, and made him pay with the loss of his Heart blood, for the Affront he had done me. Now my request to you is, that you would conduct me safe out of the Kingdom, where I may shift in safety for my self, and at your return, that you would stand by my Father, should any of *Don Vincent's* Relations or Friends pretend to revenge his Death.

Roques,

Roques, no less surpriz'd at the daring Courage then at the dazzling Air and Beauty of the *Virago*, promis'd to accompany her wherever she went. But first, said he, let's be certain whether your Enemy be dead, and then we shall consider what to do.

Don Quixote hearing all these Passages, There's no necessity, said he, for this Lady to sue for any Mans Protection, 'tis my business to undertake it, and provided I may but have my Arms, I'll find out this Person my self, and either alive or dead I'll make him stand to his word. Nay then i' faith the work's done, quo *Sancho*, if once my Master comes to have a Finger i' the Pye; he has the luckiest hand at fodering broken Matches of any Man i' the World. 'Twas but yestern day that he forc'd a perfidious Whipster to keep his word with a Lady in spight of his Teeth; so that had not his profess'd Enemies the *Necromancers* chang'd the young Hector into the shape of a Lacquey, they had been marry'd upon the spot, and the young Lady had been half got with Child before this. But *Roques* had now concerns of greater importance in his Head, then to mind what either the Man or the Master Prattl'd; and therefore having order'd his Men to return the plunder they had taken from *Sancho*, and to keep close in the Wood where they were before; away rode he with *Claudia* to see what was become of *Don Vincent*.

They arriv'd in a short time at the place where *Claudia* left him, but finding nothing there unless it were the stains of his still reaking Blood, they rode on, and at last overtook the wounded *Vincent* in the Arms of his Servants and Friends, and with a dying and languishing utterance desiring 'em to let him dye quietly in that place; for that the loss of his Blood, and the pain of his Wounds would not permit him to go any farther. At the sight of so sad a Spectacle *Claudia* alighted, she took *Don Vincent* by the hand, and between pity and complaint; Ah, *Vincent*, said she, hadst not thou been treacherous to me, thou hadst not been in this Condition. At which words *Don Vincent* opening his Eyes half way, and knowing *Claudia's* Face; I know, said he, dear *Claudia*, I know those hands of thine have given me my death wound; but how I disobligh'd thee, that I know not, for neither in my actions or my thoughts I ever yet deserv'd that thou shouldst use me thus. How! reply'd *Claudia*, wert thou not going this Morning to marry *Leonora* the Rich *Babastro's* Daughter? Who I? reply'd *Don Vincent*, assuredly I never had it in my thoughts. But thy Misfortune deluded thee to take away my Life; which I now willingly resign thee, since 'tis my happiness to surrender it into thy embraces. For proof of this dear *Claudia*, give me thy hand, and take him for thy Husband that nere deceiv'd thee yet; but now dyes overjoy'd that he has liv'd so long to undeceive thee of thy Error. *Claudia* gave him her hand, and conscious of the foul Crime she had committed, dropt in a swoon upon the Body of her Husband; who at the same instant breath'd out the last remainders of his Life. *Claudia* came quickly to her self agen; but too late observing the patience of a Constant Lover in departed *Vincent's* Cheeks, like one distracted, she cry'd, lamented, rung her Hands, and tore her Hair, she curs'd her inconsiderate Folly, and made a thousand vain complaints and moans for him that now was past recovery.

At length *Roques* gave order to *Don Vincent's* Servants to carry his Body back to his Fathers House, and leave the Disconsolate *Claudia* to bewail her misapply'd revenge. And so returning to his Crew, he found *Don Quixote* a Horse-back, in the midst of 'em, preaching Reformation and amendment of Life. But they being People of another humour gave little ear to

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his Morality, and did but laugh at all his pious Sentences. On the other side *Rogues* ask'd *Sancho*, whether his Squires had return'd him all his Things? Every thing, quo *Sancho*, but only three Night-coifs, worth three Cities. How the Devil can that be, cry'd one of the Fellows? 'tis I that have 'em, and they are not worth three Sixpences. That's very true, reply'd *Don Quixote*, but my Squire so esteems 'em, for the Persons sake that gave him the Present. Thereupon *Rogues* order'd the Coifs to be restor'd him likewise; and then commanding his People to bring forth their last Booty of Jewels and ready Money; he made a distribution of the whole with so much equality and justice, as if it had been *Solon* himself. Which done, *Rogues* turning about to *Don Quixote*, thus you see, Sir, said he, how punctual and just, the most unjust of Men are forc'd to be one to another; without which there were no living among us. Ay, by my Faith, quo *Sancho*, certainly. Justice must be a most Excellent thing when Thieves are forc'd to make use of it. Which grave Sentence of *Sancho*'s being overheard by one of the High-way-men, he up with the Butt end of his Carbine, and had certainly spoil'd *Sancho* for a Proverb-monger, had not *Rogues* prevented the Execution of the blow. This was such a fair warning to *Sancho*, that he resolv'd to sow up his Lips so long as he quarter'd with such Robustious Company.

At the same time came one of the Crew who had been set Sentinel to spy what Passengers travell'd the Road, and addressing himself to his Captain, A Prize, a Prize, cry'd he, yonder's a Jolly Company going for *Barcellona*. What are they, said *Rogues*? such as seek us, or such as we stay for. Such as we stay for, quo the Sentinel, Horse and away then, Boys, cry'd *Rogues*, bring 'em all hither — let none escape.

With that, the whole Crew put Spurs to their Horses, and now *Rogues*, *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* being left alone, said he to *Don Quixote*, I warrant you look upon this to be a strange Course of Life — for we always meet with change of Adventures, and always run great Hazards. Truly I must confess, 'tis a troublesome and disorderly Life we lead; and for my part I am thus engag'd by certain Motives of Revenge, that many times subdues our Prudence and our Reason. I am naturally of a mild and compassionate Humour, but the eager desire of Revenging an Affront that has been offer'd me, ranverses all my sober Resolutions, and forces me to follow this unconscionable Trade, contrary to my natural Inclinations. And not only so, but as one Whirlpool swallows another, and Crimes are link'd together, I not only seek my own, but prosecute the Revenge of others. And yet I am in hopes that Heaven at length, so compassionate as it is of human Frailty, will by a divine Hand retrieve me from this disorderly Course, not having power to do it of my self.

Don Quixote stood amaz'd at *Rogues*'s discourse, not dreaming to have found among so leud a Crew, for whom the Gallows daily sigh'd, such Sentiments of Conscience and Remorse in any one; and therefore laying hold of the Opportunity to shew his Piety, Monsieur *Rogues*, said he, 'tis a great step to Health, for a Man to understand his Distemper, and to find the Patient readily dispos'd to take those Remedies that are most conducing to his Cure. You are sick, you know your Disease; therefore apply your self to God, who is a most Infallible Physician, who will not fail to prescribe those Recipes for your Soul that will in a short time compleat your Cure. Remedies that will work so much the more effectually when they meet with a good Nature, and a Disposition prepar'd. A knowing Sinner is in a far more ready Path to amendment, than an ignorant Transgressor; for

for he more clearly discerning good from evil becomes asham'd of his own Vices, whereas a Fool acts only by Instinct; and abandons himself to his Passions, not understanding the danger of unrepented Crimes. Courage, then Monsieur *Rogues*, you are a Man of Wit and Prudence — make use of your parts, and never despair the perfect cure of your languishing Soul — and to make a more easie progress in the Road of Salvation, go along, and learn of me the Mystery of *Knight-Errantry*, accompany'd with those Hardships and Misfortunes, which the Penance of undergoing, will bring you in a trice to Heaven.

Rogues smil'd to hear *Don Quixote*'s Whimsical Advice, and to change the Subject of the Discourse, told him the whole Story of *Claudia Geronimo*'s Adventure, the relation of which put *Sancho* into a Melancholy Fit; for you must know the Life, the Spirit, and good humour of the young Girl, had strangely wrought upon his Affections.

By this time the *Boothalers* return'd with their Prize, Two Gentlemen well mounted, Two Pilgrims a foot, and a Coach wherein there were certain Ladies, attended by Eight Lacqueys, some a foot, and some a Horse-back, and Two Footmen belonging to the Two Gentlemen, each upon his Mule. All these were now in Hucksters Hands, and being carefully surrounded and attended by their Guard, with an awful silence expected their Doom; while their Guardians were no less whist to listen to their Examinations.

The first whom *Rogues* took to task were the two Gentlemen, to whom he put the usual Question, who they were, and whether they were traveling? Sir, reply'd the one, we are two Foot Captains; our Company's lye at *Naples*, whether we are bound, and going to take Shipping at *Barcellona*. We have about two or three hunder'd Crowns about us, with which we thought our selves as Rich as *Cresus*; for you know Men of our Profession are no Usurers. Well — and what are you, said *Rogues* to the *Pilgrims*? We, said they, are going to *Rome*, and our Stock is about thirty Shillings — Very good, What are those Ladies iⁿ the Coach? To whom one of the Lacqueys a Horse-back reply'd, that it was the Lady *Guioner*, the Regent of the Vicar of *Naples*'s Wife, with her Daughter and Waiting Woman. That she had six Attendants, three afoot and three mounted; and that their Sum Total was about Six hunder'd Crowns. So then, cry'd *Rogues*, we have got already Nine hunder'd Crowns and Thirty Shillings, and I have threescore Followers, now Gentlemen cast it up, what comes to every Man's share; for I am none of the best accountants. With that the whole Crew of *Ruffians* cry'd out, long live the great *Rogues Gunniard*, in spite of all the *Dun's* and *Catches* that gape for his Ruin.

On the other side the two Captains, Madam *Regent*, and the *Pilgrims* were as much cast down, foreseeing the Confiscation of their Moveables, and all their Wealth past Redemption; when *Rogues* turning about to the Captains, Gentlemen, said he, lend me Threescore Crowns, and you Madam *Regent*, I beseech yee lend me Fourscore; this is only to satisfy my Men, for we must all live by our Callings. This done, you are free to go whether you please, and if you meet with any Straglers, as perhaps you may do, tell the first at the top of the next Hill, that *The Moon shines Bright*, and the next iⁿ the bottom, that *The Kings Vessels lye at Barcellona*, and then you are out of all danger. For my design is not to injure either Soldiers or Ladies, especially those that are of Quality. The two Captains thus deliver'd out of their Affliction, made him a thousand Congies, return'd him Ten thousand Thanks, and extoll'd his Generosity and Liberality

ality to the Skies. The Lady *Guimer* would ha' thrown her self out of her Coach to ha' kiss'd his Feet. But *Roques* prevented her, and withal begg'd her pardon for the wrong he had done her, constrain'd thereto by his Profession, and the necessity he had to keep such a Crew about him at the Expence of other Peoples Purfes. Thereupon the two Captains and Madam *Regent* paid him down his demands, and the Pilgrims, not hearing of any Mitigation for them, were about to give him their whole Stock; but *Roques* bid 'em stay; and then turning to his Company, Of these hundred and forty Crowns, said he, there comes two a piece to your share; and for the Twenty that remain, give Ten to these Pilgrims, and the other Ten to this honest Squire; that he may have cause to rejoice at his meeting with this Adventure. And having so done he dismiss'd the Travellers overjoy'd, and admiring the generous Behaviour of the Famous *Roques*; his Generosity, his noble Mien and deportment, and applauding him to the Stars. But one of the Rovers, not so well pleas'd with *Roques's* Liberality; By St. *Nicholas*, quo he, this Captain of ours would make a better Monk than a Land Pirate: But if he intends for the future to be so Bountiful, let it be of his own, and not of our Plunder. *Roques* over-hearing him, drew his Sword, and after he had almost cleft his Skull, 'Tis thus, said he, that I chastise such Insolent Rascals that cannot rule their Tongues; nor durst the stoutest of the whole number so much as mutter at his punishment, so well he knew to be obey'd and fear'd.

After that, *Roques* retir'd a little aside, and wrote to one of his Friends at *Barcellona*, that he had met with *Don Quixote*, the famous *Knight-Errant*, so much talk'd of over all *Spain*; that he was a pleasant sort of a Man, Witty and one that knew the World; and that within four days after the Feast of St. *John Baptist*, he would bring him into the Publick *Piazza* of the City, in his Armour *Cap-a-pe*, mounted upon his lofty *Refinante*, and his Squire *Sancho* upon his *Grizzle*. Desiring him to give notice of his coming to such of his acquaintance that he intended should partake of the Pastime; for that the strange Intermixture of Folly and Sobriety in the Master, and the Buffonry of the Squire could not but be acceptable to all the World. Which Letter was carry'd by one of his Men, disguis'd like a Country Carter, and deliver'd according to the Direction.

CHAP. IX.

What happen'd to Don Quixote upon his entry into Barcellona, with other Things, that carry more of Truth then Probability.

Three days did *Don Quixote* stay with *Roques*, and every day produc'd new Accidents. They never kept long in the same station, but din'd in one place, sup'd in another; sometimes they fled, not knowing why or wherefore; sometimes they stopt with as little reason, always in a ready Posture, always alarm'd; sometimes fetching a short Nap a Horse-back, sometimes upon the Ground; but so broken and interrupted were their Slumbers, that they hardly deserv'd the name of Repose. Their Spies were every where abroad, and their Sentinels kept continual Watch. And as for *Roques* himself, he spent the Night at a distance from his Company, who seldom knew where he lay, not daring hardly to confide in himself, and

and fearing to be betray'd by his own Men; so severely was he pursu'd by the Viceroy of *Barcellona*, who had likewise set a price upon his Head. But at length *Don Quixote*, *Roques* and *Sancho*, attended by Six of the Jolly Band, crossing the Roads, and taking all the By-ways imaginable, posted for *Barcellona*, and got thither by that time 'twas dark night, upon St. *Johns* Eve. And thus *Roques* having brought the Knight to an Inn not far from the Towns end, after many Complements between him and *Don Quixote* for his Civilities, and a thousand Thanks on *Sancho's* part for the Ten Crowns, return'd back to his Company the same way he came.

And now the fair *Aurora* began to appear upon the Balconies of the East, shedding down her Liquid Pearls upon the fragrant Herbs and Flowers; but long she staid not ere the Brighter Sun took place, and fill'd the Northern World with day. What time a pleasing, yet confused noise of Trumpets, Hautboys, Drums and Fifes, and other Warlike Instruments, fill'd both *Don Quixote's* and *Sancho's* Ears with Admiration. They lookt about and saw the Sea, which they had never seen before. It seem'd to them to be much more wide and spacious than the River of *Mancha*. They view'd the Galleys in the Port, and it was a Spectacle extremely delightful to behold the Jacks, the Pendants and the Ancients sporting in the Wind. The Trumpets fill'd the Air with their melodious Levets; and by and by the Galleys moving, began to counterfeit a Sea Engagement; while the Gentry of the City prancing out of Town upon their pamper'd Courfers, seem'd to manage their Horses to the Motion of the Vessels, that discharg'd their great Guns at the same time, and were as loudly answer'd by the Artillery from the City and Castle. Gladness and Pomp display'd themselves in all their Glory; the Land was jocond, the Air serene, the Ocean calm and smiling; and nothing interven'd to deprive the Gazing Eye of such a lovely Prospect. *Sancho* admir'd what he beheld; but could not for the Life of him apprehend how the Galleys should have so many Feet, nor what sort of Feet those should be that could so swiftly move those Ponderous Barks, and it was no less pleasant to see how he started and duck'd his Head every time the Guns went off.

While *Sancho* was thus in an Extasie, a Troop of Gentlemen richly apparell'd, galloping up to *Don Quixote*, surrounded him with loud acclamations, and one among the rest (the Person to whom *Roques* had written) cry'd out, Welcom North-star and Mirror of *Knight-Errantry*— Welcom the Great, the Valiant, the Invincible *Don Quixote*, the true Knight of *Mancha*, whose Character the Famous *Cid Hamet Benengeli*, the Flower of Historians has so faithfully deliver'd to the World; not that Impostor, that Counterfeit piece of *Apocrypha*, that has usurp'd his Glorious Name, to authorize his Fables and Impertinencies.

Don Quixote answer'd not a word; neither indeed had he either time or opportunity, they did so ride the *Hay* about him, so circulate him, and prance so many antick Figures round him in token of joy, that the amaz'd Champion was in a Labyrinth, only turning to *Sancho*, his only Intimate Acquaintance; *Sancho*, quo he, these People know me, and I'll venture a Wager, they have read my History, and that of the *Arragonian*. But then the Gentleman that first accosted him, singling him out; We beseech yee, Sir *Don Quixote*, to let us have the Honour of your Company— here are none but your Servants, and the Familiar Friends of *Roques Guiniard*. If Curtesie, reply'd *Don Quixote*, begat Curtesie, certainly your Civility should either be the Daughter or near Kinswoman of the famous *Roques*— Goe where you please, I'll follow yee through all the World, more especially

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if you will do me the High honour to employ me in your Service. The Gentleman made him a Complement no less obliging, and no less studied than his own; and then invironing him in the middle between 'em, they took the way to the City, the Trumpets founding and Drums beating before 'em. But whether or no the *Necromancers* waited for the Knights entrance, as it was reported they did, certain it is, a couple of unlucky young Bastards, no less unlucky than *Necromancers*, out of their accustom'd Roguery, made a shift to get through the croud of Horsemen, and thrust a bundle of Nettles, one under *Rosinantes*, and the other under *Grizzles* Tail. Upon which, the poor Beasts tormented with those unwonted Stings in their Posteriors, fell a kicking and wincing at such an exasperated rate, that they flung their Riders to the Ground. *Don Quixote* cursedly asham'd, and damnable Mad, tho he forbore to shew his displeasure, got up agen, and deliver'd *Rosinante* from his Torment; nor was *Sancho* less kind to his *Grizzle*, while the Gentlemen rode after the Miscreants that had occasion'd the disorder, tho to little purpose, for they were soon lost among the rest of the Rabble. So that *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* mounting once more, *Don Roque's* Friend, who was one of the most considerable Persons in *Barcelona*, carry'd them home to his own House, free from any more distasters; where we must leave 'em for a time, because *Benengeli* here concludes the Chapter.

CHAP. X.

Containing the Adventure of the Enchanted Head, &c.

THE Name of the Person where *Don Quixote* lodg'd, was *Antonio Moreno*, a Wealthy and a Facetious Gentleman, and one that lov'd a pleasant and jocular Humour with all his Heart. Who having now *Don Quixote* in his House, resolv'd to make sport with his Follies, yet so, as to give him no offence, as one who knew that Drollery, was not to exceed its Bounds, and that Affronts was no sport. The first thing therefore that came into his Mind, was to have his Armour off, and to expose him in his Antick Habit in his Balcony, which look'd into one of the Principal Streets of the City; where all the People were got together, like the Boys about an Ape in a Haberdashers Shop. The Gentlemen also rode too and fro before the Windows upon their finical Prancers, and shew'd a hunder'd feats of Activity, as if it had been only for the Knight, and that they had been no ways concern'd for the Festival. *Sancho* was extremely pleas'd to see all this, as one that thought he had met with another *Camacho's* Wedding; another *Diego di Miranda's* House, or another *Duke's* Castle.

That day, there din'd with *Don Antonio* five or six of his Friends, who paid a great Respect to *Don Quixote*, treating him like a Knight-Errant, with so much Reverence and Ceremony, that *Don Quixote* was almost asham'd to see himself so highly honour'd. And as for *Sancho*, he was so full of his Jeasts and Quibbles, that he set not only all the Table a laughing, but all that heard him. Mr. Squire, cry'd *Don Antonio*, 'tis reported here, that you are such a lover of Capons, and Saucidges, that when you can eat no more you put the rest i' your Breeches against the next Morning. That's not true, reply'd *Sancho*; I am neither such a Glutton, nor such a Sloven;

Sloven; here's my Master *Don Quixote* can tell yee, that many times for eight or nine days together we are forc'd to rob the Hogs of their Acorns; and if we get half a dozen Onions, we look upon it as a Feast. But if any one gives me a Cow, I never refuse to fetch a Cord—that is to say, I eat when 'tis given me, and I take Time by the Forelock; and if any one says that I am either a Sloven or a Glutton, he does me wrong; and I would give it him in other Language, but for the Worshipful Beards that I see at this Table.

Certainly, quo *Don Quixote*, *Sancho's* cleanliness in eating ought to be engrav'd in Plates of Brass for an example to Posterity. True it is, that when he is a Hungry, he eats a little Greedily, and one bit never stays for another; but for his cleanly eating he was always cry'd up; inasmuch that when he was a Governour, he always put his Raisons and Pomegranates to his Mouth with a Silver Fork. How! cry'd *Don Antonio*, has Mr. *Sancho* then been a Governour? Yes, Sir, quo *Sancho*, I have been a Governour, and of an Island, which is call'd *Barattaria*, with this Mouth that you see, and all the while I lost my Sleep, my Senses, and wasted my Flesh, and all I got by't, was only that it taught me to contemn all the Governments i' the World for the future; so that I made so much haste to leave it, that I and my *Grizzle* fell into a deep hole, where we had been starv'd to death had not a Miracle reliev'd us. With that *Don Quixote* up and told 'em this whole Story of *Sancho's* Government, to the great satisfaction of all the Company, who had their Belly-fulls of laughter as well as good Cheer.

Dinner ended, *Don Antonio* took *Don Quixote* by the Hand, and led him into a Chamber, where there was no other Furniture then only a Table that seem'd to be of *Jasper*, supported by a Pedestal of the same Stone; and underneath the Table stood a Head of seeming Brass, like one of the *Roman* Emperors Heads from the Breast upward. They walk'd several turns about the Room, and round the Table; after which, quo *Don Antonio* to *Don Quixote*, since we are here in a place where I am sure that no body overhears us, I will tell yee one of the strangest Adventures that ever were known, provided you will lay it up as a Secret, in the remotest Apartment of your Breast. My Oath and Word are both engag'd, reply'd *Don Quixote*. The Person you speak to has Eyes and Ears, but no Tongue, and tho you should discover to me the very Secrets of your Heart, 'twere all one as to bury them in the Abysses of silence.

Well then, quo *Don Antonio*, I will tell yee those things that will ravish your Admiration, and deliver me from the trouble I have long been in for want of a Person with whom I could confide so great a Secret.

This Head that here you see, Sir *Quixote*, was made by one of the Curningest *Necromancers* i' the World, a *Polonian* as I think, and the famous *Lesco's* Schollar, who is said to have wrought so many Miracles. I kept him for some time here in my House, and for a thousand Crowns that I gave him, he made me this Head, which has that Faculty, that it will answer yee to any Question you shall ask it. He observ'd the Motion of the Stars, their Retrogradations and Ascensions; and just i' the nick of the Constellation brought it to that perfection you shall see to Morrow; for upon *Fry-days* it is always dumb, so that to day 'tis to no purpose to trouble it. *Don Quixote*, strangely astonish'd at what *Don Antonio* told him concerning the Head, could hardly be induc'd to believe it, but in regard the time was so short before he was to make the Experiment, he said no more, but only return'd his humble Thanks to *Don Antonio* for entrusting him with a secret of that Importance. After this they left the Chamber, which *Don Antonio*

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lockt after him, and return'd to the Company, to whom *Sancho*, 'i the mean time had related a great part of his Master's Adventures.

Toward Evening they went and took a turn about the City, *Don Quixote* without his Armour, but wrapt up in a long grey Freeze Cloak, enough to ha' made a Man sweat i' the last hard Frost. *Sancho* staid behind, the Servants having order to hold him in a Chat, and prevent his following his Master. Nor did *Don Quixote*, ride his *Rosinante*, but was mounted upon a large Mule, well equipp'd; and besides, they had pinn'd on his Cloak a large piece of Parchment, by him not tak'n notice of, whereon were written these Words, *This is Don Quixote de la Mancha*. So that the People reading the Inscription, as he pass'd along, and every one crying, *This is Don Quixote de la Mancha*, the Champion was amaz'd to hear that every body that saw him should have his Name so ready at their Tongues end, as if the whole City had been of his acquaintance; and turning at the same time to *Don Antonio*, that rode next him, Certainly, said he, there must be a hidden and unconceivable Vertue in *Knight-Errantry*, which has that Prerogative to render its Professours Famous over all the World; for here you see the very Women and Children know me, that never saw me before.

I find it so, Sir *Quixote*, reply'd *Don Antonio*: Like Fire that always discovers it self by its own light, so Vertue has that Lustre, that never fails to display it self; especially that Renown which is acquir'd by the Profession of Arms.

While they were thus upon the *Grand Paw*, a Castillian, reading the Inscription, cry'd out a loud, *The Devil take Don Quixote de la Mancha*, is that Cowardly Booby still alive, after so many Cudgellings and Lambastings as have rain'd upon his Bones? All the World knows thee to be a Fool in grain, and if that were all, 'twere no great matter; but thy Folly is contagious, and infects others; witness these deluded Gentlemen that admire thy Extravagancies and pamper thy Whimfies—get thee home with a Murrain, and look after thy House, thy Wife and Childern, and leave playing the Fop and the Vagabond, as thou dost—Friend, friend, quo *Don Antonio*, keep your way, and forbear your Advice to those that have no need of your Counsel. The Lord *Don Quixote* is a prudent Man, and we that accompany him think our selves no Beasts—Valour is a Vertue to be honour'd where ever we meet with it. By *St. Christopher* you say true, reply'd the Castillian, A Man that spends his Breath in advising that same *Tom a Bedlam*, does but baft Flints with Butter. But let me perish and all my Generation, if e're yee catch me advising agen, were I to live the Years of *Metusalem*, and were begg'd upon the Knee to do it. And so saying the Castillian went his ways, and the Gentlemen continu'd their Procession; but they were so pester'd by the Rabble that crouded to read the Inscription, that *Don Antonio* was forc'd to take it off.

And now the Night coming on, they return'd to *Don Antonio's* House, where his Wife, a Lady no less pleasant in her Humour then Beautiful, had invited several of her Friends, to honour her new Guest, and share in the Pastime of his Extravagancies. Thus the Room was fill'd with Ladies, and a magnificent Supper entertain'd the Company, and about Ten a Clock at Night they prepar'd for a Great Ball. Among the rest there were two Ladies of a frank and jolly Humour, and Witty withal; who to gratifie the Company, desir'd *Don Quixote* to lead a dance, and ply'd him so hard, one still taking him out when the t'other had left him, that they made him sweat like a Thrasher, and tyr'd him quite off his Legs. But the pleasure was to see so strange a Figure tumble about; a long Gaunt, Meager, Sway-backt, Thin-flank'd

Thin-flank'd manner of Man, Red herring Complexion'd, Hollow-ey'd, long Bristly Mustacho's, his Doubler out at Elbows, Seams unript, and as nimble as a Cow in a Cage. The Ladies under pretence of Courtship, frumpr and twitter'd at him without Mercy; and he return'd 'em Wipe for Wipe, but yet so cleverly, that no distaste could be taken on either side. Till at length finding himself tormented by their Caresses, Avoid Female Satans, cry'd he, cease to disturb me with your Flipperous twittle twattle, Ladies made up of Vanity and Town Humour, for the Peerless *Dulcinea del Toboso*, sole Queen Regent of my Heart permits me not to be enslav'd to any other; and so saying, he fate himself down upon the Floor in the middle of the Hall, all in a Dew and quite tir'd with his jumping Exercise. *Sancho* was the first that attempted to lift him up, and as he lent him his Hand, In good faith, Master of ours, you have shook your Heels most Courageously—but after all, do you believe the *Hero's* were Hop-Merchants, or that the *Knights-Errant* of old were snappers of Castanets? If yee do, you are monstrously deceiv'd. A Man of your Courage should rather be murdering Gyants then dancing of Jiggs—'tis for Women to jogg their Tails—you should ha' sent for me when they took yee out to dance, and I would ha' taught 'em to play at *Leap-frog* I warrant 'em; and still if the Ladies have a mind to mould Cockle-bread, have at 'em. This put the Company into such a fit of laughter, that *Sancho* had leisure, with a little Assistance, to get his Master to Bed, where he left him cover'd over Head and Ears to sweat out his Distemper.

The next Morning *Don Antonio* ask'd *Don Quixote* whether he would be pleas'd to go and discourse the *Enchanted Head*, and to that purpose he carry'd into the Chamber where it stood the Knight and the Squire, two Gentlemen of the City, and the two Ladies that had so jollily exercis'd *Don Quixote* the Night before. So soon as they were enter'd, *Don Antonio* lockt the Door, enjoynd 'em Secrefie, and told his Friends the Vertues of the *Head*, and how it was the first time that ever he had the Opportunity to try the Experiment. Upon that *Don Antonio*, going up close to the *Head*, with a low Voice, yet so as he might be heard, Tell me, said he, by that Mysterious Vertue wherewith thou art endu'd, what I think at this present? At the same time, the *Head* with a clear and distinct utterance, yet never moving the Lips, made answer, *I am no Judge of Thoughts*. At which the Gentlemen seem'd to be astonish'd; and the Ladies scream'd out right; for there was no body to be seen in the Chamber, and they could plainly perceive that the Voice came directly from the *Head*. Then, quo *Antonio*, a second time, How many are there of us in the Room? *Thou and thy Wife*, reply'd the *Head*, thy two He-Friends and thy two She-Friends, with a certain Famous Knight call'd *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, and his Squire, one *Sancho Pancha*. With that their Admiration was greater then before; so that you might have seen 'em sweat for fear. Then *Don Antonio* retiring, 'tis enough I am convinc'd, said he, 'twas no Impostor fold thee to me; wise understanding *Head*, discoursing *Head*, miraculous and marchless *Head*. Now as Women are more Curious and eager then other Persons, one of the dancing Ladies ventring up to it, Tell me *Head*, said she, what must I do to make my self Amiable: Be prudent and Modest, answer'd the *Head*. I ha' done questioning, quo the Lady, giving way to her Friend. Who with the same Curiosity, I would know, quo she, whether my Husband loves me or no? Observe his Behaviour toward thee, and that will tell thee, reply'd the *Head*. 'Twas well answer'd, quo the Lady, for truly a Mans Actions discover the Disposition of his Mind. One of *Don Antonio's* Friends put the Question to

to it, Who am I? To whom the Head, dost not thou know that thy self? That's not the Question, reply'd the Gentleman, I would be satisfi'd whether thou knowst who I am? I know thee well, quo the Head, thou art Don Pedro Noriz. 'Tis sufficient, reply'd the Gentleman, I find thou art no Block-head. Then the other Gentleman, taking his turn, Prithee good Head, tell me, What does my Eldest Son think? Have I not said already, reply'd the Head, that I was no Judge of thoughts? however I will tell thee, thy Eldest Son is thinking how long it will be before he shall bury thee. I believe it, reply'd the Gentleman, what I see with my Eyes I mark with my Finger—'tis enough. Then Don Antonio's Wife approaching, I would know, quo she, whether I shall live long with my dear Husband or no? Long shalt thou live, quo the Head, for his healthy Constitution and thy Temperance promise long Life, which other People shorten by their Debauchery. Then Don Quixote drawing neer with his accustom'd Gravity, and the Address of one that understood how to Consult an Oracle, tell me, said he, thou Head of a Philosopher, Is it a Truth, or a Dream what I related concerning the Cave of Montesinos? Will Sancho my Squire fulfill his Promise, in giving himself those Lashes, according to his Vows and Protections? And shall we ever see the Peerless Dulcinea Disenchanted? As for what concerns the Cave reply'd the Head, we have many things to say; 'tis partly True, and partly a Dream: Sancho will in time be as good as his Word, and Dulcinea will be at Liberty. That's all I desire to know, quo Don Quixote, for could I once but see fair Dulcinea Disenchanted, assur'd Success would then attend me in all my Adventures. Then Sancho, bringing up the Rear, tell me, said he Renowned Head, whether I shall ever have another Government or no? Will it ever be my Fate to quit this miserable Trade of Squire-Eranging? Or must I ever see my Wife and Children agen? To whom the Head, Thou mai'st Govern thy own House when thou returnst home; and thou shalt see thy Wife and Children if they be there; and when thou leav'st off serving thou shalt be no longer a Squire. The Devil take thee for a Dunder-head, quo Sancho, what need I ha' come to a Sorcerer, to tell me what I knew before? Well Brute, quo Don Quixote, and what wouldst thou have had him told thee? Is't not enough that the Answers which the Head gives thee are pertinent to thy Questions? Nay, quo Sancho, since you will have it so it shall be so—yet I would ha' been better satisfy'd, would Monsieur Head ha' been pleas'd to ha' told me a little more of his Mind—but I find your Brazen Heads are very reserv'd.

These were the Questions propos'd, and the several Answers made by the Enchanted Head, to the great Admiration of all, but only two of Don Antonio's Friends, who were privy to the Mystery. But Benengeli, touch'd in Conscience, thought it his Duty to unfold it, fearing lest the Reader should think him a Confederate with Fryer Bacon; and therefore he tells us, how that Don Antonio being a Person of great Curiosity, caus'd this Head to be made in Imitation of one that he had seen at Madrid, to make himself sport with the Superstition of other People. That the Table together with the Pedestal upon which it stood, resembling at the bottom four Eagles Claws, was of Wood painted with several Colours like Jasper. That the Pedestal was likewise hollow, through which there descended two Pipes from the Mouth and Ears of the Head, which was hollow also, and colour'd over like Brass, into the Room underneath, where he that was the Oracle laid his Ear to one Pipe to listen, and deliver'd his Answers through the other. And moreover that a Nephew of Don Antonio's, a Witty young Gentleman, having his Instructions before hand from his

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Uncle, who was the Pythian Priest. Moreover Cid Hamet reports, that this speaking Head return'd Answers to all manner of Questions for Fifteen days together, but that at length the noise of the Miracle made such a terrible Combustion in the City, that Don Antonio fearing to be had up in the Inquisition, was forc'd to go and discover the Truth himself to the Fathers; who order'd him to break it in pieces, before the Imposture had penetrated too deep into Vulgar belief.

But for all that Don Quixote and Sancho were fully confirm'd that it was an Enchanted Head, tho true it is, that the Knight was much better satisfi'd with his Answer than the Squire. Soon after, Don Quixote had a great desire to view the City, but afoot and Incognito, because he would not be troubl'd any more with the Rabble; and to that purpose he walk'd forth attended only by Sancho and two of Don Antonio's Servants. Now it happen'd, that as he was going up and down, he spy'd written over a Door in Great Letters these Words, HERE IS A PRINTING-HOUSE. This was an accident that overjoy'd him, and therefore to satisfy his Curiosity, in he went with his Train to see an Art which he had never seen before. There he saw some picking of Letters out of the Cases; others correcting the Forms; and others working at the Press: and after he had diligently enquir'd what this was for, and what that was for; at length approaching to a Compositor, he askt him what 'twas He was doing? Sir, said the Compositor (shewing a good Comely Person, with a serious Air in his Face) that Gentleman has Translated a Book out of Italian into Spanish, and I am preparing it for the Press. Pray what may be the Title of the Book? quo Don Quixote. The Title of it, Sir, quo the Author, is Toys and Trifles—but tho the Title seem to promise little, the Matter which it contains is both serious and useful. I pretend to understand a little Italian, answer'd Don Quixote, and have read Ariosto several times—but pray, Sir, without any offence, did you never meet with such a Word in Italian as Pignatta! Frequently, Sir, reply'd the Author, you meet with it often in Ruini's Receipts. Very good, quo Don Quixote, how would you Translate that Word into Spanish? I would render it a Pipkin, quo the Author, for 'tis its proper Signification. 'Tis very Right, quo Don Quixote, I find y're a Master of the Language; but I fear me the World does not do yee Justice—How many Men quite lose their Talents! how many sparkling Wits are buried in Oblivion for want of their Merits being known! But I beseech yee one word more, Sir; do yee print this Book at your own Charges, or does any Bookseller pay yee for your Copy. Why truly, Sir, I do print it at my own Cost; for your Booksellers are so niggardly, that 'tis hardly worth the Toyl of labouring only to promote their Gains—and therefore as I said before I print this Book at my own Expences, paying for Paper and Print, and I hope to get a hunder'd Pound clear by the first Impression. Oh, Friend, quo Don Quixote, I'm afraid you'll come short of your Reck'ning, you don't understand the Cunning of Book-sellers—they'll stifle your Book, cry it down, and give the Author an ill Name, as the Cobler did his Dog; and what will yee do then? Lord—Sir, quo the Author, what would yee ha' me ha' done?—should I ha' gone and offer'd it a Bookseller, he would ha' given me the tenth part of what 'twas worth, and thought he had done me a great Kindness too—I seek my own Profit, which is better then Reputation. Then turning to another Place, he saw a Man Correcting a Page of a Book call'd the Light of the Soul—Ay, quo Don Quixote, these are the Books that ought to be printed—for tho there be Legions of this sort, yet the Number of Sinners

is so Infinite, that there can never be too much Light for People so much in the Dark. So passing on a little farther, he found another correcting a Book, of which when he ask'd the Title, they told him 'twas *The Second Part of the most Ingenious Don Quixote de la Mancha*, Compos'd by a Native of *Tordesillas*—How! quo *Don Quixote*; I know this Book certainly—and I had thought the Fellow that made it had been burnt by this time for an Impostor—but if he ben't already, his time will come—the World will certainly be convinc'd at length of so many Impertinences, that have neither probability nor Coherence; and so saying he flung out of the Printing-house in a huff, bawking the Officious Workmen of their expected Two Dozen at least, and was curst with Bell Book and Candle by the whole Chappel.

The next day *Don Antonio* would needs shew *Don Quixote* the Gallies in the Road; which was a great Consolation to *Sancho*, who had never seen such a sight in his Life. To which purpose *Don Antonio* gave notice of his Intention to the Admiral, who had already heard of the Knight, and was no less desirous to see him. Of which you shall hear more i' the next Chapter.

CHAP. XI.

What befel Sancho going aboard the Gallies, and of the Adventure of the Beautiful Moorefs.

Immediately after Dinner, *Don Antonio*, his two Friends, *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* went to see the Gallies, and no sooner had they made their appearance upon the Key, but the Admiral sent his Long-boat ashore spread with Turkey-Carpets, and furnish'd with Crimson Velvet Cushions to fetch them aboard. By and by the Great Guns roar'd out their Salutations to *Don Quixote* from the Admiral Galley, which were answer'd by the Cannon from all the Rest: and *Don Quixote* being enter'd the Vessel, was presently saluted with three loud *Hou, Hou, Hou's*, according to the Custom of the whole Chiurm of Slaves and Seamen. The Admiral, who was a Knight of *Valence*, and a Person of great Quality, gave him his Hand, and embracing him, This day, said he, will I signalize particularly with a white Stone, as one of the happiest of my Life, since I have the honour now to see My Lord *Don Quixote*, whose Valour comprehends within it self all the Glory of *Knight-Errantry*. Nor was *Don Quixote* behind hand with him, but made him a Return of his Civility, answerable to his Dignity; overjoy'd to see himself so treated like a Grandee of the Kingdom. Presently they both went into the Great Cabbin, which was decently adorn'd; where both they and the rest of the Company took their Places. At the same time the Master went upon the Deck, and gave a Whistle, upon which all the Slaves immediately unstript. *Sancho* was fear'd to see so many Fellows i' their naked Skins, but much more when he saw 'em set up the Pavillions with so much swiftness, as if they had been so many Devils set at work. But this was not all, for as *Sancho* was sitting under the Main-Mast near the Head-Rower on the Right Hand, the Galley-Slave, instructed what he had to do, took him up in his Arms, and lifting him up above his Shoulders, all the Rest of the Rakehells toss'd and handed him

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one to another, as they do Fagots out of a Lighter, with such a swift and strenuous Motion, that poor *Sancho* lost the very sight of his Eyes, and as giddy as a Goose, thought himself now in the Paws of all the Infernal *Hobgoblins*, going the long Journey of the Wicked: which done, they set him again upon the Deck, sweating like a Bell-founder, panting and heaving and all out of Order both in Body and Mind. Thereupon *Don Quixote* troubl'd to see his Squire playing *Christmas Gambols* i' the Air; he askt whether that were a Ceremony us'd to welcom those that had never been upon a Galley before? for if it were, he had no intention to shew Tricks, nor would he be so initiated into Naval Society—swearing by his Maker, that if they offer'd to touch him he would Kick their Souls out of their Bodies, and at the same time, starting up, he laid his Hand upon the Hilt of his Sword.

By and by, down came the Main-Yard and Main-Sail, making a most hideous noise; so that *Sancho* thought the Skie had been falling, and frighted out of his Wits, thrust his Head between his Legs to save the principal part. To tell yee the Truth, *Don Quixote* himself was but in a stinking Condition, his Heart fail'd him, and what was Miraculous, you might discern a Paleness in his Bacon Face. At the same time the Slaves hoisd up the Main-Yard and Main-Sail agen, with the same prodigious rattling and swiftness as before it fell. Presently the Master gave the Word to weigh Anchor, and bestir'd his Bulls Pizzle so dextrously, that the Galley began to move in a Trice. But when *Sancho* saw so many colour'd Feet, for he took the Oars for such; Passion o' my Heart, quo he, here are Incantments indeed, my Master's are Trifles to these. But what have these poor wretches done to be so miserably flawd?—How dares that same Whistling Rascal abuse so many lusty Fellows, being but One to Forty—? By Guds Liggers, if this ben't Hell, I am sure we are not far from it, and so it must be Purgatory. *Don Quixote* perceiving how earnestly *Sancho's* Eyes were fix'd upon these wonderful Objects, My dear Friend, quo he, now's thy time, here's a fair Opportunity presents it self, if thou wouldst but go and strip thy self to the Waste, and take a Score or Two Stripes among those honest Rowers, thou mightst come off at a cheap rate with thy Penance for *Dulcinea's* disincantment. For one Score of the Masters Lashes would be worth Four of thy own; besides, the Consolation of suffering with others. Which the Admiral over-hearing, would needs know the meaning of *Sancho's* Whipping, and *Dulcinea's* Enchantment; but he was prevented in the satisfaction which he desir'd, by the Sentinel at the Top-Mast-Head, who cry'd out at the same time a *Sail, a Sail*, to the West. With that the Admiral leaping upon the *Coursey*, Cou rage, Boys, all hands to work, let her not scape Us, she is a *Corsaire of Argier* I warrant her. Presently the other Gallies made up to receive Orders from the Admiral, who Commanded two of the Nimblest to make out to Sea, and get the Windward of the Prize, while he crept along the Coast to prevent her running a-shore.

Scarce had the two Gallies made above two Leagues, but they discover'd the *Brigantine*, being a Vessel of about Fourteen Oars; which no sooner perceiv'd the Gallies, but she made all the Sail and labour'd all she could to get away; but in vain, for the Admiral Galley presently fetch'd her up; and the Master of the *Brigantine* seeing his danger, was willing to have yielded; but so it happen'd, that two drunken *Turkish* Seamen at the same time discharg'd a couple of Muskets from the *Wast-cloaths*, and kill'd two of the Admirals Soldiers that stood upon the *Wale* of the Galley; which so provok'd the Admiral, that he swore he would hang 'em up at

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the Yards Arm every Mothers Son; and with that he lai'd the *Brigantine* aboard, and took her, with all that were in her. Which done, the Gallies return'd into Harbour with their Prize. The Admiral came to an Anchor not far from the Land, where the People stood waiting to know what Booty they had got; and understanding that the Vice-Roy was ashore, he launch'd out his Long boat to fetch him aboard. In the mean while the Admiral sending for the Prisoners, demanded who was the Master? To whom one of the Slaves, who was afterwards known to be a *Spanish Renegado*, This was our Master, quo he, pointing to a young Man of about Twenty years of Age, but Beautiful to Admiration. Yee Dog you, cry'd the Admiral, what was in your Mind to kill two of my Men, after yee had strook? The Master was about to have reply'd, when the Admiral left him to receive the Vice-Roy, who was just coming aboard with several other Persons of Quality. What Chear, Admiral, quo the Vice-Roy, ha' yee had a Lucky Chace?—So lucky, reply'd the Admiral, that your Excellency shall see me hang up the best of the Purchase immediately at the Yards-Arm. How so? quo the Vice-Roy. Because they kill'd two of my best Soldiers, contrary to the Custom of the Sea, after they had loar'd in token of surrender; for which I swore I would hang up all that were in the *Brigantine*, especially this Hair-brain'd Fellow the Master. But the Viceroy casting his Eye upon him began to pity his Condition: His Beauty, his Youth, and a certain Air of Modesty in his Countenance, seem'd to beg Compassion, so that he resolv'd to save his Life. Master, said the Vice Roy, art thou a *Turk*, a *Moor*, or a *Renegado*? Neither of the three, reply'd the Master. What art then? reply'd the Vice-Roy; I am a Virgin and a Christian. A Virgin and a Christian, quo the Vice-Roy, in that Habit and that Employment! 'tis a thing to be rather admir'd than believ'd. Suspend a moment the Sentence of my Execution, reply'd the Master, and you shall hear the Story of my Life; for the Delay of your Revenge shall be but very short. Live then, cry'd the Admiral, very furlily, till the end of your Tale.

Gentlemen, said the young Marriner, I am the Daughter of Parents that were both *Moors*, and born in *Spain* among those unhappy and imprudent People, upon whom so many Misfortunes have lately fallen. In the height of our Calamity two of my Uncles carry'd me into *Barbary*, for my averring my self a Christian would not procure my stay. My Mother was a Christian and my Father profess'd himself so to be: So that I suckt in the true Catholick Religion with my Milk, neither did I ever in word or deed testify any Inclination to the contrary. I must needs say my Parents kept me retir'd from the World, but notwithstanding all their prudent Severity, the report of that little Beauty I had, gain'd me the Affection of a young Gentleman, by name *Don Gaspar Gregorio*, Eldest Son of a Knight that liv'd in the same Village; who having notice of my Banishment resolv'd to follow me, and intermixing himself among the *Moors* in our Company during the Voyage, he at length insinuated himself into the Acquaintance of both my Uncles (for my Father having buried the Treasure which he had, was gone to find us out a quieter Habitation in some other Country) and so it happen'd, that the first place where we landed in *Barbary* was *Argier*: Where the King understanding that I was very Beautiful and no less Wealthy, sent for me, and ask'd me what part of *Spain* I was born in, and what store of Money and Jewels I had brought along with me? I gave him an account of the Place of my Nativity, but for my Wealth, I told him I had left it behind me buried in the Earth; yet so as I could easily recover it, if I might be permitted to go my self.

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But in the midst of these and several other Questions of this Nature, another Sycophant came in, and gave him Information of a young Man that was one of our Company, the goodliest and most graceful Person that ever was seen. I was presently sensible 'twas *Don Gaspar* that was spoken of; and knowing him to be no less lovely than he was describ'd, I was extremely concern'd for him, as one that had heard much talk of the bestial Temper of those People.

Presently he gave command that the young Man should be sent for, and in the mean time he ask'd me whether the Information were true, that had been giv'n him? To which, as if I had been suddenly inspir'd, I made answer that she was a Virgin as I was, and therefore belought his Majesty that I might have leave to go and dress her, that her Beauty might appear in its natural Colours.

The King was pleas'd to grant me my Request, and told me withal, that he would consider of a way how I might return into *Spain*, and retrieve my hidden Treasure. Thereupon I went to *Don Gaspar*, told him the danger of his being discover'd; and after I had dress'd him up in Moorish Habit, I carry'd him that Evening to the Prince, who was so taken with the Charms of his Beauty, that he order'd him to be reserv'd as a Present for the *Grand Signior*; and the better to secure him, order'd him to be shut up in his Womens *Serraglio*. And fearing the Solicitations of his own desires, gave him in charge to one of the Principal Ladies of the City, with a strict Injunction to be careful of him, and to be answerable for his forthcoming. This was the last time I saw him; tho' how impatiently I brook'd the sorrow of such a separation, I leave you to judge.

The next day, by the Kings Order, I set Sail for *Spain* in this *Brigantine*, accompany'd with the two Turkish Soldiers that kill'd your Men; and this same *Spanish Renegado*, who is a Christian in his Heart, and has a greater desire to return to *Spain* than to live in *Barbary*. The rest of the Chiurm are all *Moors* and *Turks* that tug at the Oar. And as for these two Covetous and Insolent *Turks*, they were the only Persons, who contrary to their Orders, which were to set me ashore upon the first *Spanish* Ground they should discover, would needs be cruizing after Booty. The last Night we discover'd this Coast, and knowing nothing of your Gallies that lay so neer, we were our selves discover'd and fell into your Hands.

All this while *Don Gaspar* remains in Womens Habit among Women, and every Hour in danger of his Life. So that for my part, I know not whether I have any just cause to complain of the Condition to which my Misfortune has reduc'd me; for I am so weary of my Life, that I little regard the losing of it: Only I beg this Favour, Gentlemen, that you will permit me to dye a Christian, as I have always profess'd to be. And thus concluding, she let fall a shewre of Tears, that melted the most Stony Hearts of all that were present; insomuch that the Vice-Roy more touch'd with Compassion than any of the Rest, went and unbound her Hands himself.

Now all the while that the fair Mariner was telling her Story, there was in the Galley an ancient Pilgrim, who came aboard with the Vice-Roy's Attendants, and kept his Eye still fix'd upon the Damsel. But no sooner had she made an end, but he threw himself at her Feet, and bathing 'em with his Tears, with a languishing Voice, interrupted with sighs and sobs, Ah, *Anna Felix*, cry'd he, my dear and entirely beloved Daughter, know'st thou not *Ricot* thy Father? At the name of *Ricot*, *Sancho* who was ruminating upon the Affront which he had receiv'd from the

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Slaves.

Slaves, look'd up, and staring the Pilgrim in the Face, knew him again to be the same *Ricot* that he had met upon the Road the same day that he left his Government, and then seriously surveying the Damfel he knew her to be *Ricots* Daughter.

But then *Ricot* addressing himself to the Vice-Roy and to the Admiral, My Lords, said he, this is my Daughter, more unfortunate in what has befallen her than in her name. Her name is *Anna Felix Ricot*, well known for her Beauty and her Fathers Wealth. For her sake I departed out of *Spain*, to seek, among strangers, a quiet Habitation. Which after I had found in *Germany*, I return'd hither in this Habit with other Pilgrims, in search of my Daughter, and to recover a certain parcel of Gold, and some other odd Treasure which I had buried in the Earth. I found my hidden Wealth, but sought my Daughter in vain, till now by this same strange and unexpected Accident I met her here, the only Treasure which I value above all the Riches in the World. If then our Innocency, her Tears and mine are capable to move your Compassion, have pity upon two unfortunate Wretches, that never offended either your Honours in particular, or ever harbour'd evil thought against the Publick Government.

Then *Sancho* taking his Turn, I know *Ricot*, quo he, as well as the Begger knows his Dish; and as far as a Man may be certain of such a thing, I'll engage that *Anna Felix* is his Daughter too; but for his Goings-out, or Comings-in; his good or bad Intentions, I ha' nothing to say to them: I am not hear to be Bail for his good Behaviour.

Such a Concourse of surprizing Accidents astonish'd all the Company, so that the Admiral turning to the fair Captive with a Countenance more serene then before, Your Tears, said he, have wrought Effectually; live lovely *Anna Felix*, live in peace a happy and a long Life, and let those Hair-brain'd Slaves, whose Folly thus endanger'd your destruction, bear the Punishment of their Imprudence. And so saying he commanded the Two Turks to be forthwith hang'd up at the Yards-Arm. But the Vice-Roy begg'd their Lives with so much importunity, that the Admiral gratify'd the Vice-Roy's request, considering beside the poorness of Revenge in cold Blood.

Then they began to consider which was the safest way to retrieve *Don Gaspar* from the Danger he was in, to which purpose *Ricot* offer'd to pay for his ransom Two thousand Ducats which he had about him in Jewels. Whereupon the *Spanish Renegado* proffer'd to return to *Argier*, in a small Bark furnish'd with Christian Rowers; as one that well understood when and where to land, and more then that, was well acquainted with the House where *Gregorio* was in Custody. The Admiral and the Vice-Roy were somewhat scrupulous at first to trust a Renegado, till *Anna Felix* undertook for him, and *Ricot* engag'd to pay the Ransom of all the Christians if they were taken by the Turks. So that all things being thus concluded, the Vice Roy took leave of the Admiral; and *Don Antonio Moreno* carry'd *Anna Felix* and *Ricot* home to his own House.

C H A P. XII.

Containing that unlucky Adventure which *Don Quixote* lay'd most to his Heart of any that ever befel him.

Don Antonio's Wife was so overjoy'd to have *Anna Felix* for her Guest, that she receiv'd and entertain'd her with all the Careffes imaginable; and so attractive were the Charms of her Beauty and Wit, that she was visited by all the most considerable Persons in the City.

The same Evening *Don Quixote* told *Don Antonio*, that their Contrivance for the Releasement of *Don Gaspar*, no way pleas'd him; as being full of danger, and little or no probability of Success: And that therefore the safer and surer way would be for him to cross over into *Barbary* himself with his Horse and Arms; where he would undertake to rescue *Don Gaspar* out of Captivity in despite of all the *Moors* that should oppose him; as *Don Gayferos* had formerly rescu'd his Wife, the fair *Melifandra*.

Very right, Sir, quo *Sancho*, but you forget that when *Don Gayferos* rescu'd his Wife, 'twas upon the firm Land, and he carry'd her over the firm dry Land into *France*; but now in this Case, suppose we should deliver *Don Gaspar*, how the Devil shall we bring him into *Spain*, since the Sea's in the middle between us. There's a cure for all things but Death, reply'd *Don Quixote*: Let a Bark be but moor'd to the Shore, and then let us alone to take Shipping, mauger all the *Saracens* in *Barbary*. This is easily said, quo *Sancho*, but saying and doing are two things; and therefore I am for trusting the *Renegado*, who understands his Business better then a thousand *Knight-Errants*, and I dare say the Rogue will be honest. *Don Antonio* reply'd, that if the *Renegado* fail'd, that then they would have recourse to the Valour of the famous *Don Quixote*. Thereupon the *Renegado* was dispatch'd away within two days after, and the Admiral set Sail with all his Gallies for the *Levant*.

Now it happen'd one Morning that *Don Quixote* being rid to take a walk upon the Sea-Shore, arm'd at all points, his Arms as he said, being all his Bodily Ornament, as Combat was his only Rest, he beheld at a Distance stalking toward him another Knight, arm'd like himself from head to foot, with a Shield on which a Glittering Moon was blazon'd in her proper Colours. This Knight approaching neer, and addressing himself to *Don Quixote*, illustrious Knight, cry'd he, with a loud Voice, most Valiant *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, I am the Knight of the White Moon, whose incredible Atchievements, no doubt ere this, have reach'd thy Ears. My business here is, in fair and equal Combat to prove which is the stronger thou or I, and to make thee acknowledg that my Lady, let her be who she will, is incomparably more Amiable, more Discreet, and better Descended then thy *Dulcinea del Toboso*. Now if thou wilt freely and without any more ado confess this Truth, thou shalt be assur'd Death, and freeest me from the trouble of reducing thee to Reason. Otherwise, I demand no more, after thou art fairly vanquish'd, but that thou lay aside thy Arms, and forbear rambling in search of any more Adventures for one whole Year. Moreover, that thou shalt return home and live a sober and quiet Life, to the improvement of thy Estate and the Salvation of thy Soul. On the other side, if it be my fortune to be overcome, my Head is at thy Discretion; I bequeath thee my Horse and my Arms, and the Reputation of having vanquish'd the most Renowned

nowned Knight alive. Consider what thou hast to do, and let thy Answer be quick ; for I have but this day to determine this Affair.

Don Quixote amaz'd at the Insolence of the Knight of the *White Moon*, and the Subject of his Challenge, with a proud and surly Air, Sir Knight of the *White Moon*, quo he, of whose Exploits I never herd a Title yet, I dare swear, thou never sawst the illustrious *Dulcinea*, for hadst thou seen her once, thou nere wou'dst thus expose thy self to the hazard of doubtful Combat, to justifie so great a Falshood. And therefore without giving thee the Lye, I only tell thee, Knight, thou art deceiv'd, and I accept thy Challenge upon the Conditions propos'd. However, take notice that I accept these Conditions barely upon your Word, without examination what your Atchievements are, which otherwise I ought to make enquiry after. For I know my own reputation, and am contented with it. Go then, and choose your Ground, as I intend to do ; and let the Success declare which of us two best knows to handle a Lance.

While the two Knights were thus jowring together, the Knight of the *White Moon* was discover'd from the City, and the Vice-Roy was inform'd that the Knight of the *White Moon* had been parlying with *Don Quixote* ; so that he took Horse, and accompany'd by *Don Antonio*, and some other Gentlemen of the City, arriv'd at the place, just as *Don Quixote* was preparing to make choice of the starting Place. But when they were both ready, he rode in between 'em, and demanded the Reason of their Quarrel, that had set 'em so suddenly together by the Ears. To whom the Knight of the *Moon* made answer, that it was about precedency of Beauty, repeating in short some part of the words that had past between him and *Don Quixote*, and the Conditions of the Challenge. Thereupon the Vice-Roy riding up to *Don Antonio*, ask'd him in his Ear, whether he knew the Knight of the *White Moon*, or whether it were not some Trick designedly put upon *Don Quixote*. *Don Antonio* made answer, that he knew nothing of the Business ; which put the Vice-Roy into a kind of *Dilemma* whether he should suffer the Combatants to proceed,—but at length believing it could be nothing but some jocular Contrivance of the Gentry there present ; Sir Knights, quo he, if it be so that there be no Remedy, no Medium but Death or Confession, while my Lord *Don Quixote* says 'tis *Thirteen*, and the Knight of the *White Moon* will have it *Fifteen*, the Field is free, and so God bless yee.

The Knight of the *Moon* return'd the Vice-Roy thanks in most obliging Terms for his Civility ; nor was *Don Quixote* behind hand with his Complements, and then recommending himself to God and his Lady *Dulcinea*, according to his usual Custom, he took a little more Ground than he had done before, observing his Adversary to do the like ; and so without either Trumpet or any other Warlike Instrument to give the Signal, away they flew as swift as Rockets to meet each other at the Gates of Death. But the Knight of the *White Moon* was mounted upon a Courser that had much the better Heels, and was far stronger than *Rosinante* ; so that having rode three parts of the Career himself, without making use of his Lance, which 'tis thought he carry'd upright on purpose, he bruis'd by *Don Quixote* with that Violence, that he overthrew both Horse and Man to the Ground, and both in a very bad Condition. With that the Knight of the *White Moon* whip'd of his Horse, and putting the Point of his Lance to *Don Quixote's* Vizar, You are vanquish'd, Sir Knight, quo he, and your Life is at an end, unless you perform the Conditions of the Combat. *Don Quixote* stunn'd and bruis'd with his fall, and unable to lift up the Vizar of his Helmet,

Helmet, with a feeble and languishing Voice, as if he had spoken out of a Sepulcher, *Dulcinea del Toboso*, said he, is the fairest Person in the World, and I the most unfortunate Knight that breaths upon the Earth ; nor is it just that my Misfortune should belye a Truth so generally known. Thrust home thy Lance, Sir Knight, and take away my Life, since thou hast thus depriv'd me of my Honour.

No, no—reply'd the Knight of the *White Moon*, let Madam *Dulcinea del Toboso's* Beauty remain in its perfection ; for my part I am satisfy'd, provided *Don Quixote* return in Peace to his own Habitation according to our Covenants before the Combat. The Vice Roy, *Don Antonio*, and several others were Witnesses to all these Passages ; and heard moreover *Don Quixote's* answer to the Victor, which was, that provided he demand'd nothing prejudicial to the Honour and Interest of *Dulcinea*, he would upon the Faith of a true Knight accomplish punctually what ever else he requir'd. With which the Knight of the *White Moon* being fully satisfy'd, he turn'd about his Horse, and saluting the Vice Roy, galopp'd back to the City.

After this, they lifted up *Don Quixote* upon his Bum, and unlacing his Helmet, they found him pale, dejected, in a cold sweat, and almost ready to breath out his Soul. As for *Rosinante*, he was in so sad a plight, that they were forc'd to let him lye at his ease. And *Sancho* coming in at the latter end of the Fray, equally pensive and astonish'd, knew neither what to think nor what to do ; he look'd upon his Master as vanquish'd in the face of the World, and for a whole Twelvemonth engag'd to lay aside his Arms, in which time the Glory of all his Famous Exploits would be bur'd in utter Oblivion. On the other side he consider'd all his own expectations vanish'd into Smoak ; he bemoan'd poor *Rosinante*, now believing him certainly crippled and condemn'd to a Dust-Cart all the Remainder of his days : and wish'd his Master in some good Hospital for the Cure of his broken Bones.

At length the Vice-Roy sent for an Elbow Chair and two or three Pillows, and having accommodated the unfortunate *Don Quixote* to his ease, he order'd him to be carry'd, like a Labourer fallen from the top of a House, back to the City, whether he made haste before, to know who this same Knight of the *White Moon* should be.

CHAP. XIII.

Who the Knight of the White Moon was ; and of the News of Don Gregorio's Liberty, and several other Adventures.

DON Antonio Moreno made haste after the Knight of the *White Moon*, who was likewise attended by a Train of Harlotrie Boys, that never forsook him till they saw him lodg'd in a House. Into which *Don Antonio* entring soon after, found him in a lower Room, where his Squire was helping him off with his Arms ; where after he had saluted him, he staid till he might have an Opportunity to discourse him farther. But the Knight perceiving that *Don Antonio* was resolv'd to stay by him, I know, Sir, very well, said he, what 'tis that brings you hither ; you would fain understand who I am, and therefore not to stand upon Niceties and

Punctilio's

Punctilio's Ple tell yee the whole Truth, so soon as I have got off my Armour.

Know then, Sir, that my Name is *Sampson Carrasco*, the Schollar, an Inhabitant in the same Village where *Don Quixote* lives. And the Folly and Extravagancy of this Gentleman, pity'd by all that are acquainted with his Humour, bred in me the same Compassion for him which others had; so that being convinc'd that the Cure of his Distemper depended upon his Living peaceably and quietly at home, I thought upon this Project to recover him back. To this purpose, about three Months since I trac'd him in all the Equipage of a *Knight-Errant*, under the Title of the Knight of the *Looking-Glasses*, with a purpose to fight, but not hurt him, and nere doubting but to vanquish him, I made the Conditions of our Combat the same as now. But Fortune order'd it otherwise; for that time he prov'd the Victor, and I was forc'd to quit my design. *Don Quixote* rode away Triumphant, and I return'd home well squelch'd and in danger of my Life. However, I had still that Kindness for him, that I was resolv'd to have t'other bout with him, which has now succeeded. For his exactness in observing inviolably the Laws of *Knight-Errantry*, is such, that I am sure he will as soon break his own Neck as the Conditions of this Combat, especially after his Oath given me for his performance. This is, Sir, the sum of what you desire to know, and I beseech yee that *Don Quixote* may not have the least inckling of my design, for fear I should lose the Fruit of my Care and Trouble, which I have thus far undergone to recover this poor Gentleman's understanding, exquisite in all other things, but only craz'd and intoxicated with the Extravagancies of *Knight-Errantry*. Oh, Sir, reply'd *Don Antonio*, I can never pardon you the Injury you ha' done to all the World, in Robbing us of the most pleasant Fool that ever was known. You never consider'd, that all the Benefit we can expect from *Don Quixote's* serious parts, can never equal the Delight which we take in his Follies: Not but that I am assur'd that all your Pains and Industry are already mispent; for 'tis impossible to work an absolute Cure upon that Person who has lost his Sences. But because, if it were not a Sin against Charity, I could wish that *Don Quixote* might nere be cur'd, in regard the Loss of his conceited Frenzies, deprives us at the same time of *Sancho's* Drolleries also; two such Cordials against *Melancholy* as are not to be had in any *Potecaries* Shop.

However, I promise yee not to speak a word, tho it be only to trye which of us two are foundest in our Conjectures. Thus after some Complements past between 'em, *Don Antonio* left the Knight of the *White Moon*, who having packt up his Armour, and ty'd it upon his War-Horse, took the Road for his own Village, where he safely arriv'd in a short time. Presently after his departure, *Don Antonio* went and gave an Account of the Discourse which he had had with the unknown Knight to the Vice Roy, who seem'd not a little troubl'd, that the World was to be so suddenly deprived of such a pleasant Humourist.

Six days did *Don Quixote* keep his Bed, very much bruise'd and disorder'd by his fall, but much more discompos'd in Mind to see himself vanquish'd and his Honour laid i' the Dust. *Sancho* however attended him all the while, endeavouring to assuage his grief the best he could; and to that purpose, among other things, Pluck up a good Heart, Sir, said he, and thank God that none of your Brains dropt out with the fall, and that you broke neither Neck nor Ribs—— *They that will be giving and taking, must take as well as give— Harm watch; and harm catch—* However; Better

Better my Hog dirty home then no Hog at all—— We must not think to find *Baton* always where we see the Hooks—— They that sow Thistles reap Thorns: 'Tis well 'tis no worse—— And a Fig for the Surgeon, cry I, when we have no need of his Plaster Boxes—— And now, faith, Master take a Fools Counsell for once; since y' have had this fair scape, let's ee'n return Genteelly home agen, and leave these idle rambles among Hectors and Swash bucklers, that give us Roast-meat and beat us with the Spit—— Tho all this while I speak against my own Interest: for when y' have said all, 'tis I am the loser, tho you get the Knocks and the Bangs. When I quitted my Government, 'tis true I lai'd aside all thoughts of ever being a Governour more, but not of being a Count; which since I nere can be, because I find you nere can be a King, if you leave off *Knight-Errantry*; why let it go, and farewell Frost, quo I.

Sancho, reply'd *Don Quixote*, nere despair—— a Years retirement signifies little—— which once expir'd, no Man can hinder us from returning to the honourable Exercise of Arms, and then I make no Question but to find Kingdoms to conquer, and Earldoms to bestow upon thee. Oh— cry'd *Sancho*, A blind Man would be glad to see't—— But hope well and have well, quo Hickwel.

As they two were thus discoursing *Don Antonio* enter'd the Chamber, and with a smiling Countenance, cry'd out to *Don Quixote*, good Tydings, Sir *Quixote*, good Tydings, *Don Gregorie* and the *Renegado* are safe arriv'd, and now at the Vice Roys-Palace; and both design a speedy Visit to the Noble Knight of *Mancha*. I am glad to hear it, reply'd *Don Quixote*, with a careless Delivery; but I could have wish'd the design had miscarry'd, that I might have pass'd my self into *Barbary*; where by the strength of my Arm, I might have had the satisfaction not only to have purchas'd the Freedom of *Don Gregorie*, but of all the Christian Captives in that Pagan Country. But what is that I say? unfortunate Wretch as I am, continu'd he; am not I that Coward that suffer'd himself to be Winepress'd? that luckless Son of Infamy that was lai'd sprawling upon the cold Earth! and for a whole year confin'd to lay aside his Arms? What do I *Rodomontado* thus for, that am more fit to handle a Distaff then a Sword and Buckler.

Passion o' my Heart, quo *Sancho*, interrupting him, pray leave your pulling, Sir—— you kill me wi' your whining—— as if the Pullet could not live because sh' has got the Pip—— To day 'tis thy Turn, to morrow 'tis mine—— There's no heed to be taken to such Encounters and Lambastings as these—— to day a Mouse, to morrow a Man—— there's a poor Soul indeed! despair and dye for a Cudgelling!—— Fie—fie—get up—— Master get up—— and be ready to meet *Don Gregorie*, I believe he's i' the House already, by the noise I hear below Stairs.

'Twas true as *Sancho* said. For *Don Gregorie*, so soon as he had kiss'd the Vice-Roys Hands, nere staid to shift his Habit of a Slave, but impatient to see *Madam Anna*, made haste to *Don Antonio's* House; where he became the wonder of all that view'd him, so surprizing was his Beauty at the Age of Eighteen or Nineteen years. And here I should tell yee how *Ricot* and *Anna Felix* receiv'd him; most certainly 'twas with a great deal of Joy, a great deal of Modesty, and showres of Tears; but let it alone till another time. You may be sure too that the *Renegado* was well paid for his Pains, and for his good Service was once more receiv'd into the Bosom of the Church; or else there had been a Borch i' the Story.

Two days after, *Don Quixote*, pretty well settl'd in his Bones, took his last leave of unfortunate *Barcellona*, and in his travelling Habit, having lai'd

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aside his Arms, set forward in his Journey homeward, attended by *Sancho*, who was forc'd to beat it upon the Hoof, in regard that *Grizzle* was forc'd to bear the Load of the Knights Furniture.

C H A P. XIV.

Which treats of that which he shall see who reads, and he shall hear that listens with Attention.

AT his departure from *Barcellona*, *Don Quixote* beholding the Place where all his soaring thoughts had suffer'd Shipwreck: There it was, said he, where once *Troy* stood; there it was that my Misfortune, and no fault of mine, depriv'd me of all the high Renown which I had purchas'd: there Fortune made me sensible of her Inconstancy and Fantastick Humours; There lay all my Glory, like a Litter of Whelps drown'd in a dirty Ditch; and there it was my Honour fell in a Cow-turd.

Sir, said *Sancho*, a noble and true Courage ought to have as much patience in Adversity, as joy in prosperous Success. Take example by me: For when I was a Governour, I was jocund and merry, and now I am but a poor Squire, a-foot, I take my chance without Grumbling. And indeed I have heard say, that this same Female yee call Fortune, is a capricious Baggage, always drunk, and beyond the Assistance of Spectacles, as blind as a Brewers Horse; so that she neither sees what she does, nor knows whom she raises or whom she casts down.

Thou mightst be a Constable for thy Wit, *Sancho*, reply'd *Don Quixote*, thou talk'st like a Philosopher: I wonder where thou hadst thy Learning—But I must tell thee there is no such thing as Fortune in the World; for all that happen's here below of good or ill, comes not by Chance, but by a particular Providence of Heaven, and thence arises the Proverb, *That every Man is the Architect of his own Fortune*. For my part I was my own Artificer; but because I did not work, nor handle my Tools with that Prudence as I ought to ha' done, I am chastiz'd for my Presumption. I might well have consider'd that *Rosinante's* feeble Limbs were nere able to bear the Brunt of the Knight of the *White Moons* Lusty Stallion, able to brush down Twenty such as my poor Cripple; however I would needs adventure, and do what I could for my Life, the Devil paid me the shame he ow'd me. But tho it has cost me my Honour, yet have I not lost my Integrity to perform my word. When I was a *Knight-Errant*, Valiant and Bold, the strength of my Arm and my Actions were Testimonies of my Courage; but now I am no more then a Dismounted Squire, my Obedience and the performance of my Promise, shall make known my Sincerity. Trudge on then, *Sancho*, let's go and stay out our Exilement at home: By that time we shall recover new strength, and return with more vigour to our never to be forgotten Profession of *Knight-Errantry*.

Sir, answer'd *Sancho*, 'tis not so pleasant a thing, as you think for, to trot a-foot, especially long Journeys—— And therefore let us hang up this old Iron upon the next Trees—— and when I am got upon *Grizzle's* Back, then ride as fast as you please—— but as long as I trot afoot, you must observe my Pace. Thou saist very well, *Sancho*, cry'd *Don Quixote*, let my Arms be hung up upon the next substantial Tree, upon the Bark

Bark of which we will engrave the same Inscription, which was written at the foot of *Orlando's* Arms, after *Zerbino* had won 'em from that famous Knight.

*Let no Man dare to be so rash
These Arms from hence to pull;
Unless he means to trye a Crash
With him that crackt Orlando's Scull.*

No better way i' the World, reply'd *Sancho*, and were it not but that we shall want him upon the Road, I think we might do well to hang up *Rosinante* too, with the Armour, to compleat the Trophy. Now I think on't, quo *Don Quixote*, I'll neither hang up one nor t'other—lest the People twit me i' the Teeth, and cry—*A rare Master—good Service, bad reward*. Why, truly, quo *Sancho*, 'tis a saying among the Wise, that the faults of the Ass should never light upon the Pack-saddle. And therefore since you your self have only done the Injury, punish your self and not your Innocent Armour, bruise'd and batter'd with defending your Ribs; but as for *Rosinante* methinks a little Rest might do him no harm, especially since my Toes must suffer for his want of strength.

All that day and for four days after, their whole divertisement was only such sort of discourse as this, but the fifth days Journey brought 'em to a Village where the People were assembl'd together for Pastime, as being a Holiday.

Don Quixote was no sooner within hearing of the Company, but he heard one of the Countrymen cry, Look yee now, here's our business done to our Hands—— Here are two Gentlemen, Strangers, that know nothing of the Matter—— let one or both of them decide the Difference—— Ay, Ay, Friends, with all my Heart, quo *Don Quixote*, provided I may understand your Case—— Why, Sir, quo the Country Fellow, the Business is this, one of our Neighbours here i' this Town, so fat and so heavy that he weighs near Two hundred and fourscore Pound, has challeng'd another Inhabitant, that weighs not half so much, to run with him a hundred Paces, provided the other shall carry so much weight as to equal him. Now the Challenger being desir'd to tell what weight he requires, he demands, that the other shall carry a Hunder'd and fifty Pound of Iron, and then they shall weigh both alike.

Hold, quo *Sancho*, not giving his Master time to speak; this business belongs to me, that come so lately from being both a Governour and a Judge, as all the World knows. With all my heart, quo *Don Quixote*, for I am not fit to give Crumbs to a Cat, my Brains are so out of order. Why then, Sir, judg on, quo the Countryman: Then I must tell yee, honest Friends, quo *Sancho*, that the Challenger's demand is unreasonable; for the Person challeng'd must always choose his Weapons, as I have heard say, but here the Challenger makes the choice himself, and so loads him, that instead of being in a Condition to run, he shall not be able to stir. Therefore 'tis my judgment, that he who is so big and so fat, shall cut, pare, slice or shave off a Hunder'd and fifty Pound off his Flesh here and there, as he thinks fit; and then both Parties being equal in Poise, neither will have cause to complain.

By my Life, quo the Country Fellow, this Gentleman has judg'd like an Advocate—— but by Guds Liggers the Challenger will nere be such a Fool to cut off an Ounce of his Flesh; much less a Hunder'd and fifty Pound——

Pound— Why then, quo another Fellow, the best way will be not to let 'em run at all; for then the one spares his Flesh, and the other saves melting his Grease: and so let half the Wager be spent at the Tavern, and let's take our Judgment and this Gentleman along with us— if it come to more, let me wear the Cloak when it rains.

I am much oblig'd to yee Gentlemen, reply'd *Don Quixote*, and it troubles me to be uncivil, but my Business requires haste; and so saying, he gave *Rosinante* a gentle remembrance, and put on, leaving the People to descant upon the strange Figure and Discretion of *Sancho*, his Lacquey; for such they judg'd him to be.

When they were gone, said one of the Country Fellows to the rest, if the Master be but as Witty as his Lacquey, I'll hold a Wager that if they would but go and study a while at *Salamanca*, we should see 'em in the twinkling of an Eye either Bishops or Doctors at least; for 'tis nothing but chance and favour, whether a Man study more or less, if he but understands the World.

That night the Master and the Man slept under the Canopy of Heaven; and next Morning continuing their Journey, they saw coming toward 'em a Man a-foot with a Wallet at his Back, and a Pikestaff in his Hand. This Man doubl'd his pace, when he perceiv'd *Don Quixote*, and now being met, after three Scrapes and a low Congey, My Lord *Don Quixote*, said he, Oh, how glad would my Lord Duke be, did he but know that your Worship were returning to his Castle, for there he is now with his Dutcheffs. I don't know yee, friend, quo *Don Quixote*. My Lord *Don Quixote*, reply'd the other, I am *Tosilos*, my Lord Dukes Lacquey, who was to have fought your Worship upon the Quarrel about Madam *Doroties* Daughter. How! quo *Don Quixote*, is it you that those Enemies of mine the *Necromancers* transform'd into a Lacquey, to rob me of the Honour of that Combat? In good truth, I beg your pardon, Sir, reply'd the Lacquey, 'twas neither Transformation nor Enchantment. I was a Footman when I enter'd the Barriers, and when I went out; and it was only because I had a mind to marry the young Damsel, that I refus'd the Combat. But there was the Devil of Inchantment when you were gone. The Duke my Master caus'd me to be soundly strappado'd for not obeying his Orders, the young Damsel is turn'd into a Nunnery, and Madam *Doroty* packt away to seek her Fortune: And I am going to *Barcellona* with a Packet of Letters from my Master to the Vice-Roy. However, Sir, I have here a full Bottle, at your Service, if your Worship pleases to take a Draught, 'tis a little hot I confess, but I have a good Cheefe to boor, that will make it go down I'll warrant yee, Sir. I take yee at your Word, quo *Sancho*, for I never stand to Complement with my Friends. Let *Tosilos* but lay a Napkin, and in spite of all the *Necromancers* in the *Indies*, we'll try whether we can lift our Elbows to our Heads.

In truth, *Sancho*, quo *Don Quixote*, thou art a very Glutton, if there be ere a Glutton in the World, and the most ignorant Sot alive, that knowst not that same Messenger to be enchanted and a meer Counterfeit Lacquey—Go then, and stuff thy ungodly Gut— For my part I'll ride softly on before— *Tosilos* smil'd to see *Don Quixote* leave a good Breakfast— and then fetching his Bottle and his Cheefe, *Sancho* and he fate down upon the Grass, from whence they never stirr'd till they had fully decided the Controversie.

While they were munching, quo *Tosilos* to *Sancho*, the Devil take me, *Sancho*, if I know what to make of thy Master— he has as many Windmills in his Pate

Pate as would grind Corn for a whole City— That's no more, quo *Sancho*, then I ha' told him a hunder'd times— but I had as good ha' kept my Breath to cool my Porridge; I might tell him what a Fool he was to leave a good Bottle of Wine and good Cheefe— but what will it signifie? especially at this time that he's all in his Dumps, for having been thrash'd by the Knight of the *White Moon*— *Tosilos* begg'd of *Sancho* to tell him that Story— But *Sancho* reply'd the Story was too long, and therefore desir'd his excuse till the next time they met; and so saying away he trudg'd after his Master, driving *Grizzle* before him.

CHAP. XV.

Containing Don Quixote's resolution to turn Shepherd, all the time of his being confin'd from bearing Arms.

DON Quixote was laid down at the Root of a Tree in expectation of his Servant *Sancho*, much more disturb'd and disquieted in his Mind since his last disaster, then ever he was before. And in that musing Posture a thousand Fancies and Figaries crowded into his Noddle so thick, as if his Brains had kept open House for all the Maggots in nature.

In this Penfive Condition *Sancho* finding him, began to commend *Tosilos* for his generous Humour, saying that he was one of the honestest Footmen that ever he had met with. Ah, *Sancho*, *Sancho*, cry'd *Don Quixote*, wilt thou ever be so Thick-skull'd to believe that Apparition to be a real Footman? Canst thou have forgotten that thou saw'st the lovely *Dulcinea* transform'd into a Country Fuffock; and the Knight of the *Looking-Glasses* chang'd into the Schollar *Samson Carrasco*; and all this by the Magick of those Enchanters that continually plague me? But prithee tell me, didst thou not ask *Tosilos* who that Maiden Gentlewoman was? Whether she bewails my absence, or whether she have banish'd from her Breast those Amorous Sentiments, that so tormented her when I was there. By my Life, Sir, quo *Sancho*, I had other business then to enquire after such Trifles. But what the Devil makes you so inquisitive after other Peoples thoughts, especially their Amorous thoughts? Oh, *Sancho*, there is a great difference between those Actions that proceed from Love, and those that proceed from Acknowledgment; for a *Knight-Errent* may cease to Love, but he can never forget to be grateful. Certainly the Virgin lov'd me; she Presented me, as well thou knowst, with two Night-caps; she wept and took on at my departure; curs'd me, revild me, and was not asham'd to complain of my Cruelty before all the World: assured signs, all, that she was desperately in Love; for the disappointments of Lovers generally end in Maledictions. For my part, it was not in my power to give her any hopes; nor had I any Rings or Gold Watches to Present her; for the Treasures of *Knight-Errants* are like the Portions of Town Cracks that lye in the Clouds; besides, that I am entirely reserv'd for another: So that I have nothing wherewith to gratifie her Love, but to give her some few Marks of my acknowledgment, without prejudice however to *Dulcinea*, who I must needs say, is extremely beholding to thee for sparing thy Flesh, and letting her lye in torment, as thou dost. For I must tell thee, my dear Friend, thou art so tender of thy Skin, that

I wish

I wish the Wolves were well at Supper on that filthy Carcass of thine, since thou preserv'st it so charily for Worms Meat, rather than to do a deed of Charity to relieve thy poor Mistress.

Sir, reply'd *Sancho*, if I must needs tell yee the Truth, I don't believe the scourging of my Posteriors will signifie a straw to the disenchanted of any Body. 'Tis no more then if a Man should bid you noint your Shins because your Head akes; and I dare be bold to say, that in all the Books of *Knight-Errantry* that ever you read, you never heard of any Enchantment that was dissolv'd by Bum-clawing—However, let it succeed ill or well, I will for your satisfaction try a stroke or two, more or less, as soon as I can find my self in the humour. I wish thou wou'dst, reply'd *Don Quixote*; and Heaven give thee Grace at length to understand the duty which thou ow'st to her as my Mistress, and to me as thy Master.

By this time they were come to the Place where the Mad Bulls had mortify'd their Carcasses; which *Don Quixote* sadly remembring, see yonder, quo he to *Sancho*, the Meadow where we met the Ladies and their Sparks in Shepherds Weeds, with a design to set up a new *Arcadia*; if thou thinkst well on't, *Sancho*, we'll een go and turn Shepherds too, at least for the time that I have promis'd to lay aside my Arms—Ple buy thee a Flock, and all thy Accouterments; and so calling my self the Shepherd *Quihottiz*, and thee the Shepherd *Pancino*, we'll betake our selves to the Woods and Downs, singing, Piping and making complaints of *Phyllis* and *Amarillis*; sometimes we'll drink the Liquid Chrystal of the Fountains; sometimes from the main River, as Fortune sends it us. The Green Chestnut Trees and Oaks will afford us both Lodging and Dyet; the Roses will present us their Perfumes, the Meadows variety of Nofegaies; the Sun the Moon and Stars will cheer us with their Light; light Hearts will make us merry, Mirth will make us sing; *Apollo* will find us Verses, and Love Conceits: And thus we shall become famous, not only while we live, but even to Posterity.

By my Life, Sir, quo *Sancho*, I'me Enchanted with this manner of Living, provided the Schollar *Carrasco* would leave his Books, and Mr. *Nicholas* the Barber his Washing-balls, and go along with us; nay, I could wish that Mr. *Curate* too would approve the Frolick, and lay himself a white-nig in the Fields for good Company; for he's full of his Jokes, and would make us sport.

Very well thought on, quo *Don Quixote*, and then shall the Schollar be call'd the Shepherd *Samsonino*, and Mr. *Nicholas* *Nicholoso*, in imitation of the Ancient *Nemorosus*. For the Curate, I know not what name to give him, unless we should call him the Shepherd *Curiambro*. As for the Shepherdesses that are to be our Mistresses, I am fitted already with a Name for mine, in regard that *Dulcinea* is a Name as proper for a Shepherdess as a Princess. And as for thine *Sancho*, thou maist call her as thou pleasest thy self. I think to make very little alteration, quo *Sancho*, I shall only call her *Terefona*, a Name that very well agrees with the plumpness of her shape, and her own proper Name; besides that when I come to name her in my Verses, all the World will know her to be my Wife, and so to be one that grinded at no Mill but my own. As for the Curate, he must be contented without a Shepherdess, for good examples sake—and for the Schollar, let him conjure for one with his Heathen Greek, if he means to have one.

Bless me, quo *Don Quixote*, what a Life shall we lead! what a Rattle shall we make in the Air with our oaten Reeds, our Bagpipes, our Tabours and Drums,

Drums, our Morice Bells and Snappers! and if we could but get your Lancashire Whistles, or your *Doodle-doodle-Hum's*—we should be made for ever—Your *Doodle-doodle-Hum's*! quo *Sancho*, what are those? I never heard of such an Instrument in my Life—Oh! quo *Don Quixote*, 'tis the rarest Musick in the World—'twill make a Mans Guts dance in his Belly—make a Dog sing like a Wild Irish Man, and a Cat speak *Arabic*—There is one thing more requir'd to add to the perfection of our Profession, and that's Poetry. As for my own part I shall shift well enough for my self: but then there's the Schollar *Carrasco* one of the quickest Rhimers about Town, he shall make Sonnets for himself and thee too—I say nothing of the Curate, but I dare swear he knows more then he says—and so does Mr. *Nicholas* too; for your Barbers are always tickling the Guittar, or if he wants let him get him a Musick Book, and he shall find Verses enow to *Phyllis* and *Amarillis* or *Lucinda*, or one or another, that will serve his turn. For my part I'll complain of Absence; thou shalt boast of thy Loyalty and Perseverance; *Carrasco* shall complain of his Shepherdesses disdain, and let the Shepherd *Curiambro* complain of the Sextons Wife, and thus we'll be as merry as Mice in a Corn heap.

Alas, quo *Sancho*, I am such an unfortunate Man, that I shall never live to see these jolly Days—How I shall lick up the Curds and Cream!—How I shall slice the thin Cheese!—Ple nere be without a Wooden Spoon in my Pocket I'll warrant yee—I can make Wooden Spoons like any Turner—Garlands for my self and my Shepherdess like any Milk Maid—and whistle Sticks like any blind Beggar upon the Road—For tho I can't pretend to Wisdom, I can do any thing that belongs to a Shepherd—*Sancho*, little *Sancho* too shall bring us our Dinners a-Field—But hold—now I think on't she's no contemptible Girl, and knowing as I do, that Shepherds are as wanton as other People, I would not have her come for Wooll and return home shorn—For Love and Love-Tricks will be shewing their Gambols as well in the Fields as in Cities; as well in Cottages, as your Princely Palaces—Take away the Cause and remove the Effect—What the Eye sees not, the Heart never rues—Young Wenchs make old Wrenches—And it is time to yoke when the Cart comes to the Caples—Enough, enough, *Sancho*, quo *Don Quixote*, I understand thy meaning—I ha' told thee a hunder'd times of this Proverb Prodigality, but I preach in a Desert; My Mother whips me, and I whip the Top—By my Faith, Sir, quo *Sancho*, you put me in mind of another Proverb, as pat as a Pudding to a Fryers Mouth—The Porridge-Pot calls the Kettle Black-arse—you reprove me for talking Proverbs, and bring 'em out your self by dozens at a time—But you don't consider, *Sancho*, quo *Don Quixote*, that those I speak are to the Purpose—but thou fetchest 'em in by Head and Shoulders without Rhime or Reason.

By this it grew late; so that they were forc'd to seek for shelter in the next Wood, where after they had made a Lent-Supper, *Sancho* betook himself to his usual Rest, while his Master renewing his Complaints against Fortune, found business enough, after a small Nap, to employ his Roaving Imaginations till Morning.

C H A P. XVI.

Containing the Adventure of the Bristles.

THE Night was somewhat dark, tho the Moon shon; for many times the Lady *Diana* takes a walk to the *Antipodes*, leaving the Mountains and Valleys a this side the World without Light. And let her walk where she pleas'd for *Sancho*, for he had no need of her Company; he lay like a Stone from his down lying till his up rising; a sign of a sound Constitution, and that he had no Plots in his Head. But *Don Quixote's* cares soon wak'd him; and then for want of other Company, after he had thump'd and rugg'd *Sancho* till he had wak'd him too; Sure, *Sancho*, said he, thou art made either of Brass or Marble; thou ly'st without either Motion or Feeling—— Thou sleep'st while I wake—— thou sing'st while I Mourn—— I am feeble and cast down for want of necessary Nourishment—— thou feed'st and gutt'st till thy Virtues are ready to choak thee without a Halter; whereas 'tis the Duty of an affectionate Servant to share in his Masters Afflictions, to lay his Sorrows to Heart, and to endeavour the Consolation of his Grief. Behold the brightness of the Moon; consider the stillness of the Night, and the Serenity of the Season, all Invitations to enjoy the Beauty and Pleasure of these charming Solitudes. Up then Lazy-bones, get up, and in pity to *Dulcinea* and my self, go and give thy self Four or Five hundred Slashes in discharge of thy solemn Obligations; and do it willingly and cheerfully I entreat thee—— for I am unwilling to lay violent hands upon thee, which otherwise I must be forc'd to do. And when thou hast done, we'll spend the rest o' the night in singing, the one of the Torments which he suffers, and the other of his Fidelity, and so we'll begin our Pastoral manner of Living this very Night.

Oh, Sir, quo *Sancho*, I am no *Franciscan*, to rise i' the middle of the Night and discipline my self; nor do I believe I shall have any mind to be Musical after such a scourging bout. Therefore pray let me alone and don't press me so to the Whipping-Post, least I make an Oath never to touch so much as the out side of my Doublet as long as I live. Oh! Heart of Marble, cry'd *Don Quixote*, Ingrateful Squire! Oh Friendship and favour ill bestow'd: Is this my Reward for having made thee a Governour, and my good Intentions to make thee a Count or something else Equivalent; which I dare engage to do so soon as *Dulcinea* and my self are once again at Liberty. For in short, *Post Tenebras spero Lucem*.

I don't know what yee mean by that, reply'd *Sancho*, all that I know is only this, that when I sleep, I neither hope nor fear; I neither think of reward or punishment—— Blessed was the Man that first invented sleep; the Mantle that covers all the Cares of Men; the Food that satisfies their Hunger; the Drink that quenches their Thirst; the Fire that warms 'em when a cold; the cool Air that refreshes their heat; the currant coin that purchases all the Pleasures of the World; and equals the Swain with the Prince, and the Unlearned with the Learned. There is only one thing that I dislike in sleep, that it is so like death; and yet I'm sure there is a difference between 'em for all that, for the one snoars, and the other has not that Privilege.

Never i' my Life, *Sancho*, cry'd *Don Quixote*, did I ever hear thee talk with so much Wit and so much Eloquence as now. But what says the Proverb?

Proverb? Tell me thy Master, and I'll tell thee where thou hadst thy Learning—— Have I caught yee napping y'faith, quo *Sancho*, who squitters Proverbs now?—— but yours are in Season, forfooth—— Marry 'tis a good thing to be a Master—— would I were a Master too for me—— and then I'd domineer as well as the best *Knight-Errant* of yee all.

Sancho had no sooner made an end of his Sentence, but they heard a kind of a Grumbling noise, that spread it self over the whole Valley. Presently *Don Quixote* started up briskly upon his Feet, and laid his Hand upon his Sword, while *Sancho* entrench'd himself with his Masters Arms on the one side, and his Pack-saddle on the other, under *Grizzles* Belly; where he lay tumbling and panting like a Mouse in a Cats Claws. And every Moment the noise encreas'd, to the dreadful terrour of the one at least; for, as for the t'other, you know already what his Valour was.

Now you must understand, for 'tis worth your understanding, that this terrible Noise was occasion'd by a vast Herd of Swine, to the Number of about Six hunder'd, which several Hog Merchants were driving to Market. These Sheep of the Devil, what with their Grunting, and what with their Squeaking, made such prodigious Outcries, that *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* stood amaz'd, not being able to divine what Region of Hell was broke loose upon 'em. But at length the Knight and the Squire standing full i' their way, those rude, rustical, boarish, swinish Animals, never so much as crying bear leave (as they would, had they been but Civil Sedan-men) without the least respect or veneration to *Knight-Errantry*, some running between *Sancho's*, some between *Don Quixote's* Legs, level'd both Master and Man with the Earth, while the Rest following their unruly leaders, like an Inundation of Hogs, made still forward, overturning *Grizzle*, Pack-saddle, Armour and all; crowding, treading, trampling over Proverbs and Moral-Knighthood at such a Hoggish Rate, that sometimes they fell down and brush'd the Champions Chaps with their uneasie Bristles, and sometimes others would be so kind as to give 'em a Bus at parting, thinking they had met with some old Bunch of Turneps, and with their Egyptian Nose-rings lend 'em such a Rake o' the Cheeks, that the Philosophers had almost lost all their Patience, especially *Sancho*, that was not so well grounded in human Literature. Who at length getting upon his Legs, when the unmannerly *Hogs-Norton* Herd was pass'd, and desiring his Master to lend him his Sword, Nowns, quo he, I'll teach these Monsieur Hogs better manners than to use *Knight-Errantry* so uncivilly.

Let 'em een go, reply'd *Don Quixote*, 'tis no more than what I deserve; 'tis but meer Justice, that a vanquish'd *Knight-Errant* should be Food for Flies; and trampled upon by Swine. I ha' nothing to say to that, quo *Sancho*, but I'm sure 'tis not just that the Squires to Cudgell'd *Knight-Errants* should be starv'd to death, and eaten up by Wasps and Hornets. Were we Squires the Sons or near Relations of those Rascally beaten *Knight-Errants*, we might indeed expect to be punish'd to the Fourth Generation; but what a Kin are the *Pancha's* to the *Quixot's*? However let's not sling the Helve after the Hatchet; since we can't eat, let's go sleep out the rest of the Night, 'twill be day to morrow, and then we shall see what we have to do.

Sleep, *Sancho*, sleep, for thou wer't born to sleep, reply'd *Don Quixote*; But I was born to lye with my Eyes open; I'll een go ruminate upon my Misfortunes; and endeavour to appease my Grievs by singing certain Verses which I made last Night. In my Opinion, quo *Sancho*, such Misfortunes as will give a Man leave to make Verses cannot be very great. But you

G g g g

may

may go sing and dance too, if you please, for my part I'll go sleep as long as I can, and for your part, never fear my disturbing your Musick: And so saying, he clapt his Breech to the Calves of his Legs, as Maids do at Church, and fell into a profound Trance, without either fears or hopes or cares to disquiet his Rest. On the other side *Don Quixote*, leaning his Shoulders against some Tree or other (for *Cid Hamet* does not mention what Tree it was) and intermixing his Voice with his Sighs, bequeath'd in Melody the following Fancy to the Neighbouring Woods; being a Composition, as we told yee before of his own, and therefore you may be sure none of the Best.

O Love, so unkind, when I think upon Thee,
I find that thou never dost think upon Mee;
For the Sorrow and Smart
That torture my Heart,
Each Moment Afflict me most terrible.

Yet neither can I complain of the Colick,
The Cramp, the Gout, or the Stone, which is worse;
As sound as a Roach in Body, and Frolick;
But as sick, but as sick—i' my Mind as a Horse.

This sickness of mine my Body disorders,
With Anguish and Torment, and such Fiddle Faddles;
Then call I to mind a Thousand Self-murders
Of People by Love disturb'd i' their Noddles.

To drown my self then to the Water I go,
But when I come there, the Water dismays me;
Then a Dagger I take, but my Fancy cries, no;
Then a Halter I take, but the Beam does not please me.

At length I conceit that my Mistress grows kind,
And charm'd with the Kindness of her I adore,
I presently alter my wavering Mind,
And covet the Life which I hated before.

But oh! but oh! the Fit's return'd again,
She's absent—or what most I fear, untrue;
Then tortur'd with despair, I live in Pain,
And then again,

'Tis welcom Death to rid me of my Woe.

The Poor Knight at the end of every Stanza wept and sigh'd at such a rate, that you might well perceive he neither wept nor sang for joy, but as one that deeply laid to heart his being thrash'd, and the absence of *Dulcinea*.

By this time 'twas broad day, so that the Sun shining full in *Sancho's* Face, he began to stretch himself; and at length opening his Eyes for good and all, and beholding how the Swine had made a meer Hog-stie of his Bed-Chamber, he open'd his Lips, and in lieu of his Morning Prayers, sent a whole Legion of Curses after the Hogs, wishing both them and their Drivers boylng together i' the Devils Kitchen.

At

At last they mounted their Dromedaries, and after continu'd their Journey till toward Evening; at what time they saw coming toward 'em about Eight or Ten Men a Horse-back, and Five afoot. *Don Quixote* was not a little troubl'd to see so many People, and *Sancho* was terribly frighted, perceiving they were all arm'd, and lookt like Men that us'd to borrow upon the Road and never pay agen. Ah, *Sancho*, quo *Don Quixote*, what pity 'tis that I am now debarr'd the use of my Arms; this same Squadron else should never pass me unexamind: I would know who they were, and whether they were going, tho they were sent from the Devil himself; and make no more of 'em, thou should'st see, then of so many painted Figures i' the Hangings.

But the words were no sooner out of *Don Quixote's* Mouth, when the Horse-men coming up, and surrounding the Knight, some clapt their Pistols to his Breaft, others to his Guts, and some to his Kidneys, threatening no less then dismal Manslaughter. At what time one of the Footmen, laying his Finger upon his Mouth, as much as to say *Mum*, took *Rosinante* by the Bridle, and led him out of the Road, while the rest encircling *Sancho*, drave him after his Master. The poor Knight was once or twice thinking to have ask'd 'em what they intended to do with him, and whether they meant to carry him? But still as he was going to open his Lips, his cruel Guardians threatn'd to murder him if he spoke a word. Neither could *Sancho* scape so; for if he did but make the least Motion with his Eyes they prickt him with their Swords, and poor *Grizzle* too, as if the As had had the use of his Tongue. When it grew dark, they doubl'd their pace, and new fears dismay'd the Adventurers, when they heard 'em cry, *On Troglodytes, Silence Barbarians, Peace Cannibals, Shut your Eyes Scythians, Murderous Polyphemes*, devouring *Lions, Wolves* and *Tygers*, with a great many other hard Names, with which they deafen'd their Captives Ears. Ah—quo *Sancho* to himself, as he afterwards confess'd. Fore-George 'tis an ill Wind that blows; all this Heathen Greek prognosticates no good; all our Mischiefs come together, like blows upon a Dogs back; however I wish this Adventure might end in a few dry Rubs, but I dread a worse Conclusion. As for *Don Quixote* he resign'd himself over to utter destruction, not being able to imagin the Reason either of their severe Usage, or bad Language. But at length after they had rode about an Hour all in the dark, and expecting every Minute some Bloody Sentence or other, they could perceive themselves at the Gates of a Castle, which *Don Quixote* knew again to be the Dukes, where he had been so kindly entertain'd not long before. But then not able to forbear, Heaven's bless me, said he, What place is this? Is not this the Dukes Castle, the Mansion of Curtesie and Civility? But when Men are once unfortunate and vanquish'd, the World delights in adding to their Miseries. Not a word of Answer was return'd; only the two Prisoners were carry'd into the Chief Court of the Castle, where every thing they saw augmented their fears, as we shall find in the following Chapter.

C H A P. XVII.

Containing the strangest Adventure that ever Don Quixote met with, and the most surprizing in all this Large History.

IN that same Court the Horsemen alighted, and together with the Footmen, pulling *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* rudely from their Horses, set 'em down in the Court, which was all hung about with lighted Torches, as were all the Galleries, which gave as great a light as if it had been Noon day. In the middle of the Court was a Tomb, between seven or eight Foot high, cover'd with a large Pall of Black Velvet; round about which there blaz'd a hunder'd Tapers of Virgins Wax, in Silver Candle-Sticks. And upon the Tomb it self lay the Body of a young Damsel deceas'd, in whose Countenance, however, such remainders of Beauty appear'd, as banish'd thence all Terrour of Mortality. A Cloth of Gold Pillow supported her Head, which was crown'd with a Garland of several Flowers, and in each of her Hands, that were laid a cross upon her Breast, she held a Palmtree-Branch. At one of the corners of the Court there was a Theatre erected, where sat two Persons with Crowns upon their Heads, and Scepters in their Hands, representing *Minos* and *Rhadamanthus*; and thither it was that the Persons who had so rudely seiz'd 'em, led *Don Quixote* and *Sancho*, causing them to sit down upon Seats a' one side of the Theatre, and still enjoying 'em silence with angry looks, and Countenances full of Terrour. But there was no need of Threats; th' Adventurers were so amaz'd, that even Fear it self had ty'd their Tongues.

At the same time two Persons of Quality ascended the Stage, to whom *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* paid most profound Reverences, believing them to be the Duke and Dutchess, to whom they had been so highly beholdling for their former Civility. Both the one and the other return'd 'em a gentle Nod, and took their Places in most magnificent Boxes, next the Crowned Heads.

The Champion beheld 'em with Astonishment, and knew not what to think, perceiving the Dead Corps at the same time to be the Body of the Fair Madam *Tomboy*.

Presently they threw about *Sancho's* Shoulders a Robe of black Buckram embroider'd with Flames of Fire, and a Fools Cap upon his Head; at what time the Person that dress'd him, whisper'd him i' the Ear, that if he did but offer to open his Lips, they would either gag him or slit his Weazand. *Sancho* view'd himself from Top to Toe, and saw himself all over nothing but Fire and Flames, but in regard he did not feel himself burn he was well enough content. Then taking off his Bonnet, and finding that it was all over in Flames like his Mantle, he put it on again, saying to himself, that certainly there must be some Conjunction i' the Case, that neither the Flames burnt him, nor the Devils offer'd to carry him quite away. *Don Quixote* also steadfastly survey'd his Squire, and in the midst of all his Fears could not forbear smiling to see his Man so strangely bedizond'd. Thus while all the Court was in a deep silence, and every body expected the Event, a Comfort of Flutes playd several soft and amorous Aires under the Tomb for some time, which pleasing Harmony ceasing, there appear'd at the Head of the Monument, a young Man extremely Beautiful, and clad in Antique Roman Habit, who sang to the Harp, on which he playd himself, the following Verses.

Within

W^{ITHIN} this Coffin lyes enclos'd
A Lady of her Life deslour'd
Ere Sixteen Tears her Beauties had expos'd:
Yet ripe at Sixteen, and so fair,
So mettlesome and Debonair,
That she incurr'd some little Censures
From those that thought her prone to Love Adventures.
A fault indeed to be so fond of Man,
Which prov'd her so untimely Bane.
Thus early Ripe and early Rotten;
Howere she must not be forgotten:
Her Aims, we know, were High, and she bestow'd
Her early Favours on a Toad
Of a Knight-Errant, high in Fame,
But his Professions and his Orders Shame;
Who had he had a Grain of Honour;
For want of stepping to a Church,
Would nere ha' left a Lady i' the Lurch.
But I will sing her praises still,
To every Grove and every Hill,
And Monuments of Verse will rear
To her True Love in Regions far and near.
Nay, when by Death snatcht hence, my doleful Ditty
To Shades Infernal, void of day,
Her Wrongs and Sufferings shall convey,
And move th' Inexorable God to Pity.

'Tis enough, cry'd one of the two Kings, no more, Celestial Songster; thy Task would be an endless Labour to repeat the Perfections of the Peerless Madam *Tomboy*, who is not dead as the Ignorant Vulgar thinks, but still Survives in the Mouth of Fame, and once more shall revive to live with us, so soon as *Sancho* shall have restor'd her to the World, by the Punishment which he is to suffer for her sake. And therefore *Rhadamanthus*, thou that sit'st equal in Commission with me, Infernal Judge of Hell, declare what Fate by th' Inalterable Decrees of Destiny has ordain'd in order to the restoring this same Amiable Person to Life agen, that we may dispatch the Execution of it, and no longer delay the promis'd Felicity of her Return, to Comfort the abandon'd World.

Then *Minos* starting up; Servants of this House, cry'd he, Great and small, Strong and Feeble, Men and Women, Boys and Girls, come hither one after another, and saddle *Sancho's* Countenance with Twenty four flap's o' the Face, give him Twelve pinches upon the Shoulders, and run Twelve Pins a piece into the Small of his Back; for by this means shall the Fair and Beautiful Madam *Tomboy* be again restor'd to Life.

By the Life of *Pharoh*, cry'd *Sancho*, not able to hold any longer; I'll as soon turn Infidel as endure all this — Death of my Life, what has my Skin to do with Madam *Tomboy's* Resurrection! *Dulcinea* is Enchanted, and I forsooth must tickle my *Toby* to Disinchant her — and here's a young Damsel dead, of a Surfeit of green Genitings for ought I know, and I must fill my Skin full of Oylet-holes to raise her again! No by my Faith, there's no such need — e'en find out some other Cully — These Jokes won't pass upon me — An old Dog will learn no Tricks. *Figer*, then cry'd *Rhadamanthus*, with a loud Voice, allay thy Cruelty, humble thy self proud,

Nimrod,

Nimrod, be silent and suffer, or else prepare thy self to dye: Impossible-
 are not requir'd from thee; only Four and twenty Whirrets, Twelve Pin-
 ches, and as many Pricks with a small Pin—a great piece of business in-
 deed. Fall on then Servants of the House, and obey my Commands, or by
 the Death of *Cerberus* I'll make yee know your Driver. At the same time
 there appear'd Six *Governantes* in the Court, marching in Procession one
 after another, Four of which wore Spectacles, but every one holding out
 their Arms to make their Hands shew the longer. *Sancho* no sooner per-
 ceiv'd 'em, but he began to roar out like a Bull. Do with me what yee
 please—let all the Town lay violent hands upon me—only I beseech
 yee take off your *Governantes*. Let 'em tear my Cheeks, as the Cats did
 my Masters—let 'em pinch me by the Nose with red hot Tongs, as
 St. *Dunstan* did the Devil, I'll suffer all patiently—but before I'll endure
 these *Governantes* to touch me, I'll resign my self up to the Devils Mer-
 cy—Patience a little, good *Sancho*, cry'd *Don Quixote*, satisfy these Gen-
 tlemen for once: and give thanks to Heaven, that has bestow'd upon thee
 so great a Gift, as to raise the Dead, and disenchanted the Inchan-
 ted. Thereupon submitting to his Masters Admonitions, or rather to Necessity upon
 the approach of the *Governantes*, he settl'd himself in his Seat, and offer'd
 his Cheek to the first, who after she had given a good smart Whirret, made
 him a Curtzie and went off. Oh, good Madam, cry'd *Sancho*, no more o'
 your Civility, and less o' your Ointment, for by Cuds Niggers I believe
 your Hands ha' been soak'd in Vinegar. In short, all the *Governantes* one
 after another paid him in the same Coin; and then the rest of the Servants
 of the House came and pinch'd him decently in their Order. But that
 which put him besides all his Patience was their Pricking him with the
 Pins; so that upon the first that he felt, starting from his Seat, he snatch'd
 up one of the Flambeaux, and laid at the *Governantes* and the Rest of his
 Executioners like a Man truly in Wrath; crying out at the same time,
 Hence Imps of Satan, d' yee think I have a Body of Brass, or intend to be
 the Devils Martyr. At which words, Madam *Tomboy*, who was weary of
 lying all that while in the same Posture, turn'd a t'other side. Which the
 Company perceiving, cry'd out, Madam *Tomboy* Lives, Madam *Tomboy*
Lives. And then *Rhadamanthus* addressing himself to *Sancho*, desir'd him
 to be pacifi'd, since he had wrought the Miracle. On the other side *Don*
Quixote seeing Madam *Tomboy* stir, went and threw himself at *Sancho's*
 Knees, and embracing him with a most tender Affection; Ah, my dear
 Child, said he, what a happy Moment is this!—if thou would'st but now
 give thy self some few Scores of those Lashes thou ow'st thy Mistress;
 now's the time that thy Vertue is in the height of its operation, and there-
 fore don't lose this kind Opportunity, I beseech thee, for the ease of thy
 poor Lady and my satisfaction.

Don't you know, Sir, quo *Sancho*, that Mettal upon Mettal's false Heraldry?
 Is't not enough for me to have been whirreted, pinch'd and scratch'd, but I
 must whip my self too? No, no, I have something else to do then to tye a
 Mill-stone about my Neck and throw my self into a Well—and the Devil
 take me if I think any more of your Mistress, if I must be the common Hack-
 ney to carry other Peoples Burthens. You might be asham'd indeed to
 make such a Motion as this to me, in the Condition I am in; enough to
 make me forswear either disenchanted, or raising any body agen from the
 dead as long as I live, tho it would not cost me a Hair o' my Beard. Up-
 on my Soul, what a Gift have I brought from my Mothers Womb, to cure
 others, and be Sick my self! I would fain see all the Doctors i' the Kingdom
 do as much as I ha' done.—

By

By this time Madam *Tomboy* was come to her self; and at the same time
 that she sat upright upon the Hearse, the Hautboys and Cornets fill'd all
 the Court with their loud Musick, while the People cry'd out, Madam
Tomboy Lives, Madam *Tomboy* Lives. Thereupon the Duke, the Dutches,
Minos and *Rhadamanthus* handed her down from the Hearse, to whom she
 made a profound Reverence; and at the same time looking a skew upon
Don Quixote, Heaven pardon thee, quo she, Ingrateful Knight, I have been
 a thousand Years i' the other World for thy Cruelty; then turning to *San-
 cho*, To thee, to thee, the most Compassionate Squire in the Universe, it is,
 that I am beholding for the Life which I enjoy; receive as a Reward these
 half a dozen Smocks of mine to make thee six Shirts; for tho they are not
 all spick and span new, or rather somewhat of the thinnest before, yet they
 are all clean and sweet. *Sancho* kiss'd her Hands, with his Cap in his Hand,
 and his Knees down to the Ground. He also begg'd of the Duke at the
 same time that he might have his Flaming Robe and his Bonnet, to carry
 home for a Memorial of the Miracle he had wrought. Keep it *Sancho*, said
 the Dutches, you know I am one of your best Friends and can deny yee
 nothing. Which done, the Company was dismiss'd, and *Don Quixote* and
Sancho conducted to their Chambers.

CHAP. XVIII.

Which follows the Seventeenth; and treats of several things necessary
 for the Illustration of this History.

Sancho lay that Night in a Bed which was set up in the same Chamber
 where *Don Quixote* lay; which no way pleas'd him, for that he was
 quite weary'd with his past Adventure, and was no less afraid lest he should
 be much more tyr'd, and kept from his Rest by the Impertinent Que-
 stions and Answers between his Master and himself, so that he would ha' gi-
 ven his six Smocks to ha' lain in the Stable, rather than in his Masters state-
 ly Room. Nor indeed were his Fears without ground; for *Don Quixote* was
 no sooner laid in his Bed, but his first word was, what dost think *Sancho* of
 last Nights Adventure? Thou saw'st with thy own Eyes Madam *Tomboy* in
 her Tomb; nor was it any Dart, or Sword, or Poyson that kill'd her, but on-
 ly my disdain of her Affection. Pox take her, quo *Sancho*, she might ha' dy'd
 how she wou'd and when she wou'd, so she had but let me alone; for I ne-
 ver gave her any occasion to love me, neither did I ever disdain her love i'
 my Life. For my part, as I said before, I wonder how *Sancho Pancho* should come
 to be oblig'd to suffer Martyrdom for such a hoidenly Rampscuttle as Madam
Tomboy, a meer Rig that I never lik'd i' my Life? But I beseech yee, Sir, let
 me go to sleep, or otherwise I must be forc'd to throw my self out at the Win-
 dow. Take thy Liberty, *Sancho*, then cry'd *Don Quixote*, and kind Hea-
 ven grant thee a better Nights, then thou hast had an Evenings Rest.
 Thereupon they both betook themselves to their Repose; and here it is that
Cid Hamet takes the Opportunity to tell yee what oblig'd the Duke to con-
 trive the Adventure last related.

He says that *Carrasco* meditating Revenge, for being unhors'd by *Don*
Quixote, when he went by the Title of Knight of the Looking-glasses,
 resolv'd to make a second Attempt. To which purpose, understanding by the

the Page that brought the Dutcheſſes Letter to *Tereſa*, where *Don Quixote* was, he got him Horſe and Arms, with a Reſolution to purſue him. That coming to the Dukes Caſtle, he there underſtood that the Knight was departed for *Saragoſa*, after all the ſport which the Duke had made with him and *Sancho*. That he follow'd him from thence to *Saragoſa*, and miſſing him there, he overtook him at *Barcellona*, where having had his Revenge, as we told yee before, he return'd to the Duke, and inform'd him what he had done, who from thence took an occaſion to contrive this Frolick, to diverſify himſelf once more with our pleaſant Adventurers. *Cid Hamet* adds, that he lookt upon the Joakers to be as much Fools as they that are joak'd upon; and that he could think no other of the Duke and the Dutcheſſes, who had nothing elſe to do but to make ſport with the unfortunate Frenzies of two craz'd People.

At length Day-light ſurpriz'd *Don Quixote* and *Sancho*, the one ſnoaring like a Boar in his Frank, the other ſwallow'd up in his uſual Dreams and Deliriums. But as he had recover'd himſelf, and was about to riſe (for vanquiſh'd or Victor, he was always an Enemy to Sloth) Madam *Tomboy* being riſen again, with the ſame Garland that ſhe wore upon the Hearſe, in a white flow'r'd Sattin Manteau, and her diſhevell'd Locks curling about her Shoulders, enter'd his Chamber, ſupporting her ſelf with an Ebonic Stick; which Viſion ſo ſurpriz'd him, that never regarding Complements or Civility to Ladies, he withdrew himſelf under the Bedcloaths, and cover'd himſelf over Head and Ears. However Madam *Tomboy* ſate her down in a Chair by the Bedſide, and after a profound Sigh, with a languiſhing and yet amorous Voice, When young Ladies, quoth ſhe, trample their Modesty underfoot, and permit their Tongues to diſcover the Secrets of their Hearts, Men way well conceive 'em to be ſtrangely diſorder'd in their Minds. Truly, my Lord *Don Quixote*, I am one of thoſe unfortunate Perſons overrul'd by my Paſſion, and deſperately in Love, yet with ſo much Vertue and Reſervedneſs, that the only care to conceal my Torments coſt me my Life. 'Tis but two days ago ſince my reflexions upon thy Cruelty, and the reſentment of thy Rigour laid me in my Grave; and had it not been that Love, in pity of my Miſeries, found out a means by the ſufferings of thy Compaſſionate Squire to relieve me, I had ſtill remain'd in the other World.

Truly, quo *Sancho*, I ſhould ha' been beholding to Love, had he beſtow'd his Honours upon my Aſs. But pray, Madam, tell me, and ſo may Heaven provide yee a better Husband then my Maſter, what did you ſee i' the other World? and what fort of Hell is that, which they that deſpair and dye for Love are oblig'd to rouch at by the way.

To tell yee truth, reply'd Madam *Tomboy*, I was never abſolutely dead, and ſo I never enter'd into Hell; for if I had, I'm ſure I ſhould nere ha' got out agen. I only went as far as the Gate, where I ſaw about a dozen Devils in their Breeches and half Shirts, edg'd at the Collers with *Flanders* Lace, playing at Tennis with flaming Rackets. But that which I moſt admir'd at, was, that inſtead of Balls they made uſe of Books blow'd up, and ſtuft with Flocks; which was to me both new and wonderful: And I was more aſtoniſh'd to ſee that contrary to the Cuſtom of Gamſters, among whom you ſhall have always ſome that are merry and pleas'd; theſe all the while they plaid did nothing but fret and fume, ſtamp, ſtare, curſe and ſwear as if they had been all loſers. That's no wonder, quo *Sancho*, for your Devils are of that Humour, that whether they play or no, win or loſe, they can never be contented. I grant it, reply'd Madam *Tomboy*; but there

there was one thing that aſtoniſh'd me more then all this, that the firſt ſtroak they gave the Ball, ſpoil'd it in ſuch a manner, that it was no longer ſerviceable; ſo that they tore as well the old as the new Books in pieces; and there was one Book among the reſt Fire new, which they ſtrook with ſuch a force that all the Leaves flew about i' the Air. Then cry'd one of the Devils to the other; Look, look, what Book is that? To whom the other made answer, 'tis the *Second Part of Don Quixote*; not that which was compos'd by *Cid Hamet*, but by a certain *Arragonian*, that goes by the name of *Tordefilla's*. Take it away, cry'd the firſt Devil, and throw it to the bottom of the Abyſs, where I may never ſee it more. Why, quo the other, is it ſo bad? So deteſtable, cry'd the other, that if I had made it my ſelf on purpoſe it could not ha' been worſe. The Devils continu'd their Game, and ſhatter'd a power of other Books; but for my part hearing *Don Quixote's* Name, that is ſo dear to me, I minded only to remember this Viſion, which I ſhall nere forget.

This was a Viſion without doubt, cry'd *Don Quixote*, for there are no more *Don Quixote's* but my ſelf i' the World. I know the Story is printed, and I know that 'tis already ſentenc'd to the bottoms of Pyes, or to the Grocer for waſte Paper; nor am I at all offended at it; nor do I care what becomes of it, for had it been a true and faithful Hiſtory, 'twould ha' laſted to Eternity; but as it is, the ſooner 'tis buried alive, the leſs 'twill deceive the World.

Madam *Tomboy* was then going on with her complaints againſt *Don Quixote's* Rigour; which *Don Quixote* obſerving, by way of prevention, My pretty little new Peice of Reſurrection, quo he, I am heartily ſorry, that you have miſpent your Affections upon me; as having no other way to repay your Civility but with my Thanks — for as for any Coolers of your Amorous Heat, upon my Honour I have none. I was born for *Dulcinea del Toboſo*; for her the Deſtinies have reſerv'd me; and for you to imagin that any other Beauty can jostle her out of my Boſom, is meer Madneſs; and therefore ſet your Heart at Reſt; call home your Modesty, and don't let the Itch of your paſſion hurry yee thus about, lowing after me, as I low'd after *Jupiter*, when *Juno* thruſt a Gad-Bee in her Tail.

By the pleaſure of Generation, cry'd Madam *Tomboy*, counterſeizing a moſt diſmal Paſſion, Thou Steelly, Date ſtone-hearted Fellow, more inexorable then a School maſter brandiſhing his Burchen Indignation over a Boys Buttocks, a little thing would make me tear out thoſe Eyes of thine, as deep as they are i' thy Head — You think perhaps Mr. *Captain-cut-pudding*, *Don All* to be thwack'd; *Don All* to be rib-roaſted, that I dy'd for Love of thy transparent thrivell'd Carcaſs — No — no — I am not a Woman that would ha' prickt my Finger for ſuch a Camel as thou art — All you ſaw laſt Night was only a Trick, a meer Contrivance to make ſport with ſuch a Cully-brain'd Fellow as thou art.

By my Troth, quo *Sancho*, I believe what you ſay, that all your Stories of Lovers dying for Love, are as true as I am the Popes Uncle. They tell yee themſelves they are dead, but the Devil a word of Truth do they ſpeak.

At the ſame time enter'd the Muſician and Poet that ſung the Verſes over Madam *Tomboy's* Hearſe, and making a reverend Congie to *D. Quixote*, I beſeech your Worſhip, ſaid he, to rank me in the Number of your moſt faithful Servants; for I have always had a great Eſteem for your Perſon, as well in regard of your continu'd Reputation, as the fame of your Achievements. Pray, Sir, let me know who you are, reply'd *Don Quixote*, that I may proportion

H h h h

my

my Thanks according to your Quality. To whom the Musician reply'd, that he was Madam *Tomboy's* Poet, that made and sung her Elegy the last Night. You have an Excellent Voice, reply'd *Don Quixote*, but for the Matter you sung I do not think it was much to the purpose. Oh, Sir, never wonder at that, reply'd the Musician, that's no fault among the Poets of this Age: They write according to their own Fancy, and Pillage where they think fit, whether it be to the purpose or no; for let 'em write what they will, all Extravagancies are sure to be guarded by Poetical Licence, which is a Protection for all Nonfence in Poetry. *Don Quixote* was about to have reply'd, but he was prevented by the Duke and the Dutchess, who at the same time enter'd his Chamber; where there was a long Discourse between the Duke, the Dutchess, the Knight, and the Squire; and where *Sancho* was so full of his Jokes and his Quibbles, that the Duke and Dutchess were at a stand which to admire most, his Wit or his Nonfence. After that, *Don Quixote* desir'd leave that he might be gone betimes the next Morning, for that Caves and Dens better became a vanquish'd Knight than the Palaces of Princes. Then the Dutchess ask'd him whether Mrs. *Tomboy* and he were reconcil'd or no? To which *Don Quixote* reply'd, that her Disease proceeded only from Sloth and Laziness, and that the best cure for her was to keep her to work and out of idleness. And this is my Opinion, and this is my Counsel, that she be well employ'd, and kept close to her Spinning Wheel, till her Amorous humour be over, lest she be ruin'd by the Temptations of Satan, who will pimp for any Man Living to get a Soul. By my Faith and 'tis my Opinion too, quo *Sancho*, for I never knew any of your Bobbin-Wenchies that ever dy'd for Love. I know it by my self; for when I am hard at work, I think no more of my sweet Swatterkin, I mean my Dear Wife, then I do of the Grand Signior, tho I love her as the Apple of my Eye. After which Discourses, and a great deal more Chat of the same Nature, *Don Quixote* din'd with the Duke; and after Dinner continu'd his Journey.

C H A P. XIX.

What befel Don Quixote and his Squire in their way home.

Being thus upon the Road, the Knight rode on, equally divided between Grief and Joy; for on the one side he was extremely dejected for the disgrace that had befallen him in the presence of a Vice-Roy; on the other side he was no less overjoy'd to have discover'd such a Mine of Virtue in *Sancho* that render'd him worth his weight in Gold; for unless it be some Women that bury their Husbands, and young Heirs that out live their Fathers, who would not give half his Estate to raise his Friend from the dead. But as for *Sancho* he was neither griev'd nor joy'd, but vex'd and discontented in his Mind because Madam *Tomboy* had not given him the Six Smocks the promis'd; so that not being able to concoct such a piece of Ingratitude. By my Faith, quo he to his Master, I think I ha' the worst luck of any Physician Living. Other Physicians kill their Patients, and are paid for their Pains, and yet all they do is but the scrawling of two or three hard Words to an Apothecary, while I that raise People from the Dead at the expence of my own Skin; whirred, pinch'd, box'd about the Ears, clapper-claw'd and whipt, must wear the Wooden Dagger, and lose all my winnings,
for

for the Devil take me if I can get a Cross. But if ever they bring me any more Mrs. *Tomboys* to cure, I'll be sure of my Money before hand—Come—come—the Monk lives by his singing; nor do I believe that Heaven has bestow'd this wonderful Gift upon me, that I should be such a Charitable Fool as to starve with it. Thou faist very true, *Sancho*, reply'd *Don Quixote*, and Madam *Tomboy* shews her breeding to be worse than her word; for tho 'tis true thy wonderful Gift cost thee nothing, yet a Man of thy Excellencies and endowments would not ha' been so Satan-like buffered, for forty such Shirts, tho they had been all Flanders-lac'd. For my part hadst thou demanded any thing for Lashing thy self in order to *Dulcinea's* disinchantment, I would ha' given thee a Mountain of Gold ere this: I must confess I am a little in doubt whether my proffering or thy taking Money might not hinder the Operation of thy Penance; but I am of such a grateful Disposition, that I'll venture it—And therefore prithee tell me *Sancho*, what must I give thee—or rather go and do thy work presently, and then be thy own Paymaster to thy own content, out of the Money which thou hast of mine i' thy Hands.

These Temptations open'd *Sancho's* Eyes; so that finding there was Money to be got; Sir, quo he, now yee say something—pay well and I'll lash well, I'll warrant yee; for such is my Love to my Wife and Children, that to provide well for them, I care not what I suffer my self. Go too, then, Sir, how much will you give me by the Lash?—Were I able to recompence thee, *Sancho*, according to what the Quality and Consequence of the Cure Merits, I would give thee all the Finances of France, and all the Mines of Peru to boot. But do thou set thy own Price, and cast it up what it comes to.

Why, Sir, quo *Sancho*, the Lashes which I am to give my self amount to Three thousand three hundred and odd; of which I have given my self Five already. In the first place then, let those five serve for all the odd Lashes behind, that we may come to an even Number: For I would not willingly be troubl'd with more Fractions than needs. Now I demand four Pence a Lash, of which I wou'd not bate the Pope himself the tenth part of a Pins Head, which in all amounts to Three thousand three hundred Groats. Reckon then, Nine hundred Groats is Three hundred Shillings, that's Fifteen Pounds, and a Hundred Groats is one Pound thirteen Shillings four Pence. Three fifteen Pounds is forty five Pound, and three times one Pound thirteen and four Pence is Five Pound. So that Three thousand Lashes comes just to Fifty Pound: Then the Three hundred Lashes comes to Five Pound more; in all, Fifty five Pound. This Fifty five Pound will I deduct out of the Money which I have of yours, and then I'll go home an Aldermans Fellow, Rich in ready Coin, and Rich in ready Lashes—but that's nothing, something has some savour, and you know, Sir, Trouts must be baited before they be caught.

Oh, Blessed *Sancho*, cry'd *Don Quixote*, more dear to me than *Endymion* to the Moon; how shall *Dulcinea* and I be bound to pray for thee as long as we live. For if we can but master the Devil but this one time, then once more she shall be the Queen of Beauty; and if ever I meet with that same cursed Knight of the *White Moon* agen, I'll *White Moon* him, and *Black Moon* him too, or I'll miss of my Aim. For I must tell thee, *Sancho*, when the Queen of Beauty's once at Liberty, I defie Satan himself to wrench an Adventure out of my Hands. And therefore, dear *Sancho*, do but tell me when thou'lt begin, take fifty Shillings more besides thy Bargain, for an additional Encouragement—When will I begin, Sir!—Why this very Night, so soon as we come to a Place convenient; and you your self shall
look

look on and see how I'll lay about me, Back-stroak and Fore-stroak. Alas, Sir, I may well venture my Skin for Money, when so many Men venture their Souls for it.

Well, in short, the Night came which *Don Quixote* long'd for with so much impatience, that he could not imagin what the Sun staid so long for, unless a second *Phaeton* had overturn'd his Chariot, and made him stay the mending of the Wheels; so that he began to speak Bugs words against the sovereign Planet of the Skie. But at length approaching Night befriended him, and brought him to a Place convenient as well for his own repose, as for *Sancho's* Pious design. It was a shady Wood remote from the Highway; where when *Sancho* had unsaddl'd *Rosinante* and unpannell'd *Grizzle*, he let loose the two Loving Couple to shift for themselves. Then opening his seldom empty Wallet, the Master and the Man went to Supper, and fed like *Pylades* and *Orestes* together.

And now *Sancho* being pretty well lin'd within, bethought himself of earning his Money. To which purpose he made himself an unmerciful Lick-back of *Grizzles* Halter, and the two Girts of *Rosinante's* Saddle; and so Cordial he was in his Intentions, that he would not take off the Iron Buckles, as one that resolv'd to give his Master good Measure for his Money. Which done, he stript himself to his Wasse, and so taking leave of his Master he retir'd to the Wood some Twenty Paces from his Master.

Don Quixote seeing him march naked as he was, with such a serious grim and sullen Air, that seem'd to threaten no less than the destruction of Nature's delicate Frame of Arteries, Muscles, Nerves and Fibres, and I know not what my self, with a Compassionate Tone, cry'd after him, *Sancho*, dear *Sancho*, be not so Cruel to thy self, neither, as to cut thy self to the Bone. Moderate thy Passion, and let one blow follow another leisurely—As thou art stout be merciful— for should'st thou kill thy self before thy Penance be over, thy loss will be irrecoverable and my Afflictions then will never have an end— Take pity therefore of thy self, of Me, thy poor Mistress, and thy Wife and Children, and render not ineffectual by unreasonable Severity, the only means ordain'd to make us both for ever happy. Give thy self not a Lash more than thou needs must, and therefore lest thou shouldest be out i' thy Tale, I'll stand a little way off, and reckon the stroaks by the help of my Rosary, and then I'm sure thou canst never Err— So Heaven protect thee, and give a good issue to thy Endeavours.

A good Paymaster, quo *Sancho*, never grudges his Money— and therefore tho I intend to Curry my own Hide as befits me, don't you believe but I'll take care of the main Chance. However I'll so tear my self, that I'll make my Back find that my Hands are none of its best Friends; and therein I think it is that the stress and vertue of the Remedy lies— And so saying, he began to claw himself where it did not itch, in such a rude manner, that after he had given himself Seven or Eight stroaks, the smart was such, that he began to consider, and after a short pause, Slife, quo he to his Master, this wont do— I ha' sold *Robinhood's* Pennyworths— Certainly I was bewitch'd to ask but Sixpence a Lash— for such Lashes as these are worth Twelve Pence a piece of any man's Money i' the Kingdom— Fore-George I'll ha' Twelve Pence a piece or I'll lash no farther.

Go on, go on, good *Sancho*, quo *Don Quixote*, Money never broke squares between us two, I'll double the Sum if that be all— nay and I'll treble it too if thou desirest it—

Now

Now by my Life, quo *Sancho*, and I'll lay it on then; do but listen, and you shall hear the Bones rattle i' my Skin— And with that the Conycatching Hangdog fell a lashing the Trees like a *Winchester* Schoolmaster, groaning at every Lash, as if his Soul had been taking her last leave of his Tormented Carkass.

Thereupon *Don Quixote*, who was naturally Compassionate, and fearing lest poor *Sancho* should kill himself, or rather lest his Imprudence should disappoint and frustrate the Cure— Hold, *Sancho*, quo he, hold I conjure thee— I never lov'd spurring a free Horse to death— This is a sort of Physick too boystrous to be taken all at once— and therefore make two Doses of it— Come, come, fair and softly goes far— Neither was *Rome* built in a day— If I ha' told right, thou hast giv'n thy self above a Thousand remarkable Twingers already— and therefore I say be bold with thy Flesh, but not too bold. Should it come to a *Fistula in Ano*, a Surgeon would quickly lick up all thy Gettings.

No, no, my dear Lord and Master, quo *Sancho*, it shall nere be said of me that I got my Money by roaring, or as the Countryman said by his Lawyer, that he nere spoke a word for his Fee— Besides, I have ow'd this wicked Skin of mine a payment a good while, and I'm glad o' th' occasion— And therefore I beseech yee, Sir, don't disturb me with your Pity; but if y' are so merciful, get out o' the noise on't— for I'm resolv'd to give my self the t'other Thousand Stripes— and then there will be the less behind— With that he had the t'other bout at the poor Trees, with that outrageous fury, that he fetch'd off their Skins which was Ten times harder then his own; that had they been any of *Ovid's* Metamorphos'd Nymphs the whole Wood had cry'd out Murder. And at length, as it were resolv'd to give himself a sparring blow, laying on at the same time upon a sturdy Oak, Here it is, cry'd he, with a loud Voice, that *Sampson*, were he Ten thousand *Sampsons* shall dye.

Don Quixote, who listen'd all the while like a Hare in her Form, hearing that un sanctify'd menace of utter destruction, and the unconscionable sound of the stroaks that follow'd it, with the swiftness of a Panther, flew to his Squire, and catching hold of the dreadful Instrument of Execution, Stay *Sancho*, stay, cry'd he, the fury of thy Arm; 'tis not thy precious Life that I desire; Live to the Comfort of thy Wife and Children, that will be bound to curse thy Master, should'st thou miscarry for his sake. Let *Dulcinea* therefore stay a while, and I my self will live in hopes a little longer, till thou hast got another Skin, and recover'd new strength to end the Business to the Satisfaction of all Parties.

Well, Sir, quo *Sancho*, since you will have it so, so let it be; however i' the mean time be pleas'd to throw your Cloak over my Shoulders, for I am in a dropping Sweat, and unwilling my Sores should take Wind.

With that the Compassionate Knight leaving himself in *Querpo*, bequeath'd his Irish Mantle to the protection of *Sancho's* Shoulders, who took care to cover his dissembl'd Mortification as charily as if he had been a dancing a dozen *Westminster* Weddings; and then laying himself down to rest himself, the poor Creature fell asleep, and never wak'd, for all his Pain, till Sun-rise.

After that, *Sancho* got up, and going aside under pretence to wash himself with his own Water, slipp'd on his Cloaths, and after three Hours riding, they came to an Inn, which *Don Quixote* allow'd to be an Inn, and not a Castle with Moats and Draw-bridges, as he was wont to do, before his last Basting had somewhat reform'd his Senses and his Judgment.

He

He was lodg'd in a Ground Chamber, instead of Tapistry, hung with painted Cloath; upon which were scrawl'd by a leud Hand, the Stories of *Helen of Troy*, when *Paris* run away with her; and *Dido* Queen of *Carthage*, when *Eneas* had robb'd her of her last Favours. In these two Pictures, *Don Quixote* observ'd, that *Helen* seem'd nothing at all concern'd for the force that was put upon her, but rather lookt blithe and bonny, and smiling under her Hood, as if she had been pleas'd with her escape. Whereas *Dido* on the other side, stood like a Wench that had had her Pocket pick'd i' the Fair, letting fall Tears in Clusters, which because they should be seen, the Painter had made as big as Filberds. Upon which *Don Quixote* making his sudden Reflexions, How unfortunately it fell out, quo he, that either I did not live in these Ladies time, or they in mine; for I had never suffer'd two such pieces of Injustice i' this World; and so by the death of *Paris* and *Eneas*, which must have surely happen'd by my Hand, I had sav'd *Troy* from being burnt, and *Carthage* from Ruin.

He venture my Life to a Sheeps-turd, quo *Sancho*, that before next *Pan-cake* day, there will be nere an Inn nor a Barbers Shop i' the Country, where we shall not have the Story of our own Exploits adorning the Walls of the Rooms, for the Country Bumpkins to gape at, tho I could wish 'em drawn by a better Artift, then such a dauber of Sign-posts as this.

'Tis very true, *Sancho*, reply'd *Don Quixote*; but this is our Comfort, that *Cæsar* and *Pompey* and most of the *Roman* Consuls have lit already into as bad hands as we can do. 'Tis the Fate of Great Persons to be famous in Ballads as well as Heroick Verse, tho one continues our Memory among People of Quality, the other among the Vulgar. But let the Rogues have a care that they paint true, for if I catch 'em painting Cocks for Bulls, and Bulls for Cocks, by the Order of Knight-hood, which I profess, I'll send a Legion of 'em to the Devil if they paint while I live. But to leave this Discourse, what dost think of giving thy self t'other Touch to Night? In my Opinion a warm House should be much better then the open Air.—

Why, truly, quo *Sancho*, I could like a close Room very well so it were among Trees; for I have a natural Affection to Trees; besides that they seem to be a kind of Companions to me in my Affliction.

Why then, reply'd *Don Quixote*, now I think on't, we'll een stay till we get home, and then I can set thee up a little shed i' my Grove. You may do as you please for that, quo *Sancho*, but for my part I am for striking while the Iron is hot.—'Tis good grinding at the Mill before the Water's past—*An Opportunity lost is not so soon regain'd—When the Shoulder of Mutton's a going take a slice—'Tis good to take half in hand and the rest by and by—Every Dog has his Day, and every Man his Hour—Delay breeds danger—One take it, is worth Two thou shalt have it's.*

Enough, enough, good *Sancho*, cry'd *Don Quixote*—thou curest me with thy Kindness, and murder'st me with Proverbs—prithee, dear *Sancho*, keep thy Morth-eaten Adagies for some body else—Speak to me as other Men do, and then thou shalt see a Word to the Wife is sufficient.—

Bless me, Sir, quo *Sancho*, you see I never study for 'em—they're as natural to me as Milk to a Calf—but since they displease yee, I beg your pardon—better mend late then never—And so they broke off their Discourse for that time.

CHAP. XX.

How Don Quixote and Sancho arriv'd at their Village.

ALL that day *Don Quixote* staid in the Inn, resolving not to stir till night, that he might give *Sancho* an Opportunity to finish his Penance. Now while he was thus concluding with himself, there came a Gentleman a Horse-back to the Inn Gate, attended by three or four Servants. At what time, said one of the Attendants to the Gentleman, What think yee, Signor *Don Alvaro Tarfe*, of stopping here, till the Heat of the day be over?—in my Opinion the House looks well and cleanly.

Don Quixote no sooner heard the Name of *Tarfe*, but presently turning to *Sancho*, certainly, quo he, I must be grossly mistaken if I did not meet with this same Name of *Don Alvaro Tarfe* in turning over that same Second Part of the History of my Life. That may be for ought I know, quo *Sancho*, but let 'em first alight, and then we'll examin the Premises more strictly. Presently they alighted, and were carry'd into a Chamber next to *Don Quixote*, where the Gentleman having put off his Boots, came forth soon after to take the fresh Air at the Inn Gate, where *Don Quixote* was cooling himself at the same time. To whom, Sir, said the Gentleman, which way travel yee? To a Village not far off, reply'd *Don Quixote*, where my Habitation is. And you, Sir, quo *Don Quixote*, which way are you bound? For *Grenada*, the Place of my Nativity, reply'd the Gentleman—A fair City, and no less nobly Inhabited, reply'd *Don Quixote*; but pray, Sir, may I be so bold to crave your Name? For I have something of a Reason more then ordinary, that makes me so uncivilly inquisitive. My Name is *Alvaro Tarfe*, reply'd the Gentleman. *Alvaro Tarfe*! cry'd *Don Quixote*. Then certainly you must be the Person mention'd in the Second Part of *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, so lately Publish'd by a Modern Author. The very same, reply'd the Gentleman; and farther, that *Don Quixote* was one of my Intimate Cronies, whom I perswaded to take a Ramble from his House, at least told him of the Jufts and Turnaments at *Saragosa*, and put him upon the Tilting Vain; and truly as it happen'd, I prov'd the best Friend he had, for I kept him from being claw'd by the Hangman, for an Insolent Coxcomb as he was.

But pray, Sir, one thing more, quo *Don Quixote*, you look like one that could distinguish Faces—does the Air of my Face in any thing resemble that of your *Don Quixote*? Not in the least, reply'd *Alvaro*. Once more then, I beseech yee, Sir, had that *Don Quixote* of yours any such Squire to attend him, whose Name was *Sancho Pancha*. Yes, Sir, reply'd the Gentleman, he had a Squire of that name; and he was said to be a pleasant Fellow. But for my part I never heard him speak so much as one word that was like Sence—The Rogue deserv'd to be hang'd for a Fool, but was not worth a Halter.

I believe it, quo *Sancho*, for all Men were not born to have so much Wit as I have—nor is it so easie a thing to play the Fool as People think—and therefore that *Sancho* this Mr. Gentleman speaks of must needs be some pitiful Hangdog, some Lousie Rarie-show-man, or Mountebanks Budget-CARRIER. For 'tis I that am the true *Sancho Pancha*; 'tis I am that merry conceited Squire that tickles the Spleens of Dukes and Dutcheses, and make no more to make a Gentleman laugh, then I do to pull off my Stockins. If you don't

don't believe me, trye me, Sir, your self—do but follow me for a year or two, and you shall hear Miracles. And then for my Master, the true *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, the Brave, the Valiant, the Discreet, the Amorous and War-like; the Redresser of Wrongs, Revenger of Injuries, the Father, Mother, Uncle and Aunt of all Orphans, the Widows Protector, the Defender of Ladies, the sole and only Sweet-heart and Servant to the Peerless, Matchless Phoenix, *Dulcinea del Toboso*, Knight of the *Lyons*, and Lord of Ten Invisible Islands, Here's your Man, Sir, This is He. The t'other of your Acquaintance, and all other *Don Quixote's* and *Sancho Pancha's* are meer Dreams and Fables, counterfeit Miscreants and Vagabonds.

Now by the Ghost of *Gargantua*, I believe as much, quo *Alvaro*, for you have utter'd in a few words much more then ever I heard the t'other talk for a Month together. T'other was a meer Paunch belly'd Cur, that carry'd all his Brains in his Guts: So that I am apt to believe that those Enchanters which perplex the True *Don Quixote* are become my Enemies, to herd me with a Couple of Sots and Dunderheads that were kitten'd in a Cage, and will dye in a Sawpit. And yet I can hardly believe my own Eyes; for I'm as sure as I stand here that I left *Don Quixote* in *Bedlam*, whether he was sent to be cur'd of his Frenzie; and now I meet here another *Don Quixote*, as like Mine, as an Apple's like an Oyster.

For my part, reply'd *Don Quixote*, I will not undertake to justify myself for the True *Don Quixote*, but I am certain I am none of the Counterfeit. For to be plain with yee, Sir, I never was at *Saragosa* i' my Life: For when I heard that this same Usurper of my Name had appear'd at the Tournaments i' that City, I resolv'd not to come near the Place, on purpose to convince the World of the Falshood of that pretended Author, who had the impudence to publish a sham Second Part of my Life. Thereupon I went directly for *Barcellona*, the Mother of Civility, the Sanctuary of Strangers, the only Place of all Europe, where a Man may meet Sincere and Constant Friends, and the City of the World, the fairest and best situated. And tho I did not meet with all the Good Fortune there, that I expected, but rather all the Jades Tricks of that cursed *Jezabel* mortal Men so much admire; yet am I glad I saw that City, which makes me bury the rest in Oblivion. In short, Mr. *Alvaro Tarfe*, I am that Individual *Don Quixote*, of whom Report and Fame have publish'd so many Glorious Actions, and not that pitiful Captain *Cut-pudding* that has usurp'd my Name. And therefore I have one Boon to beg of yee, in Favour of a Truth, of which you cannot but be now convinc'd. I beg it of yee by all the Respect which you owe to the Profession of a *Knight-Errant*, which is to give me a Certificate in due Form acknowledg'd, before the next Justice of the Peace of the Place, that you never saw me in all your Life till this day, and that I am not that *Don Quixote* mention'd in the Second Part of my Pretended Life; also that *Sancho Pancha* my Squire is not the same Person that you saw go under his Name.

With all my Heart, reply'd *Alvaro*, and yet 'tis to me the greatest wonder in the World to behold two *Don Quixote's* and two *Sancho's* at the same time, who both derive themselves from the same Country, yet both so different in their Physiognomies, their Actions, and their Dispositions, which makes me think that I ha' been all this while in a Dream.

I'm afraid, Sir, quo *Sancho*, yee are enchanted like Madam *Dulcinea*—and I wish it may not be my Lot to give my self the t'other Three thousand Six hundred Lashes to disenchanted your Worship, as I have been forc'd already to bestow upon this Back of mine, to disenchanted her—However if it be, Sir, the

Business

Business is soon done at a small Charge—For who would be a Prisoner to the Devil a whole Year without Bayl or Mainprize for fifty or Three-score Pounds.

Truly Mr. *Sancho*, quo *Don Alvaro* you speak riddles to me—I never heard the t'other *Sancho* talk a Tittle of Three thousand six hunder'd Lashes—unfold your meaning good Sir—O, Sir, quo *Sancho*, the Story's too long at a Minutes warning—but if you travel our way, you may chance to hear more then I'll tell every body, according as I'm in the humour.

By this time Dinner was upon the Table, and *Don Quixote* and *Don Alvaro* din'd together. More then that, the Story brings to the Inn a Justice of Peace and his Clerk just at the same Instant. Who being known and admitted, *Don Quixote* desir'd Mr. *Alvaro* to dictate his Certificate to the Clerk, that he had never seen *Don Quixote de la Mancha* there present, before that day, and that he was not the same Person, that he had seen mention'd in a certain printed Story, call'd the Second Part, &c. written by one *Abellameda de Tordeillas*. Which the Clerk afterwards engros'd in due Form, and then it was sign'd by *Don Alvaro*, and Jurated by the Justice *Coram Me, &c.* And now *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* thought themselves the happiest Men i' the World; not believing their Actions, Words, and Countenances enough to distinguish 'em from their Competitours, without a Certificate in Law; so jealous are Fools of being robb'd of their Honour, tho it be but of being the better Fools of the Two.

Many were the Complements and Offers of Service and Civility that pass'd between *Don Alvaro* and *Don Quixote*, wherein the *Manchegan* display'd so much of Wit and Courtly Language, that *Alvaro* began to be convinc'd that there was no Enchantment i' the Case, and was satisfy'd in Conscience that he had given a true Certificate.

Toward Evening they set forward both together, and as they rode along *Don Quixote* inform'd *Alvaro* of the unfortunate Foyl which he had receiv'd from the Knight of the *White Moon*, and of *Dulcinea's* Enchantment, with the way prescrib'd by *Merlin* for her Release. And thus *Alvaro* being furnish'd with a new stock to muse upon, the Knight and the Gentleman parted at the meeting of two Roads.

That Night *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* lodg'd among the Trees, that *Sancho* might have an Opportunity to accomplish his Penance, which the just and faithful Squire courageously perform'd, at the severe expence of the Bark and Bushes, in the mean time so well preserving his Skin, that a fly would hardly have stirr'd from his Back for any Mortification he gave his own Shoulders. However *Don Quixote* kept an exact accompt, and found that the Stroaks were right to a Unite, tho they were not bestow'd upon the Right Place.

It seems the Sun rose earlier then usual the next Morning, as if he had envy'd Starlight the unwonted Spectacle of such a Human Sacrifice. But *Sancho*, unwilling to trust his Secret to the Blabrongu'd *Phabus*, had taken care that the Fair *Aurora*, should not behold his Nakedness, and so having cas'd himself again, the Knight and he set forward by peep of day.

All that day, nor the next night did they meet with any thing considerable; only whenever they met with any Woman kind, they rode up to her, and star'd her i' the face, in hopes to meet the Disenchanted *Dulcinea*. For *Don Quixote's* Confidence was still so great in *Merlin*, that he could not believe his Promises could ever fail.

Thus they rode gaping and staring some tedious Miles, till at length mounting up a little Hill, they discover'd their own Village. At what time *Sancho* threw himself from his *Grizzle*, and all in a sudden rapture falling upon his Knees, Open thy Eyes, dear Native Country, said he, and here behold thy long Absented *Sancho* return'd once more to thy Embraces, tho not rich in Coin, yet paid to the full in Whipcord Gashes : Open thine Arms, and here receive thy Son *Don Quixote*, vanquish'd by the good Fortune of another, but Victor over himself, which as he has often told me is the greatest Conquest in the World. We have met with many Misfortunes both of us, because we did not always find what we sought for. However I come not home altogether empty, I have still a little Money Heaven be prais'd; for tho I have been well whipp'd, thanks to an honest Knight, I have been well gratify'd for my Sufferings.

Leave off these Fooleries, *Sancho*, cry'd *Don Quixote*, and let us appear with Reputation in the place of our Nativity, where we are now to enter into a new Course of Life, and lay aside our Martial Thoughts. Let's not appear among our Neighbours as if we were half muddl'd, but with a serious Air, without Excesses and Transports receive their Welcomes. And for the design we have in hand speak not a word of it. 'Tis a Giggling World *Sancho*, and always carping at good Intentions; therefore keep thy Lips close till opportunity serves.

After this they descended the Hill, and began to draw neer their Beloved Village.

CHAP. XXI.

Of the strange ill Omens that happen'd to Don Quixote before he enter'd the Village.

UPON his Approach to the Village, *Cid Hamet* Reports, how that *Don Quixote* saw two little Boys contesting together, at what time, cry'd the one to the other, *Oh pray be quiet, you are never like to see her as long as you live.* Dost hear, *Sancho*, cry'd *Don Quixote*, what the Boy says? *You shall never see her as long as you live.* What's that to the purpose, what the Boy says? quo *Sancho*—'Slife, quo *Don Quixote*, hast lost thy Sences?—do's it not signifie that I shall never set Eyes upon *Dulcinea*, as long as I have breath i' my Body? *Sancho* was about to reply when he saw a Hare, which being pursu'd by several Greyhounds and Coursers, came and squatted for protection between *Grizzle's* Legs. Presently *Sancho* took her up, and presented her to his Master. But he with a dejected Countenance refusing the Present, cry'd out aloud, *Malum signum, Malum signum.*

Nouns Master, quo *Sancho*, you are a strange sort of a Man—— do but imagin this Hare to be *Dulcinea*, and the Greyhounds to be the wicked *Necromancers* that transform'd her into a Country Puss. She flies, I take her up; I give her you; you take her; make much of her and kiss her; where is the ill sign in all this?

At the same time the two Boys coming to look upon the Hare, *Sancho* ask'd 'em what 'twas they were quarelling about? To whom the Boy that had said the words, *Thou shalt never see her agen*, reply'd, That he had got a Cage full of Crickets from the other Boy, which he nere intended to give him.

him again. Upon that *Sancho* gave the Boy a Groat for his Cage, and delivering it into *Don Quixote's* hands, There, said he, there's the ill Omen sent to the Devil—— Curse on 'em—a thousand of 'em ha' no more to do with our business, then we with the last years Snow—— For tho' I'm but a simple Fellow, I have a little understanding—— besides that you ha' been told a hunder'd times, that 'tis beneath the Profession of a Christian to mind Death-Watches, and Rats eating holes i' the foul Clothes. Nay, 'tis not long since you told me so your self—— and therefore don't you be one of those Christian Fools that you your self have so often preach'd against—— Go on, go on, Sir—— if any body had ill Luck 'twas the Hare to be caught.

Riding a little farther, they were perceiv'd by the Curate and *Carraasco* walking together in a Field adjoining, who presently ran with open Arms to embrace their old Friends.

Now it happen'd that *Sancho* had flung over *Grizzle's* Back the gay Coat, all painted over with flames, which the Duke had given him, to cover his Masters bundle of Armour, like a Sumpter Cloth; and his Miter, which was no less gaudy, he had fix'd upon the Asses head; so that it might be truly said that never Four-footed Ass was so strangely bedizon'd in this World. Which the Childern, who are generally as sharp-sighted as Lynxes, perceiving, came running Bare-foot and Bare-legg'd, and flocking about the Shew, Hoy-day, look, Sirs—— Here's Madam Ass and Gaffer Horse—— did yee ever see an Ass as fine as a Lady, and a Horse so like a Red Herring before?—— And with that, they ran hooping and hollowing before, like the Boys upon a *Holy-Thursd*ay, while the Curate, *Don Quixote*, *Carraasco* and *Sancho* follow'd leisurely after, like the Parson and the Masters of the Parish, till *Don Quixote* arriv'd at his own House, where his Maid and his Neece attended him coming.

At the same time *Teresa* being inform'd of their arrival, came running with her Hair about her Ears, and pulling her Daughter after her, who ran like a Doe in her Hand. But when she saw that her Husband was not so Don-like attir'd as she imagin'd, Blessed Lady, quo she, what's the meaning of this? you look as if y' had come all the way afoot; upon my Life too as tir'd as a Dog after hunting—— Why, this is more like a Beggar than a Governour.

Peace, dear *Teresa*, peace a while, first let's go home, and then I'll tell thee wonders—— Many times when a Man has got Boots, he wants Spurs—— But I ha' Money, my Honey, tho I ha' nothing else—— Money got by my own Industry, without doing wrong to any Body.

Hast got Money, Chuck! quo *Teresa*, nay then 'tis no matter how thou cam'st by it—— 'tis not the Fashion now a days to be so inquisitive. At the same time little *Sancho* embracing her Father, ask'd him what he had brought her home? telling him withal that she had long'd for his coming more then ere the Flowers did for Dew in May. Which Ceremonies of Love and Duty thus perform'd, *Teresa* took him under the Arm, and *Sancho* fastning upon the Waist-band of his Breeches, away they tugg'd him to his Cottage, leading *Grizzle* by the Collar in his hand.

And now were the Champions friends orejoy'd, they had got him home agen, not dreaming he had any more Crotchets in his Head; but before he could pull off his Boots and comb his Head, so full he was, that taking the Curate and *Carraasco* aside, after he had given 'em a short account of his being defeated by the Knight of the *White Moon*, and the obligation that lay upon him not to bear Arms for a whole Year; which he was resolv'd to perform to the last Minute, he added that since he had so fair an Opportunity, he was determin'd to spend that leisure time the most pleasant-

ly i' the World; for now, quo he, will I retire to the Woods and Plains, where like a Shepherd of old *Arcady*, I will entertain my Amorous Passions, with Madrigals and Roundelays; and therefore desir'd 'em, if their Business would permit, to bear him Company in so delightful and innocent a Life. To which purpose he would furnish 'em with such a number of Sheep as might justly entitle 'em to the dignifi'd name of *Shepherd*. Moreover he gave them to understand that he had half done the work already; for that he had found 'em out names so suitable to the Profession, that *Pan* himself could never have invented better.

Thereupon the Curate being desirous to know the Names, *Don Quixote* reply'd, that he for his part would be call'd the Shepherd *Quihotis*; that he had given him the name of *Curiambro*; that the Student should be call'd *Samsonino* or *Carrafcón*; and *Sancho Pancha*, *Pansino*.

This new Project made the Curate and the Schollar stare; however being resolv'd to humour him, The Duce take me, quo the Student, if you ha' not hit it to a hair—we shall lead the merriest Lives imaginable—I am old Dog at Poetry—I can make Eclogues with *Virgil* himself, and Pastoral ditties for all the Musicians i' the Kingdom—But now I think on't what shall we do for Shepherdesses? For 'tis as impossible for a Shepherd to be without a Shepherdess, as for a *Knight-Errant* to be without a Mistress—Else, how shall we do to carve and notch the Trees, as we must do? For I'm resolv'd to carry a sharp Penknife along with me, and to omit no duty of a Shepherd when I come to be one.

Oh, quo *Don Quixote*, shaking his Head, Mr. *Carrafcó*, I wonder that should be your want; for I never knew a young Student of any Mettle without a Female, tho it were his Landlady, i' my Life—for your young Students are much of the nature of Turtles, they cannot live without a Mate—however for a shift you may conceit a Shepherdess, and that will do as well—For my part I am provided already with the Peerless *Dulcinea del Toboso*, the only Nymph of these Rivers, the Ornament of these Meadows, the Primrose of Beauty, the Fountain of Chastity, more graceful than the three Daughters of *Jupiter* put together; and in a word, the Subject of all Applauses that are able to puzzle *Hyperboles*.

We grant all this to be true, quo the Curate, but we that cannot pretend to such perfections, would be glad of some passable *Barren Doe* or other, that may stand us instead upon occasion. For I don't find in any of your Ancient Authors, but that the Shepherds and Shepherdesses do play together now and then.

However, quo the Student, we can take what names we please out of Books, *Diana*, *Florinda*, *Amarillis* or *Galatea*; they are to be bought in any Bookfellers Shop, and when we have purchas'd 'em, they are our own. And then if I meet with a Shepherdess whose name is *Bess*, I'll call her *Eliza*, from *Elizabeth*; if *Dol*, *Dorothea*, from *Dorothy*; if *Lucie*, *Lucinda*. And I am apt to believe if I propound this Project to my Landladies Daughter, I shan't miss of one for my Turn.

Don Quixote was so extremely pleas'd to find that his Invention took so kindly, that he resolv'd to send for his *Dulcinea* forthwith, not doubting but that she must be out of the Devils Clutches by this time, since he had paid so dearly to the Keeper for her Lodging. But the Student adviz'd him to provide all things ready first; to buy his Sheep and his Sheep-hooks, his Tarboxes, Fifes, Drums and Tabours, and then they would all go meet her in their *Pontificalibus*. And having so said, the Curate and the Student took their leave of the Knight, who thought himself in the

the Bosom of the Moon, he was so wrapt up in pleasure and Content.

All this while the Maid and the Niece had been listning like two Sows i' the Beans, and having heard the rambling Discourse between the Three Shepherds; Lord, Uncle, quo the Niece, what new Maggot is this, that crawls i' your Pate? When we thought you had been come home to live like a sober Gentleman, you are hearkning after new Temptations of the Devil, and going to turn Murton-monger. By my truly you ha' pickt out a very fine Employment—Besides, another disappointment you'll meet with to boot—not a Straw to be had for Love or Money, fit to make a Pipe of—For the Fields have been shav'd this Three Weeks.—

Faith Master, quo the Maid, I am neither Drunk nor Mad yet, and to my shame be it spoken, an old Maid at Fifty without a Husband, and therefore take my advice—stay at home and read godly Books, say your Prayers, and be Charitable to the Poor—for you are as fit to lye Basking i' the Summer Sun, or upon the cold Snow i' the Winter, as I am to be Captain of a Ship.

Good Niece, and you Mrs. Twittle Twattle, hold your Peace, quo *Don Quixote*, for I know best what I have do—All I desire of you at present is to make my Bed; for if I mistake not I don't find my self very well—but let me do well or ill, I shall do well enough for *You*; and that's as much as you can desire or need to trouble your heads with.

Upon these fair promises they undrest him, put him to bed, and brought him his Supper; and after he had done, they drew the Curtains and left him to his Repose.

CHAP. XXII.

How Don Quixote fell sick, of the Will that he made and of his Death.

PResumptuous Man! how vainly dost thou pretend to be the disposer of thy Life or thy Affairs! Fond Man proposes to himself to live a merry Life, and meditates future Revenge of past Indignities; but then comes Death and disappoints as well his hopes as Joys. *Don Quixote* thus propos'd to live a Jolly Shepherds Life, and after that to resume his first Profession of *Knight-Errantry*, to regain his lost Honour and in search of new Fame; but Death surpriz'd him when he least thought of it. But whether his sickness proceeded from the sad Remembrance of his last defeat, or whether the Heavens had so decreed it I will not undertake to determin. Certain it is that a Burning Fever seiz'd him, which enforc'd him to keep his Bed Six days.

All that time the Curate, the Student and the Barber gave him frequent Visits, and such was *Sancho's* Love that he would not stir from his Bed.

Among the rest, the Student rationally conjecturing that some confirm'd Suspicion of the Devils treachery in not delivering *Dulcinea* to him after full payment made by *Sancho*, might be the Cause of his Grief that augmented his Distemper, endeavour'd all he could to comfort him. To which purpose, he desir'd him to pluck up a good heart and rise, to the end they

they might begin their Pastoral Life; telling him withal that he had already compos'd an Eclogue, not inferiour to the Dialogue of *Shepherd in faith I cannot stay*, or *Srephon and Phillis*; and how he had bought two the best Dogs in the Country for keeping of Sheep, the one call'd *Gipp* and t'other *Tansy*, both Dogs of those Eminent Parts that they could dance the Shepherds delight to the Flageolet.

But these were vain attempts to raise *Don Quixote's* Mirth, for he could neither laugh nor talk, but lay like an Alderman in Stone in the Chancel.

Thereupon they sent for a Physician, who feeling his Pulse shook his Head, and bid his Patient prepare for another World, for that he had not long to stay in this.

For which *Don Quixote*, without the least dismay return'd him thanks; telling him withal, that he did not expect so much Divinity from a Person of his Profession.

The Physician was no sooner gone, but he fell into a sound sleep, and had a Nap for six hours together; so that his Niece and his Maid thought he never would have wak'd again. However at the six hours end it happen'd that he did open his Eyes again once more in his Life, as it were to take his last leave of the World. At what time, he call'd for his Niece, and bid her send for the Curate, the Student and Mr. *Nicholas* the Barber; for that he found himself drawing toward his end, and therefore was resolv'd to make his last Will and Testament, and those other preparations for Death, which a good Christian ought to do.

Which *Sancho* hearing, Oh my dear Master, quo he, is this a time to dye, when we have just now news of Madam *Dulcinea's* being disenchanted? Come, come, Sir, leave your melancholy Dumps and rise; is this a time to lye groaning a bed, when we should be abroad in the Fields, piping like the Boys in *Bartlemew* Fair time, and singing like Canary Birds. Take my Counsel Master, live as long as you can; for tis the greatest folly in the World to dye for a bruise o' the Bum. Why, what if yee were unhors'd, and were well Crupper-scratch'd, what great matter's that. You know 'tis a common thing for *Knight-Errants* to overturn one another. Besides, you may lay the blame of your disgrace upon me, and say 'twas through my confounded neglect, in not girding *Rosinante* as I ought to ha' done.

By this time the Curate and the Schollar came into the Chamber; to whom *Don Quixote*, with a chearful Voice, Come Neighbours, quo he, I am no longer *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, but plain Mr. *Alonso Quixano*. I am an utter Enemy to *Amadis de Gaul* and all his Generation. I abominate and detest all the whole Rabble of *Knight-Errants*, and all those prophane and ungodly Legends of wandring Chivalry that so befottered my Understanding, and heartily forgive the Necromancer that robb'd me of that wicked Study of mine. In a word, I have liv'd like a Fool, but I am resolv'd to dye in my Wits. To that purpose I desire yee to send for a Scrivener to make my Will, for I find the Approach of Death too neer; and with that he sunk down again in his Bed.

The Curate, the Schollar and the Barber were not a little startl'd at his Expressions, and staring one upon another, knew not what to think of his Condition. Thereupon while the Curate confess'd him, the Schollar went for a Scrivener; nor was it long before he return'd again; at what time, quo the Curate to the Schollar, meeting him upon the Stairs, Upon my word you come in good time; for now I believe he has not long to live indeed, however I am glad that he dyes in the Bed of Repentance, rather than in the Bed of Romantick Honour. I desire yee to be mindful of the Church and the

the poor Curate, and don't let him give all away to Nieces and Maid Servants; and so go on with your business.

With these Instructions the Student carri'd the Scrivener into the Chamber, where, after Mr. Penman had made the formal Part of the Will, with an *In Nomine Domini*, in Text Letters, *Don Quixote* order'd him to write on in these words.

Item, It is my Will, that as to the Money which *Sancho Pancha* (whom in my madness I made my Squire) has in his hands, no account be taken of him; I know he has lay'd out much Money for me, and I owe him for Three thousand three hunder'd Lashes, which he laid upon his own back for my sake about ten days ago; and therefore if there be any Money remaining I freely give it him and much good may it do him. And as I gave him the Government of an Island when I was mad, so would I now give him a Kingdom if I had it; for his simplicity and fidelity deserve it. And then turning to *Sancho*, he begg'd his pardon for having seduc'd him from his Wife and Family to make him as mad as himself; and for being the occasion of his being so cruelly toss'd in a Blanket.

But then *Sancho*, letting fall a showre of Tears as big as Pibbles, besought him once more not to dye that Bout; put him in mind of his pleasant Pastoral Life, and told him withal that for a Man to dye of the *Mulligrubs*, was like a Hens dying of the Pip.

But *Don Quixote* was not now at leisure to hear his Squire's Admonitions as he went to do, and therefore ordering the Scrivener to proceed,

Item, quo he, I give to my Niece *Antonia Quixana* all my Household Goods, deducting the payment of my Maid her full Wages and Forty Shillings to buy her Mourning.

Item, I make my Executors Mr. Curate, and Mr. *Samson Carrasco* the Student, and bequeath 'em Five Shillings a piece for the hire of a Mourning Cloak, and to buy each of them a Mourning Hat-band, to attend me to my Grave.

Item, It is my Will, that if my Niece have a desire to marry, that the Man be enquir'd after, whether he be a Person addicted to read Romances; and if he be found to be such a one, and yet my Niece will obstinately marry him, that then she shall forfeit her Legacy to be bestow'd in Pious Uses.

Item, As for *Rosinante*, I bequeath him to the Parish Scavenger, for his Incontinency with a Carriers Mare, which cost me the worst Basting that ere I had in my Life.

Item, I leave my old Armour to *Don Perez de Mendoza* the Famous Bone-setter, for the rectifying of crooked Virgins, to prevent their Parents doubling their Portions, to the ruin of their other Children, and the madness of young Men that will marry Faggot-sticks for Money.

Item, My Will is, that the Basón (which I took for *Mambrinos* Helmet) be restor'd to the Barber, from whom in my madness I took it by force and violence, and Five Shillings withal, either to get it mended or buy him a new one.

Item, I desire my Executors, that if at any time they happen to meet with the Author of the Second Part of the History of *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, that they beg his Pardon in my Name, for having been the occasion of his writing so many Lies an Extravagancies as he has done. For I depart this Life much dissatisfi'd for having given him such an unnecessary Trouble.

The Will thus made and seal'd, the Scrivener protested that he had never read in any Book of *Knight-Errantry* of any *Knight-Errant* that ever dy'd

dy'd fo penitent, and fo like a good Chriftian, as *Don Quixote* did ; who three days after expir'd.

Thus dy'd the Famous *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, upon whom (to omit the Lamentations and Howlings of *Sancho*, the Neece and the old Maid) the Student *Carraſco* made the following Epitaph.

Here seiz'd by Death's immediate warrant,
Lyes one that call'd himſelf Knight-Errant ;
In ſearch of Fame from home he rubb'd,
And got himſelf by Tapſter dubb'd :
And thus made Knight, away he poſted,
To be lambaſted and Rib-roaſted.
For bravely he his Sword devotes
To ſuccour all in Petticoats.
More ſhame to Fortune, ſo to vex
The ſtont defender of her Sex.
For always ſhe, in Honours Porch,
Unkindly left him in the Lurch,
Half Maſſaker'd with Clubs and Stones ;
And when ſhe ſaw him maul'd and drop,
The Punk would laugh, and cry, riſe up
Sir *Don Rav-head*, and Bloody-bones.

In ſhort, he ſlept awake, and lull'd
With Honours charms, himſelf beſool'd.
His Life was Peaceful, and outrageous,
A Dream of Pious, and Courageous :
To ſhew that Honour's an edg'd Tool,
Not to be dalli'd with by every Fool,

The End.

*Don Quixote's Entertainment in th' Elyſian Shades,
By the Knights of the Wandring Order.*

SIR Knight we're glad y' are come, pray take a Stool ;
We thought t' have warn'd yee not to play the Fool ;
But there's no telling tales out of Hell's School.
Get yee a Perrivig, take our advice ;
Colour your Eye-brows, any ſtrange Diſguiſe.
For Satan, mad beyond all Rhime or Reaſon,
Swears you are guilty of Infernal Treason.
What Slave is that ? quo he, with looks ſevere,
Has built ſo many Caſtles in the Air ?
As if with me the Caitiff meant to ſhare
My Principality——To this we ſaid,
That you were a Knight Errant, ſtaring Mad——
Sir Knights, I thank yee, but your Soverano
Miſtakes his Man, my Name is *Don Quixano*.
And with that Name I dy'd, reclaim'd and ſober ;
Renouncing Knights of all ſorts ; were my Brother,
Or Father of the Number ; Knights o' th' Game,
Or Dunghill Knights ; for 'tis to me the ſame——
How's this ! Wee'll kick thee back to Earth again ;
There rot among the Worms, Thou ſcorn of Men.
But ſtay a while——For now we think on't well,
Th'art th' only Penitent ere came to Hell.

Between the Knights Templers and Don Quixote.

Kn^{ts}. **B**rother *Don Quixote* welcom to thy Doom,
By *Charon's* drivell'd Beard we'll make thee Room :
D. Qu. Sons of Debauchry, keep your naſty Cells,
Ile not lye neer ſuch Chriſtian Inſidels.
Kn^{ts}. Peace, why ſo angry with the Brotherhood.
D. Qu. No Brotherhood of Mine, by all that's good :
Diſſemblers ! here you lye devout in Stone ;
Worſe then the Devil far, when Fleſh and Bone.
I never was ſo mad, tho mad enough,
To fight 'gainſt Heavens Decrees. **Kn^{ts}.** As how ? your proof.
D. Qu. You fought for a rude heap of Stones in Paſſion,
Which Heaven had curſ'd to utter Deſolation.
Kn^{ts}. Hermitical Devotion thought it Meet.
D. Qu. Devotion's Nonſence, without Sence or Wit.
Kn^{ts}. Comiſt thou like *Phlegueus* bear to preach in Hell ;
Be quiet and lye down. **D. Qu.** The truth to tell,
I dare not lye ſo neer your Stone Haubergeons,
My Skin is ſoft, and I want Coin for Surgeons.
Kn^{ts}. Lye, and be damn'd then, under Sulphur ſhowres ;
We ſcorn thy Company, ſince thou ſcorn'ſt ours.

K k k k

Olivers

Olivers Porter to Don Quixote.

Keeper, keep out that Flatthyraxing Knight,
 Else here will be no peace by day nor night;
 He'll put me from my Praying Humour quite;
 No Patience I shall have, that have but little,
 To see that Skeleton, that Raw-bon'd Spittle.
 He a Knight-Errant! He a Fool, a Gudgeon,
 A Cuckow-brains, a Peagoose, a meer Wiageon.
 I know of no Knight-Errant but my Master;
 He was a Termagaunt, the World's Lambaster.
 This Puppy rode a Kingdom-hunting too;
 What got he by't? knocks, rubs, and thumps enow;
 Not earth enough to bury three Hog-Lice;
 My Master got Three Kingdoms in a Trice;
 With all the Giblets and Apurtenances;
 Islands I mean; Had Sancho been his Squire,
 He'd had a Government to his desire.
 Nay, might ha' been a Major-General;
 His Birth consider'd, and his Parts withal.
 Your Amadis's, Palmerin's and Bevil's's,
 Your Guy's, he would have beaten into Crevisses.
 And this Porter, a fit Match for thee,
 As if thou dar'st provoke me, thou shalt see.
 Go then, lye close, and o're thy Hole Ile write
 Here lyes a prating talking Milk-sop Knight,
 That bounc'd and fluster-bluster'd all day long,
 And every day slew Thousands with his Tongue.

Betty Buly's Congratulation to Madam Dulcinea.

Madam, my Name is Betty Buly,
 I pity your Condition, Truly.
 Had you but liv'd, where I did dwell,
 You nere should ha' led Apes in Hell.
 Better y' had link'd with City Fop,
 Then Mistress to a Nickapoop.
 But Madam, pray what smell is this?
 'Tis neither Musk, nor Ambergreife.
 Oh— now I have it for a groat,
 Your Ladisship has sopt your Coat
 In Hogwalb, Madam, a shrew'd sign
 Your Ladisship once fed the Swine.
 The best could fall of bad Mishaps,
 To save your leading Stygian Apes;
 For now you'll be employ'd to keep
 Our Master Satan's grunting Sheep.

Oh

Oh happy you, as nere was none:
 Alas my Trade is lost and gone:
 Here's no men calls for lusty Chear,
 For Wine or pretty Lasses here.
 But, Madam, you are as you were.

The Aldermen of Gotam to Sancho Pancha.
 By Gayton.

O Do not grieve, tho great thy Loss,
 To lose a Lord not worth a Cross.
 We hearing of thy great Renown,
 Desire thee to o're-rule our Town:
 Thou'll find us easie to be rul'd;
 People that will and may be fool'd:
 A sort of Cockscombs cannot tell
 When we are ill or when we're well:
 Full of Money, full of Pride,
 And want an Ebb to our long Tide.
 You need not bring your Ass with you,
 You shall have Asses here enow.
 Cætera desunt.

An Epitaph upon Madam Dulcinea.

Here by report of every one that know so,
 Lyes the deceas'd Dulcinea del Toboso:
 A fair, ill favour'd, Highborn, Dirty Blowze,
 Whom Great Don Quixote chose to be his Spouse.
 She thrasht in open Barn, and serv'd the Swine,
 But yet a Lady, Empress and a Queen.
 If ere you meet the Place that hides her Bum,
 Pray write this Elegy upon her Tomb.

E R R A T A.

Page 2. l. 46. read Gentleman. Page 4. l. 36. r. the Tongue. ibid l. 38. r. his mind. p. 5. l. 9. r. Mart. p. 7. l. 14. r. ravings. ib. l. 50. r. same instant. p. 8. l. 11. dele to. p. 11. l. ult. r. they meet with the sign. p. 12. l. 11. dele to. p. 14. l. 37. dele the comma after oblig'd. p. 18. l. 8. r. else I challenge and sepe ye all for. P. 23. l. 1. r. This is. P. 25. l. 40. r. and performs. p. 28. l. 35. r. Sancho, and so for several pages. p. 32. l. 42. r. Gentleman for. p. 41. l. 41. r. tearing the meat. p. 49. l. 23. r. either at. p. 50. l. 25. r. the Gentleman. p. 52. l. 22. r. to God. ibid. l. 29. r. gambole. p. 57. l. 12. r. Swedeland. p. 61. l. 3. r. Benengeli. p. 68. l. 44. r. Landabrides. p. 72. l. 8. r. simmer. p. 81. l. 27. r. a time. p. 89. l. 35. r. like. p. 90. l. 50. r. might. p. 138. l. ult. r. careful. p. 142. l. 24. r. Maukins. p. 156. l. 33. r. Micomicron. p. 467. l. 6. r. Ladies old Gown, just. p. 480. l. 25. r. con-foundedly. p. 485. l. 45. r. upon it. p. 533. l. ult. r. Tamulr. p. 582. l. 5. r. heard a Tittle.